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Number 1

# Overland Monthly

FOUNDED BY  
BRET HARTE IN 1868



"MILLS COLLEGE"

*From the Etching by Roi Partridge*

Price 25 Cents

AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE



## NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.



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# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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VOLUME LXXXIII

JANUARY, 1925

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# SCHEHERAZADE

By

JOYCE E. LOBNER

RIVERS of blood have fed the  
violets blue  
And azure skies have stormed  
and fed the thunder  
And virtue parted souls in love  
asunder  
And all enchantments have proved  
blessings too.

Out of her window leaped Schehera-  
zade;

She leaned her cheek upon her slender  
hand.

Upon it rubies clustered

And diamonds were mustered,

Snatched from the bruised hearts of  
many a land.

A sunset hour she sat and watched  
the sand

And ruminated on a tale to tell her  
lord.

Mem'ry and fancy played this game  
with her,

And yet the prize was only life in  
death.

"I can hold lust in check with magic  
words,"

Her thin, hot lips then uttered, "Lust  
for blood

Of ladies beautiful and innocent of all  
Save charm, and their charms fail  
where mine succeeds,—

My lord in thrall to weak Schehera-  
zade."

A thousand mornings had she found  
release,

Only to dread the coming on of night.

Night-time brought rest to others,

But she must rouse her mother's

Wit. Kneel before Schahriar and  
earn the right

To tell another tale; see one more day  
the light.

Some of those fair and fated maids  
she'd known

Whom Schahriar had called Sultana  
once.

They had been lovely, yielding, tender,  
kind.

With gorgeous robes and jeweled hair  
were decked.

They had laid all the traps to charm,  
entice—

In vain; the sword, the Sultan's rival,  
ravished all.

She came with art that conquers con-  
querors,

And built a bridge o'er peril of winged  
words

And with a weightless ransom won a  
day's release.

A thousand nights had come with  
treacherous dark,

And leaving twilight cool to Schah-  
riar's glaring hall,

A gay procession wound.

While drums and tabors sound

And cymbals' clash is heard, her foot-  
steps fall,

As firm, as soft. Yet, as she waits  
the call,

Her heart beats wildly—Oh, to leave  
it all!

Oh, to be back in Cashmere's peace-  
ful vale,

To see again the rosebuds, hear the  
birds,

A thoughtless child within her father's  
house,

Before that stormy night in March—a  
thousand years

(So seemed the thousand nights) ago  
when life began.

"Scheherazade, enter!" heralds blared.

Like a gold river she swept in to  
him—

And found the hall a place of treach-  
erous dark.

"Lights, lights, my lord," then cried  
Scheherazade,

"I tell not tales in darkness to a king.  
What is this gloomy jest?"

"Lady, I stand confessed."

He knelt amidst the torches glim-  
mering.

"I meet defeat. Your magic conquer-  
ing.

I think no more of how your blood  
would stain

Crimson the marble dais of the  
throne;

The vintage of your mind is redder  
wine,

I drink it at your bounty in that land  
Where I am subject and you reign su-  
preme.

'Tis strange to me—the kingdom of  
the mind.

You have a certain wisdom of the  
heart.

The mistress of such golden qualities  
Is the king's joy for aye, Schehera-  
zade."

SHE cast her golden robe and  
stood in rose.

Then Schahriar came toward  
her in surprise:

And you are beautiful,

As well as dutiful.

A thousand days, and you were true,  
my prize,

The nightingale's chaunt from the  
rose doth rise."

He bent to lift her veil and kiss her  
lips.

She raised her slender hand. "My  
mind," she said,

"Rules rose and gold. I pray you spare  
me not

For beauty. That will fade." Into  
his face

There came a look not seen there once  
before.

It told that love had conquered love  
of power.

"Sultana, all in all I am your slave,  
And I would give you throne and  
crown and heart.

I love you, dear, my queen of gold  
and rose.

There stood a gay pavilion in the  
garden

Decked with all hues; furnished with  
all delights.

Around it trees were singing,  
And roses perfume flinging.

Here can Scheherazad' forget those  
nights.

She and her lord now gaze upon these  
sights;

They pace together in the garden's  
close,

And in the tent they find a feast all  
spread:

Ripe oranges are piled upon dark  
leaves,

And there are silver cups and purple  
grapes.

A rippling stream's monotony is heard,  
And far off music as of heavenly  
spheres.

She lives the day in pomp and victory.

The thousand tales and one are told,  
and now

The sequel starts, prologue to Para-  
dise.

Can Paradise be fairer? Yes, for  
there

The enchantress needs not the en-  
chanted's aid,

But here she finds it very sweet to  
sleep

Wrapped in the power and potency of  
kings.

The stars all night smile peace upon  
the garden.

—Joyce E. Lobner.





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AND

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### Old Nancy of Tisbury

By CLARA SHARPE HOUGH

IN THE window of the Public Library at West Tisbury, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, two marble gravestones catch the eye of the visitor. If you have never been there before you will doubtless stop to glance, then to enquire who might have been "Ada Queetie", and who "Beauty Linna", and who in the name of strange nomenclature, "Tweedle Tedel Bebbie Pinky."

The librarian can tell you that they are two of the headstones that old Nancy Luce erected in memory of her hens, when they died, fifty years ago. But the story of old Nancy and why she erected marble headstones over dead hens is told fragmentarily nowadays, and the tradition of the old woman once called "The Madonna of the Hens" is seldom recalled.

Fifty years ago Nancy Luce was one of the best-known of Vineyard characters. Her house, with its high-fenced enclosure nearby, was one of the sights of the island, and visitors of those days were always treated to a call on Nancy and her hens. The little island off the Massachusetts coast is more popular than ever with summer visitors, but the story of old Nancy is seldom told to today's generations of "off-island" summer folk.

Nancy in the old days was a picturesque figure. She wrote a volume of poetry about her hens. She counseled careful treatment of all dumb animals, and in her old age lived on almost nothing because she would touch neither meat nor eggs.

She literally lived for and among her feathered pets. They were more to her than any of the human folk who came to stare at and question her. She named them all, and each hen had not one but two or three names. A contemporary writer refers to their lengthy nomenclature as "reminiscent of the christening of an Infanta." Sick and ailing herself in her latter years, her first thought was always for her tame flock. When they were decently interred and their graves marked, her chief worry was lest their bones be

desecrated and their headstones marred. Truly here is a unique story.

Nancy was born in August, 1821, of an old and honored Vineyard family. The name of Luce, from the earliest history of Martha's Vineyard to the present, has been connected with the island's best tradition. There are various branches of the family, and the name is a respected one both on and off the island.

OF NANCY'S girlhood little can be discovered. It is said she was once a lively and lovely country-bred maiden. She may have been a belle of island society in 1840 or thereabouts. Tradition calls her an accomplished horsewoman. Tradition has it also that she was blighted in love in her youth, and retired to solitude to signify her renunciation of the rest of the world. Another version is that after the death in quick succession of all her near relatives, she shut herself up alone, and that her first companion in her loneliness was a goat. She kept the animal as a pet until its death, when, after extravagant mourning, she found solace in her hens.

The gap of years between her youth and her old age is not bridged. She must gradually have grown more and more eccentric, more and more devoted to the little feathered family that meant more to her than any human companionship. The oldest inhabitants of the Vineyard cannot recall that Nancy Luce was ever anything but "peculiar"—a grave offense in a country community.

She grew to be an authority on the likes and dislikes, the ailments and cures of poultry. People must have come to her for advice about their own barnyard flocks. Presently she began sending contributions to the *Vineyard Gazette*, the island's weekly newspaper, quaint recipes for the ills of hens, suggestions for their comfort, adjurations to treat them with kindness and affection.

The issue of January 25, 1861, contains an editorial entitled "The Evil that is Upon Us," which, bewailing the wicked stubbornness of the southern representatives in Congress, urges that a discussion of the subject of the emancipation of the slaves "kindly and intelligently," with "southern Christians who know more than we do of the matter," might prevent the horror of a civil war. On the same page is a contribution signed Nancy Luce, which reads:

Mr. Editor:

I send you a piece for you to put in your paper if you please, without charging it to me.

My pullets commenced laying 4 months of age. My bantie sort lay as well in winter as they do in summer. They must have good fine meal scalded with milk, and warm bread made of milk and good southern corn, and warm milk to drink in winter, and a warm clean house. Take good care of your hens, or you can't have eggs. In summer they must have good southern corn, and good fine meal scalded with milk, and eat it cold. Be good to your hens, and not cruel. Consider how you would feel, if you could not help yourselves, and folks was cruel to you and let you suffer. I have kept about 8 hens, which laying rising 1500 eggs a year.

The interest that was developed in her unique life until people from all parts of the country visited her home and wrote about her was roused first in Rodolphus W. Crocker, of Vineyard Haven. Mr. Crocker was a stage-coach driver, and his business took him to all parts of the island. He saw Nancy frequently, noticed her peculiarities, presently he began to tell others of her. His friends began to go to the little gray house up-island to see the Lady of the Hens. Almost overnight the pathetic and lonely little woman was a figure on the island.

Tourists were taken to see her as one of the sights of the resort. Her fame spread beyond the confines of Martha's Vineyard. Pictures of her and of her home began to adorn the guide-books. Mr. Crocker and his brother stage-drivers (spiritual fath-



ers of today's cheery holdup-men presiding over taxi-meters) coined revenue from the curiosity of the visitors.

Nancy presently saw that she too could get some return for all the staring she underwent. She began to sell her photograph and the pamphlets containing instruction on the care of hens, and some of her own remarkable poetry, some of which is extant today, printed in West Tisbury in 1871.

She never welcomed the visitors, even after she recognized the advantage of her publicity and began selling her pamphlets. The famous graveyard of the hens was guarded by a high board fence with three rows of nails pointing upward around the top. Boys were probably the worst predators she feared, but they doubtless annoyed her almost to the point of persecution, for the poor old woman seems to have suffered a sort of persecution mania before her death.

Through her writings the note of her own physical suffering sounds over and over. She was in poor health some years before she died, and she speaks of her illness with stoic patience and resignation. Her own pains did not rouse her to a pitch of indignation as did the bare idea of harm coming to her pets.

On a hand-ruled paper, preserved today by a collector of Vineyard antiques, Nancy printed in even, clear characters, a long poem entitled "Sick-ness". It begins:

"I cannot endure my hard fortune,  
To undergo sickness so long,  
And cannot ride to have comfort,  
I want comfort as much as others.  
I cannot walk, not stur, but a few  
minutes,  
It hurts me so bad."

But a few lines further on she says:  
"I milk my cow, I care for my hens,  
I cannot live without cow and hens."

The letters are shaded and decorated with dots and lines in artistic curves that remind one of hand-illuminated manuscript. A hymn-book, printed in 1818, has its yellowed fly-leaves closely written in the fine sloping hand that girls were taught a hundred years ago. The clearness testifies to Nancy's eyesight. Though the verses deal mostly with Nancy's own illness and pain, one illuminating page reads:

"Good behavior of foreign folks  
From camp-meeting.  
They behaved well,  
And they bought books off me,  
I cannot live without them."

To this day the old camp-meeting ground on the Vineyard is the scene of religious revival each summer. Fifty years ago the coming of the camp-meeting was looked forward to all through the winter. It was the big social occasion of the year, when the biggest crowds were on the island.

Nancy's seal of approval stamps the "foreign folks", which meant to her anyone not a dweller on the little island.

Considerable imagination must have been exercised in naming the beloved hens. Among the names we find Teedie Tanie, Joatia Jolota, Meleenie Otanie, and many equally quaint blending of syllables.

BEAUTY LINNA and Ada Queetie, the "banties" so often referred to in Nancy's writing, shared a grave-stone, as they seem to have shared a place in their mistress' heart. Of Ada Queetie Nancy wrote in one of her slender volumes:

"She could do 54 wonderful cunning things,  
Poor Sissy could do 39,  
They would do part of them without telling,  
And do all the rest of them with telling."

"Sissy" doubtless was Beauty Linna, the other "bantie". But of all the hens the favorite was Tweedle Tedel Bebbie Pinky. It was Pinky's death that inspired a long elegy, beginning:

"Poor Pinky, that dear little heart,  
She is gone, sore broke in her,  
Died in distress, poor little heart,  
O it was heart-rending.

O sick I do feel ever since,  
I am left broken-hearted,  
She was my own heart within me,  
She had more than common wit."

Of the 27 stanzas that follow, one sheds light on the character of the departed:

"O dreadful melancholy do I feel for my dear,  
She laid eggs until three days before her death,  
She laid the most eggs, this four years round,  
Than any hen I have on earth."

The gravestone records that Pinky lived to the ripe age of nine years.

These pets are said to have lived in the cellar, where each one had its own box, curtained decently with calico. But the beloved Pinky (whose full name, please recall, was Tweedle Tedel Bebbie Pinky) had her own snug nest on the hearth in Nancy's bedroom.

When she had her photograph taken for her pamphlets she wore an old-fashioned gown of printed silk, with a little apron and cap to match, and a string of gold beads around her neck. Of course a hen was in the picture, clasped with just the amount of affection and nonchalance with which a rotogravure belle clasps a Pekinese today.

In her later years she did not dress so tastefully. A visitor to her house in the last years of her life describes her thus in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"An old tester bedstead and a mas-

sive mahogany bureau seem to glower at us from behind her; a heavily-beamed and smoke-darkened ceiling frowns from overhead; and a broad, paneled chimney-piece forms the prospect upon which her gaze is bent rather than on us. Whenever her glance does turn upon us we meet it with a thrill—a thrill at first of repulsion, then of eeriness; next pity half-blots out both sensations, but not wholly, for she is a grotesque figure.

"From under a short woolen skirt protrude her feet clad in carpet slippers, and the loose blouse that covers her narrow and humped body is fastened with big brass buttons. Over her head, down on her forehead, and close under her chin, so that not one strand of hair is visible, is drawn a thick woolen hood. This accents the unusual length and pallor of her face, which reminds one of an unlighted dwelling. Her dark, heavy eyes, unshaded by eyelashes, are eloquent of pain and reproach. But it is her hands that bear chief witness to her sufferings, for they are gaunt and colorless—so colorless indeed that they look as if no ruddy drop of blood had ever warmed them.

"She talks most about her physical suffering, and scolds us shrilly for having come at such an unheard-of hour—it's four o'clock in the afternoon—expecting to see her pets, which have all been put to bed."

The house was one of those old-fashioned gray shingled buildings, so admired and coveted by summer visitors today on Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and Cape Cod. (When they get possession of one, they make a tea-room of it). In Nancy's day the window-frames were painted bright green. At one end of the house was the enclosure with the high fence already described, and on it a sign used to hang,

"I forbid anyone to come to these premises on the Sabbath."

Sylvia Chatfield Bates, who chose Martha's Vineyard as the setting for her novel, "The Geranium Lady", embodied Nancy Luce in the story as "old Betty Latch, whose lover had been a sailor who had sailed for New South Wales and never returned. Old Betty had taken consolation in her hens." Vineyard folk had no difficulty in recognizing Nancy in this character of old Betty.

In 1902 *The Reader* printed Nancy's photograph and two pages of comment on her poetry. The editor said of her:

"We reproduce the photograph of this author not because she is a shining light in literature, but because it is so much more interesting than the faces

(Continued on page 48)



# California Native Shrubs

**M**UCH has been written about the California Big Trees. Their heights, shapes, diameters, beauty, economic importance, and particularly their ages have furnished material for both prose and poetry. But very little has been published regarding the native shrubs of California. It is the purpose of this article to give to the readers of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* a brief account of the potential economic value of these shrubs.

There are approximately seven hundred species of shrubs now growing wild within the confines of the State. Many of these during the course of past ages have spread into California by a northern floristic invasion. Some have had their origin in Mexico, and later migrated in a northerly direction. The primary factor favoring this northern migration was the increasing aridity of the southern portion of the State. Others have spread into the State from the adjacent Rocky Mountain region. About a hundred and twenty-five of the seven hundred species are strictly peculiar or endemic, i.e., they are not found growing wild outside the State. Their origin and subsequent ancestry furnishes one of the most perplexing but fascinating problems of Systematic Botany.

In making a survey of the economic

By **HOWARD E. McMINN**

value of these shrubs one finds that he can group them into two divisions: those with pronounced positive values and those with seemingly negative ones. In the former group may be placed those shrubs that contain rubber producing compounds, those that furnish medicinal extracts, those that possess tannin in large quantities, those that may be used for forage plants, those that furnish honey materials, those that aid in preventing water runoff—this would include all shrubs of the hill and mountain regions—, and of particular interest to the writer, those that have ornamental possibilities.

In the latter group may be placed those that are classed as weeds—fortunately very few of the native shrubs are included in this group—, those that have poisonous qualities, and those that have abundant, light, wind-blown pollen which is an active factor in causing hay fever and asthma. Several of the species belong to both groups.

## *SHRUBS WITH ORNAMENTAL POSSIBILITIES*

The department of Botany at Mills College under the direction of the

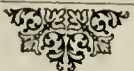
writer has been bringing together a collection of as many native shrubs as will grow in the climate of the San Francisco Bay region. One of the purposes of bringing together such a collection was for studying the native shrubs in respect to their ornamental possibilities.

In making such a study one must take into account at least two sets of considerations. The first has to do with the ornamental assets of the shrub itself, and the second with the problems of transplanting and propagating forms which are found to possess ornamental characteristics. The general growth form, whether erect, ascending, drooping or prostrate; character of the foliage, whether deciduous or evergreen; the size, shape, fragrance, and beauty of the flowers; and the character of the fruit; are some of the characteristics that must be considered in studying the ornamental assets of a shrub. The first of these sets of considerations can be studied to a large extent in the field, but the problems of propagating and watching the behavior of transplanted shrubs can best be done in an experimental garden such as Mills College has begun.

It is common knowledge that many wild plants when brought under cul-



Two plants of a species of California Lilac (*Ceanothus Thyrsiflorus*). This species on account of its size, rapid growth, fine glossy evergreen foliage, and large compound clusters of blue flowers, can be recommended for background and large clump plantings.





tural treatment, respond to such treatment, and often some characters are so modified as to make them desirable for economic purposes. Many species of shrubs, such as Flowering Currant, Rose, Burning Bush, and Willow can be propagated readily by cuttings or by layering, while others, as the Oak and Toyon, can be grown from seeds. Some, however, of the most beautiful of our native shrubs do not lend themselves easily to these means of propagation, and it is, therefore, necessary to dig up the entire plant for transplanting into the experimental garden.

At the present writing about two hundred species have been transplanted from the wild state to the garden and about a hundred and fifty of these have become established. Several of these can be highly recommended for ornamental planting. Several are grown by European gardeners and are considered by them as worthy of first rank among ornamental shrubs, but since they grow here all about us in their native habitats, we usually consider them brush or chaparral. It is rather difficult to discriminate among many of these beautiful shrubs since all have certain ornamental qualifications, but in order to emphasize some of the more important ones, I shall discuss them in reference to their adaptability for certain types of planting.

### Hedge Plants

A discussion of the various types of hedges and their uses is not within the scope of this article. And since the majority of hedges, particularly those in California, are of the evergreen type, I shall recommend only those native shrubs that do not shed all their leaves at a given season. One of the best hedges I have ever seen is made of our native Evergreen Cherry (*Prunus ilicifolia*). Its glossy, somewhat Holly-like foliage, its numerous clusters of white flowers, and rather compact arrangement of branches make it a most desirable plant for a medium or tall-growing hedge. I can also recommend the use of the Catalina Cherry (*Prunus integrifolia*), three species of Mountain Lilac (*Ceanothus thyrsiiflorus*, *C. divaricatus*, *C. spinosus*), Sumac (*Rhus integrifolia*), Monterey Cypress (*Cupressus macrocarpa*) and Lenscale (*Atriplex lentiformis breweri*), having seen them used as hedges in the various parts of California. They are holding up and serving their purposes as well as the majority of introduced species. The Lenscale with ashy gray foliage is well adapted and used to a great extent in Southern California, especially at La Jolla, Los Angeles, and San Diego.

### Berried Shrubs

One seldom finds even the smallest home garden planted today in which the berried shrubs do not have a place. The many varieties of introduced Crataegae and Cotoneasters furnish the planter with most excellent material from which to choose. Many of the same effects produced by the use of these exotics have been duplicated however by the use of some of the California shrubs. The Christmas Berry or Toyon (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*), Manzanitas (*Arctostaphylos*), and the California Sumacs (*Rhus sp.*) have been used by Pomona College at Claremont, California, with excellent results in developing their new campus planting plan.

Several species of native Currants and Gooseberries, although with deciduous foliage, have quite showy flowers and berried fruits. Since these plants are easily propagated by layering and from cuttings, they could be



A fine evergreen ornamental (*Trichostema lanatum*) taken from the mountains of Ventura County. It is remarkable for its long spikes of purple woolly flowers with long protruding stamens and style.

used in mixed plantings with the above-mentioned evergreen berried shrubs. The Flowering Currants (*Ribes malvaceum*, *R. sanguineum* var. *glutinosum*), the Fuchsia Flowering Gooseberry (*Ribes speciosum*), Yellow Flowering Gooseberry (*Ribes aureum* var. *tenuiflorum*), Hillside

Gooseberry (*Ribes Californicum*), Canon Gooseberry (*Ribes menziesii*), and *Ribes roezli* are a few of these deciduous shrubs that have been tried out in the Mills shrub garden and found worthy of future use on account of their flowers as well as their berried fruits.

The Coffey Berry (*Rhamnus californica* and varieties), Red Berry (*Rhamnus crocea* and varieties), Snow Berry (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*), June Berry (*Amelanchier alnifolia*), Elderberry (*Sambucus species*), and Barberry (*Berberis species*) are other native berried-shrubs suitable for ornamental use.

### Brilliant Flowering Shrubs

Included in this group are many of the choicest native ornamentals. The Poppy Family furnishes three highly decorative shrubs, the Bush Poppy (*Dendromecon rigida*) and two species of Romneya—Matillija Poppy. The Matillija Poppies are already much used in ornamental planting in California and seem to do particularly well in the warmer parts of the State. The brilliant yellow flowers of the Bush Poppy are large and numerous but the plants are rather difficult to transplant.

One of the most gorgeous flowering shrubs found growing in California is the California Slippery Elm (*Fremontia californica*). The golden yellow or orange colored flowers are as large as dollars and often clothe the branches to form a mass of color unexcelled by anything I have ever seen in the mountains. These shrubs grow in the lower Sierra and Coast Ranges. I have seen especially fine clumps growing in the Topatopa Mountains of Ventura County. They are not difficult to transplant if placed in well drained soils.

The Mountain Lilacs (*Ceanothus species*) with profuse clusters of small, white, blue, purple or lavender flowers are common shrubs of the chaparral vegetation of California. Their great diversity of form, character of foliage, variation in flowering time, and color of their flowers place them among the most beautiful of our native flowering shrubs. Several of the species have found their place along with the exotics in home gardens. I have seen them used as hedges, for covering unsightly backgrounds, and in single and group plantings at Atascadero, Montecito, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Claremont, and numerous other places throughout California. Some are well suited for moist shady places, while others thrive best on well-drained sunny slopes.



The Red Bud (*Cercis occidentalis*), generally found growing near the banks of streams, has been introduced into ornamental planting at several places in the central and northern coast parts of the State. It grows abundantly in Mendocino and Lake counties and in the foothills of the Sierras. In the spring when in full bloom the crimson flowers, thickly covering the branchlets, form a mass of color of unusual richness. The beautiful foliage, although deciduous, forms an excellent background for the purple-tinged fruit pods which develop in great clusters during the summer.

One could write at length describing the numerous native California shrubs which, on account of their flowers, are suitable for ornamental uses, but I shall close this group by mentioning a few that I have either tried out in the garden or have seen growing in cultivation. They include forms of Mal-low, Barberry, Flowering Currant, Pentstemon, Manzanita, Azalea, Flowering Dogwood, Salmon Berry, Mock Orange, Huckleberry, Chemise, Toyon, Wild Sage, Spiraea, Lupine, Honeysuckle, Yerba Santa, Rose, Gilia, and some of the members of the Daisy or Sunflower family.

#### Low or Medium Growing Shrubs for Fronting Purposes

In this group I recommend the use of several species of the native Buckwheats (*Eriogonum*). Many are low-growing suffrutescent plants with ash colored foliage and sulphur-yellow, orange, pink, or white flowers which are borne in late summer and persist for a long period. They do well in dry places.

While botanizing in Ventura County in the early summer of 1923, I found an evergreen shrub of medium height with many erect stems. These stems were terminated by long spikes of purple flowers. I transplanted one of the plants (*Trichostemma lanatum*) to the shrub garden and it has proven a most desirable plant for ornamental use. Its long flowering period (June-October), its clean evergreen foliage, and general form make it a desirable plant for mixed plantings fronting taller shrubs.

A number of the Lupines and Pentstemons have beautiful flowers but as a general thing they do not hold out well when transplanted and used alone. In addition to those shrubs listed under Berried Shrubs and Brilliant Flowering Shrubs, the following may be used for fronting purposes: Sweet Scented Shrub (*Calycanthus*), Mountain Mahogany (*Cercocarpus*), Cali-



Interior view of pollen laboratory showing method of collecting pollen. The plants are placed in jars of water. The jars are then placed in a trough in such a position that the pollen readily falls upon the glass covered benches which are arranged in double-deck fashion. The pollen is scraped up by means of a safety razor blade. Extracts from the pollens are used in treatments for hay fever.

fornia Meadow Sweet (*Holodiscus*), Ninebark (*Physocarpus*), Squaw Bush (*Rhus trilobata*), Creek Dogwood (*Cornus pubescens*), Twin Berry (*Lonicera involucrata*), Bush Sunflower (*Encelia*), Chaparral Broom (*Baccharis pilularis*), and Old Man (*Artemisia californica*).

#### Hay Fever Shrubs

The pollen from a few of the shrubs has been found to be a cause of hay-fever. Only those, however, that are wind-pollinated can be placed in this group. Most plants with highly colored blossoms and nectar glands are insect pollinated and consequently their pollens are seldom found to be the cause of hay-fever. The wind pollinated shrubs usually have small inconspicuous flowers with abundant very light pollen easily carried to great distances by the wind. The Alder (*Alnus*), Walnut (*Juglans*), Sagebrush (*Artemisia*), Scale or Salt Bush (*Atriplex*), Birch (*Betula*), Chinquapin (*Castanea*), Hazelnut (*Corylus*), Alkali-Blite (*Suaeda*), Franseria, Silk-tassel Bush (*Garrya*), Oak (*Quercus*), Greasewood (*Sarcobatus*), and Iodine-bush (*Spirostachys*) are native shrubs with wind blown pollen that have actually been proved to be causes of hay-fever.

Dr. George Piness of Los Angeles, a specialist in the field of hay-fever

and asthma, is carrying out extensive research upon these wind-blown pollens. Botanical surveys are being made in order to ascertain the distribution, time of pollination, and abundance of these plants. Pollens are secured and extracts prepared from them for skin reaction tests, which consist of intradermal injections of very dilute solutions. If an injection from a given species results in a raised reddened "wheal", it is concluded that the individual is sensitive to that particular pollen and then a treatment is begun for the purpose of desensitizing the patient.

This treatment consists of injections from the specific pollen which caused the hay-fever, and are given at weekly intervals for a period of six to sixteen weeks or until no further reaction is obtained. This should be completed prior to the pollinating period of the particular species which is found to be the cause of the hay-fever. Some people are sensitive to the pollen of only one species, or at most a few, while others are sensitive to that of many species; in which case it is necessary to carry out treatment for desensitization with all the pollens if total immunity is to be secured. If one is troubled with this malady it would be well to consider the nature of the pollen before planting shrubbery about the home.



### Rubber Producing Shrubs

After the United States entered the recent war the botanical sub-committee of the Pacific Coast Research Conference acting under the Council of Defense of the State of California instituted an investigation for locating an emergency supply of rubber. This investigation was primarily carried out by the members of the department of Botany at the University of California. They chose for their study a number of California native shrubs.

After considering a number of species they decided to limit the investigation to the various species of the genus *Chrysanthamnus* (Rabbit bush or Golden Bush), and species of related genera.\* This decision was due mainly to an earlier report made in 1904. In the fall of that year the late Judge A. V. Davidson of Independence, Inyo County, sent some parts of plants to the department of Botany at the University for identification. He stated in a note accompanying the material that the Indians prepared from this plant a sort of "gum" which they chewed. Proper identification of the plant proved it to be a species of the genus *Chrysanthamnus*. Further samples were secured and during the following year a chemical examination of the samples showed the presence of rubber but not in sufficient amount to warrant further investigation, so the matter was dropped.

During the year 1917 about 200 species of plants were examined in the field and laboratory and as a result it was found that there is rubber in two related genera of the *Compositae* (Thistle or Daisy Family), namely *Chrysanthamnus* and *Haplopappus*. The latter genus was found to be of no consequence, so a detailed study was made of the first genus. Of the sixteen major species of the genus, five were found to contain rubber. *Chrysanthamnus nauseosus*, one of the major species, with twenty-two varieties was found to have rubber in twelve of its varieties.

The rubber from these plants was called Chrysil. The first samples were prepared for the committee by the mastication of the bark of the plant by the Paiute Indians at Benton, California. These Indians call any species of the genus *Chrysanthamnus* from which rubber is prepared *tsigupi* (pronounced tsê-gôô-pêe), or if grown in sandy soil it is called *teba-tsigupi*; *teba* meaning "sun".\*

The Rabbit-bush has been accepted as the best common name for the genus, although the name "Golden Bush"

is used sometimes in the Rocky Mountains on account of its brilliant yellow flowers.

Results obtained from the investigation showed that there was a considerable amount of rubber in these native shrubs, but at the present price of rubber it would not be profitable to extract the Chrysil from plants whose percentage yield was so small. Field experiments are now being carried on in order to determine the possibility of increasing the rubber producing qualities in these shrubs and perhaps before many years these native shrubs may be important as a source of our rubber supply.



*Chrysanthamnus nauseosus* var. *viridulus*, mingling with var. *gnaphalodes*. Experimental tract, Lone Pine, California. Soil moderately alkaline, much trampled. Sierra Nevada Mountains in background; Mt. Whitney at right of center.

—By permission Dr. H. M. Hall.

### MISCELLANEOUS USES\*

"O mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true  
qualities;  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth  
live  
But to the earth some special good doth  
give."

—Romeo and Juliet.

### Dye Producing Shrubs

A number of our native plants have been experimented upon for dyes. The Indians have always had a love for color and consequently made use of any dye which the plants about them would yield. A species of Rabbit-bush (*Chrysanthamnus nauseosus*) which grows abundantly on the desert and alkali valleys of eastern California has long yielded a yellow dye. The Indians obtained the stain by boiling the yellow flowers. The Navajo In-

dians stained their buckskins with a yellow dye prepared from the bark and roots of one of the native Barberries (*Berberis fremontii*).

Some of the Alders contain in their bark a dye which colors a brownish yellow or orange. The Indians, before colored dyes were brought in by traders, would peel the bark from the Alders and boil it until the water was highly colored. Then the solution was ready for dyeing purposes. Some of the desert Indians of Southern California obtained a yellowish-brown dye from a shrub of the Pea Family (*Dalea emargyi*). The branchlets with their flowers were soaked in warm water until the color was released. A black dye may be obtained from a small sub-shrub belonging to the Goosefoot Family. This plant (*Suaeda suffrutescens*) grows in alkaline soil mostly in the interior valleys and Southern California.

### Shrubs Producing Soap Substitutes

I have already spoken of the ornamental value of the numerous species of the California Lilacs. But in addition to being suitable for ornamental planting they contain a chemical compound called saponin. The flowers of the Lilacs, when rubbed in water, yield the saponin which makes a lather as good as many toilet soaps. Two other well-known California soap plants, although not shrubs, are *Chlorogalum pomeridianum*, a member of the Lily Family, and *Chenopodium californicum*, a member of the Goosefoot Family. The saponaceous qualities are in the underground portion of these plants and can easily be removed by rubbing in water.

### Shrubs Containing Tobacco Substitutes or Mixtures

Prior to the coming of the white man into California the Indians rarely indulged in smoking for pleasure, but instead they smoked as a religious rite, as an offering of respect to superiors, or to cure a disease. They rarely smoked pure tobacco, but a mixture of tobacco and other leaves. The Algonkian Indian expression for the mixture was Kinnikinnik. This name was used by the early settlers for the mixture of leaves from the wild species of Tobacco (*Nicotiana*) and other plants, but later usage limited the name to the shrub known as Bear Berry, one of the species of *Mauzanita* (*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*).

### Beverage Shrubs

The berries of three of our native Sumacs (*Rhus ovata*, *R. integrifolia*,

(Continued on page 46)

\* University of California Publications in Botany, Vol. 7, No. 6, p. 191.

\*The source of some of the information given under this heading was "Useful Wild Plants of United States and Canada," by Charles F. Saunders.



# Mimosa

By LESLIE GRANT SCOTT

WHEN the mimosa flowers again, I shall return," he had said; and now the first, feathery blossoms were becoming visible, and the enchanting perfume was everywhere. Lisette's soft, dark eyes looked out at the trees every day—just as the dawn was breaking—and she whispered softly to herself: "When the mimosa flowers again, he will return."

Lisette lived in a small, white house with a climbing rose upon it and a lemon tree at its side. Her mother had died when she was born, so she lived with her father and her good grandmother.

Her father was a stern man and Lisette could not imagine that he had ever been young. She sometimes thought that her grandmother was so old that she was beginning to feel close to youth again so tender and understanding was she toward all that was young. Lisette's father was kind to her and allowed her a good deal of freedom but, when he spoke, his word was law and no one dared to disobey. Lisette feared him more than she loved him. Of "Henri" she never spoke, for her father distrusted foreign men and had forbidden her to have anything to say to them. He said that they meant no good to the girls that they approached and that they always brought them suffering and pain.

Never had she loved until "Henri" had kissed her under the mimosa tree. Always she had laughed at those who sighed of love. The greatest joy, it had seemed to her, was to be free; and love had seemed full of binding chains—but now she knew. The mysterious secret was hers. The universe had been transformed by a kiss. Freedom was no longer sweet, chains no longer binding. To her, now, the sweetest thing in life was love, mingled with the scent of mimosa. She smiled when she remembered the ancient tradition that if a maiden gives her lover a sprig of the sweet, yellow flower, he will surely return to her. She had given him a spray and she felt that it was a symbol of her all-embracing love.

Each day she watched the mimosa grow fuller and sweeter. When it first began to bud she had hugged her joy to herself, almost glad that she must wait awhile for it to flower, so sweet was anticipation; but, as the bud became fragrant and plume-like, she became impatient.

One day her father called her to him. "Lisette," he said, "you are twenty years old. It is time you should marry.

All the girls about here marry at sixteen. You will soon be considered an old maid. A wealthy merchant has asked me for your hand and I have told him that I look favorably upon him."

LISETTE paled a little and then she laughed.

"What care I what people say?" she exclaimed. "I know that I am young and could marry if I wished. Oh my father, let me be free. I have no wish to marry—at least not yet."

"I wish you to marry, my daughter," he replied. "It is the only future for a woman."

"At least give me a few more months of freedom," she pleaded.

"Very well," said her father, "you shall have two months—but no longer."

Lisette was content. Had he not said that when the mimosa was in flower he would return? She knew that in two months the blossoms would be gone.

Gradually the mimosa bloomed more and more, and spread across the sky like a yellow haze. The days and nights were heavy scented with it, and the heart of Lisette swelled with joy and watchfulness. All day her heart beat to the rhythm of "Soon he will be here." At night, when she awoke and smelled the haunting fragrance which was wafted through her window, she would whisper to herself: "When the mimosa is in flower I shall return." Then she would fall asleep, a smile upon her lips.

The mimosa flowered to the full and began to decline. Less and less of it was to be seen. The heart of Lisette became sad and weary with waiting but, as long as there was to be found one blossoming tree, she would hope. Had he not said: "When the mimosa flowers again, I shall return?"

At last the only tree with flowers, which Lisette could find, was out in the country, far from the outskirts of the town. Every night, after her work was done and she had seen that the good grandmother was comfortable, Lisette would journey out and stay under the tree as late as she dared.

One evening, as she was leaving the house, her good grandmother detained her.

"You should not go out at night like this, my child," she said, "and stay so late. The fever is abroad and

spreading like a pestilence. You do not look well and had best go to bed. Your cheeks are flushed and your eyes are shining like black diamonds."

"I must go tonight, grandmother," replied Lisette, "but soon, I promise you, I shall go no more."

"You will soon be marrying now, ma mie, and your old grandmother will lose you."

The girl knelt at the old woman's feet and put her head in her lap. Her shoulders shook with sobs.

"Oh, grandmother," she cried, "I am so unhappy. I do not wish to marry."

"I know, my dear," the old woman replied, smoothing the shining young head with her rough brown hand, "but your father is a determined man. I have never known him to give up his will and, when you look into the eyes of your first born, content will come to you and you will be at peace."

That night, when Lisette reached the tree which still bore the golden flower of the mimosa, she found all the blossoms dead save on one tiny branch.

"Tomorrow that, too, will be dead," she said to herself, "and with it my heart."

She picked the flowering spray and held it close to her breast. Her head felt hot and giddy and little, sharp pains darted over her whole body. She leaned wearily against the tree with whose flowers her hope was dying. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him. The mimosa had been in flower and she had stumbled upon him seated beneath a tree, painting. He had looked up at her and cried:

"Don't move! You are too wonderful for words as you stand there. There would be undying fame for the artist who could paint such a picture."

Again she lived over the days when she had stolen out to pose for him, that he might become famous—days full of sunshine and laughter, glorified by the near coming of love. And then came the day he had kissed her "Good-bye" under the mimosa, and wiped her tears away.

"When the mimosa flowers again, I shall return," he had said.

And now the mimosa had flowered and died—all but this tiny spray against her heart—and he had not come.

Suddenly she realized that she was ill, very ill. Everything looked strange and misty to her and she found that

(Continued on page 45)



# Literary Treasures of Mills College

THE POTENTIAL FORCES of a college are the personal impress of the changing faculty and the compelling power of the great minds housed in the library. By this permanent faculty are all of the departments of the college unified. Philosophy, history, literature and science come to sit at the feet of Aristotle, Plato, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare and the great modern writers.

There was a time when books were considered too precious for the ordinary student and for years the Oxford University Library was open only to graduates who had spent eight years in the study of philosophy. For three centuries these volumes were chained to the shelves lest one be stolen or misplaced. At Cambridge University still greater precaution was taken and for many years the books were stored in huge chests "guarded by three locks, one large and two small". Only at long intervals were these volumes visible.

Libraries were storehouses for books and one of the principal duties of the librarian was to guard this sanctuary against the entrance of unworthy persons. In France the responsibilities of this office descended from father to son as did the crown of the king.

Even today this same feeling of the sacredness of books pervades the libraries of Europe and no one may enter the Bibliothèque Nationale without a card of admission which is in itself a guaranty of the character of the bearer. In this great library no artificial light is used lest some stray electric wire endanger the priceless collection and when the sun drops below the horizon the doors are locked.

Fettered volumes and guarded doors may impress the student with a feeling of respect and even awe but hold little attraction for the modern youth. The early libraries were at best somber and gloomy places but the American college library today attracts rather than repels the student. It is a cheerful place with sunshine and flowers and the open book shelves have a "come and read me" atmosphere. The doors are flung wide early in the morning and not closed until far into the night. It is a place where students like to go and linger; and after college days it still persists as a memory which holds and influences them. Especially is this true of the Mills College library, for its simple outlines and leafy background offers a friendly welcome. Along three sides of the large reading

By  
ELIZABETH GRAY POTTER

room French doors open on small balconies where students may study to the murmur of rustling leaves and singing birds. In front stretches a restful lawn fringed by a circle of shadowy trees, in the midst of which a picturesque campanil hung with old mission bells, is just visible. Through the French doors of the Reading Room come splashes of sunshine and fresh air for those who prefer to work at the long tables extending through the center of the room or hidden in the book-lined alcoves.

IN ANY COLLEGE library the use of the books is so constant that they must necessarily be clad in utilitarian clothes but there is a little room on the lower floor of the Mills College Library where these same friends and teachers are to be found in gala dress or gowned as befits their birth and rank. Here are books of poems printed on hand-woven paper so delicate in texture that the letters seem to be woven into the page rather than placed upon it. Bindings attract the eyes by the beauty of their colors, and the charm of their material and design.

Here is to be seen a volume of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" upon which the Guild of Women Binders have wrought, by means of a hundred inlays, an exquisite cover in rich shades of green and red. Less brilliant, but of almost equal beauty, is the soft tree-calf binding of the collected poems of John Greenleaf Whittier, with its simple gold tooled border. Still another book which holds the attention is a little French volume about which Juinet has thrown a covering of dusty brown and heavenly blue. In this room are also to be found the original manuscripts of well-loved books and poems, personal letters from famous writers, first editions and autographed pictures. Here may be traced the development of the book from the days when the monks bending over their tables in the monasteries formed each letter with loving care, to the masterpieces of the modern press wrought less laboriously but expressing the same appreciation of beauty in material and color.

These literary treasures are the gift of Mr. Albert M. Bender of San Francisco in whose honor the collection is named. From Mr. Bender's wide circle of literary friends and acquaint-



*Bender  
Collection,  
Mills College Library.  
Taken from the tale of  
"The Wood  
Beyond the  
World,"  
by William Morris.  
Printed by him at  
The Kelmscott Press.*



ances have come unique and almost priceless manuscripts. Among these are fifty-four poems selected by Edwin Markham from his collected works and copied by his own hand.

The Bender Collection of rare books and manuscripts is not a finished product but a vital and growing force. Four years ago it consisted of a few books scarcely covering half a shelf but today it has burst through the walls of its room and filled all the book cases in the librarian's office beyond. The big mahogany case in the hall is also heavy with manuscripts and personal letters. In the upper part of this case are exhibited books and papers of especial interest. Here is sometimes shown an illuminated page from an old monastic song book or two exquisite miniatures whose origin goes back to the Middle Ages. Another work of a little later period is a piece of block printing attracting attention not for the beauty of its workmanship but because of its age and the quaintness of its letters and illustrations.

From these single sheets we turn to the ponderous Bible printed in 1763 on the famous Baskerville press, a book so heavy that it demands two strong arms to lift it. The deep red leather binding with its border of gold is a rich and appropriate covering.

Almost as bulky in form are the two calf-skin volumes which constitute the first edition of Samuel Johnson's famous dictionary. It is said that for the completion of this laborious work Dr. Johnson needed much prodding on the part of the printers. When the final sheets were submitted Mr. Millar, one of the principal proprietors, wrote Dr. Johnson the following acknowledgement, "Mr. Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson with the last sheet of copy for the dictionary and thanks God he has done with him." To which Dr. Johnson returned this good-humored and brief answer, "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar and is very glad to find, as he does from this note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything".

The reader is interested to find on examination that the unfamiliar words scattered through these pages are not those of a foreign tongue but English words which have become obsolete.

AMONG the recognized masters of English literature Chaucer holds a high place and the Bender Collection is rich in editions of his works. The one of primary importance is the photographic facsimile of his first collected works, the original of which, published in 1532, is in the British Museum. From these pages with their

*A  
Vista  
from  
Mills  
College  
Library*



quaint type and block-print illustrations we turn to the six small volumes printed on the Aldine press in 1845 and attractively bound in dark blue leather brightened by touches of gold leaf.

In decided contrast to this is the 1924 edition printed by the Riccardi press. Its lovely illustrations in pastel colors after the drawings of W. Russell Flint could have been produced only by the art of this century.

But there is no edition which equals in the fineness of its paper, the symmetry of its pages and the beauty of its illustrations that of the Chaucer printed by William Morris on the Kelmescott press and illustrated by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This book which was in the mind of the printer for more than five years and consumed two years in its making is considered by many to be the greatest triumph of modern printing.

Smaller but of almost equal beauty is Beowulf printed also on the Kelmescott Press and bound in white velum. The interest in this book is enhanced by the inscription on the front page which runs. "To Edward Burne-Jones from William Morris". The hand-woven paper, the restful proportions of the printed page and the decorative borders make it a volume of unusual charm. Three other books in this collection printed on the same press give evidence that William Morris

succeeded in his desire "of producing printed books" which would have a definite claim to beauty, while at the same time they should be easy to read and should not dazzle the eye or trouble the intellect of the reader by eccentricity of form in the letters.

Another publication of interest is the five volume Bible printed on the Doves press and bound in white velum. The ceremonial type accords well with the dignity of the text and the tendency to coldness is obviated by the red initial letter which frequently begins a paragraph and warms the entire page.

The Essex House books while following in the footsteps of the Doves press have added more color to the pages, a quality well suited to the Song Book. A dainty white velum cover encloses this series of delightful melodies and as we turn the pages the rhythm of color seems to weave itself into a song.

But not alone is England the maker of beautiful books. In America, the Houghton Mifflin Company at the Riverside Press, has published some equally satisfying volumes. It is a pleasure to handle the collected poems of Robert Burns in its binding of rich blue morocco bordered with an attractive design of interwoven golden thistles and the three splendid volumes of the essays of Montaigne in scarlet and gold.



The West is represented by the publications of the California Book Club, bound in soft grey and white. Most of these have been printed on the press of John Henry Nash who has done much for the art of printing on the Pacific Coast. Among these publications we find the works of Edwin Markham, Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling and others, all printed on handmade paper of fine texture and with that pleasing symmetry of the page which characterized the work of William Morris. Among the most lovely of the publications of the Nash press is a volume presented last year by Mr. Nash to each member of the graduating class of Mills College. It is a copy of the poem "The Isle of Innesfree" by William Butler Yeats, with an appreciation by George Sterling. The beauty of the hand-woven paper, the charm of the bordered page and the exquisite coloring of the cover deserves more than a passing word. The original manuscript is in the Mills College Library.

Among the first editions of especial interest is Little Dorrit bound in green morocco with a letter from the author laid beneath the cover. On the same shelf are other copies of Dickens' works, many of them bearing the date of the first publication and containing

the original drawings by Phiz, Browne, and Cruikshank. Within a hand's reach are books especially dear to the heart of Americans. Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad" and "Innocence Abroad" are found in their original printing as are autographed volumes of Joaquin Miller, Helen Hunt Jackson and Ambrose Bierce.

Still other books take their especial value from association and we touch with reverent fingers the small well-worn volume of Whittier's poems once owned by the author and presented by him to a friend. The Bible formerly used by Andrew Jackson, the three dog-eared volumes of Smith's Wealth of Nations once in the hands of Abraham Lincoln and the collected poems of Milton owned by Theodore Roosevelt each carry their individual appeal.

A still closer touch with the authors comes in the handling of letters and original manuscripts. The "Message" in the boyish handwriting of Jack London, "Fortune and Men's Eyes" from the more conservative pen of Josephine Preston Peabody; and a less legible bundle of paper proves on examination to be the original manuscript of Winston Churchill's "Inside the Cup". In a beautifully decorated case of brown and gold is hidden away the time-stained sheet of paper on which

Bret Harte wrote his well-known poem "Dickens in Camp".

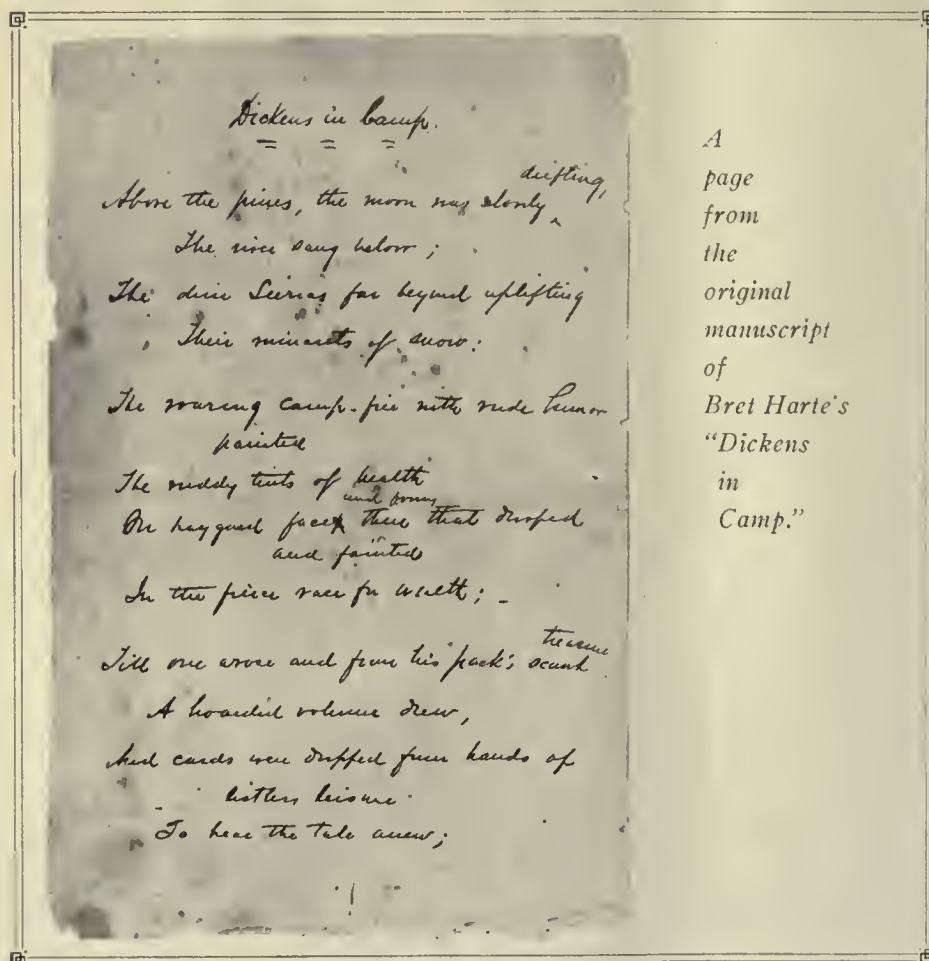
A unique sheet of paper contains a poem in the delicate hand-writing of George Sterling in the margin of which have been added several notes of criticism in the bolder characters of Ambrose Bierce. Other items of interest are a signed deed of Daniel Webster, the page out of a manuscript by Thomas Carlyle, original poems of John Mansfield, Carl Sandberg and William Butler Yeats, a hand-written page from a story by O'Henry and letters from Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, William Cullen Bryant, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ralph Waldo Emerson and others.

Not only Mills College but all California should be grateful for the gathering together, in one place, of so rich a collection. Included in this room of rare books, manuscripts and letters are autographed pictures of many of the authors of these works and the kindly faces which look down from the walls add a personal note of inspiration to the literary treasure-house.

From the printing and making of beautiful books it is but a step to the other arts which hold sway upon the Mills College campus. Today the outlines of the new art building are being etched against the rolling hills and even in its unfinished state, this structure gives promise of great beauty. With its completion an appropriate home will be provided for that department which has given Mills College a unique place in the artistic development of the West.

The roots of college work dig deep into the soil which nourishes them and the art library is of unusual value and interest. In the days when the college was in its infancy the nucleus of this splendid collection was formed. Miss Jane Cordelia Tolman, a sister of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, the founder of the college, not only made a rare collection of books and pictures for Mills College, but bequeathed to this institution her private library which she had spent a lifetime in collecting. This contained the standard works on the history of architecture, sculpture and painting, many beautifully illustrated books dealing with the work of individual artists, besides a large number of photographs depicting the art of Europe. To this collection the library has added much in the field of modern art and has especially emphasized that which is of vital interest to the West; namely books of Spanish art and architecture and choice bits from Mexico. A large part of the collection is devoted to books of decorative art, textile designs,

(Continued on page 45)



# Arnold Bennett, Optimist

By

LUCY LOCKWOOD HAZARD

MR. BENNETT is a Mysterious Twin. Mr. Bennett the opportunist knows what the Plain Man and his Wife want and gives it to them in the form of efficient essays and facile fiction. Mr. Bennett the realist sees in the commonplace environment of the Five Towns "the wonder at the heart of man". Because the Bennett who reveals the hidden shame-faced aspirations of young Clayhanger, alternates with the Bennett who gaily recounts the feats of the audacious Denry, serious-minded students of fiction, like Mrs. Gerould, dismiss Bennett as a novelist, clever indeed in technique, but lacking in philosophy.

I believe that Bennett has a philosophy which so persistently permeates his novels that he can't keep it out of even his poorest ones. I find it, for instance, in "The Pretty Lady", a palpably written-to-order war novel, which is, on the whole, more suggestive of Mr. Britling than of Mr. Bennett. G. J., the Mr. Britling of Bennett's war novel, is disillusioned concerning his Christine, "exquisite symbol of acquiescence and repose", and his heart rebounds to the amazing Concepcion. Of course, Concepcion will throw a bomb into his cherished bachelor tranquility; she will turn his existence into an endless sensational drama. But "worry, volcanoes, revolutions—was he afraid of them? Were they not the very essence of life?"

Here speaks the Arnold Bennett I admire: not the superficially clever Arnold Bennett of a host of best sellers, but the Arnold Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale" and the Clayhanger trilogy: Arnold Bennett, Optimist.

"Optimist" is a term commonly used, but seldom defined. When Jones calls a man an optimist he does so with a sneer which shows that for him, optimist is a term of reproach: when Smith calls a man an optimist, he puts into the word a fervor which shows that for him, it is the final seal of commendation. But it rarely occurs to Jones or Smith to analyze the sample of optimism offered before condemning or extolling it.

Now some people are optimists because they have no brains. Polyanna, with the inane artificiality of her "glad game", Mrs. Wiggs with her ghastly, incessant cheerfulness, clearly belongs to his type. Theirs is the facile optimism of those who knowing nothing, fear nothing. Others, like the irresponsible butterfly, Harold Skimpole, are optimists because they have no

hearts. It is this type of optimist which is responsible for the cynical definition of a pessimist as "a person who has lived too long with an optimist". The competent charwoman, Martha-By-the-Day, is an optimist because she has no nerves. And I am almost tempted to put that sturdy optimist, Browning, in the same class with Martha. With all the exuberance of his, "How good is man's life, the mere living!", with all his serene assurance that "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world", do we not sometimes suspect that his healthy-mindedness is chiefly a matter of healthy nerves?

The optimism which is worth while is positive, resulting from the possession rather than the lack of some vital quality. The optimism of Arnold Bennett is born of imagination.

THE distinguishing feature of Bennett's imagination is his power to see miracles. Some statistical soul should tabulate the number of times that the words "miracle" and "miraculous" occur in Bennett. It is a miracle that the Clayhangers should have a

new house with hot water connections. It is a miracle that Gladstone's speech should be printed in the paper an hour after he finished his address. It is a miracle that Darius' new machine should be moved and set up in place. Darius' marriage, indeed his whole career, appear to him as "a wonderful, incredible miracle". The secret ambitions of young Clayhanger are "a miraculous and beautiful phenomenon, than which nothing is more beautiful nor more miraculous over the whole earth". I say nothing of the "sense of miraculousness of destiny" which overwhelmed Rachel, Hilda and Edwin during proposal scenes; for though the way of man with a maid is common enough in all conscience, nothing can make it commonplace, at least to the chief actors. I prefer rather to cite a passing comment made on one of the minor characters, Clayhanger's clerk, Stifford.

"At sixteen a change had come over him. He parted his hair in the middle, instead of on the side, arrived in the morning at 7:59 instead of 8:05, and seemed to see the earnestness of life. Everyone was glad and relieved, but everyone took the change as a matter of course. No one saw a romantic miracle."

*Bender  
Collection.  
A Gregorian  
chant of the  
12th century.  
Illuminated  
on  
Vellum*





Kipling sings of Romance as the King who is always traveling incognito:

"Romance! The season tickets mourn,  
He never ran to catch his train,  
But passed with coach and guard and horn—  
And left the local—late again!  
Confound Romance! And all unseen  
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen."

If to the majority Romance is invisible, it is merely because they have not eyes to see. This is what Bennett sees in a dingy business street in the Five Towns:

"Business went forward, the shop functioned, the presses behind the shop were being driven by steam as advertised; a customer emerged and was curtly nodded at by the proprietor; as he squeezed past, a girl with a small flannel apron over a large cotton apron went timidly into the

shop. The trickling calm commerce of a provincial town was proceeding, bit being added to bit and item to item, until at the week's end a series of apparent nothings had swollen into the livelihood of near half a score of people. And nobody perceived how interesting it was, this interchange of activities, this ebb and flow of money, this sluggish rise and fall of reputations and fortunes, stretching out of one century into another and toward a third! Printing had been done at that corner, though not by steam, since the time of the French Revolution. Bibles and illustrated herbals had been laboriously produced by hand at that corner and hawked on the backs of asses all over the country; and nobody heard romance in the puffing of the hidden steam engine, multiplying catalogues and billheads on the self-same spot at the rate of hundreds a year."

In other words, life is uninteresting only to uninteresting people. As Walt Whitman puts it: "The earth shall surely be complete to him or her who

shall be complete, the earth remains jagged and broken only to him or her who remains jagged and broken."

The fact that romance depends on the inner life rather than on outward circumstances is ironically shown in "The Old Wives' Tale". What is it that constitutes Sophia's real romance? Not her elopement with Gerald Scales nor her relations with Chirac; neither affair stirs the depths of her strong nature. The Great Adventure of her life, the experience which sends her back to Bursley with the air of one who has known the world, is—keeping a boarding house! Sophia lives in Paris during the momentous winter of 1870-71; her lover loses his life in the attempt to escape by balloon from the besieged city; but the struggle which engrosses Sophia is piling up profits during the siege by her shrewd management of her boarding house. The tragic capitulation at Versailles moves her only as it reduces the value of her two remaining hams.

It's easy enough to make romance out of hairbreadth escapes and passionate amours; the writer worth while is the man who can see romantic miracles in the trivial and the commonplace. It is Bennett's power of doing this which differentiates him from such a realist as Chekhov. Both men build up detail upon detail with artistic fidelity. But Chekhov leaves us with an impression of gray emptiness—a sense of the flatness of life. Bennett stirs up in us wonder and excitement at the fresh realization of the "interestingness of existence."

But the optimism which welcomes "worry, volcanoes, revolutions" as "the essence of life", requires something more than imagination; it demands a measure of heroic daring, the undaunted spirit of adventure, that frankly facing all the drawbacks, gladly accepts life as it is.

I like to take my definition of Bennett's optimism from his description of Darius' Clayhanger's printing office—a passage characteristic of Bennett at his best, combining the minute observation of the realist with the sympathetic interpretation of the romanticist.

"The proof sheets that were scattered about showed to what an extent Darius Clayhanger's establishment was a channel through which the life of the town had somehow to pass. Auctions, meetings, concerts, sermons, improving lectures, miscellaneous entertainments, programs, catalogs, deaths, births, marriages, specifications, municipal notices, summonses, demands, receipts, subscription lists, accounts, rate forms, lists of voters, jury lists, inaugurations, closures, billheads, handbills, addresses, visiting cards, society rules, bargain sales, lost and found notices—traces of all these matters and more, were to be



*The  
Bell  
Tower,  
Mills  
College*

**F**OR bells are voices. In their tones the hearts of men  
Find utterance in joys and sorrows;  
Through their song the souls of men  
Dream prophecies of fair tomorrows;  
And by their chiming harmonies the storied past  
Is recreated.

*From poem by JULIA TOLMAN LEE '96.*



found in that office; it was impregnated with the human interest; it was dusty with the human interest; its hot smell seemed to you to come off life itself, if the real sentiment and love of life were sufficiently in you."

"The love of life"; I like that better than "the joy of life" to express the spirit of the true optimist. "Joy of life" has a suggestion of forced hilarity. Spontaneous joy in life is, it seems to me, possible, only to the very young. But love of life—that is another matter; that has something of the omniscient serenity of the God who so loved the world that even though "with Paradise He devised the snake", yet on the seventh day He rested from His labor and viewed His creation and saw that it was good.

Stevenson ridicules the philosophers for defining life as "a permanent possibility of Sensation." Surely, surely, he says no man could love a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Here for once, I believe that Stevenson went astray. Isn't the Permanent Possibility of Sensation just what sensitive yet heroic souls do cling to? Of course, not all the sensations are pleasant; some are distinctly unpleasant. But it's a blessed privilege to feel even if we feel miserable. Stevenson recognized this in his prayer to the "Celestial Surgeon". If, he says, I have failed to respond to the many calls to happiness:

"Choose Thou, before my spirit die,  
A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
And to my head heart run them in."

Bennett's optimism, like Stevenson's, does not ignore sin and suffering, but delights in the possibility of keen feeling. Here is where Bennett the optimist stands in significant contrast to Hardy the pessimist. The difference in the philosophy of life of these novelists lies not in their premises, but in their conclusions. Hardy says in substance: To live is to suffer; therefore it is better not to live." Bennett says: "Suffering is a proof that you are alive; therefore be glad of suffering."

The Permanent Possibility of Sensation—isn't this the essence of what Nietzsche called the Eternal Recurrence, what Christians call Everlasting Life? By whatever name we call it, it makes a strong appeal to the human heart. The pessimists as well as the optimists recognize this appeal. One of our modern poets makes his chief accusation against "The World of a Pessimist" that life will not cease to lure him:

"Of thy cruelty do I complain,  
That never wholly wilt from me depart,  
And leave to me my much-required rest;  
But when of hopeless venturing I tire,  
And fall exhausted upon Lethe's breast,

Thou dost new trouble in my soul inspire,  
And lure me—fool!—to follow once again  
O'er hill and hollow the old path of pain."

With nerves a little saner, heart a little more heroic, this becomes a cause, not for complaint, but for exultation. So Hilda Lessways finds it when her passion for Clayhanger follows close upon the heels of her break with Cannon. "The tragic sequel to one adventure had not impaired her instinct for experience. On the contrary, it had strengthened it. The very failure of the one excited her toward another. The zest of living was reborn in her. The morrow beckoned her, golden and miraculous."

"More life and fuller" that is what is demanded, not only by Hilda that "undaunted daughter of desires", but by all Bennett's protagonists. Edwin Clayhanger fully realizes the difficul-

#### MOON MASK

TIMELESS and fair and virginal,  
she walks the skies,  
Her quiet steps like sleep that smooths  
out pain;  
Her face a shadowed loveliness, the  
Pieta,  
Eternal Mother and Eternal Maid.  
Her old white fingers search and cure  
the soul;  
Her speech is muted silver; and her  
smile  
Is lost in pity of this foolish earth.  
Oh! sightless eyes of sorrow, droop-  
ing head—  
Where is the girl Dian?

Elizabeth Conner.

ties in which a marriage with Hilda will involve him. "He braced himself to the *exquisite burden* of life." A whole philosophy is packed into those two words. Life is a burden; yes, but one well worth the carrying. Rachel, knowing the weakness of her husband's character, is prepared to pay an even greater price for love. Is not this readiness to answer the challenge of life, the spiritual quality which some critics have declared does not exist in Bennett's characters?

SINCE Bennett speaks not about, but through his characters, in order to analyze the optimism of Arnold Bennett we must analyze the unquenchable love of life in Hilda, Edwin, Rachel and the others. Why is it that for them, with all its disappointments and miseries, life is intensely interesting, abundantly worth living? I think there are three answers.

Bennett's characters have what he calls "the most precious of all faculties—the power to feel intensely." They savor life with a terrific zest. They are intoxicated by its feverish

perfume, spellbound by its formidable magic. They live in a sensuous ecstasy. Often the sensation seems out of all proportion to the stimulus. They are like Rupert Brooke's "Great Lover" in their joy in little things—details of eating, drinking and sleeping. How Hilda enjoys the warm fire and the luxurious furnishings of Janet's bedroom! How cosy she and her mother are over their simple meal with the rosy, quivering jelly, the crisp toast, and the tea skillfully brewed by the new handmaid! Rachel finds it as exciting to watch her husband drive a nail into a wall as to preside at her first reception. A movie show fills her with the joy of life, as the study of shorthand does Hilda. Edwin is thrilled with a sense of mysterious adventure at sitting up till 11:30.

Not only the commonplace, but the painful can arouse sensations which keep men and women gloriously alive, vibrant to the mysterious romance of life. We perhaps smile half satirically at Mrs. Grant's pride in her father's paralytic stroke, her ghoulish dwelling on the details of the shock. But we do not smile at the masterfully realistic portrayal of Darius' death agony. Yet wrung as we are with pity for the tortured victim, we can appreciate the sincerity of his son's attitude. "In the solemnity of the night he was glad that an experience tremendous and supreme had been vouchsafed to him. He stood staggered by the magnificence of the struggle—this mysteriously impressive spectacle, at once majestic and poignant." I can not read these powerful pages in "Clayhanger" without contrasting this deathbed scene with one in Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" in which Elizabeth Jane watching by her dying mother, questions the purpose of life. With Bennett, in a scene even more painful, there is no accusation against the machinery of the universe, only a solemn pride and joy in one of its tragic but spectacular manifestations.

Hardy describes his protagonists as "born to ache a good deal", combining modern nerves with primitive emotions, and doomed by such coexistence to take their scourgings to their full exquisite extremity. These descriptions are equally applicable to Bennett's characters. But while Hardy's protagonists are by nature pitched too high only by suffering to be plunged too low, Bennett's rejoice in the very exquisiteness of pain, as proof that they are tinglingly alive. I suppose we have all cherished toothaches which were so intense that the pain almost became pleasure and we couldn't resist touching the tooth to feel it twinge afresh. So Bennett's characters take



a detached delight in their own sufferings. Rachel on the terrible night in which she discovers that her husband is a thief and a cad, looks down as from a height on her own tragedy. "If she was unhappy, her unhappiness was, nevertheless, exquisite. She felt her youth. She thought, 'I am only a girl, and yet my life is ruined already.' And even that thought she hugged amorously, as though it were beautiful. Amid the full disaster and regret, she was glad to be alive. She could not help exulting in the dreadful moment."

Why is it that even in their extremity, Bennett's characters are never tempted to curse God and die? Is it not because even in their moments of bitter agony, they are able to conceive life dramatically? We can stand any trouble if it's big enough. It is the littlenesses of our irritations, the insignificance of our tragedies, that makes them intolerable. When I was

young I achieved a specious fortitude by an elaborate pretense. I was never little Lucy Lockwood, subject to the petty vexations of a child's life, but a tragedy queen retaining beauty and dignity in the face of unparalleled misfortune. Lucy Lockwood might quail at the prospect of county examinations; but Mary Queen of Scots would not flinch before the necessity of drawing up a masterly defense against the vile accusations of Elizabeth. Lucy Lockwood might cry childishly when the latest litter of kittens mysteriously disappeared; but Marie Antoinette would preserve her composure unshaken as her loyal followers were condemned to the guillotine. Thus I sought to sustain my sorrows by translating them into the purple and investing them with the dignity which alone makes tragedy endurable.

With Bennett's men and women no such make-believe is necessary. Their

imagination is bolder, more mature. They do not need to imagine that they are anyone else. They are confident that to no one else could life be quite the intimate, surprising, delightful thing it is to them. They can find in their own cramped and narrow lives material for a hundred dramas. Going shopping with Louis is a wild adventure to Rachel. His offer to take charge of her latchkey epitomizes the whole age of chivalry. Hilda and Sophia sense to the full the dramatic spectacle of their careers. Even the phlegmatic Darius looks back upon his progress from the workhouse to the printing shop as a stupendous epic. None of Bennett's characters are "insensible to the piquancy of the pageant of life". The stolid charwoman, Mrs. Tams, joins with her mistress in saying, "What a staggering world we live in, don't we?" In this most interesting of all possible worlds, men and women full of the joy of being alive, watch with eager curiosity the unrolling of their destinies. It is true that a bystander might not grasp the strange, secret charm of their life. But to them it is the Great Adventure. Edwin Clayhanger leads a life prosaic enough in its external details. But "the career which to others probably seemed dull and monotonous, presented itself to him as almost miraculously romantic in its development."

The reason Edwin and Hilda and Rachel and Sophia enjoy life is because they enjoy themselves. "Enjoy ourselves"—what a happy idiom that is! What else in the name of common sense should we enjoy? I cannot conceive a lasting optimism that is not rooted in egoism.

Critics often condemn Bennett's characters as selfish. But theirs is not the ruthless egoism that goes its way regardless of obligation to others. As a general thing, the more sacred one holds his own personality, the more scrupulously will he respect the rights of other personalities. Hilda feels a sense of responsibility that is almost quixotic binding her for life to the ageing and infirm Sarah Gailey. Sophia sacrifices her freedom to settle down in Bursley with Constance. Edwin feels that any friction with Maggie, even though it be her fault, is "proof of his incompetence in the art of life." And surely the final working adjustment of the married lovers in "These Twain" is as fine an expression of the mutual compromise inevitable in marriage as the most confirmed altruist could demand.

"Momentous to himself, as I to me,  
Hath each man been that ever woman  
bore."



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IT IS IN this sense only that Bennett's men and women are selfish; they are self-centered. They are momentous to themselves. Their interest in others is secondary. It is their keen interest in their own lives that gives them the sense of moving in a drama. They do not need to pretend to be tragic royalty: they are tragic royalty:—no less royal because their kingdom is bounded by the limits of their own consciousness.

Buddhistic philosophy—pessimistic philosophy in general, has developed with inexorable logic the chain of reasoning: Personality leads to limitation, limitation to ignorance, ignorance to error, and error to pain. Hence it reaches the conclusion: Suppress personality, kill desire, sink into the bliss of Nirvana. Bennett does not, like the superficial optimist, attempt to ignore or invalidate any link in this chain of reasoning. He admits it, he accepts it, but says frankly: Personality is worth all it costs. Self consciousness is the most precious thing in the world. He has a fine contempt for those who in cowardice make the Great Refusal—who refuse life in order to escape pain. His men and women rush to

meet life and love with unshielded hearts. Even in defeat they despise the stagnant peace of those who have not dared to attain completeness. Edwin on the night of misery after he heard of Hilda's marriage, felt that for once he fully lived. "Fate had at any rate, roused him from the coma which most men called existence."

The very sacredness of personality necessarily entails isolation as well as suffering. "We mortal millions live alone". But this commonplace of pessimism Bennett turns into optimism. It is true that no one but Constance knew what Constance's life had meant to her. It is true that Hilda never understood her mother, nor Edwin his father, that for all their great love for each other, Hilda and Edwin, even after marriage, remained "these twain". But Bennett diffuses a romantic glow over the chilly fact that "we are all islands shouting across seas of misunderstanding." Islands are the proper scenes for thrilling adventures. And Bennett's chronicles of the Five Towns all go to prove that life even in a small town with vulgar and unsympathetic relatives, may be thrillingly adventurous. The lure

which beckons in the bright eyes of danger, the love of life in her somber as well as in her sunny moods, the fine disturbing consciousness of personal existence—all these betoken the genuine optimist.

Is Bennett's optimism incompatible with idealism? Critics have charged him with loving too well the world as it is, to love as he should the world as it ought to be. An adequate discussion of this suggests the subtle question whether after all the pessimists are not the true idealists? Nietzsche says, "I love the great despisers, for they are the great adorers; arrows of longing for another shore". But however much we all feel in rebel moods that we should like to shatter to bits the smug, work-a-day world as a prelude to shaping one nearer to the heart's desire, we realize in our saner moments, that we shall not be fit for the world as it ought to be till we have learned to stand the world as it is. After reading the novels of Arnold Bennett, one must be unusually bitter against the world or unusually satisfied with himself, if the thought does not occur to him: Is it my life that is

(Continued on page 43)



# A Village of Taverns

By ANTON GROSS

VINES and pines. From McCloud to Westwood, for a hundred and fifty miles, nothing but pines. From the low land all that could be seen was gigantic slopes of conifers. From mountain-tops the eyes fell on seas of them, stretching out on the horizon in colossal waves; emerald basins, mountains, valleys held the sight everywhere. Near, you can see that this immense mantle consists of clusters of green needles, masses of them garbing the big frames of the trees; a few miles away all you see is one color, pale where the sun is touching, somber in the shadows, everywhere is green. Farther away details vanish. You see huge bluish, sombrous land-forms: they are mountains of pines. Farther still, lost in the horizon endless miles away, you make out, assisted by your imagination, semblance of cyclopean features of the earth: they are mountains of pines. The whole world seems of pines!

It is no wonder then to find in Westwood one of the largest saw-mills in existence. The town, situated in the depths of the northeastern California forests, is entirely owned by one company. It is called one man's town. Though about five thousand inhabitants the town has only one store, but it compares with the large department stores of big cities. Only one cafeteria and one restaurant, but both are spacious and efficient enough to accommodate above one thousand patrons at each meal! One bank, one theatre, one vast billiard parlor—competition is entirely done away with. Where scores of buildings and a large working force would be required, less than half of these answer the purpose under this unifying regime. An ideal system of economy. It is true the inhabitants complain about the high prices of goods. But this has nothing to do with the system itself. It only accentuates the spirit of business. . . .

If one arrives there in the morning as the whistle blows, one sees the town awakening from a somnolent peace into commotion. From every house men and occasionally women issue in their blue jumpers and overalls, pouring in the streets, gathering in number as they walk toward the wide gate, and finally in masses, like moving columns of soldiers, disappear in the giant plant, which now begins to throb, whirl and rumble like a fabulous, maddened monster. You see log after log, some of them higher than a man with hands stretched overhead, seized by

powerful steel clamps, thrown, as if a feather, in the maw of the monster saw-mill, planed, squared, ripped—passing through an intricacy of frantic circular saws, and coming out in many shapes of polished lumber, ready for construction. Brain, muscle and machinery co-operate there to create a marvel.

TYPICAL of American industries the workers there are of a cosmopolitan cast—Europeans, Mexicans, a sprinkle of Canadians, the Americans predominating, closely equalled in number by the Italians. The last mentioned live in a quarter by themselves, separated from Westwood by the large log-pond. Some came there when Westwood was in infancy and built on the other side of the pond. More countrymen came and erected more abodes there until the place began to look like a little village of a few good houses and arrays of shacks, offering to the eye a sight of poor architectural art. But there was good wine there.

When prohibition was inaugurated, a great calamity seemed to have stricken the Italian town. Some of its inhabitants stared blankly. Others talked confusedly, hurting their brains trying to make out the reason for the calamity, until they too stared. Others were depressed, forgetting the catastrophe by drinking, or made ready to go back to their native land. The whole country was going to the dogs anyway: who could live, who could be strong and healthy without wine? Yes, a disaster seemed to have befallen them, demoralizing their daily life. One man, however, Crispi, withstood the calamity. He gathered the camp together and boomed a few words that heartened the stricken community. "If they stop us from drinking wine, we will stop from working!" He harangued. "Tomorrow morning when the whistle blows get up, but put your Sunday clothes on. We will march to the office. We must protest against the company. You think they don't drink? Bah! You make me laugh!"

The tirade stirred the crowd: Prohibition was all religion, was all politics, of course the rich wanted it; that way they could drink it all themselves. They had drowned the calamity with agitation.

The following morning the whistle blew. An army in blue jumpers and overalls filed through the giant gate, but not an Italian was in it. The mon-

ster began to rumble, though sickly, as if impaired. There was a flutter between the plant and the office, which lay immediately outside the gate. The office force, the president was amazed. None knew why the Italians hadn't "turn up".

A battalion trampled over the pond-bridge. A confusion of voices and shuffling feet approached the plant. Six hundred strong, women and children included, with Crispi at the head they implanted themselves before the office and vented their challenge at the chief of the company who from a second story balcony gazed down startled on the agitated mob. "*Non vino, non lavoro!*" Six hundred voices thundered and repeated, sending stentorian reverberations through Westwood and the surrounding pine mountains. The president was still more amazed. He called the interpreter there, and even he had difficulty to catch above the deafening clamor the reason for their protest.

"They want wine or they will quit working," he translated to the president.

There was an increased fluttering between the plant and the office. Section after section of the mill was becoming congested or paralyzed. Five hundred steady good workers were going to leave. The situation was alarming for the president. Prohibition was a national affair but he knew that it was stretchable to the private use of light wine. "All right," he informed the interpreter, "tell them they can have their wine on condition that they return to work immediately."

An hour later the mill was again rumbling at full speed, swallowing logs and logs.

Thus Westwood became dry; but half a mile east of it, across the pond, there was an alluring oasis. The west began to court the east. A few westerners were invited across the pond, and they came back wobbling over the plank bridge which nestled close to the surface of the water with a railing only on one side. And they told their friends.

More westerners looked longingly over the alluring oasis. There it slumbered among scattered lofty sugar pines, with a stretch of watery green meadow smiling about it. It lay half surrounded by the large pond. Wavelets played on its shores. In the background there rose somber mountains of pines, looming in a soft haze: they seemed as if resting lightly on the bosom of the earth. A dreamy quiet



reigned over the village, occasionally a flying bird glistened in the mild sun. Shafts of pale and blue smoke from chimneys curled, spread, floated lazily in the air. The arrays of shacks might have been taverns basking on some distant happy shores where peasants came to make merry and bards to make songs. It looked like a village of dreams to the admiring westerners.

Their chief concern was to look for opportunities to be admitted there.

Some of these westerners knew Giggi. Steve and Jerry worked on the same job with him. There was no intimacy between them; Giggi being in this country only six months could not converse in the tongue of the land. But Steve and Jerry were aware that sometimes a couple marries, each speaking a language uncommunicative to the other. They began to court him. They hinted about taverns in Italy; they wounded him on the subject; and Giggi described to them, with hand-gestures, with face and crippled words, the different bouquets of wines found in the cellars of his country. They laughed agreeably. They fawned. They said, "Giggi is all right." They won him. "You like the wine? *Bene*, come tonight," he told them. "Look for big pine, one, two, three, thas my house."

So in the evening two additional devotees to Bacchus, their steps lighted by a few dim electric globes strung along the plank bridge, walked into the dreamy village. The taverns now became hastily built squatty cabins. The two started to look for the third house from the big pine, but in what direction? The mass of huts were strewn pell-mell. They turned their pocket flashlight on one house, *Casa del Re*, it read. That couldn't be Giggi's name. *Ii Tre Vagabondi*, they deciphered with interest on the door of a second shack; though the meaning was rather hazy, it conveyed to them a sense of bohemianism. *The Waldorf*, they read on a third cabin. "Butler!" Steve ordered Jerry with dignity. "Please handle my luggage gently—'tis full of bottles." "Yes, sir," Jerry bowed, "I'll take good care of them." "I know you would," returned the other. They giggled. But where was Giggi? Their light fell on a hotch-potch of black scrawl which traced, Giggi, *l'Impilatore*. "Command, my Emperor," quoth Steve, military fashion. "Fool," remarked Jerry, "that's not *Emperor*. See, there is pil-pile in it. *Tore*, from the Latin, meaning tower, *imp* must come from the Greek. It means that Giggi is piling towers of lumber, just like you and I, Gongadin." They had found the house, but where was Giggi now? They went

round and round the squatty shack, searching with their illuminant, but they could not find the door. They knocked somewhere on the rough-hewn boards. A rustle of newspaper, a series of heavy steps, a push in the wall let a shaft of thick yellow light and the chunky form of Giggi out—on the opposite side. "Chi ce?" he asked in the empty air.

"Hello Giggi!" hailed one of the guests, stepping forward.

"O, is you, Stiff. Good, come."

IN they went. They drank; they chatted. Drank a second glassful and chatted more. Giggi, puffing at an Italian stogy, a contented smile strutting beneath his bushy brown moustache, butchered the English; Steve and Jerry, their eyes shiny, talked freely and happily, hashing and rehashing their phrases. Expression, the vehicle of thought and feeling, was handicapped; but, thanks to the wine, the spirit of comradeship was not missing. Steve descended upon the plant. Giggi sometimes understood, sometimes looked confused and said, "You becha." Then Jerry, with his smattering of Latin from high school, interjected, "See, Giggi, *turn* is from the Latin *tornare*, out must be from the Greek and *lumber*—you know what lumber is. It means, the-mill-turns-out-six-hundred-thousand-feet-of-lumber-every day . . . you will speak good English in six more months."

"Why, sure," joined in Steve, making a determinate sweep of his head.

Giggi filled for the third time the glasses and Steve and Jerry pulled out money from their pockets. They were all three on their feet now, Steve and Jerry putting money in Giggi's pockets and Giggi putting it back in theirs. Giggi thrashed the English, lifted a solemn hand upright before them, made a sanctimonious face, he placed one hand meaningly upon his breast: he wished he could tell them in an appropriate way that he offered them drink for friendship; lacking words, he had to act and stutter like a stupid.

Steve and Jerry returned to Westwood wet but not groggy. No; they did not fall into the water. Sometimes they skirted the edge of the plank on the side minus the rail to show to each other their good equilibrium. If Giggi had accepted money it might have been another story. They had only three small glassfuls, enough to humor them. Moderation seemed true with the rest of the visitors. Their coin unaccepted, they exercised prudence. The courtship between the admiring westerners and their humble hosts ran on a line of reciprocal sociability: one side offered from their

casks, the other side from the knowledge of English.

But the westerners were great people to tell everybody about their good luck. There were pride and distinction in telling their parched acquaintances that they had been admitted to private cellars. One takes pride in another's suffering.

Souls and more souls from the western shores mused on the shafts of pale and blue smoke curling and floating in the balmy air: like gay, merry spirits they danced above the dreamy village. A few more were admitted and came back to chat about it. It became the talk of Westwood. They coined jokes and stories, they even made the following unsophisticated song which they sang with smiling faces:

*When light wanes in the mountains  
We forget our employ,  
For yonder there are fountains  
That wet our tongues with joy.*

*Roll, roll, we're marching,  
Where?  
We march across the pond!  
Round, round, we're searching  
What?*

*We search for tavern doors!*

*When day wanes in the Sierra  
We knock at tavern sides,  
Our hosts say, "Buona sera,"  
And we reply, "All right."*

*Clink, clink, we're clinking,  
What?*

*We clink our glasses high,  
Hee-ho—we're singing,  
Why?*

*We sing for we're not dry.*

In the department store there were two clerks dominated by the same thoughts: to serve the customers and to watch for the chance to talk with the attractive cashier, Miss Diorno, who was either born here or came from Italy when a child. The two young clerks were ignorant as to her descent, an oversight which caused consequences in the new life of the town. They liked to take Miss Diorno across the pond. She would have lots of fun. They mimicked for her the Italians speaking English. They made pantomimes and cheap gestures. Miss Diorno flew into a tiff. "What a nerve you have!" she flung in their faces. "They offer you wine for nothing and you come here to laugh at them. The trouble with them is they are too good-hearted."

That evening Miss Diorno, too, crossed the pond; but to lecture, rating and reprimanding the innocent tavern dwellers until they grew red in the

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# Pageantry at Mills College

By  
ELIZABETH RHEEM  
STONER

NATURE has given to Mills College a beautiful setting for pageantry. The emerald tinted water, colored by the copper sulphate from the quarry above, lies between the audience and the stage, down to which a rambling little path winds over a grassy hill. Along the whole shore line to one side, a double row of gray-green eucalypti are reflected in the water and above them a broad road, led into by paths, skirts the base of a wooded hill. On the other side of the stage opposite a platform for the orchestra, hidden in a natural setting of trees and bushes, a huge oak makes a perfect prompter's box for the director of the pageant. Here the fern-covered hillside presents an unusual contrast to the tall eucalypti, with its masses of oak trees, their gnarled gray trunks and lacy network of leaves flecked with the gold of California's spring sunshine. No more perfect hiding place for elves and fairies could be imagined, and from it all immortal folk seem likely to appear.

From this wood Merlin came, followed by the charming and intriguing Vivian who gained from him the secret of waving arms and woven paces, and

on that shady path she flitted merrily away leaving the old sorcerer asleep in the hollow of the old oak tree.

Many folk known to literature and history have danced, run, or ridden down the eucalyptus road, Guinivere and her court, a-Maying; Arthur's knights to meet their Lord of the Round Table; Ariadne dancing a love measure with Theseus; lithe Atalanta running her race with Hippomones and losing it because she was lured by the golden apples thrown by the rosy Venus who floated across the lake in her flower-wreathed shell.

OVER by the little reed-reflecting estuary there is a rise of land, and one can easily imagine the shores of Greece from whence came Theseus in his black-sailed ship laden with beautiful maidens whom he had brought to be a sacrifice to the Dreadful Minotaur. Sailing across they are met by King Minos and his court at the Temple of the Snake Goddess.

Through the dense woods Indians

have danced in swaying files, and the Matillija poppy of Death bloomed on the hillside in white and golden splendor; and a little Celtic prince once hunted his lost playmate who was found when Titania and her fairies helped him in his search.

Only last May terrible Cossacks thundered down the long road on their fiery steeds, preceding Ivan the Terrible and his second wife, the Tcherkess Maria (unblessed by the church), and scattered the gentle peasants who were enjoying their native dances in a celebration of the victory of Stephen of Bathory. When the cruelly treated Swedes invoked their heathen gods by the old Norse altar, their prayers were answered by three silver clad Valkyries who appeared on the crest of the hill and rode slowly down to Wagner's deathless music, driving the superstitious Ivan and his followers away.

The charm of living these characters of literature and history is so fascinating that, although the pageant is given yearly at the time of Commencement Week, about one hundred and fifty young women take part in it, receiving a lasting impression.

The great strength of the pageants of Mills is their continuity—the easy flow of episode and performance to music, carefully selected from the works of the great masters to interpret the times and express the feelings of the characters through pantomime. There is no spoken word.

Amateur music, no matter how cleverly written, cannot give the same result, and many productions fail because of the efforts of a misguided director who pines to have this so-called "original" music used as a means of interpreting his theme. Much hinges on the story told, but given a perfect setting, a group of unspoiled charming girls eager to work out the theme, a sympathetic audience, an accomplished musician at the piano directing an adequate orchestra, and a pageant director not afraid of research and hard work, all work together for the success of the production.

The kaleidoscopic colors of the costumes of the dancers mirrored in the lake would of themselves so fascinate an audience that, with the gleaming water, the unusual stage with the sunlight falling in bars and golden spots through the tall eucalypti and shadowed oaks, no story would be needed. Instead one leans back and is content.



*"No more  
perfect  
hiding  
place  
for  
elves  
and  
fairies  
could be  
imagined."*

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# A More Excellent Way

By AMY CRYAN

**A**N IMPARTIAL OBSERVER would hardly have imagined that the time for sane, just, generous constitution making was the time immediately following the war or that the place could be the long-haired succession states of Austria-Hungary. Yet the most steady, prosperous and happy country in Europe today is Czecho-Slovakia built at that unlikely time and on those unpromising foundations.

Its success is due to the genius and devotion of Masaryk and Benes, perhaps more especially to Benes whose ideas and deeds are more like a chapter from a modern Utopia than a chapter from modern European history. From weakness he has brought strength, from oppression he has brought liberty, from poverty he has brought the hope of plenty and all of this he has done by means so simple, so open, so direct that they were thought too weak for practical use. He has kept his word in full to his own people and to other nations; he believed in democracy therefore he took the trouble to educate the people to make them fit to rule; he sympathized with the poor so much that he took pains to teach them to be intelligently self-supporting; he was so busy with the concerns of his own country that he did not interfere with other countries' rulers till they interfered with him; he believed in honesty so much that he let his schemes for reform wait till he made the country free from debt; he believed in the real value of good will so he made treaties of friendship with the neighboring states; and—in the midst of quarreling Europe—he reduced the army till it was but one-twentieth of the percentage that other countries thought necessary.

The first problem that faced him was the problem of his country's relation with her former tyrant Austria-Hungary. It has been almost a commonplace of history that when a people are set free after an oppression of centuries they have inevitably got some slave characteristics, especially a personal hatred of their oppressors and a desire to oppress them in turn. Only a free man could have written:

"The mind is its own place and in itself Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Benes actually felt that he ought not to practice the vices of political oppression that he had hated in his former masters, therefore he, alone among the newly-freed nations, gave his oppres-

sors the treatment he had desired. In no country is the minority so well protected. At the Peace Conference he so impressed the members with his justice and moderation that he got practically all the territory he asked for and he promised in return that he would protect the rights of minorities. He not merely kept his word; he gave more protection than he had guaranteed so that the Austro-Hungarians,

liberty, namely education and economic independence. He began with the education, he increased the number of schools and universities till soon education will be within the reach of all. Any creed can start its own school but in the public schools the teaching must be in accordance with the findings of science. To emphasize the importance of education the higher university professors are appointed by the President himself and are by the constitution al-



THE REED NYMPHS

sullen and suspicious at first, are now supporters of the government. With Austria herself he made a treaty of friendliness that has been loyally kept by both countries.

**A**NOTHER COMMONPLACE of history is that when people have won some privilege they are very unwilling to share it with others who have not shared in the winning. Benes won liberty for himself and his class, yet he bent his mind to sharing it with the poor. Now he knew that two things are necessary if the poor are to have

lowed special leave of absence if they are elected to the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate. Thus for the first time a country takes note of the fact that because of money pressure and future uncertainty professors take no share in law making though some of them, especially professors of history, law, or political science, are specially qualified for law making. It has been said that they are too impractical to be good lawmakers but to answer this one need only contrast the present condition of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, one with

(Continued on page 36)



# "The Many-Splendoured Thing"

By ETHEL SABIN-SMITH

THERE is a dilemma, more real than those usually met in books of logic which touches every one of us, and yet we seldom bother about it at all. No one can think until he has some knowledge of facts, and yet no one can have a knowledge of facts unless he first thinks. Of course, there is a way around this dilemma—if there were not, these words could not be written; or if written, could not be read. Most obstacles, like this dilemma, act as stimuli to set men to making paths around them.

Now it is my purpose to show you this dilemma in all the cruelty of its pointed horns, and then to describe the path which leads around the dilemma's lair. I speak in terms of mythology because in my childhood the Minotaur, that bogie of ancient Crete, half man, half brute, hungry for human offerings and dwelling in a labyrinth, came always to my mind when I heard my elders speak of the horns of a dilemma.

And here is the first horn: no one can *think* until he has some *knowledge of fact*. To think is to remember—obviously impossible without something to remember, or to anticipate, equally impossible except by rearrangement of facts already noted. It is as impossible for a man to predict that water will become ice at a certain temperature, unless he has knowledge of certain facts, as for a baby of a day to repeat Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It is easier to eat without food than to think without an object to think about; for one can at least swallow one's Adam's apple. Again, to think is to reason. But reasoning means progress from some fact already known—and there you are! We are supposing that there are no facts already known. Obviously, this is a big horn and a sharp one. Therefore, if we would be thinking men and women, we must be able to gather facts—and there is the brute's other horn in our midriff: we cannot see the simplest fact, we cannot know a bean is a bean, without the power to think.

You recall the story of Agassiz and the freshmen: there were the students gathered for their first class under that famous man, expecting, as a matter of course, a brilliant lecture illuminating at least a half-dozen scientific mysteries. Instead, Agassiz put before each student a fish, and asked for a complete description. He left them alone for half an hour, and returning

asked, "Is that all you can see? Look again." Again he left them and again returned to ask the same question. Finally, at the end of the long laboratory period, Agassiz held up before them one of the fish and described it as only a scientist could. The things he showed them were so significant and so obvious, once they were pointed out, that his students wondered they had not seen them for themselves. It was their first lesson in scientific vision.



GYMNASIUM—MILLS COLLEGE

The incident illustrates the second horn of our dilemma, but indicates, as well, the path around it. In fact, there are two paths, one long and winding, over which great armies of people have traveled throughout the ages, and a "cut-off", which carries the burden of traffic today.

The long path, that of trial and error, which primitive man followed in misery and doubt through by-gone centuries, men today may escape if they gain the power of vision. Each one of us who has managed to scramble out of his infancy into maturity, as a kitten climbs and tumbles over

the edge of his basket, has had to learn to see, whether he sought facts, or truths, or beauty.

GRANTING our need for vision, most people believe that training in vision is limited to science and does not apply to truth as beauty, and to truth as good. Some authorities claim that beauty and goodness must be felt, and therefore belong exclusively to the realms of instinct and emotion. If this be true, to attempt to teach a person to see beauty or to appreciate justice is like trying to teach a person to dance by a geometrical analysis of curves and rhythm.

It is beyond controversy that the arts and natural beauty are wasted on the lower animals—and on certain people. They are physiologically incapable of response to them. But most intelligent people can be taught to see with *vision*, the vision that comes with the knowledge and application of standards, and brings with it enrichment of life. Hence the need for teachers, scientific guides on this shorter path to wisdom. And by teachers I mean not merely the professional scientist, such as Agassiz, and certainly not the drab and dreary pedagogue, overworked and underpaid, but the poet, the artist, the statesman, whether he be in the classroom or not, every man who can open our eyes to the fullness of life.

There is no further difference, Schopenhauer assures us, between art and nature than that in art the artist permits us to look through his eyes at nature, but, he adds, the artist sees what the average man cannot, a half-proclaimed message full of significance. Modern criticism goes beyond Schopenhauer and insists that all beauty, truth, or justice lie in the perception or the imagination—but here we are launching out into the depths of metaphysical speculation and had best beware. In *Modern Painters*, Ruskin tells us that artists enrich the world by extending the boundaries of what we usually call "natural beauty". At any rate most men, like Cook's tourists, need the arresting voice of the guide, the blazoning of a label, before they can see the beauty that is before them.

In one of his most significant poems, "The Kingdom of God," Francis Thompson deals with this blindness of spirit:

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# Mills College Today

By ROSALIND A. KEEP

TO READERS of the OVERLAND MONTHLY the early history of Mills College is familiar, for during the last half century frequent articles have appeared on its pages—biographical, reminiscent, descriptive, prophetic. Some of the prophecies have already come to pass; others are yet to be realized. An educational institution must grow and expand gradually if it is to live a long and useful life; such growth and expansion are vitally dependent upon environment, nurture and favorable conditions. We, therefore, present to the readers of this, the Mills College issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, a picture of Mills College today.

Two brief Latin mottoes on the westward-facing portals of the new Beulah Gate give the spirit of this pioneer woman's college on the Pacific Coast. While over one archway are the words "*Una Destinatio, Viae Diversae*" over the other is the admonition, "*Aut Disce, Aut Discede*". "*One Goal, many paths*" is full of promise, of vision, of opportunity. Students of every type, temperament, creed, or race come together to travel, under skilled leadership, the paths of

knowledge toward the goal of research, service and achievement, but they must heed the warning "*Either Learn or Leave*", if they would not fall by the wayside. Founded as an educational institution, Mills will not permit its purposes to grow vague or become altered in an era of hurry and restlessness, of material ambition and social preoccupation.

Mills is primarily a liberal arts college. With an enrollment limited to residence capacity, and a long waiting list, it is ambitious not to increase its numbers, but to increase the quality of its work and to give to its students such opportunities as will make them useful and constructive citizens.

In addition to the humanities, Mills has several distinctive schools and departments. Conspicuous among these is the School of Education, which trains students for teaching, particularly in the elementary and high schools. The School of Music, that its scope may be broad and comprehensive and that no one side be overdeveloped, has three objectives, technical, theoretical and practical work.

Regular academic students in the College, who wish to become musicians by profession, either as performers or as composers, may take courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music.

The department of Fine and Graphic Arts is also planned to meet the needs of three types of students: those wishing to obtain a cultural understanding of art, its underlying principles and techniques; those desiring a teacher's certificate; and those preparing themselves for some branch of creative work in the field of art. The proximity of the campus to the art centers of San Francisco and its environs, offers unusual opportunities for such culture, while the location of the institution is at the same time remote enough to provide the atmosphere necessary for scholarly thought and growth. A building which is now under construction is the first unit of the Fine Arts group, a fire-proof art gallery, made possible by the bequests of Mr. David C. Hewes and Miss Jane Cordelia Tolman, the latter for many years a teacher of Art on the campus and a woman who left her impress on all who came in touch with her. This



SWIMMING POOL—MILLS COLLEGE





BEULAH GATE—MILLS COLLEGE

gallery will provide space for many of the college treasures today distributed in other campus halls, and will offer excellent opportunities for loan exhibitions.

**U**NDER such ideal climatic conditions as those in California, and particularly in the San Francisco Bay region, where outdoor sports are possible the year round, there is every incentive to physical as well as mental development. With a campus of one hundred and fifty acres of garden, meadow, woodland, lake and rolling lawns, there is every opportunity for wholesome exercise. When in 1870 Mills moved from Benicia to Oakland and the first student residence, Mills Hall, was built, the preparation for physical education fully met the requirements of that day. There was a good gymnasium where "calisthenics" were "enjoyed", and Indian clubs, wands, and dumbbells were swung with vigor. The students delighted in croquet, archery, "long rambles over the hills", in "sewing and sketching parties". On the same campus today, fifty years later, the physical education department includes a well-equipped gymnasium, a reception center, athletic field, tennis and handball courts, hockey field, and an open-air swimming pool; the latter the gift of a San Franciscan, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., in memory of her husband, a former trustee of the College. A sound body for a sound mind is not theory but reality at Mills College.

From thirty states and six foreign countries come the students. They are housed in six residence halls, and there is imperative need for still another hall. The administration believes that to give students the best opportu-

nities for quiet and uninterrupted study, separate rooms should be provided. So great is the demand for admission that residence halls built for fifty or sixty students are made to care for a score more.

The year 1925 marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Susan Lincoln Tolman, co-founder of Mills College with her husband, Dr. Cyrus Taggart Mills. That the present student body, the alumnae, the faculty, the trustees, and the friends of Mills College may review the life of this remarkable pioneer educator and take



"PIXV"

account of Mills College today, the Alumnae Association is planning a centennial celebration that will include a pageant presenting the history of the institution from the beginnings in Benicia in 1852 to the present era when life on the Pacific slope is more complex, more cosmopolitan, more international in its development, as well as in its outlook on the future, and in its interest in education and culture. This year of 1925 holds much of promise and of challenge for Mills College.

The centennial also gives an occasion to complete plans held dear to the founders in their life time. As one of the most fundamental of these was adequate living conditions in a residence college, the Alumnae have set for themselves the task of financing and building the needed residence hall. While this hall will bear the name of a loved trustee, Ethel Moore, who gave to the institution generously of her time and her energy, it will be a memorial to the progressiveness of all those who through years of effort have left their impress upon western education.

Ethel Moore Residence Hall, which will house one hundred students, will provide not for a greater number of students, but will relieve the congestion in the other halls. In placing this building upon Prospect Hill, with its glimpse of the shining waters of the bay, the graduates are mindful of the oft-repeated motto of President Mills, "Freely ye have received, freely give", and they also remember the words of Ethel Moore, "I believe in the Residence College for women."

Mills will remain a small college where students and faculty may know one another personally, where language and lecture classes may be limited in size. The small separate college, both in Europe and in America, has been responsible for the development of thousands of young men and women who through personal contact with their instructors have been stimulated to lives of influence and usefulness, and who have left to succeeding generations evidence of sound and well-directed habits of thought. As a residence college for women, Mills has a place on the Pacific Coast and holds its own with like colleges on the Atlantic border. In fact, Mills today is said to be better known in the New England and Atlantic states than in the West. This is true not only because its founders were graduates of Williams College and Mount Holyoke, but also because its faculty of seventy members is chosen from a wide geographical area, and its graduates today



are sought for positions of responsibility in almost every state of the Union.

The President of Mills College, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, is carrying out for the present generation the same high purposes that inspired the founders in their day. Her ambition is the realization of the possible objectives in a college devoted to the education of women:—To gather into a faculty men and women of trained minds and high aspiration, to select a student group of purposeful, eager, students; to create an environment of beauty and wholesome living.

Some half dozen years ago Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst gave the first comprehensive campus plan for a "Greater Mills" and secured the services of Ralph Bernard Maybeck. This plan was later made the basis of a modified and more detailed scheme drawn by Walter H. Ratcliff, Jr., and accepted by the Board of Trustees. Every building erected on the campus now conforms to the general plans and works toward the completion which will make Mills one of the most beautiful and picturesque campuses in

the country. Nature has done much here. The two mountain brooks flowing through the meadows from a woodland lake, add to the charm and provide rare settings for landscape and architectural design. The gnarled old oaks, the tall and stately eucalypti, the line of the hills, the ravines, the emerald lake and the sunsets, offer pictures that linger long in the memory and quicken the imagination of the graduate in realizing what the future holds for Mills in the possible achievement of natural beauty and in adequate educational organization.

The Alumnae have admirable plans for a Permanent Building Fund. Contrary to general opinion, graduates of colleges do realize contemporary needs, despite the fact that they naturally

love and revere the past. When the children of the second and third generation enter college, as some twenty per cent are now coming to Mills, their parents naturally desire for them the advantages which were theirs. But they also desire the enriched curriculum and increased opportunities for culture and recreation which modern sciences and new techniques have brought to the world.

What does the future hold for this woman's college? Those who believe in the fundamental values in our present era of education and in the potential powers of the civilization developing on the Pacific slope, know that this institution will take its place in developing women of sound mind and noble character.

#### PIXY

**S**HALL I laugh at you, or with you?  
Startle the silence of noon  
With laughter, a cool vagrant tune  
Like wind stealing down through the  
grasses  
Of summer, or water that passes  
On tiptoe between the green reeds?

Have you noticed . . . I use  
Shiny berries for beads  
In my hair, they amuse  
And they quite suit my needs.  
My pretty bright berries . . .  
You laugh . . . do you dare  
To mock at my fancy?  
I won't *have* you stare!

Never mind, I am going,  
I'll back and I'll back  
Through the burnished gold wheat  
Till you've lost every track  
Of the Pixy of Noon;  
Oh yes . . . you will wonder  
About me and peer  
Up, over and under  
Unable to trace  
My provocative face.  
And all you can find  
Is the ghost of my laugh  
That has lodged in your mind!

Ho ho ho! I am going,  
Bye, Mortal, look well  
Through cranny and corner,  
Through meadow and dell—  
But I shall be swayed  
In a field poppy's cup  
While a sparrow keeps watch  
Lest the ants should creep up.  
But you shall be penitent,  
Aye . . . and that soon,  
For you dared to make fun  
Of the Pixy of Noon!

—Dorothy Page.



LAKE ALISO



*Aurelia  
Henry  
Reinhardt,  
Ph. D., LL. D.,  
Litt. D.*

*Dr. Reinhardt  
is the head  
of Mills  
College.*



#### FIRES OF WISDOM *Mills College Hymn*

O H, fires of wisdom burning,  
Among thy sunset hills,  
We hail thy faithful keeper,  
Our Alma Mater Mills.  
Sweet altar fires of knowledge,  
Within thy light we kneel,  
On thy blue smoke ascending,  
Our yearning spirits steal,  
On thy blue smoke ascending,  
Our yearning spirits steal.

O may our deep endeavor  
Live sparks from they flame win,  
To light on our own altars  
Fair wisdom's fire within  
Our cherished fost'ring mother,  
These Golden Gated hills,  
Shall guard thy fires forever,  
Thy daughters hail thee, Mills,  
Shall guard thy fires forever,  
Thy daughters hail thee, Mills.  
*Words by Fannie Rouse Carpenter '73  
Music by Edward F. Schneider.*

## Like a Bat at Night

By MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

PERHAPS there are but few places in the world fairer than this, I was thinking that late October afternoon as I left my patient for a few minutes and stepped out on the little balcony of Havenshouse.

The air was keen with autumn and the tang of it made one want to live forever. I shaded my eyes to watch the purple-blue shadows which were filling the rugged gorge of the Columbia river. Above the rocky walls blue-black forests dashed with clustering yellows and scarlets marched upward; closer at hand purple apple orchards in patchwork squares clung to the steep hillsides, while above all, shining white to heaven, towered Mount Hood.

Doctor Terry had called me from Portland on the case. Nurses were very scarce, said his thin voice on

the wire. Must have someone at once. Pay good money indefinitely. Long case perhaps, perhaps not. Old lady. Heart trouble. In bed, very quiet. Up high. You're the girl from Des Moines, aren't you? Well, you might go as far as Switzerland or Norway before meeting up with a picture like this. . . . It was that that caught me, and within ninety minutes I had bought a ticket for White Salmon.

Havenshouse was about a mile from the village, Doctor Terry explained when he met me at the station.

"It's a fine place, but perhaps a little lonesome and queer."

"How queer? Ghosts or insanity?" I asked with secret resentment be-

cause the doctor had appealed to my love of mountain scenery.

"No, nothing of that sort. But old Mrs. Havens is queer, and she can't get along more than a minute with her sons and their wives. Seems to hate them all. Since Havens died ten or twelve years ago she has lived alone with a Japanese cook and his wife. But she cannot abide her family, and nobody seems to know why because they are nice people and all that, and they humor her. Naturally, since they'll get the property.

"Another queer thing is her disease. Heart trouble, she says, that she's had for twenty years or more. The fact is I can't find anything wrong with her

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# A Page of Mills College Verse

## FANTASY

**I**KE drifted white rose petals,  
satin soft,  
Your shoulder shone amid the gloom  
Stately and fair;  
The dim room vanished and I saw you  
sit  
In a Greek garden while I gathered  
flowers  
To crown your hair.

The wreath could add no beauty, so I  
dropped  
The petals round you like a rain of  
stars  
Around the moon,  
Soft as your thoughts and fragrant  
as your deeds,  
The petals sang the story of your  
heart  
A sweet folk tune.

—Amy Cryan.

## STAR SHOWER

**I**AST night while the green earth  
turned,  
The stars came down in showers.  
Breathless down the aeons burned  
Headlong yellow flowers.

Perseus tossed his winged hat:  
The silent planets stared.  
Who in earth's cities stopped for that?  
Or knew, or greatly cared?

—Elizabeth Conner.

## SANTA BARBARA TO MAINE

**D**OVE grey and rose, yet touched  
with softest blue,  
Timid yet daring—like a happy child—  
The sea looks from my window here  
tonight  
While I sit reading of New England  
hills  
And roadsides starred with flowers.  
I know her beauty has that lovelier  
look,  
That last perfection that can only  
come  
From some past touch of frost, as  
some dear face  
Is loveliest when it has suffered once.

But please do not forget this laughing  
child  
This heedless playfellow of sun and  
wind  
Who ne'er has known the touch of  
frost or pain,  
Whom fortune never has made hard  
or cold,  
For still she sheds her happy peace on  
all.  
In this strange house, the world, 'tis  
good to find  
One child so gay, playing with lovely  
toys.  
Decking herself with the old Spanish  
dress  
Of her romantic, lovely ancestress.  
Her fragrance and her beauty are a  
rose  
The sturdy West wears on her work-  
ing dress,  
Beauty and wonder crowning hardi-  
hood.

—Amy Cryan.

## THE FOUR WINDS

**P**URPLE, perfumed,  
Drowsy southern zephyrs,  
Lazily wandering from sleepy Mexico,  
Bringing lang'rous fragrance  
Of magnolia and orchid,  
Crooning lover's lyrics,  
Tenderly and low.

Frothy, spray-flecked,  
Salty western breezes  
Restlessly chant to me o'er the swell-  
ing tide;

Sing the songs of seven seas  
And ships of every nation,  
Free and fleet and fearless,  
Surging far and wide.

Cruel, vibrant,  
Northern gusts race downward,  
Keen-edged and swift from the gla-  
ciers white and cold;  
Telling tales of tragic nights  
Neath forests grim and frozen;  
Northern lights and icebergs,  
Hints of distant gold.

Through the desert  
Aromatic, blazing,  
Sage laden winds pass from trails of  
Santa Fe;  
Mysteries of sand and sun  
And caravans so ghostly,  
Dimly drifting onward,  
Faint and faraway.

Legends, secrets  
Beautiful or ghastly,  
Wistfully whispered by every wanton  
wind;  
Deathless love and old romance,  
Deeds of blood and valor,  
Writ through the ages,  
By a lost mankind.

Mariquita Derby.

## REMINISCENCE

**I**T WAS aeons ago that first we met,  
You, the lover, and I.  
You crowned me with roses, and sang  
from your soul  
That never our love could die!  
Yes, aeons have passed: when I see  
you, still  
You, the lover, so gay—  
You still have the power to trouble my  
soul,  
But—passion passed yesterday!

—Lucile Abel.

## A MONOCHROME

**A**T THE first glance the quiet rise  
and fall  
Of life scarce seems to alter or ad-  
vance  
So noiselessly the tide comes up the  
beach  
Over the smooth and shining yellow  
sands.  
No breakers here with their great  
restless surge,  
No fierce cross currents bearing out  
to sea  
Some foolish swimmer come unknow-  
ingly;  
Yet all the time softly and quietly  
The tide comes in, comes in resistlessly.

—Amy Cryan.

## EVERY SUMMER

**N**ow that you have found my heart,  
Do not go!  
The rain last night was wintry cold—  
Oh! round your brown wings let me  
fold  
All my petals, while you sleep.  
Warm and safe your dreams will  
keep.  
Do not go!

"Yellow rose, I seek the sun.  
I'll come again.  
Your stifling petals o'er my head,  
Shall my beating wings lie dead?  
Rather rain and wind—and yet  
Who finds your heart cannot forget.  
I'll come again.

"Go then; but when you come again,  
I shall be gone.  
You'll creep slowly past a thorn  
To where you left my petals torn—  
The wind will sing, and you will stare  
At an old stalk and thin fall air:  
I shall be gone."

—Elizabeth Conner.

## TRIBUTE

**I**N ALL my life I have known  
beauty,  
Loved it dear  
In the magic of the moonlight;  
In the gleam of stars,  
Or in the shaggy trunks of trees  
Etched clear against the sunset.  
Sometimes  
In waterdrops on velvet flowers,  
Purely blue,  
And in the smiles of happy children.  
All these I knew ere I knew you.  
But now a deeper beauty in them lies:  
I love them more,  
These precious things I've seen  
Reflected in the wistful glory  
Of your eyes.

—Lucile Abel.

## A WATER COLOR BY TURNER

**T**IS BUT two inches square, it is so  
small  
That many miss it; yet its tender sky  
Broods over billowing hills and vales  
that lie  
Drenched in the sunlight save where  
shadows fall  
From the tall hedge or mossy covered  
wall  
That guards the flocks. The happy  
birds do fly  
And you can almost hear the peewit's  
cry  
Ring o'er the river's bank beyond the  
wall.

A gentle, quiet life you lead at home  
Filling your days with grave old fash-  
ioned duty,  
So we may think who do not see the  
whole  
And dream that we have more be-  
cause we roam;  
Until we see your life through  
Turner's eyes  
And know its kindness, constancy and  
beauty.

—Amy Cryan.

# Like a Bat at Night

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heart, but knowing old Mrs. Havens I humor her too. She gets along all right with outsiders and I'm sure you'll have no trouble." And then the doctor turned into Havenshouse and I caught sight of Mount Hood, stark and shining against the blue, and decided old Mrs. Havens might be as queer as she liked.

The house was as quiet and orderly as a house in a picture book. The Japanese man and woman pattered about softly during the forenoons removing invisible dust and rearranging chairs which were never disarranged. They did their tasks over and over again, and swiftly as if in a great hurry, and then sat down and smiled at each other with meaningless good humor. From one to five they vanished and I fancied they went out on the purple hills to pick apples.

IN the morning Edward Havens stopped to inquire about his mother, remained about ten minutes and then drove away. In the afternoon at about six Arnold Havens made a similarly brief and perfunctory call. Sometimes Arnold went in to see her, but Edward rarely. On Sunday their wives accompanied them in smart cars—and that was Havenshouse.

Most girls would have died there of loneliness, but to me it was not half bad. As time went on Arnold Havens missed a call and Edward missed two. Their mother gave no sign of noticing these omissions, but sat in bed like a bent gray etching on a white wall. She did not suffer much except at certain infrequent times when she gasped for breath, clutched at her left side and whispered that her heart was jumping. I never knew, of course, how these attacks might turn out, but as I tolled out my long days there my patient seemed to gain strength. I do not know why, but Doctor Terry said afterwards that it was because she liked her nurse. I don't know anything about it, except that on the last lap old Mrs. Havens seemed to get her second wind and become poignantly reminiscent of her youth.

I had just stepped in from the balcony after a long and sentimental gaze at the shining mountain, had brushed back my hair and was warming my hands at the grate fire when the gray etching surprised me by asking in a crisp tone of voice: "Where did you live before you came here?"

Heretofore she had asked such ani-

mated questions as—is it three o'clock yet? Is it Thursday?

"Why, I came from Des Moines," I replied flatly, and the old lady clutched at her heart convulsively for all the world like Arthur Dimmesdale.

I ran to Mrs. Havens' bedside to do what I could for her, but she waved me aside with her free hand.

"I'm all right—but it jumps fearfully. Wait a minute. Go on—tell me about Des Moines. I want to hear. It's very strange," she gasped.

"Perhaps I'd better not talk. Des Moines or something seemed to—"

"Make it jump," finished my patient. "Yes, yes, so it did. You gave me a start, for I was born in Des Moines and lived there until—How does it look now?"

"You lived there too?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes. How does it look now?"

"Just about the same, I suppose, as when you knew it, unless the buildings are smarter and higher. Nothing but a fire would call me to a balcony in Des Moines."

"I suppose not," commented Mrs. Havens a little jerkily, "I suppose not, and yet I seem to have lived back there all the time, more than forty years. Sometimes I think that's what's the matter with my heart—kind of racked between Oregon and Ioway. Kind of chased and whipped and worried clear across the plains and the mountains. It's a fearful distance."

"Perhaps you had better rest," I suggested professionally, but nevertheless interested in my patient's previously concealed power of expression.

"Tired of resting," she returned irritably. "I've not a soul in the world to talk to. Everybody I like is dead. What's the harm of talking? If you were not so crazy about Mount Hood and the Columbia just as I was once; going every little bit to look at them, and young like that, and forward looking, I reckon I'd never have opened my mouth. But somehow your standing there by the windows in your white dress reminds me of Etta and Edith Kent."

She stopped a minute, apparently embarrassed, clutching her side, and then pointed to a corner of the room.

"The picture—bring it here."

I followed her direction and brought to the old lady's bedside a faded photograph in an oval gilded frame.

Interests at Havenshouse were looking up—at least for the nurse. I had been in that room but a few minutes

after my arrival when my gaze halted upon the oval picture. It must have been taken in the early eighties with no display of finish or skill. The likeness of a girl, incredibly young, with animated eyes and thick loops of light hair, golden, one imagined, for according to story books golden-haired girls are predestined for romance. Perhaps it is romance to look like that just once, before a cheap camera; to have that vivid vitality, that eagerly beautiful head preserved against the agony of experience. Yes, I had noticed the picture and wondered often who it was, but dared not ask my silent patient. But my patient had broken the spell.

I found her spectacles and held the light so that she might look at it. After a pathetic moment of silent scrutiny she said almost timidly: "That's—that's me."

And I all but jumped like her poor heart.

"It's beautiful," I said warmly, "and I've often wondered—"

"And you never guessed who it was? No, nobody would," and she motioned for me to take off her spectacles and change the light.

"I was twenty-one then," she continued half to herself, "and there was nothing the matter with my heart. But traveling back and forth across the mountains all these years is hard work. No wonder it's tired."

"You didn't happen to know—I don't suppose you knew David Evans in Des Moines—or perhaps your mother knew him?"

"I'm afraid we didn't," I returned apologetically.

"Well, it doesn't really matter since Dave's gone, but Dave was a fine fellow. Everyone said so. Straight as a soldier. Intended to go to West Point, and then his father was sick a long time and he couldn't go. Dave and I were the same as engaged when my sister Etta was taken sick and father sent us out to his brother's home in Oregon, in The Dalles. I came along with Etta, you know. She was delicate and father thought the climate would do her good. We were going to stay a year and then go back. I just had to go back to Dave, of course. I told him I would."

The old lady stopped a few minutes as if arrested by the thought of her old promise.

"The Dalles was a queer little town then," she continued. "Very western to us and full of cowboys and fine



horses. I loved the horses and the fine riding. Uncle Will had horses, too, and I rode a lot out into the hills where thousands of sheep were grazing. Uncle Will had a nice place at the edge of town, and there were lots of red roses and mush melons there. It seems sometimes now at night as if I can smell the roses and melons and grapes.

"We came in August, the last part of the trip by stage, a long journey which made my poor sister sick, but I was wild with excitement, riding all day within sight of those fawn-colored velvety hills above the Columbia. I had never seen a stream larger than the murky Des Moines, while here was a thunderous giant leaping down between mountains from God-knows-where. And Mount Hood and Adams with their shining glaciers and strange alpenglow—it was like heaven to me. And every once in a while we would see herds of sleek deer and slim gray coyotes. I was strong like an Indian, and I loved everything in the world.

"Sister Etta got better after while, but she was never as strong as I, and never wanted to conquer everything. We wrote home of course to father and mother and Dave about the wild Oregon country. I wrote pages and pages about the mountains and great catches of salmon, and the horses. Then Dave would write back and say he was afraid, for wherever there were horses there were always men. I used to laugh at Dave's letters because he was so smart in guessing that Oregon men flocked around sister Etta and me. But I did not care for any of them. They were reckless triflers and daredevils compared with Dave. But I did like the country, and in my puffed up youth it seemed to me I was as tireless and daring as the great river. . . I was such a fool."

My patient paused holding her thin left hand against her side, while I sat on a cushion by the fire awed by this strange reminiscence springing out of the past like a lovely Chinook wind in the clutch of winter.

"Once I asked Dave why he didn't come out to Oregon and go into the sheep business. He said he could not come because of his parents, and when I was coming back. He was terribly homesome.

"And just then I met Joe."

THE old lady stopped again and seemed lost in a mist of memories and misgivings leaving me stranded on the hearth between her lovely lost youth and the mysterious Joe.

"I—I met him at a June dance at the old Umatilla House," she explained faintly.

"The Umatilla House was very gay in those days. Right on the river bank, you know. I guess there were a thousand pink roses that night in the big dining room turned into a ball room. There were musicians from Portland and guests too. I used to tell Ett that was the most wonderful night I ever knew—and the saddest. I had a new pink silk dress with two rows of white rosettes down the front, and pink slippers. When we were dressing for the party Ett said suddenly: 'You're a wonder, Edith. You could pass for a queen.'

"Queen of what?" I asked laughing.

"Queen of the Columbia, or of all the sheep country for that matter," said Ett. She was that proud of me, and never jealous like some sisters.

"If you please," said the one-time queen, "I'd like some of that port," and I jumped up to fetch her a small glass.

I thought for a moment she was going to drop back into silence, but the drink seemed to rally her.

"Ett wore white that night at the Umatilla House, and she was very pretty. And that night I met Joe Havens for the first time. He had just come back from Chicago where he had been on business. I felt him staring at me for some time before we were introduced. Joe was mighty good looking. He was the best dressed man in the room, and besides that he had a good deal of land, but I didn't know that then. Joe had quick brown eyes and auburn hair and a fine dash of red in his cheeks. Out in the wind so much, I suppose. His shoulders were the broadest I ever saw, and straight. He was a wonder with horses and could ride just about anything on four legs. But sometimes he was a little cruel.

"Well, after while Joe and I were introduced and I must have warmed up with his teasing and gay flattery. We danced a lot, and out on the long veranda where we could look out over the river Joe told me I was the prettiest girl he had ever met and he was coming around to see me. No doubt I had heard of him, for he owned a big tract of land around The Dalles.

"When Ett and I were about to go home with our uncle and aunt I caught a glimpse of Joe drinking with some men just inside the bar room. They were all laughing and Joe was the center of the group. 'A horse and a woman,' I heard Joe say, 'are the most dashing things on earth, when they are, and by God, I've never seen 'em yet that I couldn't win if I wanted to!'

"And then the men laughed again, and I hurried away pretending not to

hear. But I had heard, and I was ashamed and fascinated, fascinated like a bird is by a—well, just fascinated.

"When we were in our room Ett said: 'Edith, you certainly made a great impression on the rich Mr. Havens. He could not keep his eyes off from you. Handsome, I call him, but I don't like him the way I do David.'

"And I jumped like a guilty creature, for I had forgotten David all the time that glittering man had been talking with me.

"From that night on I seemed to be walking on air with Joe Havens furnishing the air. I thought of David a dozen times, perhaps, and forgot him a hundred times. He wrote letters which I scarcely answered, because I was too busy out horseback riding over the bronze hills and rowing on the river with Joe. I was being won by the richest man in the county, and I was being envied by the Oregon girls already.

"And then something happened—"

The old lady held her hand close against her side till the fingers seemed entirely bloodless.

"Ah," she said in a voice hollow with the poignancy of regret, "the young know so little — the old so much!

"Something happened out on Joe's ranch. He and a neighbor were in dispute over cattle brands. I've never quite known what it was all about. A boy on horseback came to uncle's one afternoon and brought me a note. Joe was across the river with a buggy and his team of bays, the note said. He had hired the ferryman to bring me across, and we would be married. Obligated to leave The Dalles on account of a shooting affray at the ranch. Edith was a wonder and might have anything money could buy—and so on.

"And, Edith forgot. She forgot about her family and about David and her promise, and how serious the brand trouble might be. She was eloping across the most beautiful river in the world with a handsome daring man. It was something like a play I saw once—except that the play turned out better. My sister was away on a picnic, my aunt in town, and I rode the messenger's horse to the ferry.

"I was married to Joe Havens that night, and the next day we went to Portland by steamer and from there to Seattle.

"We stayed at the best hotel in the city. There were a lot of mirrors in the parlor with blue and gold frames so that one thought there were more people there. The carpet was a rich red and softer than any I had ever stepped on. Red velvet curtains at



the windows too and red stuffed furniture. To me it was all as fine as a picture out of a story book. I was kind of happy for a few days with everything so new; the ocean more thrilling than anything I'd ever dreamed of—and Joe so jolly. And yet, I was a little worried wondering what my folks and Etta would think.

"Joe kept buying Portland newspapers every day and read them carefully.

"One late afternoon I stood by the window of our room looking out over the sound. Joe was behind me reading a paper as usual. The sun, crimson and huge, was slipping into the gray-blue sea, and clear out where ships were going west all the sky and sea were afire with sunset reds. It was wonderful to a girl brought up on the sight of cornfields, nothing but cornfields, and I thought how lucky I was to be away out here on the edge of the Pacific—married to a great man.

"And then all of a sudden Joe dropped his paper and a chair banged sharply on the floor. I turned startled.

"So the damn' brute died', murmured Joe huskily.

"His face was terrible and he was snapping his fingers and thumbs angrily.

"What's the matter?' I asked scared to death.

"Why, old Ned Newton died. He'd no more sense than that,' and he laughed brutally.

"Old Ned was the fellow I got in a row with. He said some of his cows was in our corral, and I told him he was crazy. He reminded me of the cows once too often, and the day we were married I got hot about it and let my gun go at him. Didn't expect him to die.'

Joe pointed to the paper on the floor.

"It's from The Dalles. Says Newton died and they're after me.'

Mrs. Havens's voice was very calm.

"I reckon I know how folks feel when they're struck by lightning. Joe's words struck me like that.

"Did you really do that, Joe?' I asked.

"He laughed wildly like he did when he was drunk.

"You look like a scared cat, Edith. Where's the ripping girl who wasn't afraid of horses and whirlpools? You ain't afraid of the law, are you? Joe Havens's got enough money to beat the law. This is the West, little Edith—It ain't no Sunday School!' and he caught me in his arms gaily—But my heart gave a fearful lurch.

"There was a long trial, and I went to the courtroom day after day with my husband. He was acquitted at last, but lost a lot of money which hurt his feelings a good deal. Three or four letters came from Des Moines in David's handwriting, but I had not enough courage to open them. I told him I would never forget and that I would come back—and, lacking two months out of more than forty years, I have not forgotten—and I have never been back.

"Joe kept the boast I heard him make that night at the Umatilla bar. He could win horses and women if he wanted to. That is, he could win their wills, but never their hearts. Horses obeyed, but always hated him.

"My sister went home before the trial was over. My aunt and uncle died. My parents died. Mount Hood and the river were wonderful of course, but terribly distant and chilly. Later I thought the babies would help, and they did for a while—they were so innocent and sweet, but when they were older they were just like Joe.

"At night I used to think about the old friends and relatives in Ioway. I used to think about David and his dreadful loneliness—like a winter that never breaks. My sister said he never married, but took care of his father a long time. They were poor, she said. Often I thought about sending him money, but every time I made up my mind to do it I had a picture of David opening the letter and catching sight of Joe's money.

"I used to dream every night I was back with all the folks, and then my heart got queer and tired—fearfully tired. I used to dream I was traveling over the mountains and plains. A queer dream, wasn't it? And in the morning I was always tired. I, who had been so strong and a rider of wild horses! All these years jumping between Ioway and Oregon, back and forth like a bat at night. I tried not to let it go, but it did anyway. It could not forget, and it has been wandering all these years. Let's see—let's see the picture again."

The old lady seemed to be feeling for it on the bed. I arose and brought it to her.

"Perhaps you would like the picture—One Ioway girl to another!"

"But your family—" I faltered.

Mrs. Havens winced but shook her head.

"They won't care. The boys, I mean. They don't seem like my boys. My boys would have looked like me—or like—. My sister is gone and there are only men in her family. If you like the picture you might as well take it. After all I suppose it is like a girl who died young."

Down stairs the doorbell buzzed, and a moment later I heard the Jap say glibly: "Yes sir, Mr. Havens, your mother feel very good an' quiet today, same as all days."

## The Investor

By PORTER GILES

*Pacific Coast Director Educational Department S. W. Straus & Co.*

HERE was a time in the long ago when everyone confidently believed in magic, when human wisdom was often measured by reputed familiarity with the occult and mystic powers were sought or feared by king and slave alike. Aladdin had but to rub his brass lamp and the genie appeared to conjure vast riches at his bidding. Myths and legends of every race are replete with tales like that and authentic history yields ample

proof of the amazing credulity of men when the wish is father to the thought and blind belief is born of heart's desire.

But that was long ago, we say. Such things obtained when the race was in its childhood and the minds of men had not achieved our lofty heights of reason. Such things belong to the age when science was unknown and fact and fiction were indistinguishable. Today Aladdin is but cousin to Santa

Claus, we say, in our smug and cynical consciousness of intellectual advancement, and we figuratively adopt as a national motto, Missouri's time honored demand for visible demonstration.

Our modern belief in unbelief, however, is quite as fallacious as was popular faith in magic in those far off days we complacently assume have gone forever. Racial traits are not wiped out by the passing of a few centuries and by the boasted cultivation of cere-



bral activity. Blind belief is still the offspring of desire and finds welcome from us in 1925 as truly, if not so generally, as in the days when Ali Baba, by a magic word, gained an unearned wealth from the treasury of the mythical Forty Thieves.

Credulity is a fundamental trait, one must admit, eradicable only in degree, and with lodgement in some form and to some extent in every human heart. Otherwise there would be no need for the timely campaign newly launched in a score of cities from Coast to Coast, which hopes to reduce, at least, the stupendous sums that we, the magic-scoffing American people, are yearly paying for our disclaimed but all too evident gullability.

Half a billion dollars was lost last year by American investors in worthless and fraudulent enterprises, so we are told by able economists. A king's ransom "invested" by hard headed Americans who hoped to win wealth by the aid of mysterious genii to be invoked by wizard salesmen. Five hundred million dollars, our belief in Aladdin's lamp cost us last year. Five hundred millions of good American money confidently turned over to fable-telling financial magicians in exchange for old brass lamps, that have turned out to be just old brass lamps and nothing more. Think of it! And this from "show me" Americans in the year 1924.

Oh, very well, we say. That may go for the country at large. There are plenty of silly, credulous people, lots of them, among the many millions of our Greatest Nation on Earth, but not for San Francisco. In the wise old town by the Golden Gate we don't believe in Santa Claus. San Franciscans, we say, really believe in nothing but San Francisco, and they are not buying any brass lamps these days.

Yet \$15,000,000, three per cent of this half a billion dollars, came out of San Francisco's pockets last year, those economists tell us. If San Francisco's population is accurately estimated at five per cent of that of the nation, one may infer that we may be a bit more sophisticated than the people of other cities, but the fact remains that we are, never-the-less, credulously paying out our Good American dollars for brass lamps.

**B**EFORE You Invest—Investigate!" It is the slogan of the new "safety first" movement of American business. It is to the citizen with an idle dollar in his pocket what the "Stop, Look, Listen" sign is, or should be, to the motorist. Like the familiar traffic sign, it will sound a fair warning to all, will save from disaster, but will be ignored

and disregarded by many. If it can, in any reasonable degree, awaken American consciousness to the folly of its own benighted credulity in the efficacy of magic to get something for nothing, it will have served its purpose.

In our District Attorney's offices are daily heard the wails of those who have purchased lamps which do not respond to rubbing, and who cannot now find the vendors. To our Corporate Securities Department it is a physical impossibility to make a sufficient investigation of all those who would offer investments, and it is not surprising if an occasional merchant of brass lamps goes forth with the official guinea stamp of approval on his wares. Our State Real Estate Department is swamped with the complaints of people who have invested without investigating.

All that conscientious, efficient and hard working public officials can do, under the laws of the land, to protect people from their folly, is being done in California and throughout the country, but the time has come when their efforts must be augmented by other than official agencies. The Investment Bankers' Association of America and the National Association of Advertising Clubs, the latter working through the Better Business Bureaus, are launching a campaign of investigation and publicity, for the elimination of the unscrupulous vendor of worthless securities and for the protection of safety in investments.

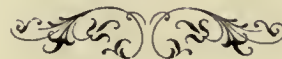
That "A Fool and His Money are soon Parted" is an ancient adage that has lost none of its weight with the passing years, but it is an astonishing fact that the "sucker lists" of the brass lamp merchants are filled with the names, not of fools alone but of men,

as well, whose reputed wisdom is unquestioned. The complaints in the District Attorney's offices come from the merchant and the lawyer as well as from the ditch digger and the dishwasher, from the man of intelligence and education as well as from him who has never had their advantages.

It is strange that this should be true in 1925 and in the United States and in San Francisco, when there are so many safe and profitable ways in which one may invest his money. It is strange that intelligent and informed people of such a city as San Francisco should, in one year, invest \$15,000,000 in old brass lamps on the whispered representations of self-constituted financial magicians, when there are hundreds of thoroughly reputable bankers, brokers and investment houses with many years of successful business behind their statements, offering a vast variety of investment that is unquestionably safe.

Will Americans heed the warnings we shall shortly see in public print, on movie screens, on billboard posters, that they will hear from radio stations, pulpit and lecture platform? Will we, who boast a doubt or downright disbelief of anything we cannot actually see, realize our childish acceptance of fables in finance and close our doors to the glib tongued merchants of get-rich-quick schemes?

Will we exercise the prudence experience has taught, use the intelligence we claim to have, and confine our investments to things of proven worth and safety, or will we listen again to the thrillingly alluring promises of something-for-nothing wizards and, in 1925, pay another \$15,000,000 here in San Francisco, for magic old brass lamps?



FLOWER DANCE



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

THE BEGINNING of 1924 impregnated the theatre world with the name "THE MIRACLE" and with it were associated Max Reinhardt, Norman-bel Geddes, Morris Gest, the old Century and New York! Magazines were full of it. It was the most spectacular production ever undertaken in this country; further more it was based upon a religious idea!

Max Reinhardt ceased to be *just* a name, he became a personage. All America was interested in this production, if not directly, indirectly; the public stood aghast wondering if the history of the Old Century would repeat itself, but The Miracle went over. It was a success. Morris Gest won favor, greater than he had ever known for the part he played in "booking" The Miracle. Norman-bel Geddes, the young American scenic designer was on the lips of every theatre loving individual. New York received the play as it never received any other spectacular production. Accounts were read, with a vague understanding, by the people all over America. Just what it was all about remained Stygian blackness to many, yet they were interested—the movement was new! Then the mist rose and something of the true character of the director, the play, the scenic effects was revealed to the American Public. Never has anything taken such a hold on the imagination as Max Reinhardt and his theatre. Every one is interested if they are the least bit interested in the playhouse. To those people "Max Reinhardt and His Theatre," edited by Oliver Saylor will be of unlimited value. It is a book which takes you into the life of the great producer; gives you his associations; his history; his struggles; his attitude toward the German ruler; the opposition he met with—little intimate sketches of the tasting of forbidden fruit by the German court.

Gordon Craig and his influence is not neglected—in fact there is nothing neglected. The Miracle, with illustrations, which are well worth the price of the book, make the work most attractive.

"An artist of fifty who is not something different from what he was at twenty-five, is not likely to have a book written about him," says the editor in one of his forewords; and Max Reinhardt grows; he is different; he does not grow stale. His field is great and varied, of his own making. He is loved and esteemed by many countries. He is a true citizen of the World.

Max Reinhardt is known to be the master of mechanics, lightings, all effects which make the theatre an ART, but he never allows his tools to master him. He founded the Little Theatre, which is now so popular, and he was the first German Producer to be invited to produce in foreign countries. He is a personage every one should know much about and I know of no other book that can give you so much, in such a delightful manner. Enough can not be said in praise of the collection of data, illustrations, etc. It is a work of art in itself.

MAX REINHARDT AND HIS THEATER, edited by Oliver M. Saylor. Bretano's, \$7.50

## A BOOK OF HOMES

NOT A BOOK for the casual builder of houses. He who would build today a house to sell on the morrow will find no interest in "American Homes of Today." Rather, is it a volume to be read and enjoyed and read again by the home lover. There are many who build dream houses; who build them and live in them and love them sometimes for years before ever a stone is laid or nail is driven in prosaic timber. It is for such persons that Augusta Owen Patterson has written this volume which bears as sub-title "Their Architectural Styles, Their Environments, Their Characteristics."

She says: "This is a book rather on aesthetics than on architecture. There are innumerable books on architecture qua architecture. The trouble with most of them, from the layman's point of view, is their abandonment to technicality; their authors fail to see the forest because of their special interest in some particular tree. This book is an attempt to orientate the forest as a whole, to explain why it has assumed certain external forms, color, and atmosphere—and also what those forms are. . . . The first years of this century have seen significant changes in architectural style in American homes, changes almost as significant, mentally, as the abandonment of the knife as a food conveyor. So far as I am aware, there has, before this, been published no book in the English language definitely striving to codify those changes and to explain what is the mental background back of our best contemporaneous architectural practice. Also to explain . . . why this changed background has been so generally accepted by owners."

Be it known, since the author has kept away from technical terminology, the book is far from being a dull treatise. Mrs. Patterson has an entertaining style. She knows her subject, and is deeply in love with it. The volume's deficiency lies, if there be a deficiency, in that it deals in its 400 pages almost entirely with the homes of the Atlantic states. Western homes are but casually mentioned.

But, that aside, the book is an interesting one, and valuable. It is a handsome addition to the library table, with its more than 300 excellent plates from photographs of American homes designed by the foremost architects of the country. H. N. P.

AMERICAN HOMES OF TODAY, by Augusta Owen Patterson. The Macmillan Co. \$15.00 net.

## SELFISHNESS PERSONIFIED

IF ONE WANTS to see selfishness—the workings of man's mind in his personal egotism, one should read "A Cure of Souls" by May Sinclair. Cannon Chamberlain is a new kind of a "cripple," a crippled soul. He is a study of psychology—of abnormal self indulgence. In his altruism he wants every one to be happy, but most of all he wants to be happy himself. So he lives his life—an indolent clergyman! The artistry of the handling of the story is astonishing, the characters vigorously portrayed. Miss Sinclair has done a masterpiece of adroit and skillful workmanship. She should be proud of this book.

A CURE OF SOULS, by May Sinclair. Macmillan, \$2.50.

## THE SLAVE SHIP

YOU'VE ARRIVED at the man named Bitter. After that comes Vengeful and then Cruel!"

David Scott had arrived at the man named Bitter! A white slave to a Virginia Planter, escaped, captured, sold again to a new master. Bitter; he had a right to be bitter. He escapes from Daniel Askew, his new master and helped by a storm and "Christian Todd" he boards a ship, The Janet, of which he later becomes Captain,—a slave ship! The picture of the slave trade, the men—good and bad; "Holy Bartram" the captain, all will live with you. Even David Scott and his rum, and yes, Fanny the slave girl, the girl who is on board the Janet on the eventful night of a riot—his girl and yet not his. There is fever and conscience and that everlasting figuring in David's mind, that interesting mind which sees more than slaves with outward shackles; slavery to circumstance—slavery of your better self to your other self! David is not disappointing. He meets every test and proves his manhood, even in the climax when he again meets Amory, his former master and is thrown again into "outward shackles!" He is happy at last for his mind has been made up to a purpose, a purpose that is read between the lines of the book with the background of the Quaker at Jamaica and Philip Smith.

The Slave Ship is a story that takes you back to old Colonial days; it holds you, grips you with a strange fascination. It is one of the few books on which a reviewer might wish to place his name as his own personal property.

THE SLAVE SHIP, by Mary Johnston. Little Brown & Co., \$2.00.

## A STORY OF REBELLION

I WANT to make this the picture of a girl—who gets along perfectly well and happily even if she doesn't give herself to the second man she meets just to find out what it's like," says the author of "Who Would Be Free?"

Certainly Eleanor Hoffman doesn't do that! She is the daughter of a wealthy Jewish family of New York, a searcher for freedom, freedom from her family; from Jewish discipline, from everything which binds her. She wants to belong to herself! She is helped mentally by Ted Levine, a Russian Jew whom her mother detests. We learn to love Ted, somehow, through our respect for his great mentality, his emotional feeling—a strange individual who gives Eleanor the courage of her convictions. In comparison to Eleanor is her sister, Muriel, a "nice Jewish girl" accepting what comes as a fact, without opposition, belonging to her family, to custom, to everything but herself.

Milton Hoffman wishes both his daughters to attend teachers training school, but Eleanor rebels. She will not sacrifice herself to a system, as Ted points out to her she will be doing if she follows her father's wishes. As usual Eleanor wins out and attends art school. Here she makes her first Gentile friends, girls who have an apartment (much to Mrs. Hoffman's horror) and to these girls Eleanor owes much



of her future success, for it is through them that she meets Hank Wells, who introduces her to that Morgan Princely for whom she later designs stage settings, costumes, etc.

At times Eleanor seems heartless toward her mother, but Mrs. Hoffman's sense of public opinion exonerates Eleanor even in the dramatic scene when she leaves home. But that all comes after Ted has been killed "over there." What a sweet love scene it is when they find they truly love each other!

At the studio of Morgan Princely she meets Sayer whom she learns to love. It is the resemblance to Ted which first attracts her, and while she herself feels she sacrifices love for Freedom when she allows Sayer to sail for Europe without her, might it not be something stronger? Something was stifled within her when she received notice of Ted's death. She wanted to die!

Eleanor's career; the way she climbs, the people she meets—theatrical atmosphere is all so real. There is a little reaction against Miss Spitzer's vocabulary; there is a little awe when Eva, Roberta and Eleanor have their conversation on Sex, but then girls do have those talks! The book is interesting; it is real; it shows two sides of the question and perhaps there is some truth in Eleanor's prophesy of the solution of the Jewish Problem.

WHO WOULD BE FREE, by Marian Spitzer.  
Boni and Liveright. \$2.00

#### CAPE COD FOLKS

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN gives us another picture of Cape Cod 'folks' with whom he is so familiar, in his story "Rugged Waters." It opens with a stormy, winter night. Calvin Homer does gallant rescue work and is looking forward to the appointment of 'skipper' but is nearly undone by the sly villain of the tale. However when the cards are put on the table, Calvin beats the four flusher. There is a lot of suspense in the story and we nod our heads at Lincoln's philosophy and understanding of types when he pictures Myra Fuller, to whom Calvin becomes engaged before he quite knows what is happening; but it is Norma Bartlett, fearless daughter of the old light-keeper, whom he comes to really love. Rugged Waters is almost hilarious at intervals. It is a story of optimism and leaves one with a smile.

RUGGED WATERS, by Joseph C. Lincoln. Appleton, \$2.00.

#### A BOY STORY FOR GROWNUPS

A "BOY STORY" to be satisfying must be entirely convincing, and it must be confessed that Irvin Cobb gives the impression that "Goin' on Fourteen" was written because he wanted to add a boy story to his list of publications. The story lacks the spontaneity, the abandon, which should mark such a narrative. Nevertheless there are spots which seem entirely natural, and there the reader feels that Cobb is giving bits of real biography. There is many a laugh concealed within the lines—that goes quite without saying—and it is a book in which grown-up and small boy will alike find enjoyment. John C. Callioun Custer, Jr., gets in and out of many a scrape, not always scathless, and his adventures make up the story.

GOIN' ON FOURTEEN, by Irvin S. Cobb.  
George H. Doran Co., \$2.50 net.

#### THE POWER OF HATE

THE PROMISE of this story is not fulfilled. With all its potentiality "The House of Hate" should be a rare masterpiece, but it falls short of fulfillment. There are characters we expect much of. Vittorio, the hunchback, silent servant of Hellerman, is only one promise which falls short. Clare, John Wincomb's niece, comes in and out of the story without any effect upon the plot and there are others who seem inconsequential to the story.

"The House of Hate" will have a great popularity for it will be talked about by those who like it and those who do not. It leaves one thinking! Drura will have sympathy, and she will have the contempt of the readers; Hellerman will most always be sympathized with and there is Reale, the young and ardent Fascista to whom Drura is attracted. Reale is much like D. H. Lawrence's characters, heavy, emotional, irresponsible but so much felt. There is a sense of unrest throughout the story. One would have to read "The House of Hate" for himself. No one can tell the merits or demerits. It is for individual interpretation.

THE HOUSE OF HATE, by Rita Wellman.  
Robert M. McBride & Co., \$2.00.

#### ODDS AND ENDS

I NOTE that Harper Brothers advertised for the holiday trade Wilbur Daniel Steele's first novel, "Isles of the Blest." As a short story writer, Mr. Steele is well known to the reading world. "Which reminds me," (as Abraham Lincoln was quoted as saying), Mr. Steele was an artist—an illustrator, and went with his wife—whose occupation was identical with her husband's—to a Cape Cod village for the purpose of spending the summer vacation, and finding color for a book of another's writing. While there a story of the fishing folk came to his knowledge. Between times he wrote it, and sent it to a well known and high class magazine—Harper's, I think—and was busily engaged at work on his illustrating when a telegram brought acceptance of his story, asking for others of the same style.

Now everyone who has read his short stories, knows that "cuss words" are sprinkled plentifully over the pages. Of course, that is "being true to life," and a requisite of good authorship.

With that in mind, consider these facts: Mr. Steele's grandfather was a bishop in the M. E. church. His father was a minister of that denomination, and a sister married one of like faith and occupation. When the collection of short stories with the name of the strongest in the collection for title—The White Horse, as I remember—was at its height of popularity some years ago, the author sent to the ministerial brother-in-law a copy, autographed, of course, and a note on the same page recommending to the sanctimonious reader "especially" the chapter describing the dog fight!

I know whereof I speak, for the sister loaned me the book to read, and I confess right here and now that I enjoyed every moment of that fight. I have often wished to see Mr. Steele, for I want to look for what I know must be there: twinkles in his eyes! I am going to buy the new book as soon as I can spare the money.

Cheer up, lovers of fine literature. You  
(Continued on next page)

#### MILITARY VS. ECONOMIC HISTORY

COMPARING political and military history with the study of economic evolution Professor Faulkner writes: "Political and military history tell chiefly how things happened; economic history, why things happened. To teach the former before the latter is like putting the cart before the horse. To teach the former without the latter is pedagogical fallacy which leaves the student with but half of the story, and that the least important." Even a cursory glance at the more recent volumes in political history would lead one to assume that many historians would subscribe in part, at least, to Professor Faulkner's viewpoint.

The volume under consideration is divided into three main sections covering, (1) the background of American history and economic advancement to the War of Independence, (2) the revolutionary period and economic growth to the Civil War, (3) the Civil War to 1923.

The reader is impressed with the ability shown by the author in eliminating non-essentials and the fact that he has succeeded in reducing the statistical tables (the large number of which mar so many books of this character), to a minimum compatible with clear presentation.

This latest addition to the already voluminous literature on the economic history of the United States will commend itself to the general reader, although the author undoubtedly designed the book primarily as a text.  
—Felix Flugel.

AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY, by Harold Underwood. Harper and Brothers, 1924.  
\$4.00 net.

#### MYSTERY

THIS latest story by A. E. W. Mason will prove an unsolvable puzzle to those readers who delight to match their wits against those of the author in anticipating the denouement of the mystery. It is a story which keeps the interest keyed to the highest pitch throughout, following the attempt of Hanaud to find the murderer of the wealthy Mrs. Harlowe. And if Hanaud's solution is the correct one, if the reader is uncertain to the very end as to the guilty person, it is because the author has given the murderer a personality based upon a psychological quirk which is, to say the least, most unusual.

But it is an interesting, if most improbable, tale.

THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason; George H. Doran Company, (our copy gives no price).

#### GOOD COMBINATION!

I MEAN of authors. What one hasn't the other has and when their forces are combined the result is GOOD! Edward Shanks of *The London Mercury* said of Mr. Lawrence, some time ago, "He lives at the bottom of a dark pit. He is always trying to clamber out of it; and sometimes he thinks he has succeeded." With the help of Miss Skinner, he has succeeded. With the same old Lawrence genius he makes us feel life, heavy—then again light. He still places his readers in the receptive atmosphere of his novel and still the story can be told when you've finished reading, not as Mr. Shanks has said of his other books, just impressions—not true plot. "Jack" of THE BOY IN THE BUSH is just as he is described, "good looking, with dark blue eyes and a complexion of a girl and a bearing just a little too lamb-like to be con-



vincing." Was he convincing? An English boy, joining a family of Australian settlers . . . primitive surroundings, strange land, strange people, his reaction and impressions are real and true. Only one can appreciate the mystery of the Australian Bush by actual experience or through the atmosphere Mr. Lawrence and Miss Skinner plunge you into while you read the story.

THE BOY IN THE BUSH, by D. L. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. Thomas Seltzer, \$2.00.

### WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

BEGGAR'S GOLD makes one feel, 'to make the best of what you have'; do not become discouraged with the "What-might-have-beens." They are but dreams and we are all beggars sitting on bags of gold! Dreaming of gold when we have it under our heads if we but open our eyes.

"Beggars Gold" is not a new book, but it is a book with a thought that will stay. Ernest Poole gives us examples in Peter Wells and Kate his wife, always with dreams, longing for China and then something happens to make them realize they are but 'beggars sitting on bags of gold!' It is a compelling story, written with the well known Poole style. It's a lesson and will stay with its readers.

BEGGAR'S GOLD, by Ernest Poole. Macmillan, \$2.00.

### LONELINESS

HUGH WALPOLE certainly can picture loneliness. He gets to the bottom of it in his latest "The Old Ladies." Old ladies, not merely old women—loneliness, one of the hardest tests of humanity. Lucy Amorest in her seventies, May Beringer and Agatha Payne,—three personalities so different, yet so alike in the common pulse of loneliness and old age. One courageous, giving love where it is to be given; the other timid and the last selfish, even to degeneration. Lucy Amorest loving the memory of her son, Brand; May loving her tiny dog, Pip; and Agatha Payne loving color show that there must be love of some kind in our lives. Everything is real from Lucy's cousin Francis Bulling, so disagreeable that even his dog doesn't care for him, to the will. Lucy had half hoped through his promise to be left some money, but he left her a match box instead. The will affected Agatha Payne more than Lucy, for Agatha had hoped, through this money, to buy a certain piece of amber which the funny, thin Miss Beringer possessed. It is because of this same amber that May dies and Agatha loses her mind. But the climax for Lucy is what one would expect and leaves us with a sigh and a smile at the end of the book.

THE OLD LADIES, by Hugh Walpole. George Doran, \$2.00.

### TREASURE!

MARY attempts to sell a green stone to a New York dealer. Believing Mary to be a noted crook, the jeweler attempts to hold her. In her escape she is followed by Derrick Wendall, a gentleman of uncertain honesty who is not above capitalizing Mary's misfortune. She is shadowed also by two crooks. How she is aided in her escape by Tommy Crumley, and the further adventures down the Carolina coast, with the struggle for the possession of treasure cached there by some dead and gone freebooter, makes up the story. Good reading for an evening by the fire when one is disinclined to think too deeply.

THE GREEN STONE, by Harold MacGrath; Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

### ODDS AND ENDS

(Continued from page 33)

are promised for the coming year a magazine that will be edited "not for Babbits or morons, or faddists, but for the cultured minority". I have only one criticism to offer to that statement. If I were writing it, I should eliminate the word "minority". There may be more of us than you think. (?) It is like the Better Homes movement which solemnly announces that the activities are "for the poor." That it is not the bait to draw the free-born American. Make your statements without particularizing. Then allow the individual to place himself in his chosen class.

DECEMBER *American Mercury* presents Edgar Lee Masters—"The Christian Statesman," John McClure—"The Grammarian," Harry Elmer Barnes—"Trial by Jury", James M. Cain—"High Dignitaries of State", L. M. Hussey—"Conclusion" (supposedly a story!), Isaac Goldberg—"As Latin America Sees Us", Don C. Seitz—"The Burden of the Cross"; another "helping" of Whitman; Richard Burton's "Why Go To College"; "This Being An Emigrant" by George A. Schreiner—(why did the accent make listeners conclude you were from Wisconsin?): also, (to the reader) if you wish to realize how little we as Americans know, and how near we are to utter extinction, intellectually, spiritually, nationally, just read the last column of this foreigner's article, even if you have not the time to read it all. The article closes with these "classics": "We may be the goldarnest thing today that ever was in creation, but the mere singing of 'My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty' will not keep us that, nor will the eagle scream forever if he become yet more an ostrich than he is today", and "There are asses and masters in any state, but what if the ass begins to believe that his master is an ass also?"

Why do disgruntled foreigners persist in remaining here? By the way, I cannot leave the troubled soul without telling that he says: "geography being one of the things not very well taught in the United States" he fears the readers will not know where he was when he fought on the side of the Boers in the South African War, (to quote) "the locale of that affair lying a little way off" finishing the sentence with the remark anent American methods of teaching. If I had as little respect for an adopted country as the writer of that article has for the United States I'd leave it, and go back home, if I had to swim every step of the way, (and I'm deathly afraid of the water!!)

\* \* \* \* \*

There is literary-salad ptomaine poisoning, in the reading world. There are literary "hodge-podges" that are so depressing, that they interfere with literary assimilation. It is a relief to turn to menus that are so wholesome, so daintily served that the whole world seems a better place to live in. Stefansson's "Arctic Air Routes to the Orient" (December *Forum*) so enthuses one that the desire is to immediately go to town—at least as soon as it quits raining—and order a "Baby" plane to practise on, and then take a "round-the-world" fly. Finishing the debate on the Turkish Treaty, you don't really care which one is right, you like the Turk just because of what Edward Meade Earle tells you about him. Picking up the magazine after an interval,

(Continued on next page)

### A WESTERN THRILLER

NOT EVERY writer of western tales, even if he happen to be a Westerner, is equipped to handle all phases of the adventurous life of that territory. Peter B. Kyne, for instance, who writes most convincingly as well as entertainingly along the lines of the California lumber trade,—witness Cappy Ricks!—and whose "Pride of Palomar" gave a not too greatly overdrawn picture of the Japanese peril, fails to come anywhere near the mark in his latest volume.

"The Enchanted Hill" concerns itself with Lee Purdy, an ex-aviator, owner of a big ranch in New Mexico. Kyne's knowledge of ranch life seems to be largely culled from the writings of authors of other Western tales, plus a possible sojourn on some "dude ranch" of the region. Even in the days of the big herds it is doubtful if more desperate characters ever congregated in one small section than Kyne has drawn together to harass his hero. The story is reminiscent of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" in that Kyne—quite innocently—modernizes a tale of the West of fifty years ago by bringing in airplanes and automobiles and other trappings of today.

But anyone who desires thrills and does not take the time to peer behind Kyne's stage settings will find it a most enjoyable story.

THE ENCHANTED HILL by Peter B. Kyne. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, \$2.00.

### PRIVATEERING

NOT A STORY, but a history of American privateers which holds not only interest but also value. It is the first comprehensive record of the many privateers which served their country during the struggles with England, and should be on the shelves of all who honor the men of the Revolution. Let it be said also that the volume holds an abundance of material for those writers who deal with the period in question. Contains nearly two score handsome illustrations, valuable in themselves. A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS, by Edgar Stanton Maclay. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00 net.

### ROMANCE

STORIES bearing an historical flavor are many. Those which are more than entertainments of the moment are few, but among volumes which appear to be worth more than the one reading may be placed John Buchan's latest, "John Burnet of Barnes."

The hero is a boy in the border country in those days when Charles the First was King of England. The story of John Burnet's adventures in and about his home is not the least interesting portion of the chronicle, but when as a sturdy youth he joins in the great struggle between the warring forces the reader finds many a thrill. There is a love story which weaves a thread throughout, and comes to its preordained happy ending. Not another Lorna Doone, but still a volume which deserves keeping. JOHN BURNET OF BARNES, by John Buchan; Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50 net.

### THE BELOVED BARBARIAN

NO, THE AUTHOR did not give that title to this latest novel, although it would have been most appropriate. Amos is a huge, sunny-tempered individual from the Australian wilds who, coming into possession of great wealth, is torn from the wil-



derness and sent to his uncle. The latter, David Fontenoy, is a painter, well to do, fastidious, and in love with the refugee, Princess Ramiroff.

With the coming of Amos come also complications and adventures, for the barbarian falls immediately in love with the Princess and constitutes himself her protector against her husband. If the ending holds more than a little of pathos, if it is not quite the expected—or the entirely happy—ending—well, it is written by William J. Locke, and he refuses to conform to pattern.

THE COMING OF AMOS, by William J. Locke; Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.00 net.

## PEACE AND GOOD WILL

THE first sentence by the Right Honorable Herbert Fisher, M.P., F.B.A., F.R.S., LL.D., in his book, "The Common Weal," furnishes the key to the writer's opinion of us and the world. He says:

"Nobody has any wide experience of life without being conscious of the generally low standard of human behavior."

On that fascinating subject of our general wickedness and folly, many dreary pages have been written. But Mr. Fisher does not merely generalize and bemoan, he takes concrete problems and shows that with the injection of a bit of reason tempered with kindness and imagination, future wars may cease and "the art of living comfortably and harmoniously" may perhaps some day be attained.

We do not quarrel with the author's hopes and aspirations, on the contrary, every sane-minded person would be deeply in accord with them, we simply wonder whether life can be so beautifully regulated. Take for instance this statement:

"The adoption of a general treaty of disarmament and guarantee, signed by all the nations of the world and maintained by . . . the League of Nations, would connote so great an advance in the standard of public morality and international confidence that we should rightly regard it as opening a new chapter in the history of human relations."

Peace and good will on earth—is there a desire more general than this? But, like other human aspirations, some readers "with wide experience of life" fear that such an ideal is not likely of immediate attainment.

—Anna Dondo.

THE COMMONWEAL by Herbert Fisher, M.P., Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. No price given.

## INSIDE INFORMATION

WHO AMONG US does not welcome little touches—intimate 'some-things' about people we know of and yet so little? "Cargoes for Crusoes" by Grant Overton does this very thing. It gives us an insight into author's lives, we learn of their 'landing'; of their struggles preceding; of their wives and husbands; of their home life. They become real people. Also Mr. Overton does the 'summing' up of their work. "Cargoes for Crusoes" is a guide to the best reading of 1924-25, put out by three publishing companies, frankly as advertising and sold below cost of manufacturing. It is a book every one should have in his library.

CARGOES FOR CRUSOES, by Grant Overton. George H. Doran, D. Appleton & Co., Little, Brown & Co. Price \$5.50.

## ODDS AND ENDS

(Continued from page 34)

I opened it at Tod Robbins' "A Bit of a Banshee", and by the time I had finished it, went back to Arthur Train's "Billionaire Era" and read that, I was ready to embrace the misjudged John D. and fight anyone who said he ever did anything he "didn't order."

The "Psychology of Voting", as subject for another debate in the same number is handled by Frank Kent—"Scare 'Em", and Harford Powell, Jr.,—"More and Better Cows", lead me to think that when I get the housework all done, I shall take time to send in my contribution dealing with the subject from a woman's standpoint. Wonder if Mr. Leach would publish it! Perhaps he would, for he published Percy Waxman's "Face Value", and Uncle Lem wasn't so far from the truth as he might be.

I do not know how nor why I have missed the "Pedestrian". The first paragraph of "In Loco Magistris" caught my eye. I must go back over the numbers and get acquainted.

Princess C. Radziwill—often she writes without the title—has come to the front with a story of Anatole France's treachery toward a friend. Why not let the dead rest at least a brief period in the haven of their accomplished work. Accept it if satisfactory—reject it if you do not wish it.

\* \* \* \* \*

December Century, in its sedate, dignified, but wonderfully attractive holiday dress, is crowded with good things, and chief among them is the editorial "Christianity and Racism". In the handling Glenn Clark has brought sanity to bear upon a mooted question, and if ever sanity was needed in order that understanding come, it is in dealing with this question. Although last in order of contents, I turned to it first. Then it is easy to go back to the beginning and follow the courses in their order. Donn Byrne's novel: "An Untitled Story", is generous in the first installment—twenty pages, and sounds like David Copperfield's famous word. Mary Austin's "Mysticism of Jesus" and drawings by S. J. Woolf of Christmas in American History, mirror the season. Bertrand Russel is on his old "stamping ground" education, and "Richard Kane", as a literary protégé of Irwin Edman, "Goes To Europe"—and returns!

\* \* \* \* \*

Harper's Magazine, (December) Christmas number, gives, appropriately, the story of a little child, as its premier offering. The story of the eight-year-old Richard Derby, (grandson of Theodore Roosevelt), by Ada Pierce McCormick, simply told, dignified, penetrating, reaches the heart, and stays there.

Another prize story, "The Disciple", by Conrad Aiken, voices the mysticism of the Christmas time, and presents the unhappy Wandering Jew, and the unfortunate Judas in a new setting, but with the age-old story unchanged by the modern setting. The author is deserving of a prize. The handling of the ancient tragedy is artistic.

Countee P. Cullen, only twenty years of age, in his group of "Epitaphs", shows the poetic spirit so often met with among his people. "For a Poet", I consider the finest in the group.

The author of the gem of the literary Christmas stories: "The Other Wise Man" is disappointing in his "Half-Told Tales". Others may enjoy them: to me they are a travesty unbefitting the dignity

of a Henry Van Dyke, and most certainly unbefitting the Biblical significance he has given them. As a series of amusing, but not unusually brilliant fables, they would please some readers.

Shiela-Kaye Smith continues the entanglements of occupants of cheap British Inns, for whom one may feel pity, without the desire to follow their vulgar life stories.

Donald Corley's "Manacles of Youth"—rather intense, and somewhat unusual. And very pleasing.

Doctors George and Gladys Dick are given a well-deserved tribute by Ernest Gruening—a Harvard medical graduate well qualified to pass judgment upon the results of the splendid work for humanity, accomplished by these young physicians.

Do not fail to read Edward S. Martin's editorial: "Issues that did Not Show".

George Washington and Dickens still can hold interest for writers, and readers, and also phases of church activities.

—Ada Kyle Lynch.

## GET OUT YOUR PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

YES, GET IT OUT! *The Interpreter's House* makes you feel the need of it. Mr. Burt has a faculty of making his readers think. He has a power of characterization which is vividly portrayed in Lael, his twenty-three year old heroine. Ah, those of twenty-three will blush at the way the author strips the modern girl of all her sham and reveals her as only a 'real' girl with a coating of her own making, which she can take off or put on. She is not as bad as she would have people think! Struthers Burt knows the girl of 23 as he knows the type of man his hero is; never expected to be able to do much, but in the end, big, wonderful and loveable! To those who have lived in New York, the story will have an added appeal. It is laid in and about Madison Square; to those who do not know New York it will lose no interest through its setting.

Just as real as Lael are the other characters, and behind the story is a wonderful power, a power which is given through education. Burt's philosophy is that of a great man. If at any time the mind strays from the story, it is only to contemplate the extraordinary mind of the man who made the characters!

And Mr. Burt—such a man! Such a true American! Somebody said "The test of a man comes in the highest moment of the fulfillment of his ambition." Whether "The Interpreter's House" is the fulfillment of his ambition, I do not know, but many a man has been tested for much less and been found lacking. Mr. Burt is not disappointing; he is humble, appreciative, open to other people's ideas and suggestions, kind, a man who loves beauty and a true American!

He writes a personal letter from France: "I am over here for a year or so, just now in the South of France. It has been frequented by writers—Paul Bourget and Henri Bordeaux have villas here; Archibald Marshall spends his winters here, Joseph Conrad knew it well and Robert Louis Stevenson said it was the only place where he had ever been 'completely happy.' I don't know that I agree with him, I like best of all my own land, but however—"

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE, by Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00



## A MISSION SERIES

TO THE poet as to the painter, the ruins of the California missions offer enticing and tantalizing material. Enticing because of the color and romance which clings to the crumbling 'dobe of the walls; tantalizing because of the difficulty of transferring to printed line or to canvas the glamour that is felt. But here comes poet and painter in a combination of effort which most successfully conveys much of the romance of the mission period.

Leetha Journey Probst in her "Poems of the California Missions" presents a series of brief lyrics, illustrated by her artist-husband, Thorwald Probst. One extract will serve to prove Mrs. Probst's sympathetic penetration to the heart of the mission tradition:

## SOLEDAD

Oh, Saint of the Silent Places,  
Alone between earth and sky,  
The wind your constant companion  
And the sear brown hills near by.

The paths that cross your gardens  
Are the paths of the shepherd's herds,  
And the chorus in your chapels  
Is the chorus of winds and birds.

Faded your pristine glory—  
The saddest of all the chain  
That winds through hills and valleys  
And back to the sea again.

It is an unusually attractive book, in gray leather and paper, bearing the imprint of the J. F. Rowney Press, Los Angeles. Our copy gives no price.

## OUR JANUARY CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 1)

writer and acts as the unofficial assistant to her husband, who is editor of the *Standard* (New Bedford). In the course of her newspaper work she has gathered a quantity of material which she is now working into a "newspaper" novel.

LESLIE GRANT SCOTT is a New York woman who, of American birth and parentage, was brought up in France and Italy. With her husband she lived in India and Ceylon for a number of years, following him—an officer in the British troops—to Europe during the war and was in Paris during the time of its worst air bombardments. Her magazine stories have appeared on both sides of the water, while a book of poems has had Toronto publication.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND conceals the identity of a Berkeley woman. Formerly in newspaper work in Cedar Rapids, she felt the call of the West and removed to Portland, where she did feature work for the Oregonian, and later to California. Her fiction and verse have appeared in *Forum* and other periodicals.

DOROTHY PAGE needs little introduction to readers of verse, for she has "made" all the worthwhile poetry journals as well as other magazines. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, the greater part of her short life has been spent in that country and in Guatemala, although she is now making her home in the Bay region of California.

ANTON GROSS is a Californian who has wandered widely. He has published several novels and short stories, all in a style distinctly his own. You may not like "A Village of Taverns". Your reaction to its vivid picture would be interesting to the editor.

## A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

(Continued from page 21)

a general as a president and the other with a professor as President.

Then came the question of economic independence. It was a comparatively simple matter to take the huge estates away from the Austrian nobles, who

## SWINE

POOR rooting groveling beasts that  
feed on husks  
Thrown through the bars:  
How can you, lifting up your muddy  
snouts,  
Blink at the stars?

— Margaret Skavlan

had stolen them, but it was little use to give land to peasants who had neither experience, capital nor education. The land was first put under tillage to ensure food for the coming year, then agricultural chambers were formed to teach the farmers co-operation and modern methods of farming.

The greatest external danger was Hungary who was unwilling to give up her ideas of conquest. She kept up her army and openly proclaimed that she intended to win back her lost possessions by the sword. But Benes refused to allow himself to be stamped into an increase of armaments to fight the threat of Hungary. He believed in his doctrine of co-operation and he asked Poland, Roumania and Jugoslavia to join him in the attempt to resist Hungary's warlike intentions. A glance at the new map of Europe will show that these countries with Austria encircle Hungary. Poland refused to join. The others joined and made a purely defensive alliance, the Little Entente. As soon as ex-Emperor Karl of Hungary tried to get back his throne by force the Little Entente made it clear to the whole world that they would allow no militarist emperor on the throne of Hungary. They won their point, won it so thoroughly that they compelled Hungary to pass a law that no member of the fatal Hapsburg family should ever sit on the throne of Hungary. The Little Entente can never be an aggressive force, for the Serbians in Jugoslavia would never fight with Roumania against Russia, and Roumania would not fight with the Serbians against Italy, and Czechoslovakia does not want to fight anyone unless she is attacked.

Next came the difficult and thorny question of Russia. Benes did not agree with the Bolshevik doctrine but he loved Russia, an old friend of his country. He supported in Czechoslovakia a large number of Russian intelligentsia but only on the condition that

they should take no part in politics. When the question of the recognition of Russia finally came up at the Genoa Conference, Benes, an admirer of American institutions, pointed out that he had followed George Washington's policy of neutrality, non-intervention and de facto recognition. The question of principles could be discussed later. On these terms he gave a de facto recognition to Russia.

Thus Czechoslovakia has cared for its people, has preserved respect for the law, has built up a self-respecting people, has been democratic in its social and educational system, has been just in its treatment of races and religions, has been peaceful in all its international intercourse, and has achieved prosperity instead of debts. Benes has won such respect and affection that the attack on his life in 1923 had the unexpected effect of rallying all parties to the support of the government. He has won such respect abroad that his individual policy may develop into a political system for Europe. While other statesmen are plunging their countries into expensive armaments and into debt, Benes is winning security for his country by a wholesale pact of non-aggression and by a series of open treaties of friendship with other states. When other countries realise that his policy earns material prosperity as well as moral approval perhaps they will follow him in this more excellent way.

## THE MANY-SPLENDURED THING

(Continued from page 22)

"The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.  
The angels keep their ancient places—  
(Turn but a stone, and start a wing!)"  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces  
That miss the many-splendoured thing."

Psychologists sometimes ask us to imagine the world in which our dog lives, a world without the glory of sunset, the harmony of music, the sense of generous acts. In some ways the human being of uneducated vision is in a sorrier plight than the dog at his heels. Nor has he the added keenness of scent and sensitiveness to the world of external nature that is compensation to the dog.

Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently, Mr. Langdon Mitchell remarks that if the educated men and women of a community "become hewers of wood and drawers of water, all is over, the thing ends, you have a dark age." That we realize the danger today, the new and noble endowments for scientific research, music, college



# Music and Musicians

By  
Eleanor Everest Freer, M.M.

*"If we do not believe in ourselves, how shall we persuade others to believe in us." (Felix Borowski).*

AN EVENT of interest in the operatic field is to take place in January, when in Honolulu, the East will join the West in the production of the one-act opera by the Bridgeport, Connecticut composer, John Adam Hugo. The title-role of "The Temple Dancer" will be sung by Peggy Center Anderson, who gave it so successful a rendering in Chicago, in December 1922.

The libretto is based upon the story of the chief dancer in the Hindoo temple of Mahadeo, who loves one not of her faith. This love sharpens her realization of all the indignities these temple dancers are obliged to endure, and she decides to reclaim from this god-figure some of the jewels bought at the price of her abasement. The figure, MAHADEO, looks on in imperturbable calm at this sacrilege. But the temple Dancer is intercepted by the guard, who threatens her with death. Sanctifying herself by winding the holy snake about her, she prays to the god in the evolutions of the sacred dance. The guard is aroused by her beauty and promises protection in return for her love. As she loosens her cloak, a letter falls to the ground. The guard, enraged by jealousy, threatens to increase her torture. At this she pretends to faint. He brings her

water into which she stealthily pours poison. She begs him, also, to drink while she gains courage to die. He does so, and dies immediately from the effects. As the Temple Dancer again seizes Mahadeo's jewels, lightning strikes her and she dies.

John Adam Hugo is one of our most able composers, and has chosen for his second opera a libretto by Reverend James Bartlett, based upon a Saga or legend of Mexico called THE SUN GOD. With this double American interest—poet and composer—and a knowledge of The Temple Dancer, this second work can only arouse enthusiasm when it is given.

A RECENT review of the vocal score, a second music-drama, by your gifted California composer, Humphrey J. Stewart, entitled THE HOUND OF HEAVEN, brings forth spontaneous congratulations and a desire that

it may be heard in other states. The librettist, Francis Thompson, was the poet rescued from illness and poverty by the Meynells of London.

The rapidly-forming opera companies of California must not forget their duty towards the music of this country, unless an unpardonable act of injustice is to be committed.

We remind them, again, of the gifted men in their midst, mentioned in our first letter:

Charles Wakefield Cadman, Gerard Carbonara, William J. McCoy, Edward C. Potter, Arthur Wallace Sabin, Henry Schoenefeld, John Laurence Seymour.

"That one man wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another: there can be no profit in this; this is not right, it is wrong."

Who is wearing the clothes in this great field of opera in the United States of America? Where stands the American Composer, the poet and the singer? Is it not time to reflect and to act?

"IN ANY COUNTRY, GREAT MEN ARE GOOD COMPANY." Are we keeping company with them, giving them their proper place, and just returns?

and university bear witness. We know how precious is the gift of vision which those trained to see can impart to others.

In the "Song of the Songless", George Meredith wrote:

"They have no song, the sedges dry,  
And still they sing.  
It is within my heart they sing  
As I pass by.  
Within my heart they touch a string,  
They wake a sigh.  
There is but sound of sedges dry:  
In me they sing."

For it is the man whose senses, whose perceptions, whose judgments have been trained, the man who can see with vision, who inherits the earth.

## PAGEENTRY AT MILLS

(Continued from page 20)

If an alumna, she says, "There I came down the hill as Bacchus!" or, "I was Guinivere's fool frisking down that path"; or perhaps "I was the Lady of the Lake whose samite-covered arm gave Arthur his 'Excalibur'"; or, last and most delightful experience, "I

swam from that point as a mermaid and rescued Ariadne from a watery grave." If a stranger to Mills, the feeling surges over the onlooker: "What would I not give to have the opportunity to play such a part in the reproduction of history or literature in such a happy way and on such a lovely spot."

## PRIZE CONTEST FOR SHORT STORY OF CALI- FORNIA LIFE OF THE EARLY SEVENTIES

THE Daughters of California Pioneers are offering a prize of fifty dollars to be awarded October 1st, 1925, under the following terms:

The story to be from four to six thousand words in length and must be written by a bona fide resident of California.

The locale of the story is to be that of Alta California, that part of the state north of the Tehachapi.

The story must be of the California of the early Seventies when the sons of the men who had made their fortunes in mines with the assistance of their fathers, inaugurated a cultural life befitting their great wealth. It was in this period that the old

California Theatre flourished, the Bohemian Club made its record, and the Argonaut was at its best. It was then that the big land holdings were turned into magnificent country estates where their owners indulged in their favorite hobbies and lived a leisurely, magnificent, country gentleman sort of existence. Any one of these hobbies may form the theme, but the background must reflect the ideals and aspirations of these times.

The story must be an original work and previously unpublished in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story becomes the property of OVERLAND MONTHLY without further compensation.

The judges will give "honorable mention" to the next best story and the contest is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike.

Manuscript submitted to this contest must reach OVERLAND MONTHLY not later than September 1st, 1925. Address all manuscript (only one may be submitted by each contestant) to Short Story Contest Editor, OVERLAND MONTHLY, 916 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

The winning story will appear in the November issue of OVERLAND MONTHLY.

What the Daughters of California Pioneers, as an organization desire, is that some new writer may be discovered through this contest and that the historical events of the period involved may be set forth in a delightful manner.



# Burning Brakes

By HORACE EDWARD BAKER

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

DIZZILY they swept around turns, skirted cliffs, hung suspended over nothing, yet clung to the ledge and plunged onward. Only madness could prompt such reckless chances, but madness held the wheel. To the rear those swinging arcs came into view with increasing frequency, but not gaining, as lower Raton pass on the southern side is one great writhing coil, with only an occasional upgrade.

The town below spread out across the valley in an irregular map of bright dots, like reflections from the stars above. The car slipped over a crest, plunged drunkenly down a short, steep grade, swung up another rise toward a far brighter star which grew larger with amazing speed—then crashed through a lanterned barrier of boards and stones.

A jagged plank bent for an instant against the radiator cap as Hootch and Agnes were thrown to the tonneau floor, then the board whipped back through the windshield, raking the car with flying scimiters of shattered glass.

Slim slowly drew his arm from his eyes. The car tilted at an angle, one wheel jammed between the cliff wall and a massive rock, the lights throwing grotesque shadows upward. Slashed, bleeding, bewildered, he slid out on the debris of an uncleared blast and crawled away, hugging the inner wall.

With almost impersonal interest, he felt the warm rivulets moving slowly across face and hands while lacking both means and courage to determine the extent of his injuries. Vaguely conscious at first of shadowy forms running in the opposite direction, he crawled painfully forward, intent only upon reaching the camp above Raton where motorists congregated each night.

Hootch could look out for himself. Bad business anyway. Wished he hadn't teamed up with that bootlegging yegg. All he wanted was a doctor and a bed, and they might throw in a sheriff, too, for all he cared. Maybe he would bleed to death, and then they would find him in the morning.

And so Slim, alone, went on his way to meet the armed deputies already calmly guarding the southern exit from the pass.

Agnes Harter landed on the floor against the great bulk of her captor, entirely escaping the glass, stunned, but not hurt. Even as she half rolled

from the car her fingers met and grasped the revolver shaken from Hootch's hand.

She was out before he realized what had happened. The man fumbled a moment, flashed a pocket light in and around the car, then down the trail.

Revealed in the circle of illumination was the girl, facing him grimly, revolver raised. She backed away as he advanced.

## TO "MONA LISA"

INSCRUTABLE your smile . . . at least to those  
Who dream Madonnas always should be sainted.  
What did he know, the artist who has painted  
A soul around your features' calm repose?

Now only waters of the Arno hold  
Your mystery: 'Cross the *Ponte Vecchio* white  
Your heart went singing once—lured by the light  
Of Tuscan stars, and its own secret told.

For you were pearls—and tears—within a palace.  
And prayers, a mass that never quite was done.  
Yet need we seek the penitential chalice  
Your lily fingers lifted toward the sun!  
Enough that we may gaze upon your beauty  
Which owed its spell to—love?—or grief?—or duty?

—Jo Hartman.

"Give us the gun, sister," he pleaded, "and I'll leave you alone."

Against the cliffs echoed the hum of a speeding motor, nearer and nearer. It gave her courage to refuse, although she did not quite feel master of the situation. Apparently calm, her mind was in tumult. Perhaps he had another gun; perhaps already she had backed too near the precipice. She dared not look away from him.

It seemed odd that he should keep the flash upon her instead of taking advantage of the darkness, but she knew he dared not attempt escape from the trail without his weapon, and, if possible, a captive to use as shield or hostage.

The little point of light began to move toward the inner cliff.

It passed the twin shafts of the wrecked car, and she noted in this brief moment of revelation against the glow that Hootch was holding his light at a deceptive distance away from his precious body.

Then there came a rustle, a rattle of light earth and stones. The ray ceased to waver, but regarded her with a fixed and insolent intensity.

For a second or two she was lulled into a feeling of security. Then she stepped quickly to one side. The eye did not follow.

In panic Agnes realized that the light had ceased to indicate the location of her enemy. With a feeling of hands clutching from the dark, she dashed down the trail.

Steps near at hand, an oath, proved that she had grasped her peril none too soon. Fear now lent wings, though she sensed the road only from the deeper shadows of the cliffs.

Suddenly—almost under her feet—rose the carpeting lights of Raton, far below. She leaped aside just in time to avoid a plunge. A rock from beneath her foot shot into the void, bounded from crag to tree and then into the stillness of great depths.

Hootch's hand touched her sleeve. Screaming, she tore away and stumbled across the trail to the cliff. Twisting and dodging, she still clung to the gun, although not knowing where to fire.

Out of the black came a hurtling form; an arm swept around her, pinning the weapon to her side.

Then over the hill swept the pursuing car, its lights circling down from the sky until they revealed two forms struggling against the cliff.

Bob Daly, driving alone, jammed on the brakes. Hootch twisted free the gun and swept the girl aside. She shrieked agonized warning and threw herself upon the arm he sought to raise.

Daly's car skidded broadside across the trail and came to a stop with the lights almost touching the cliff. He had the sensation of leaping toward a spurt of flame as he hurled himself from the running board while the car was still in motion.

The bullet struck the rocky ground and pinged off into the distance. Daly's fist landed on Hootch's chin. The big fellow lashed out, shaking off the girl and forcing Daly to grapple in self defense.



The two desperate men, poorly matched in size, rolled on the ground, twisting and writhing. Every bit of strength Daily possessed was demanded merely to keep hold of his antagonist and prevent the gun from coming into play. At moments, against the lighted sky, he could see the long steel barrel twisting toward him.

There on that narrow ledge road, within a hundred feet, were two cars with headlights burning, the one slanting toward the stars and the other wasting its brilliancy upon the solid rock. The effect was only to intensify the outer darkness, but Agnes' eyes followed to its source another forgotten but precious trickle of light.

On an outcrop of stone lay the flash which Hootch had left as a decoy. To reach it she ran around the car. In returning she cut through Daly's machine, leaning for a moment against the wheel while flashing the beam on the battling men and wondering if she could convert the car into a weapon.

Hootch had struggled to his knees, with Bob clinging desperately. Athletic as he was, Daly's efforts were outclassed by strength and bulk. Uncertain whether her light most favored friend or foe, the girl swept it hastily over the ground, then leaped down and severed a jagged fragment of rock.

With this in her hand, she hovered around the struggling men, made desperate by her champion's peril yet from second to second unable to find an opening.

Daly felt the great muscles twisting under his hands as Hootch sought to turn the gun upon him. His foot gripped in a rut, then all his remaining strength went into a crushing lunge which pinned the bandit for an instant against the cliff.

Agnes saw the outstretched hand with its weapon, flat against the rocks. Sweeping in, remorselessly, she crashed her rock against his wrist, then seized the gun which clattered to the ground.

She stepped back in haste, dazed by the success of her primitive impulse. Fear of the man returned as she saw him hurl off Daly and sink to the ground, moaning and gripping the bruised wrist with his other hand.

In an instant Daly had taken the revolver and light from her hands. "Get the tow rope," he ordered, still panting heavily. "He isn't badly hurt."

"Where's Auntie?" she demanded, voicing her greatest fear.

"Coming with Carnahan. Hurry with that rope. Couldn't leave her alone. Posse from Trinidad due any

minute," he explained in brisk staccato.

She was back in a moment. Hootch still writhed and moaned, but craftily watched.

"Where's this fellow's pal?" asked Bob.

"He ran the other way," she explained. "Slim wasn't dangerous."

"One of us has to tie this fellow," considered Daly, "And it looks like your job. I promise to hit him with the first shot if he moves an inch—and there's four shots left."

She started to work, bravely but too gently.

"Tighter!" ordered Bob, grimly. "This is no parlor game. He's a murderer at heart. We found the Trinidad garage dark and had to break in. It's one of the Fond-du-lac chain and should be open night and day. The night mechanic was trussed up in the elevator between floors and nearly suffocated with a bag of waste.—Tighter!" Let him howl!—Police just got word of a stolen car and a couple of bootlegging bums hitting the pass. Then we lit out to beat them to you, but had to stop and drag their stalled car back to a turnout."

Hootch squirmed and swore as she wound the cable around his arms. Daly moved a little nearer and cocked the gun.

"Just remember that mechanic," he advised the girl. "Fellow with wife and children, and he'd been dead now except for your brakes. Put your foot on him and pull. Here—you take the gun and let me finish it."

Romance, gilded dream of youth, lies around every corner, and yet some pass by with averted eyes. All that is needed is a man and a maid, mutually agreeable, who share an ambition, a secret or an adventure.

With Hootch wrapped and knotted in folds of stout rope, Daly stepped to his car and turned the spot light upon his prisoner. Then he put the weapon in his pocket, as he drew the girl down beside him on the running board.

"Don't," he insisted, as she attempted to gather up her flowing locks. "Not just now. You're glorious!"

Obviously there was no reply to that. She knew it, and was glad that he knew it.

"I never met anybody just like you before," he began, deliberately, dreading the imminent arrival of his friend and the dragon aunt, "although I've done some looking. Mind if I talk about myself?"

"I wish you would," she encouraged.

"Thanks. That's what my father did, the first night he met my mother—

at a country dance in Wisconsin. He didn't wait to do any Myles Standish. He had a small bicycle shop in the village, and she taught rural school. They've done better since, and have been very happy. I'm a mechanic, too, like he was—and is—but I've had a technical education. In fact Carnahan and I designed this new Fond-du-lac motor, and they pay us pretty well. Now are you dead set on minding auntie all your life, or could you consider keeping house for a mechanic?"

"Well—if he—if he were a very good mechanic," she parried, "And I had known him a long time."

"Five hours can be an epoch," he assured, and she seemed to agree.

Half dragging an irritated lady, Pat Carnahan was stumbling down the trail when the sharp crack of a revolver almost made his heart stop beating. Both broke into a desperate lope despite weariness.

"Oh! Maybe she's killed!" the woman cried.

"Maybe he's killed," snarled Carnahan. "More likely. Had no business letting him leave me. We went through school and war and the works together and it's part of my job holding him in. The last thing old Peter made me promise was not to let Bob pull any of his stunts. What am I going to tell him, I'd like to know?"

"You run ahead," she demanded pluckily. "Maybe there's time!"

The lights and song of a speeding motor, the Trinidad posse, came to them from the trail behind. Almost side by side, Jane Harter sustained by anxiety, they stumbled up the slope and gazed down at the tilted lights of the touring car, then deeper in the hollow where two dim forms were revealed in amicable conference beneath the spot light of Bob Daly's car.

Carnahan's vast faith in his comrade was melting the ice of Aunt Jane's suspicion.

"Agnes!" she called.

"Bob!" hailed Carnahan.

The responses were cheerful. Jane Harter clutched her companion's sleeve, as they hurried down the slope.

"Wasn't he holding her hand?" she gasped.

"Shouldn't wonder," agreed Pat. "His brakes seem to be burning for the first time."

"Oh, why did I ever bring her away from home!" lamented the lady. "She's likely to throw away Henry Whipple and a farm worth twenty thousand dollars!"

"Too bad," consoled Carnahan. "She might need it some afternoon for change, if she gets Peter Daly's only son and the whole Fond-du-lac plant."

END.



# A Village of Taverns

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

face. They were fools, they were simple. They were too good. If she were they, not a drop she would give; or if she did she would make them pay for it ten times its worth. . . .

There was now very little activity over the pond. Miss Diorno was partly responsible for this. The chief reason, however, was that, being toward the Fall, the supply for the year was about exhausted. A string of carloads of zinfandel grapes arrived from the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, and a fresh provision of wine for the coming twelve months was again insured.

Again there appeared signs of life between the two places, though slowly and of a different character than before. The few who visited the oasis came back in a boisterous manner and tumbled in the streets of Westwood. The company sent a sharp warning across the pond and set a policeman to watch the bridge-head at night. One after another people from Westwood made for the bridge, they reasoned, offered cigars to the policeman all in vain. He was a rigid man. At the beginning he halted even an oasis dweller whose face did not betray his nationality. "Back, back, from this bridge. You can't go across!" he would command. The un-Italian looking man would check his pace, alarmed, not knowing what to say. The policeman would nail a look on him: "You can't go across, I tell you!" The halted man would begin to handle the English, telling him that he lived in the oasis.

Gradually the policeman was left unmolested by the westerners. Gradually he too began to see things floating above the oasis. Indeed, the little village being already legendary and now flooded in the mystic glare of the mountain moon, it needed but a small effort of imagination to convince himself that he was beholding a village of dreams. Suppose he ventured there? What if the company learns of his escapade? He would invent pretexts: he would say he heard singing in English, he heard a brawl going on. So he went, and an hour later he returned—only as far as the middle of the bridge. Drunk to insensibility he fell into the water and was half drowned when he began to sober up and battle for his life. His death-seized grip caught on the side of a floating log and the log rolled over his head, making him duck. He attempted to yell. His throat was full

of water, all he could do was to gurgle. He gripped at the log frantically and the log rolled on him with more speed, drawing him under its bulky weight. A patch of foam swirled on the water. A troop of bubbles from the stirred bottom of the pond seethed up to the surface. The troop diminished. Smaller bubbles. Fewer



MOOD

**A**CROSS the crowded room your eyes  
meet mine  
With questionings that vaguely veil  
alarms.  
You seem remote—apart—who would  
divine  
That I have lain a moment in your  
arms?

Margaret Skavlan

and fewer came up—and peace. Had the beguiling moon perception it would have been the solitary thing to witness the tragedy.

An autopsy revealed the cause of his drowning.

The company sent another sharp and final warning across.

**T**HE LADDER of effort swings above the crowd. The bulk reach up, climb the first rungs to be again pulled down by the weight of habit and circumstance. These mill-men worked

all day long, draining their strength. In the evening they were tired, dull; life was colorless to them. They craved something to ginger them up. Some bought dry fruit, raisins and grain and distilled, using wash boilers and deep basins. Thus they made moonshine which gingered them up but besotted them as well. Respect for their bodies would have turned them against such life-crippling dope. . . .

Occasional faces now appeared on the western shores of the pond. They were contemplative and their eyes wandered eastward. An observer might have mistaken them for soldiers in mill-workers' disguise planning an attack on the oasis. But one familiar with the history of Westwood would have recognized in them former visitors to the little village, brooding and pondering on past memories. The oasis seemed to have gone farther from them and become more inaccessible. Hazily only could they make out things moving in the air. The multitude of taverns under the scattered pines were but shapeless blotches of faded brown looming in the distant forms of the mountains.

Different tactics were needed to get there.

Big Bill worked with Crispi at the table, pulling away at heavy boards that continually glided on rolling chains. A job calling for action and brawn. Only men like Bill or Crispi could stay at it over one month without their backbones sagging or snapping. Big Bill had something to suggest to Crispi after supper, so the latter invited the former to his shack. In Crispi's tavern Bill suggested that the two take a contract cutting logs. But, in truth, his chief interest was wine. He begged Crispi to sell him a bottle. Crispi at once sprang to his feet, moved. "Not for gold!" he intoned, "a glass—well, I give; but sell? bah! Nothing done!" One would sooner have succeeded in separating him from his life than from his wine.

But all were not like Crispi.

The drama in Westwood ran the gamut of the drama on the stage. It began with a courtship with lady wine, she was naive, her smiles were those of innocence: she appealed to them but did not infatuate them. They were glad with her. They prattled; they laughed; they made a song and gaily serenaded her. Prudence had its reward. Then came temptation, causing disgust, friction and one death. Finally came tragedy—



# Stork Soliloquies.

By J. H. PRENTICE

## JACK LONDON 1876-1916

**H**LORA WELLMAN was a New Englander, and John London was a Pennsylvanian by birth, a soldier, scout, and all around wanderer, which probably accounts for the spirit of unrest inherited by the lad I took to them in San Francisco, on January 12, 1876. They named him John, and started calling him "Jack". I guess about as many folks have heard of "Jack London" as ever heard about old London Town itself. Jack went to the public schools in Oakland, sold papers, and then drifted into long-shoreing; took a chance at most everything,—salmon fishing, oyster-pirating, sailing, tramping, and at 16 shipped before the mast. He knocked around the world, and then came back and studied again, then gave it up and went to Alaska, coming back to support the family after his father died in 1898.

Jack always wanted to be a writer. He made material for his stories from

his experiences and travels, and in no time had attracted wide attention. As I recall, his first magazine article was published in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, in January, 1899. Since that time he has written for everybody, everywhere.

I couldn't begin to remember the names of all his books and stories, though there's some I couldn't begin to forget. Take his "Son of the Wolf," "God of His Fathers," "Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "Valley of the Moon," "Strength of the Strong," "Cruise of the Dazzler," to say nothing of the books, and letters, and essays, and articles on sciology like "The War of the Classes," "The Iron Heel," and "John Barleycorn."

Jack London surely liked adventure. I remember how he set out on a 7 years' trip in the "Snark," a 50-foot boat, in 1906. Too bad he got sick. I would like to have heard him tell the rest about that trip, 'cause he certainly was gifted and could tell things

in such a human way. Seems to me someone called him the American Kipling. Then there was his work as war-correspondent in the Jap-Russian War, and in Mexico in 1914. My, what a traveller that boy was. Went all over the United States, and Canada, as a tramp,—as a vagabond, in London,—the seven seas, as a sailor,—and even all the little quiet places in California he loved so well. Don't seem quite right he had to go so young. I'll bet that if there's any travelling in Heaven, Jack London has done his share since he went there in 1916. My, couldn't he tell us a story about it, though? Too, bad! Too, bad!



The wine amounted to about twenty-five cents per quart to the oasis dwellers. They could easily sell it for one dollar. Of course for some it was wrong to sell the beverage; for others it was an easy way to make money, and in the meantime to pass as good scouts with their eager patrons who now, able to obtain any quantity, drank like fish.

In one week three corpses were fished out of the pond.

In the oasis there fermented bitterness against those who trafficked in booze; among the officials of the company there brewed an equal bitterness against the whole oasis.

It was not uncommon now to see men wobbling in the town of Westwood. They were noisy and offensive. In their eyes there dwelt the glare of the insane, eyes that look at a tragedy and at a toy with equal concern, eyes that reflect a troubled life. Their faces were blowzed, like faces too near a fire or in a high fever, and wore an ugly, sottish mien; their lips were purplish and their lower jaws sagged. The striking similarities among them were their confused foreheads and gaping mouths. A monkey beside a drunkard would look a god.

The drama was hastened to an end

by the shooting in Westwood in which two mill workers, Giggi's favorite patron and a crane operator were slain.

It was about nine a. m. The sun was warming the crisp morning air, melting the usual heavy frost. On the pond a tiny sheet of ice, formed there at night, thawed, turning into vapor. The vivid green color of the pines slowly spread over the surrounding mountains, pursuing the purple and

somber shadows into deep hollows and folds. Hardly a soul was seen in the streets: everybody was busy serving the fabulous monster which buzzed away with speed, gorging down one log after another, grinding them into lumber.

All at once there issued from the department store and office an army of clerks equipped with crow-bars, sledge-hammers and axes. The presi-

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dent at the head, private detectives behind him, the fighting force following, they filed across the pond. A crowbar rammed at the entrance of a cellar. The door flew open. Sledges and axes crashed wine casks which, like knifed beasts, groaned under the blows, red fluids gushing out from their sides, finally collapsing, sending a flood of bubbling liquid over the ground. Another cellar was attacked and casks and bottles were smashed. A third, a fourth, a fifth suffered equal fate, perishing under the battering weapons. A tenth, a fifteenth cellar was wrecked. The dreamy village was in a pool of blood-like fluid. Streams of it ran into the pond, turning its transparent body into brilliant pink. Cries of distress were heard in the oasis. A woman would try to defend a cellar; a child would scream towards the saw-mill for father.

The oasis dwellers ran there from the plant. The calamity had really happened. The staff of their life, their dear, comforting treasure was bled dry. Had they been bled dry themselves they would hardly have suffered more. Some thought the world had gone mad; others voiced their hatred of the company or cursed the bootleggers. They rushed to their stormed cellars to save what drop they could.

Some arrived in time to behold, with thorns in their hearts, axes flying at their beloved barrels. They stared at their bleeding retorts as if staring at faithful companions done to death by a mob.

The smashing army, led by private detectives, swept over the village taverns with speed and clock-work precision. They were now progressing towards their last door—Crispi's. With wild countenance, Crispi implanted himself before his cellar.

The president saw that parley was necessary before the onslaught. He told Crispi to clear the way if he wanted to avoid bodily harm.

"Fight me if you want!" Crispi hurled back.

"We don't want you. We want to crack your barrels so you can't sell any more wine."

"Who! me, sell wine? Not for gold!"

The president ordered him a second time from the door; Crispi's countenance grew wilder.

"Then we will put you in jail," shouted the chief, attempting to intimidate him.

"Oright, put me in jail."

"No; we will not put you in jail: we will buy a ticket for the old country."

(Continued on page 44)

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ARNOLD BENNETT

(Continued from page 17)

mean and sordid, or is it I that have been inadequate to the role in which I was cast, blind to the amazing possibilities of existence?

In "Clayhanger" Edwin points out to Hilda the home of provincial melodrama called "The Bloodtub".

"How horrible!" she exclaims. "Why are people like that in the Five Towns?"

"It's our form of poetry, I suppose," he replies.

And Hilda is silent, dreaming over an entirely changed conception of poetry.

So Bennett gives us an entirely changed conception of optimism. His optimism, his formula for making poetry out of fact, consists, not in glossing over the realities of life, coarse, disgusting and saddening though they may be, but in finding in them an absorbing, significant interest. His imagination is not the telescope directed toward a world afar from the sphere of our sorrow, but the microscope, turned steadily, searchingly on what is right at hand, till it reveals something beautiful and miraculous. What Bennett wrote of the poetry of clog dancing may fittingly stand as a tribute to Bennett's representation of life. "Thus is rendered back to the people in the charming form of beauty that which the instinct of the artist had taken from the ugliness of the people."

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By day, by night.  
God, walk into my low hut,  
And comfort me.  
If Thou shalt come, perhaps the fires  
Will burn for me.  
—Elizabeth Spencer Moquin.

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# Removing the Mystery Which Surrounds Banks

By TURNER STANTON

**I**N THESE days banking is about the only mysterious business left. Most other lines have had the light of publicity shed upon them, involuntarily, at first, but now voluntarily, since they have found that understanding begets tolerance and confidence. But the business of banks has been surrounded by an embracing hush. The reasons for the hush are undoubtedly complex. Not so very long ago any business man resented efforts to bring his affairs into the light. He felt that he was in possession of momentous secrets, which he must keep at all cost from his competitors and the public. No doubt the bankers felt the same way.

That banks have been backward in court-ing publicity even when it has been found in many cases to be rather advantageous than detrimental is probably due very largely to the touchy nature of the business before the Federal Reserve System was created. Evil rumors in those days might have brought about actual hard times, panics. Somebody would say something disturbing and people would begin to take their money out of banks. Money stringency followed, then curtailment of credit, which in turn pressed hard upon business, bringing costly liquidation—selling out for cash—and distress all around. Banks had to prevent that sort of thing, and bankers were exceedingly touchy.

The Federal Reserve System has given the financial fabric an elasticity which makes a money panic impossible. This danger past, we may see the light of publicity shed on the banking business. Now it will undoubtedly be voluntary, for the bankers have observed the good will obtained by great business enterprises which have painstakingly bared their problems to a generous public.

It is not many years ago that the American Bell Telephone Company and its subsidiaries was the logical prey of the ambitious politician. It was harassed from all quarters. The public thought it was a rapacious monopoly and any pressure brought to bear to reduce its revenue was greeted with widespread acclaim. Things grew so bad that the company decided to tell all the people what manner of thing it was, how organized, how it functioned, what its problems were, and what a thoroughly human thing it was, after all. The results would be considered miraculous, were it not for the fact that the American public has a strongly-developed sense of fair play. Now people will ungrudgingly permit an increase in telephone rates whenever it is justified, because they know that efficient telephone service makes for the general welfare. They also expect, of course, a reduction in rates whenever justified. Now the railroads are coming to the people for a hearing, and to one observer, at least, it seems that public sentiment is changing in their regard and becoming more tolerant. These are but

two examples of a general movement to get the ear of the people, which will become more general as the years go on.

Now the bankers have seen these things, and they have marvelled at them. They have looked upon themselves and beheld that they are grievously misunderstood. Constant evidences of a general lack of knowledge on the part of the layman concerning their business relation to the community come to their attention. "Bankers' hours", the tradition that bankers stroll into their offices around ten o'clock in the morning and reach for their plug hats shortly after three in the afternoon, still persists in the minds of the people. Many otherwise intelligent citizens still think that banks make fabulous returns upon the money of depositors—twenty, thirty per cent, or more. The myth that all banking institutions are owned by or pay tribute to "Wall Street" is just beginning to lose believers. But until very recently the bankers have done practically nothing to puncture these creatures of untutored imagination. At present the American Institute of Banking, the educational branch of the American Bankers' Association, is sending out speakers to explain to children in schools the business of banks, although no real effort is yet being made, apparently, to bring the same message to adults.

In this series of articles it is intended to make the basic activities of banks plain enough to be understood by any reader. It will be shown that the banking business rests on the same economic principles which underlie the operations of any kind of a business enterprise. There is capital and surplus, profits and losses, salesmanship and service in banking, like the lumber business or the shoe business. The chief difference lies in the fact that a bank is semi-professional in nature—the commodity in which it deals is service. It produces or sells nothing which can be seen and felt, like a factory. When you look at an automobile, it is comparatively easy to visualize the materials and labor that went into the building of it. When you receive your bank statement on the first of the month or ask your banker about an investment you are not likely to think about the enormous amount of routine work and the long years of experience behind such service.

To understand banking, even in a general way, one should know something about money and credit. Although these subjects are comprehended only in a very casual way by the general public, they are neither obscure nor profound. It ought to be surprising that money and credit are so little understood. But our public school system has given scanty recognition to a branch of learning fundamental to a proper understanding of life—economics. Perhaps that is one of the greatest reasons why the banking business should be explained to the layman.

(Continued from page 42)

"Oright, get me the ticket."

"No; not even that: you pay your passage."

"Oright—but you look to crack my barrels, eh?"

"Well,—we will not send you away. You stay with us and work. Get away from that door!" commanded the leader. The mob flourished their tools, hitching themselves for action, shout-



g. "Kiss good-by to your barrels, Crispi."

Defiance surged in the brawny man. Me! stay here and work like hell? and no wine! Bah, you make me laugh! If I sell wine, oright, crack my barrels. If I don't sell wine and you crack them, I fight to my last drop of blood!" Like a powerful man conscious that he was wronged, he stood there boiling with terrific strength, ready to fight to his death.

The president had already seen enough cellars demolished to be satisfied. "Very well, Crispi, you keep your wine. But if ever I hear of your selling a glassful, I'll give you twelve hours to leave my town."

And thus closed the drama. The village of taverns looked like a place visited by an earthquake.

The cellar doors were again rebuilt and secured with good locks. But corpses were no longer found in the pond.

## LITERARY TREASURES

(Continued from page 12)

oriental rugs and artistic metal work: books which not only describe what others have done but are also a source of inspiration and will suggest to the students themes for their own creative work.

In so brief an article only a few of the outstanding features of the Mills College Library can be touched upon. Not only is the library rich in books of art and literature but it contains an excellent collection of historical source material, books and magazines dealing with American and European economic conditions and recent scientific progress. It is a well rounded collection and so fast is it growing that the walls are bulging with the strain. The chief obstacle to its usefulness is its physical limitations and is demanding a larger building in which to expand, in order that its helpfulness may be more fully felt in every phase of the college work.

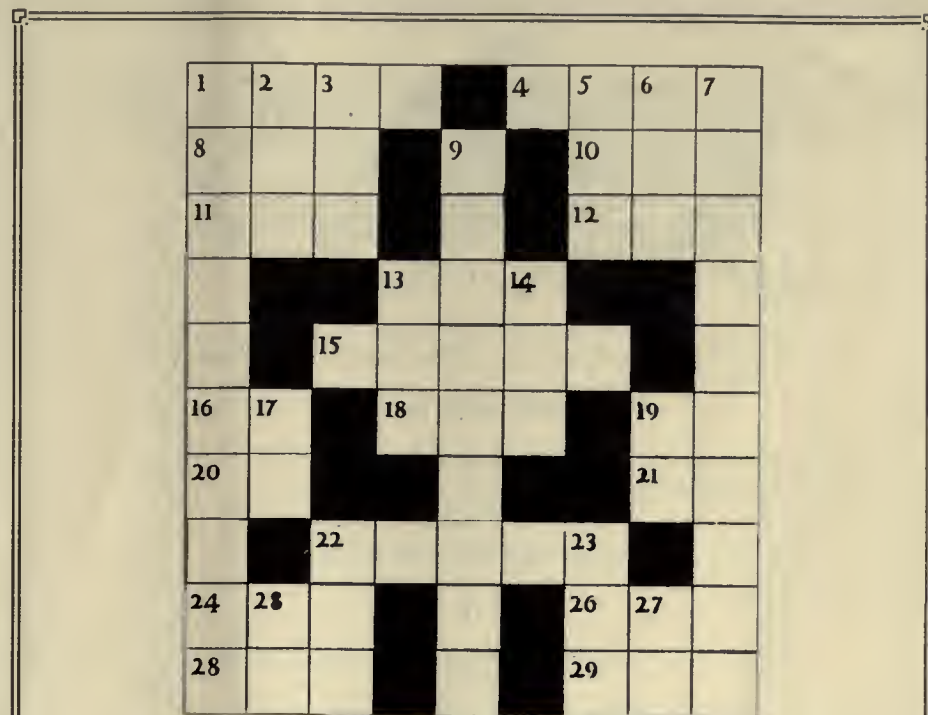
## MIMOSA

(Continued from page 9)

he could scarcely stand. She must have caught the fever that her grandmother had feared. All at once she longed to be at home. She turned to go and then, up the long road, she saw him coming toward her. He looked just as he had the day he said "Good-bye," and in his button-hole was a sprig of mimosa.

He beckoned to her. All pain had left her. She felt as free and light as the air.

"I come, Henri," she cried as she stepped toward him.



### HORIZONTAL

1. A mineral of the sea.
4. Early part of day.
8. Everything.
10. Exclamation of disgust.
11. Nickname of the greatest half-back of the year.
12. What you need when your auto breaks down.
13. Keep one in the hole.
15. What you put in the baby's bank.
16. Part of verb "to be".
18. A confused noise.
19. Lower case. (Abbreviation).
20. Concerning.
21. By, near.
22. Pertaining to the sun.
24. I, myself, personally.
26. Rumpus.
28. Past tense of hurried.
29. Not.

### VERTICAL

1. One of the best novels of the year.
2. Gone but not forgotten.
3. Doctor of Laws (Abbreviation).
5. Frequent.
6. First part of large city in Brazil.
7. What you will find at 9.
9. Place you will find 7.
13. Help.
14. Even. (A contraction).
17. Myself.
19. Los Angeles.
22. Male human offspring.
23. What the dog did when the boys tied a can to his tail.
25. A southern state (Abbreviation).
27. Obey that impulse.

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Once in his arms she poured out her love and told of her fear that he would not come.

"I waited so long, Henri. You said 'When the mimosa flowers I will return' and, see, it is all gone save just one tiny spray which I have picked tonight."

He looked at her a little gravely.

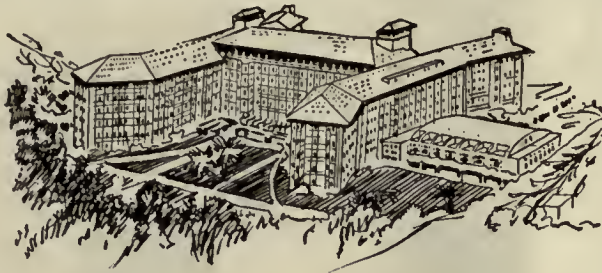
"Sweet Lisette," he said, "I tried to come to you before but I caught the terrible fever which is raging everywhere and so I could not but, you see,

as soon as I was free I came and now I shall stay with you forever, Lisette."

Her eyes shone with tears.

"I, too, had fever a little while ago and my heart was dead within me but now I am light as air and my soul is singing like a bird."

They turned and walked by the mimosa tree but Lisette was too happy to see the still figure which lay there clasping a fading yellow blossom in its hand, and so they passed on up the moonlit road together.



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## CALIFORNIA NATIVE SHRUBS

(Continued from page 8)

*R. trilobata*) give a lemon-like taste to water when they are soaked in it for a short time. The Indians of Mendocino County use the red berries of the Manzanita in making a harmless and agreeable beverage known as Manzanita Cider. A number of species of Cactus of the deserts contain liquids which are clear and quite drinkable. Another desert plant known as Desert Tea (*Ephedra sp.*) contains a large amount of tannin. When the branches are placed in boiling water a sort of tea is made which is used by the desert people. This drink was first used by the white explorers as a medicinal drink. It was supposed to purify the blood.

Along the mountain borders of the desert region of Southern California grows a grayish green shrub known as Sheep Nut or Wild Hazel (*Simmondsia californica*). The Mexicans sometimes prepare from the nut of this plant a nourishing drink which is a fair substitute for chocolate or coffee. They grind the nut kernels with the yolk of a hard boiled egg, then boil the mass in water with the addition of sugar and milk. A vanilla bean is sometimes placed in the warm drink for a few minutes to give a pleasant flavor. Mr. Charles F. Saunders states that he has seen these nuts in the shops of the Spanish quarter of Los Angeles. "The shop keepers find a ready sale for them for use in promoting the growth of deficient eyebrows. For this purpose it seems, they are boiled, the oil extracted and this applied externally. The seed's reputation as a hair restorer, indeed, is rather extended in the Southwest."

### *Shrubs With Edible Seeds and Fruits*

A large number of the native shrubs have yielded seeds and fruits which have had an important place in the dietary of the Indians. Even today much of the Indian bread or mush is made from a meal prepared from the seeds of the native Oaks, and other woody plants. Most important of these are the Chinquapin, California Buckeye, Walnut, White Sage, species of Saltbush, Islay, and species of Pine and Juniper. The Mesquit-bean or algarroba of the Mexicans, a product of a well-known small tree-like shrub of the arid regions of the southwestern deserts, is one of the most important food products of the native woody flora. The pods of this leguminous plant make excellent stock food. The Indians prepare nutritious beverages and mesquit meal from the seeds and pods of the Mesquit bean and Screw-bean, a closely related form.

Almost everyone is familiar with



the edibility of the native Blackberry, Raspberry, and Gooseberry, but few may know of the less important yet quite palatable fruits of some of the rarer shrubs. The Rose Family—a family that has given us numerous horticultural fruits—contains in addition to the Blackberry and Raspberry, several other native plants whose fruits are of some economic value. Among these stand out the June Berry, Salmon Berry, Thimble Berry, and Hawthorns.

In the Heather or Heath family, we also find a number of native shrubs valued for their edible berried fruits. Most important of these are the Manzanitas whose berries are used in making jelly. The species most often used is *Arctostaphylos manzanita*. Manzanita is the Spanish for "little apple" and is a very appropriate popular name for these plants as the fruits resemble very small apples. Two or three other members of this family have very attractive and edible berries, Salal (*Gaultheria shallon*) and the species of Huckleberry (*Vaccinium*). The blue berries of the Oregon Grape and other species of *Berberis* are sometimes used for jelly making and for a basis of a drink.

One other native berry that has appealed to the Indians is the Red Berry, a species of Buckthorn (*Rhamnus crocea*). Dr. Edward Palmer states that these berries have the peculiar faculty of temporarily tingeing red the body of one who consumes them in great quantity. He relates a story of accompanying as surgeon a troop of United States soldiers in pursuit of a small band of Apache Indians in Arizona. The Indians were overtaken and killed outright. Their bodies were found to be beautifully reticulated in red from the juice of the Buckthorn berries which the Indians had eaten. The color had been taken up by the blood and diffused through the smallest veins.

#### *Shrubs Containing Medicinal Properties*

The California Coffee Berry or *Cascara Sagrada* is one of the most important shrubs of this group. The medicinal value of the plant is in the bark. It is used mostly as a laxative, but is said to act as a tonic for improving the appetite. The demand in Europe as well as in America for the bark has caused quite an industry to spring up in the northern part of California, Oregon, and Washington.

Another plant that has been used in the West as a remedy is Yerba Santa, Spanish name for Holy Herb. It has a reputation as a blood purifier, as a tonic, and as a remedy in all bronchial and respiratory trouble. The

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name Consumptives' Weed is sometimes applied to this plant; a more common name is Mountain Balm. Poultices made from the leaves of this shrub have been used upon sores and wounds. From the Creosote-bush (*Covillea tridentata*) is made an anti-septic lotion also used upon sores and wounds by the Indians and Mexicans of the arid Southwest.

A quinine substitute may be prepared from the bark of the Western Flowering Dogwood (*Cornus Nuttallii*). In his journal of the Wyeth expedition to the Pacific Coast, Townsend tells of his curing two Oregon Indian children of fever and ague with the bark of the Dogwood boiled in water, his supply of quinine being exhausted. Of similar use is the bark of the Silk-tassel Bush (*Garrya elliptica*) which is also a member of the Dogwood family.

The Laurel family contains a very interesting plant which on account of a volatile oil in its leaves might well be considered with the medicinal plants. It is the California Bay (*Umbellularia californica*), sometimes known as Oregon Myrtle. Usually it

grows as an evergreen tree, but in exposed rocky places it is quite shrubby. During the late influenza epidemic some people boiled the leaves in water. This gave off an aromatic vapor which was considered by those with faith to be a good preventive. A preparation of the foliage is sometimes applied to the scalp for headaches. Some people claim that a hot bath in which the leaves have been rubbed is a good remedy for rheumatism. Others claim that the oil will drive fleas away, also that hen houses in which the roosts are made of the branches of the Bay tree will have no lice. Since my only experience has been with soups seasoned with the leaves of the Bay I cannot vouch for the efficacy of the above-mentioned uses.

#### Shrubs With Poisonous Parts

A few of the California shrubs possess herbage that is poisonous to livestock. Most important among these are: Gold Wire (*Hypericum concinnum*), Labrador Tea (*Ledum glandulosum*), Western Azale (*Rhododendron occidentale*), California Rose Bay (*Rhododendron californica*), and *Kalmia polifolia*. Since these shrubs are found in the hill country frequented by grazing animals, stockmen would do well to search the region before turning in their herds.

In concluding the miscellaneous uses I will mention the Poison Oak (*Rhus diversiloba*). This climbing or erect shrub is not an Oak, but a member of the Sumac family. It is closely related to the Poison Ivy of the eastern states. The oil in the roots, stems, and leaves is very irritating to the skin of many people. There seem to be reported as many cures as there are people who are troubled with the irritation. A process of inoculation with the oil may prove to be most beneficial, but as yet no absolute remedy for all cases can be prescribed.

To know even a little about the numerous species of a native woody flora, about its distribution, its beauty and its usefulness, should be a stimulus to direct one to a useful and an enjoyable intellectual activity.

#### OLD NANCY OF TISBURY

(Continued from page 4)

of most of the shining lights. We never remember to have seen a more pathetic face or a more remarkable one in contour. The book, too, though it contains the strangest medley of nonsense and sense, is, like the face, pathetic and extraordinary."

Nancy said that she was conscious of the approach of death, some months

before she was stricken with her last illness. She was feeble for several years. During this time, her mind dwelling on the future, she again and again expressed the wish that she should be buried in the little enclosure where her pets lay buried, and her own headstone beside those she had had erected to their memory.

In August, 1890, she died at the age of 79. Her legal advisor and executor, William J. Rotch, then justice of the peace on the island, remonstrated with her, but almost to the very last she reiterated her desire to be buried beside her "little dears." He finally suggested to her the possibility that her property would fall into the hands of strangers. The strangers might even be foreigners, for Portuguese immigrants were coming to the island in some numbers.

The old woman capitulated to this suggestion. She agreed it would be better to be buried in the cemetery in West Tisbury, "rather than my body should fall into the hands of savages."

So Nancy lies in the churchyard where her ancestors lie. The bones of her "little dears" were not disturbed.

The old house was bought and renovated. The spiked fence was torn down. Windows were added to let in light to the dim rooms where Nancy had lived her clouded life for so long. A flower-garden bloomed where the hens' last resting-place had been. For a time the gravestone that marked the grave of the precious Pinky was used as a doorstep. But it has been rescued from that ignominious position.

These two marble slabs have now the place of honor that they should have. They are a monument, not to hens who could do "54 wonderful cunning things", who had "more than common wit", but to one of the remarkable women of Martha's Vineyard. If her memory is not allowed to die, surely she has a place in history, and a unique place, unlike that accorded anyone before, that of the Madonna of the Hens.

So the marble that she saw fit to erect to pets that were dear to her is preserved where friends and strangers can see and raise the question about her. As for her old neighbors, the old dwellers in West Tisbury, one of them said the other day, with such appreciation as is often showed of the common thing that grew beside one's door, "Why have they got those stones in the Library, anyhow? They've got no business there, they aren't antiques."



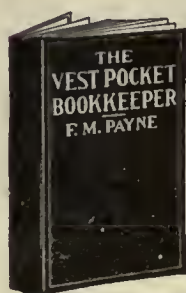
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Vol. LXXXIII

FEBRUARY, 1925

Number 2

# Overland Monthly

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

FEBRUARY, 1925

NUMBER 2

EDITORIAL STAFF  
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EDITOR

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MABEL MOFFITT  
MANAGER

## OUR FEBRUARY CONTRIBUTORS

Because of limited space, the introduction of writers new to OVERLAND's pages must this month be brief:

**ELEANOR TAYLOR HOUGHTON** is a Boston girl, a Smith graduate, now resident in California. A writer of articles, essays and art notes, she is now engaged in the writing of the memoirs of Ernest de Koven Leflingwell, the Arctic explorer.

**EMMA CARBUTT RICHEY** and Ethyl Hayes Sehorn are both residents in one of the smaller towns not far from Monterey.

**EDWARD HARPER THOMAS** is from Seattle.

**FREEDOM S. DAVIS** could easily fill a volume with his adventures. A civil engineer, he has known the wilder West since the early 70's when as a boy of 12 he saw the last of the buffalo herds. His "Flea-Bitten Gray" is a bit from his reminiscences.

**LILY HOHFELD HUGHES** is a Berkeleyan, member of the California Writers' Club.

**EUGENE T. SAWYER** has passed into the Great Beyond since his article—the last he wrote—came to OVERLAND. For years Mr. Sawyer worked as one of the creators of the "Nick Carter" series, but his last years were spent in San Jose. His reminiscences of old time players of San Francisco appeared in OVERLAND last year.

**CHARLES WHARTON STORK** is well known as a poet and editor of *Contemporary Verse*.

**JESSICA NELSON NORTH** is an Indiana resident whose verse has appeared in *The Measure*, *The Dial*, *Double Dealer*, *Poetry*, etc.

**ALICE WILSON OLDROYD** is a Kansan whose name is well known to readers of verse.

**FRANCES HOLMSTROM** and **GEO. S. WHITTAKER** are both Oregonians.

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—Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

*"And I have this aim—that you go free, that you be unhindered,  
uncompelled, unembarrassed, prosperous, happy."*

—ELISE DUFOUR



# OVERLAND MONTHLY FEB 1925

## AND

# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Volume LXXXIII

FEBRUARY, 1925

Number 2

## The Song of the Body

### A Critique of the Dance

By ELISE DUFOUR and  
EDGCUMB PINCHON

*(Editorial Note: Elise Dufour is a dancer and a teacher of the rhythmic technique of the body, who has maintained a studio in New York for twelve years and also has taught in London and Paris. Regarding California as the natural home of the natural dance, she has recently come to the West to open studios in Berkeley and San Francisco. Edgcumb Pinchon is an English essayist and critic and is the author, with Professor De Lara, of "The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom.")*

THERE are just two kinds of human activity: the ethical, or utilitarian, and the poetic, or ecstatic. The first consists in performing an action for the sake of an ulterior advantage to be gained thereby; the second consists in performing an action for its own sake, for the joy one finds in the doing of it.

If a man rows to reduce his fat, that is a highly ethical and utilitarian procedure. But, if he rows because he loves the rhythmic sweep of his oars, the purr of the ripples at the prow, the sweet taste of the breeze in the depth of his chest—that is a purely ecstatic performance.

When even the dance—our last loophole of ecstasy—becomes utilitarian and ethical, humanity must, indeed, be desperate. When the poetry of movement becomes merely a means to some cultural end and is no longer supremely justified in itself, then, alas, the Holy Ghost of beauty has fled away; and abandon, that moment of pure sincerity, has turned into superficial and self-conscious accomplishment.

Any day on the east side of New York the children may be seen dancing to the hurdy-gurdy, flitting in free rhythmic movement among their plodding seniors. Settlement activities often include dancing in their curriculum; and the little ones are gathered in from the freedom of their street revels to be taught how to dance "properly." Too often their high-minded teachers regard the dance as merely a polite means to an even more polite end, namely: ethics and culture. Of the dance as the spontaneous expression of the spirit, as the invocation to ecstasy, they have no idea, and if they had they would thoroughly distrust it. For, indeed, they do not trust life, but regard it as a force to be curbed, bitted, trained, made to perform like a circus pony—ethically, culturally, physically. Soon, under this regime, the natural singing of the children's free body, the celebration of

the little self in joyous movement, is quelled and frozen into imitations of Greek friezes, Botticelli poses, and set figures; while music which should be used merely to inspire the rhythmical expression of feeling is converted into a mere bar-and-note program for artificial gymnastic exercises.

IN THE modern dance cults the simplicity, candor, and economy of movement which alone constitute grace are scorned. In place of these we have "stunts" to music which have no power to bring us the breathless pause of beauty, but only the crude gasp of astonishment. Not "How beautiful!" but "How devilishly difficult and obviously strenuous!" expresses the feeling they arouse. The technique of such dancing is simply a method by which one may triumph over every natural movement, as though this miracle of movement, the human torso and limbs, had no inherent law of its own! It is an inevitable expression, of course, of our universal distrust of life and our shallow view of the body. It seldom occurs to us that the body has a deep intelligence of its own, to which our brain-pan intelligence is bagatelle and parvenu, whose voice is rhythm, whose words are written in significant line and whose wisdom antedates our cults and codes by several aeons.

These modern dancers will study a Greek vase or contort their limbs at the ballet-bar, but it has not yet occurred to them that the complete law of the dance lies within them, that nature, which taught the waves and the leaves their lovely motions, has not left poor man entirely destitute of the capacity to live and move and have his being in rhythmic beauty and power.

THE intimate relationship between emotion, breath, and movement is easily observed. The hard breath and rapid muscle-tempo of anger, the uncontrolled panting and shaking body of fear, the deep surging breath and extended arms of joy, are common enough phenomena. These instances illustrate the fundamental principle of bodily rhythm: that every emotion tends to express itself in terms of breath-pulsation and to flow thence into rhythmic movement. In ordinary life our lack of pure and deep feeling, our cramped breathing, swaddled limbs, artificial habits, and mental inhibitions, sadly break up and obliterate this beautiful free translation of emotion into movement through breath-pulsation; but in the dance, the true, natural dance, it is, or should be, completely restored. In fact, the dance is this restoration of our unity. That is the secret of its ravishment.

To this simple psychological foundation of the dance the physiological facts of the body correspond with perfect precision. The solar plexus, that inner "sun" of our being, is not only the nerve-centre of the whole motor system, including the lungs, and is thus the central organ of movement and breath, but it is also the organ of our emotional life. Not only so, but it is the center of balance of the human skeleton, and from it flow in all directions the beautiful muscle-gradations of torso, limb, hand, and foot.

In the light of these fundamental facts we are prepared to understand



that all natural movement—and only such can be authentic, expressive, beautiful—must be simply pure feeling or “tone” pulsed on the breath through the muscle-gradations and bone-articulations of the body to the last joint of fingers and toes, as light radiates from the sun or ripples from a stone thrown into a pond, or as the grand torso of a wave rears its deep-filled chest and runs forward with uplifted breath to expend itself on the downward exhalation in outflow of streaming limb-line to little finger-and-toe notes of curl and foam upon the beach.

Such is the rhythmic technique, not of the Ballet but of the Body, not as concocted in the conceits of men but as prescribed in our primal constitution by Nature herself.

**B**UT, it may be countered, “art is not nature.” A trite half-truth! Art is simply nature *self-aware*. The great artist is he who has become so completely re-absorbed into nature that she is his mind, he her self-awareness; that which hitherto she has done in grand instinctual strokes she re-achieves in him as conscious expression. He is her voice, her hand, her immemorably adopted son.

Not so is it with the artificer. Teased by nature but not adopted, he schemes to outwit her. His medium is phantasy and his method mere facade. But the true artist is compact of imagination and his method is wholly from within.

From the viewpoint of artifice toe-dancing is quite consistent, for it simply conventionalizes the body into a dead design. But no human emotion can be taken seriously when offered to one's attention by an evidently dis-

tressed person balanced on a distorted foot, supported in difficult positions by the arm of a helpful young man! And although such a dance as Pavlova creates in “The Swan” has both beauty and feeling, it is the personal triumph of a great artist over the distortions of a false technique. It is not dancing at all—if the word is to retain any real meaning—but superlative acrobatics. It is neither human nor organic; and true dancing is both. For what is the dance if it be not the joyous or devout celebration of one's self, the translation of one's individuality into the tonality of movement, the song of one's self in a body set free.

So, at least, the poets have understood the matter. When Shakespeare cried, “My heart dances,” did he announce as emotional experience that which the X-Ray motion-picture camera reveals as physiological fact: that in states of joy the pulsations of the heart and of the blood through its ventricles is a bubbling dance? Was it such a lilt of the spirit as the movements of the heart reflect that Shakespeare sang or was it, perchance, a series of “Greek poses,” the dull eurhythmic beat of foot and hand, or a pirouetting on steel-shod toes? When Tennyson sings, “My blood dances within me,” are we to assume that the sort of thing he had in mind was a smiling side with a Spanish shawl or a solemn promenading with a wreath of roses as though one were looking for a place to put it?

It is Coleridge who has caught and cupped the whole matter in a quatrain:

“One red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so lithe and hanging so high  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

The whole creation is a dance of ecstasy, purposeless and playful in its abandon, ebb and flow, day and night, every movement, immense or minute, canceled out by its successor, that there may not rest anywhere the suspicion of a result, an objective, an ulterior motive. And it is this Spirit of Play which greets us in leaf and wave, in star and stream, which also sweeps the little wild waif of the Bowery into an abandon of rhythm which is pure dance without pattern or purpose, self-sufficient in its joy.

**N**OT only has the modern dance become debased to contortion, pose, and pantomime, or rendered subservient to the petty ends of personal culture and adornment, but efforts are frequently made to force upon it religious or philosophical connotations and to regard it as the means to a highly

delectable pink-and-white spirituality. This, of course, is inevitable. The bastard must needs ape the heir. Pure dance and pure religion have this in common: that they are both “states of being.” They are both pure ecstasy. They are equally akin to vision, and equally alien to cult and credo. In this light it is not surprising that the purest religious feeling could find no form so suitable to its expression, no form so untainted with the muddlings of the mind, as the dance. And thus it comes about that periods of genuine religious inspiration are also periods of inspired dancing. The cultivated Burmese, the Hindus, the primitive Pueblo Indians, and folk of the southern seas alike, dance out their life's love of life, and the Anglo-Saxons, with rigid spine and joyless heart, can only standardize and imitate the spontaneous movements of peoples whose deep intuitions or fresh morning faith they equally scorn.

**S**UPPRESSED desires, of which the dance is a notable instance, always revenge themselves in irrelevancies. Maybe that is why the classical dancing studios have such a literary atmosphere. For the most part, indeed, they are conducted by teachers who have endeavored to make their approach to the dance through the intellect! Regardless of the fact that the solar-plexus was the dance-conductor of the universe long before the brain-mind appeared, these earnest folk, urged by the need of rhythmic self-expression but distrusting their own instincts, seek out some “system,” laboriously study it and bend all their energies to bring the recalcitrant body under the control of mind and will. No more perfect method for the repression of rhythmic feeling could be devised, and thus denied natural outlet it makes a side-exit as a tendency not to dance but to talk about the dance. Such teachers are delightful to listen to, but difficult to watch. They can complete a phrase, but not a movement; and when confronted with the demand, “Tell me, not in words, but in terms of pulsation, in your own rhythm, what it is you mean,” they are nonplussed. But the dance is not an essay. Its medium is not literature. It is pulsation in rhythmic waves of feeling, an inaudible song of the body. Its motivations lie aeons-deep below that purely superficial and derived process called “thinking.” Indeed, unless we have it in us to rest on that raw intelligence whose medium is feeling, and let it assuage the clatter of the conscious mind for awhile, we shall never emerge from phantasy to reality, from personality to presence,





nor dance the dance of ourselves, but with all our conscientious labor we shall merely perform mentally imposed tricks. Yet with these teachers movement begins, not in the breath—but in the brain!

An instance of the reverse method was provided not long ago in the New York Theatre Guild's production of Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." The incidental dances were created first without music, in pure breath-pulsation, by a group of girls who had been made free of their bodily instruments by natural methods. A skilled musician then reproduced these rhythms in melodic form, orchestrating them with the color and tone of the dancer's feeling. The result was a lovely composition which brought the audience into its own rhythm and spirit.—And it is exactly this that the Dance should do.

THE rhythmic technique of the body is the natural foundation of all the arts, technically; as its first-born, the Dance, is the mother of all the arts, historically. It is by rhythm that the poet gives flight to his song, the sculptor life to his clay, the artist significance to his line, the musician form to his feeling. But only in the liberated body of man can it find an immortal moment of complete utterance. Here vision, form, color, line, tone, and melody merge to offer a fleeting but triumphant expression of life in its totality. And out of such moments of supremacy come the related and more permanent transcriptions of pen, chisel, brush, and keyboard. Such is the true order. If a man is a stranger to rhythm in his own body, if he lack this most native access to reality, how shall he utter himself authentically in the rhythms of canvas and clay? For ear-rhythm and eye-rhythm at last must prove orphans cut off from the mother-rhythm of breath and muscle. When artists understand this and approach their special technique through the primal technique of the human body-song, then we may look for a race of lusty and original creators whose work shall bring to life, not ancient Greece, but the modern world.

LET us return to our subject—the child inspired by the hurdy-gurdy. How should it be aided to complete self-expression? Not by imposing artificial rules upon it but in the first case by teaching it how to stand naturally, feet parallel, weight on the balls of the feet, chest lifted high on the breath, shoulders and arms completely relaxed and hanging from the center of the solar plexus, head and neck lifted freely out of the torso,

eye level. The dignity and grace which immediately clothe the most unlikely person who thus stands naturally and simply must be witnessed to be understood. In a child the effect is magical.

Next comes the matter of movement from the appropriate center. Seagulls illustrate this point with beautiful precision. All forward movement proceeds from a point in the middle of the chest above the solar plexus, backward and sideward movement from corresponding points in the spine behind the solar plexus, and just beneath the armpits at the sides of it. If anyone taking the correct position will simply step out as if drawn lightly by an unseen hand at the solar plexus, and will thus pace a measure of his own, it will be found to be immediate beauty.

No particular originality is claimed for the foregoing instructions. They are supposed to be commonplace in the more intelligent schools, although severely honored in the breach because they are too purely natural to consort well with the artificial of the pseudo-dance. But the next point is original and, while simple, is almost impossible to impart in print. It is the whole secret of the natural dance.

If, in the correct position of light suspension, the hands be folded over, and gently pressed against, the solar plexus, one becomes conscious of the rise and fall of the breath in the soft cavity between the ribs, which themselves open and shut with each inhalation and exhalation like the shears of a scissors. True breathing is not

(Continued on page 90)



—Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

# M a r i o

By

By ERIC HOWARD

MARIO was in disgrace. His father had thrust him from the wheel of the launch, his rightful place, and with every glance reminded him of the disaster of the night before. His uncle, Giuseppe, and his older brother, Pietro, were equally scornful, equally intolerant. When they spoke to him, which was seldom, their voices were harsh and commanding. He was no longer their accepted comrade, their welcome co-worker. He had lost caste; he had broken the chief canon of the fisherman's trade.

The slender, dark-eyed boy sat on a pile of nets, his chin cupped in his hand, and gazed across the water. The night was cool and the bay smooth. Looking back towards the city, he saw the lighted hills of San Francisco, growing steadily fainter behind the veil of fog. They had left Fisherman's Wharf half an hour before, and the launch, with two dories in tow, headed now towards the still waters of the Marin shore.

The herring were running, and in the coves the gulls shrieked and the sea-lions snorted over their feast. It was early in the season; herring were not yet so plentiful but that they commanded a good price in the city markets.

Only this morning, after fishing lucklessly all night, they had made a great catch—and, through Mario's negligence, had lost it. It had cost his father and his uncle more than a hundred dollars. It had cost Mario his proud place at the wheel of the launch. It had cost him the companionship, through the long hours of the night when he was alone on the launch while the men spread their nets from the dories, of the mongrel he called Tony. But, greatest of all costs, it had caused tears to flow from the eyes of Bianca.

Bianca was, to Mario, the most wonderful and beautiful of women. She had been his mother, his sister, his playmate. And if his uncle prospered and were lucky, Bianca would become his aunt. She loved Giuseppe, and the handsome, strong young fisherman loved her.

Second only in his affections Mario held his uncle. It was he who had taught the boy to run the engine of the launch, to row a dory, to coil the nets so that they might easily be spread for the shoals of fish. Giuseppe, more than his father or brother, had been his friend and champion. Mario

yearned to repay his kindness, to return the love Bianca had given him.

Instead, he had caused her to weep, and Giuseppe to grow morose and sullen. As he stared over the dark waters, dotted here and there with the riding-lights of other launches from Fisherman's Wharf, his disgrace overwhelmed him.

The launch, after the long night of fishing, had been anchored in a quiet

## CHURCH

YOU may go to church,  
I shall stay home—  
My garden for cathedral,  
The sky for dome.

A bird for chorister,  
Each flower a prayer,  
And a reverent wind  
To bless my hair.

God Himself, preacher;  
There never was man  
Could tell the wonders  
The Master can.

You will hear of Glory  
In sermon and song;  
I shall have Heaven  
All day long.

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

cove, near the shore. Mario and Tony were left on board, while the men worked feverishly to make a catch before they must return to the city. At last their efforts had been rewarded. The nets, spread in a second cove around a jutting point of land, were filled with gleaming fish. Tons of herring! A catch that would fill the pockets of the fishermen, and give Giuseppe money with which to satisfy the avaricious father of Bianca.

BUT Tony, a few moments before, had leaped ashore to do battle with a shaggy, wandering dog of the mainland. Mario had whistled and called and begged him to return to the launch. Tony was not discreet. Smaller than the second dog, he attacked valiantly. Instantly, the fight was on, and presently Tony was forced to realize that he had been unwise. His shaggy antagonist was a formidable foe, with fangs that would have been valued by a wolf. His jaws closed on Tony's throat.

Mario, at the moment, was attempting to separate them and to save Tony by beating the stronger dog with a heavy rope from the launch, an act

which had no perceptible effect upon the animal.

Pietro and Giuseppe, from the other cove, shouted for the launch. It was Mario's duty to obey instantly; delay often meant the loss of a catch. Mario knew that, but Tony was in danger. The larger dog would finish him. Mario looked helplessly from the engine of the launch to the fighting dogs. Pietro called again, imperatively. His father's deeper voice commanded him to hurry.

But Tony was helpless! Mario seized the heavy rope, leaped overboard into the shallow water and plunged to shore. Standing over the dogs, he struck again and again, with all his strength. The shaggy brute clung to Tony. Mario seized a heavy piece of driftwood and brought it down upon the dog's head. That brought a groan from the animal, and Tony was released. He darted, ingloriously, for the launch; and Mario followed him.

By the time he had started the engine and had reached the cove, the men were standing, cursing, on the beach, their almost empty nets drawn up around them. The catch was lost, and Mario was in disgrace. His father's heavy hand caught him on the cheek, even before he attempted an explanation. The nets were gathered in, Pietro took Mario's place at the wheel, and they started for home, empty-handed, their night's labor lost.

Tony would never again board the launch. That was his father's last word. As for Mario himself, he was worthless, no account, not to be trusted.

At Fisherman's Wharf they had seen fortunate Joe Lucchesi, tons of herring in his launch. Bianca was there with her father, and Lucchesi grinned proudly as he pointed out the size of his catch to the greedy old man. Giuseppe swore, and Bianca, looking hopefully towards their boat, grew suddenly sad. Her father nudged her, and remarked, as he had often done before, that Lucchesi was the better man.

Then Mario fully realized what he had done. If Bianca, his beloved kindly Bianca, was to be saved from the hateful, ugly Lucchesi, Giuseppe must lay many coins in her father's itching palm. Bianca had chosen, in no uncertain way, but her father's command would be final. Had he not fed her and sheltered her for the eighteen years of her life? Was he, then, not to be paid?



Bianca had silently wept, but to Mario her tear-stained eyes and cheeks were more reproachful than his father's heavy hand, than many violent words. He had brought this unhappiness upon her, whom he loved, and upon Giuseppe, who was his idol.

He had proudly boasted of his manhood among the boys of the wharf. He could no longer boast, for he had proved himself unworthy. Now his father suffered his presence aboard the launch only because someone must remain there while the men, rowing about, torches lit, scanned the water for the shoals of herring. Useless as he was, Mario went along, for his father could not afford another helper.

The launch had reached their favorite cove. The dark, steep shore rose before them. Pietro stopped the engine, and Giuseppe let down the anchor. The men wore rubber hip boots and wool shirts of vivid plaids. His father's great shoulder muscles bulged beneath the heavy shirt. Pietro, scarcely taller than Mario, was almost as strong as their father. Giuseppe, tall and slender, was equally strong.

"When I call, you come!" said his father, as he went over the side and clambered into a dory.

Pietro and Giuseppe took the other boat, and rowed out into the bay. He saw the bright torch that Pietro held as he leaned over the side. His father, rowing without a torch, made for the deeper water, where, from time to time, sea-lions tossed a shower of herring into the air as they leaped upon their prey.

From the distance another launch was approaching. As it neared the cove, the sound of its engine and the loud laughter of a man convinced Mario that it was Joe Lucchesi's.

He hated the man, had always hated him, for his proprietary air towards Bianca, for his swaggering, boastful manner, for his prodigious luck—which, rumor had it, was often theft.

Lucchesi's launch came to a stop some hundred yards from the other. Mario saw the big man and his crew or three prepare their nets for use. Ordinarily, Lucchesi fished elsewhere. He had come here for a purpose. What that purpose was Mario did not know, but that it was evil he had no doubt.

His father shouted, and the second dory approached him. Now they would spread the large net, stretching it across the mouth of the cove, with a dory made fast at either end, and wait until thousands of fish had blindly lost themselves in its meshes. This was their method when the herring were running well. Before many hours had passed the net would be filled.

But, Mario thought, Lucchesi had come to make trouble. He was notorious as a fighter among a violent race. He had sworn that Giuseppe should not win Bianca. Mario shook his head. Trouble would come, before morning.

He was surprised that it did not come at once. Lucchesi, observing that his father had hastily spread the net at the best places, he thought would offer fight. Instead, he saw now that Lucchesi had started his launch and was heading for other fishing grounds. Such a seeming surrender puzzled the boy; it was not like Lucchesi, though the latter might well fear Giuseppe and his father.

Their work done for the present, the men waded back through the shallow water and along the beach to a point opposite the launch. It was cooler now, with a brisk wind sweeping down from San Pablo bay. In the launch's cabin Mario had lit the oil stove, on which a kettle of soup simmered. Now he got out cheese and two long loaves of bread, which he cut in great chunks. With several bottles of sour red wine, the food would make the hours pass more swiftly.

Giuseppe kindled a fire on the beach and flung himself on the sand, staring motionless into the flames. Mario knew he was thinking of Bianca.

FROM time to time as the hours passed, Mario's father or Pietro would wade out to inspect the net. It was gradually filling, but as yet no satisfactory amount had been caught.

Mario heard his father say, between great gulps of steaming soup, that if they were lucky they would make two catches tonight, spreading the nets again as soon as they had brought in the first. Then, the fisherman promised, Giuseppe should have every cent of the money. That, surely, would be enough for that old pig, Bianca's father. They would laugh Lucchesi to scorn, by the body of Bacchus, they would!

Other fishermen were at work, farther up the shore. Their voices rang out across the stillness. Mario's father, aroused to curiosity, wondered aloud if they were having better luck. Presently, having urged Pietro and Giuseppe to go with him, the men climbed up over the bluff and descended on the other side. Mario was left alone in the launch, standing by the net.

His father had assured him that they would soon return, but in the distance he heard the excited voices of fishermen who have made a great catch.

Half an hour passed, and the men did not return. Beyond the net Mario saw the sea-lions at play; they were driving the fish into the net. This would be a catch, after all!

He decided that it was time to inspect the net. He wished his father and uncle would come back. Their negligence, not his, would lose them this catch, if they did not hurry. He called, once, at the top of his voice, but no answer came.

As he started over the side of the launch, he heard the put-put of another engine. It was Lucchesi's, and it was entering the cove!

To find a net full of fish, unguarded, unwatched, except by a thirteen-year-old boy—that was the sort of situation that had made Joe Lucchesi seem lucky.

The invading launch stopped at the farther dory. Lucchesi laughed as he caught up the lines of the net and cast the dory adrift. Then Mario knew what he intended. That was why he had so calmly left them to fish alone in this cove—he had planned to return, after they had done the work, and to steal their catch! Now, seeing him alone, Lucchesi had seized the opportunity.

Mario cried out a warning to the invader and a call for help to his father and Giuseppe. In the distance he could hear the voices of the other fishermen, raised in song now as they drew in their nets. His father, ever interested in the doings of others, would be shouting encouragement to the others and helping them with the nets, while his own demanded his attention. Mario called again, but neither his father nor Giuseppe responded. Pietro, he knew, would be with his father, lending his strength to the other men's nets.

Lucchesi was a big man, as tall as Giuseppe, as broad as Mario's father. There were three others with him. Mario, strong for his years, was no match for them.

They had started their launch again, and were preparing to draw in his father's net. The catch was a great one, worth perhaps two hundred dollars—enough for Giuseppe to lay in the palm of Bianca's father.

Mario was in despair. Last night he had failed them, to save his dog; now he must not fail them. He must act, and at once, to prevent this shameful theft. All of his complex hatred of Lucchesi surged up in him.

He sprang to his own engine, started it, and took the wheel. Lucchesi would see that he was no coward. The launch sped forward, its whistle shrieking



# The Custom of the Country

WHEN Ivan was knocked over the rail of the brig *Elizaveta* by the swing of the main boom he was too surprised to cry out. When he came to the surface it was too late to do so with any hope of success, for then he remembered that he alone had been on deck, save for deaf, stupid old Stepan, and that when Stepan was at the helm he never looked anywhere except dead ahead. So the brig sailed away into the western horizon leaving a shaggy head bobbing in her wake.

It was a sorry outlook for the derelict. In the whole North Pacific ocean, so far as he knew, there was not another vessel of any description except possibly some native *bidarka*.

Ivan remembered with regret that he should not have been aft. He had unconsciously worked his way there while looking at a little island to the starboard, lying, perhaps, a mile off the brig's course. In the Russian's slow brain was a memory of that lonely rock; associated with this memory was a dull pain in his breast. At the moment the island offered him his only chance for life. He turned reluctantly when he saw his ship forsake him and swam toward it.

In spite of the distance, the chill of the water and the weight of his clothing, he eventually reached the shore, though he must have succumbed had not an almost impossible circumstance intervened—the one chance in a million. His course toward the land intercepted the drift of a piece of floating wood, the only flotsam, perhaps, that could have assisted him anywhere in the hundred square miles of ocean that was all about. Its support undoubtedly saved the sailor's life for the time being. Circumstance and coincidence, without the Russian's knowledge, were conspiring to weave for him a more dramatic fate.

The swimmer drew himself from the water and lay panting on a bit of sand just out of reach of the surf. With seaweed clinging in green embroidered fringes to his shaggy hair, beard and garments, and with the sea water running from him in streams as he emerged from the waves, an observer might have looked off into the tenantless sea and thought that here at last was Neptune come to call his subjects and sit in state over their deliberations. But as the Russian was only a common and ordinary mortal his godlikeness dropped from him as he fell exhausted and unconscious and lay moaning in his distress.

By

EDWARD HARPER THOMAS

It was a long time before he stirred, but finally he sat up, blinked wearily at the sun, stretched first one cramped leg and then the other, lay down again, this time face up; and at last, uttering many strange sounds and words, he got painfully upon his feet and looked around.

THIS was the place! He recalled it perfectly. The Tlingit girl he coveted had lived here. Then came the day when he and his free-booting comrades descended upon the village. The old and helpless had been slain, but the girls and young women had been carried away for wives. All of the others were slaves of the *promyshleniki* in the Russian villages, working for them while the fierce hunters took their toll of furs from the country.

But the Tlingit girl had been very unhappy. Endlessly she cried for her island home and for Si, her baby sister. In his dumb way Ivan had tried to win her, but she had resisted. She had never smiled on him. It was different with the other women of the tribe. They accepted the inevitable, became the wives of the wild Russian fur hunters, and the mothers of the children of the *promyshleniki*. Ivan had named this Tlingit girl Olga, but not even that favor softened her. She remained unyielding and unsmiling, looking at him, when she did condescend to give him a glance, with eyes that were hard and bitter.

Then came the day when she had tried to run away. She started alone in a small canoe and was almost out of sight, far toward the northwest, when he took up the chase. He saw her paddling a straight course to the island below the horizon, trying to reach little Si who had been lost in the excitement of the raid and left behind. There was a comrade with him so the race was unequal, for it was two paddles and four arms against the girl's one paddle and weaker arms.

Realizing that she could not reach her goal before her captors overtook her, the Tlingit girl deliberately capsized her frail craft and sank from sight!

It was then Ivan's dull brain comprehended something of the hurt he had given her. He was thinking of this chase as he stood at the rail of the *Elizaveta* that morning. The ship was on her way to Kamchatka and

Ivan was returning to that Russian base on the Pacific when a swing of the main boom as the mainsail bellied to a sudden gust of wind had swept him overboard and left him to drift to a strange doom in these wild seas.

The soft sand and the sun warmed the sailor's body until the chill was gone from him and he arose. At first he swayed unsteadily upon his feet, but after a time his head ceased to swim and he began to walk haltingly along the beach. The *Elizaveta* had long since dropped below the horizon. He was alone upon a solitary rock in the midst of a sunlit sea.

The tragedy of the destruction he had wrought there did not weigh upon him as it had upon the victims. He and his comrades had only followed the custom of the country. The tribes around about, from time immemorial, had descended upon each other and had carried whole villages away into slavery. The Tlingits, the Kwakiutl and the Salish all had the practice in common.

The Russians followed this custom, save that the natives made slaves and cut off heads only among their enemies, while the Russians raided all alike, knowing no friends and no enemies. They were impartial in supplying their wants, and if there was any cruelty about it they were entirely too absorbed in their own wild, free lives in this new world to give a thought to the sufferings inflicted by their raids upon helpless villages. They wanted wives, workers and hunters. They found them at hand huddled in villages, and took them as they found and needed them. This warfare could not go on without occasional reprisals. Most of these reprisals were severely punished by the uncompromising Russian government officials under whom the fur trading posts in Russian America were autocratically ruled.

There were, however, isolated cases like this of Ivan, in which deepest mystery shrouded the fate of the victim.

The morning of the Russian's arrival on the island the solitary figure of a girl sat huddled on the beach watching a sail disappear in the far western horizon. To her untutored eyes it was a strange and fearful sight, but it fascinated her and she dared not leave until it was lost to view.

At first, as it approached out of the northeast and hauled up toward the shore on which she sat, she was greatly



alarmed. Then she saw that it would pass by at a safe distance. So she had remained to watch it slip out of sight into the unknown west where the sun sets.

All at once her heart tightened with fear and she carefully crawled backward until she could hide behind a bush. There was something approaching through the water, swimming with great effort and many strange sounds.

When Ivan drew himself up on the sand beyond the surf and lay panting in exhaustion her black eyes were regarding him fearfully. He apparently came mysteriously from the strange, huge ship which had passed her by.

Once, long before, monsters like this with beards and strange uncouth clothes invaded her home with wild shouts and spears that spouted fire and death. When they left with the men and women, among them her own father and sister, who had survived the attack, she had crawled from her hiding place, and sitting in the ashes of her home mourned the dead left behind.

A boy found her there, dirt-smearred and forlorn. He came haltingly and fearful to her as she sat in the smoking embers of the little village and cried in her terror over the motionless, bleeding bodies of her dead. He, too, was all alone, but he was older and braver; besides he was one day farther removed from his own tragedy.

She had never seen this boy before, because his home was on a neighboring island which had been sacked twenty-four hours previously by the same band of ruthless destroyers. By some chance they had bound him insecurely, and in the excitement of the second attack he had escaped from the canoes of the *promyshleniki* and fled to the scant woods. In the hurry of their departure he had not been missed.

So he crept to the side of his little companion in misery, took her hand in his and thus they clung to each other until her grief and fright had passed.

"What is your name?" he asked gently.

She looked at him in bewilderment and shook her head.

"My father called me *Yit*" (son), he urged. "What did they call you?"

"*Si*," and she smiled, for *Si* is daughter.

He was silent for a long time thinking while she occasionally looked shyly into his face.

"But I can't be *Yit* to you nor you *Si* to me," he said slowly and in de-

liberation, "for I am not your son and you are not my daughter." Childlike they smiled at this thought.

HE LOOKED at her grass garment. It was covered with the ashes in which she sat.

"I will call you Ashes," he said gravely, "because it was in the ashes of your home that I found you."

She reached up her hand slowly and let it rest on his shoulder.

#### I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SEA

BUSSES hurry up and down  
Past the doorway where I sew,  
Swiftly back and forth they go  
On their way to Newport town.

Watch your stitches, bow your head;  
*How loud do tall breakers roar?*  
*How high does a sea-gull soar?*  
Find your scissors, clip your thread.

Restless hands the needles ply.  
*Does the fog sink in at dark?*  
*Do the fog-horns whistle?—Hark!*  
There, another bus goes by.

While I'm sewing futilely  
Back and forth to Newport town  
Busses hasten up and down—  
*I have never seen the sea.*

—Irma Grace Blackburn

"Hunxo," she whispered; and the boy was glad, for she had called him "my elder brother."

It was thus they began their lives together. Years passed and they held lone and undisputed possession of their solitary rock. In a cliff behind the site of the burned village was a cave, the tribal storehouse for generations. It had been filled with food for all the people just before the massacre and raid, and this had not been found by the *promyshleniki*, so it had been unmolested. This gave the two a supply of provisions which would last them for a long time to come.

Five years they lived here, Hunxo growing strong and supple; and Ashes lithe and beautiful. It was a life as simple as that of Adam and Eve before the tragedy of the Garden.

A canoe hidden in a concealed cove at the mouth of the little creek had escaped destruction, and one day in their wanderings they found it. They talked often of venturing on a journey in it, but fear of lurking enemies had always restrained them from going far from the shores of their little island. It did enable them, however, to bait fowls and fish the reefs for fresh food supplies.

Then one day came the blackest tragedy of all. At the beginning of the summer now waning, a roving Haidah war canoe had come upon

Hunxo alone as he lay off shore in his little craft. It shot suddenly around the point between the young man and the beach, forcing him to flee seaward where they easily overtook him, snatched him from his canoe and carried him off into the south and into slavery.

From the hilltop Ashes was a terrified witness of Hunxo's capture. All day and into the night she wailed and wept.

For weeks thereafter she crept to the beach, secreted herself behind some bush and stared for hours into the far off southern rim of the world. Hunxo must come back from that horizon into which he had been carried by the Haidah banditti. That much, both her intelligence and her instinct, told her. She was there when the *Elizaveta* sailed by, and was still there when Ivan the Russian, dragged his spent body from the sea.

She wanted Hunxo. He meant safety to her, but instead a new danger came up out of the deep, a monster, a hairy creature of the tribe that had murdered and carried away her people, desolated her village and left her sitting in the ruins. Her memory went back shuddering to that massacre five summers before.

Knowing nothing of the girl's presence on the island Ivan after a time began to explore it. For three or four hours he wandered about. All he had found to eat were a few tasteless mussels, which he had swallowed without relish. Twice he encircled the islet and found no sign of a habitation. He was tired and low spirited at the last; for food, fire and shelter he must have if he was to survive.

This was the season of long days in the north. Between daylight and twilight was a long period of sunshine, while from darkness to daylight there was only a narrow span of night. Later this would be reversed. Provision must be made to live through the winter.

So Ivan was confronted with the most primitive of all situations—the need for the bare necessities of existence. He might as well have been the first man on earth, for he was the only human being apparently on his little world. If he lived on here he must conquer Nature, and Nature had not been lavish on this little domain. Ivan did not think thoughts in such terms. He merely felt that he must do something and did not know what it was to be.

The afternoon sun was still high and there were hours of daylight left, so he wandered now toward the interior



of the island. He recalled that it had been there, somewhere, he and his companions had fallen upon the little tribe of Tlingits—just a half dozen families. It was for this spot Olga had headed when his pursuit caused her to drown herself.

He had not gone far from the beach when his feet took up an old unused but still well marked and beaten pathway. Generations of other feet had trodden it until it was almost as smooth and hard as pavement. It wound indifferently about from one point or pinnacle of rock to another, between clumps of wind-twisted and stunted trees, over a patch of heather, now blue with blossoms, up a declivity, and then straight toward a narrow gap between two rock walls. It was an ancient road, so deeply cut by travel that not even five years of disuse had done anything toward obliterating it.

Beyond the gap and the rock walls was an amphitheater, a little clearing set round by natural ramparts. Within the outer circle of rock was an inner circle of totem poles, the carved history of the generations of Tlingits who once lived here. And in the very center were the grewsome remains of the one-time village, still black and charred, grim and silent reminders of that tragedy in which Ivan had had so prominent a part.

Russian that he was, he had not trapped and hunted in Russian America for a dozen years without seeing similar sights; but never before had one of these scenes moved or stirred him. Now the dull hurt in Ivan's breast made itself felt. This was what he had done to Olga's people; because of this she had died. He mumbled something throatily into his beard and passed on. Then he turned about and began to search the blackened ground. He might find a weapon, a copper knife or a spearhead, some useful thing. But he searched in vain.

Beating about the edge of the totem circle Ivan eventually found another trail, hard, compact, deeply cut like the first. This led directly toward the farthest point in the rock wall from which a huge shoulder jutted out, apparently obstructing his path; but when he reached it the trail turned sharply about this point and entered a hole in the otherwise solid rock. Ivan found himself in a cave of unknown depth and dimensions.

At first, in the gloom, he could see nothing, but gradually his eyes, blinking from the sunshine in which he had wandered so long, grew accustomed to the twilight, and he saw that the place was dry and safe from the elements.

There was a pile of furs and a huge quantity of smoked salmon, still perfectly preserved for his future food requirements. Breaking off a thick piece from the back of a king salmon he fed himself greedily. When he had eaten his fill he stretched himself upon the pile of soft furs and at once fell into a deep sleep.

He slept through the remainder of the day and the succeeding night. When he awoke the sun, hours high, was shining into the cavern lighting it. He saw that it had been the storehouse of the tribe, but so pure was

#### THE FINGER

**H**N OLD man stood before the window of a restaurant,  
The sunlight made a silver nimbus of his hair;  
Savory fragrances were wafted through the swinging doors,  
As his finger slowly traced the bill-of-fare.

Appraisingly, he spelled each potent word,  
Anticipation in his faded eyes;  
Then turned away as if for him  
There was no sesame to Paradise.

A bit of flotsam in the noon-hour tide,  
Drifting on with the uncertain step of age;  
But, oh, that finger, fragile, pale,  
Resting on the menu's page.

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

the air within the cave that food stored away five years before was still in perfect condition, better if anything than fresh-smoked fish. He ate again and then went once more to the beach to spend the day encircling the shore and scanning the horizon.

Ivan went to sleep the next night just as the sun was sinking away over in the northwest. The moon was already gloriously full in the east. After a couple of hours he awoke suddenly. It was as if some one had touched him and instantly faded into the darkness of the cave's recesses. He sat up shivering and trembling. The moon, now high and brilliant, flooded the entrance of the cavern. Behind him the darkness seemed to Ivan to be peopled with weird shapes and to be filled with sobbing sighs. The sweat rolled from his face in drops like rain. Dumb with fright he rushed from his retreat to seek safety in the flooding moonlight without. He did not stop until his mad flight had carried him to the beach. There he cowered in fear as he scanned the shadows inland for some sign of pursuit. But there was none.

Just as he was recovering his courage his glances strayed down the beach

toward a cove and along a rocky point that thrust itself out into the sea. And as he looked a shape floated out from the bushes and stood upon the sand. Then from it fell a robe of fur and a nude girl was revealed.

"The ghost of Olga," he gasped. "It was that which awakened me!"

Overcome by his superstitious fear Ivan swooned. When he recovered consciousness the moon had paled, the east was aglow with the light of the coming sun and the ghost had gone.

He waited until the sun had risen, and then, grown bold, he walked along the shore until he came to the place where the vision had appeared. In the wet sand he saw the prints of a girl's feet. Ivan stopped short and caught his breath. This was no ghost. There was another human being on the island, a woman! She would be his woman and keep him company. Together they would live here and make this rock their home. In that instant the world brightened and to Ivan his fate seemed less cruel.

But who was this unknown, and where was she hiding? None had been left behind. He had seen Olga die miles from these shores. Little sister Si was only an infant, according to his limited understanding of the meager tale Olga had been heard to relate. In using the baby's name, too, Olga had invariably added the diminutive *K*, which of itself would indicate the extreme infancy of the lost child. So this could not be *Si*. It was a woman or a grown up girl. How had she come here and from where? Ivan was mystified. He determined to solve the mystery, and at once began a search for the stranger's hiding place.

While Ivan lay in his swoon the girl had bathed in the sea, looked longingly into the southern horizon and then had sought the hiding place where she had sequestered herself the morning the hairy monster of her dreams had appeared and so alarmed her. This retreat was one she and Hunxo had found and held for any emergency that might arise. It was close to the cave; but Ivan had found the tribe's ancient storehouse, and this had cut off Ashes' food supply.

Her visits to the beach had also been made impossible, except when she knew the invader slept. On this, the second night of his presence on her little island, she had gone in the moonlight and he had seen her!

After returning to her tiny haven in a rock chimney overlooking the site of the former village, the entrance to it and to the cave as well, and of all the sea to the south, the point and the

(Continued on page 95)



# The Flea-Bitten Grey

By FREEDOM S. DAVIS

**L**YING in the Southwest corner of Utah, outside the rim of the Basin, is the country that the Mormons call "Dixie". That part of it lying between the Kaibab mountains and the Virgin River, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River and the Vermilion Bluffs, is approximately 150 by 100 miles. It is really a desert, for the only available water lies in a few springs in the Bluffs, and these far between. This desert extends on the east side of the Kaibab mountains clear to Lee's Ferry at the mouth of Pahreah River, where it is about the same size and with the same characteristics.

It's a queer land, a dry land of phantasy where the streams that rise in the Vermilion cliffs cut deeper and deeper until when they reach the Grand Canyon they come in on its level.

The region included in the country which the Mormons call "Dixie" is considered by dwellers in better watered districts to be a wasteland, but this is a mistake for there is no waste land anywhere.

Birthplace of the winds, purifier of the atmosphere, the great sanitarium for over-worked nerves, the common meeting ground of earth and heaven, it is the home of many wild things; some of them feared and reviled by mankind, but each having a place in Nature's economics.

This district, larger than some states, in the 70's was infested by a band of wild horses, cursed by all the ranchers bordering the desert, for the lure of the wild, free life is always a temptation to the ranch horses to escape from their slavery. One band was led by a stallion that was a perfect example of equine beauty. From tossing mane to flowing tail, from pointed ears to wiry hoofs, he was dynamically alive. Aphrodite never showed lovelier contours than this desert king, with his broad chest, even body and tapering legs.

An appeal from the ranchers, who had lost many horses, to the cowboys at the close of the roundup, brought a response from three footloose *vaqueros*, who thought that if they could capture the leader the easy dispersal of the band would follow.

**A**WILD horse is the shyest of all wild animals, and a horse that has suffered man's tyranny and escaped to a wild bunch is the shyest and most suspicious of any. This stallion was cunning beyond belief. He seemed to have an uncanny intuition

of perilous places, always scouting ahead when approaching a desert waterhole before letting any of the less fleet of foot approach. At the first sight or sound, at the least scent of the unusual, he drove them all away and scattered them so it was impossible to bunch them again for driving.

Time and again the best riders and ropers of Pipe Spring desert had tried

## PORTRAIT OF A POET

**L**OUD utterance cannot say as much as you do  
Without raising your voice.  
But is that strange?  
Faith is soft-spoken,  
Hope sounds not a trumpet,  
Nature—  
How silently she says the big things?  
And has not Love the gentlest voice of all?

—Charles Wharton Stork.

to get within roping distance of the stallion. As frequently, even with the best of horses and most cunning plans, they were made a mockery, for the stallion outraced, outwitted and outclassed them.

One morning, early, three riders found the stallion exploring, with several mares, a small box canyon where were sometimes pools of water after the infrequent rains. Two of the boys took post on opposite sides of the canyon, while the third waited behind a big boulder on the level ground at the mouth. This man was accounted one of the best long-rope throwers in Southern Utah and Northern Arizona. He was mounted on the best cow horse in that section, "Old Bally," who had never been beaten in a race.

At the first alarm the bunch came tearing down the creek bed, whirling past the two waiting boys. Each rider in turn swung their ropes for the leader—and missed.

As the bunch drew near the last watcher the stallion was far in the lead of all except one old white mare, who was racing with her head close to his flank. And they were traveling! The boys afterward declared that "that there stud an' ol' mare traveled so fast they set th' grass afire, an' th' smoke got in our eyes so's we couldn't see what we was ropin' at." And that wasn't much of an exaggeration, for

the pair were "smoking" the trail as they came.

The waiting *vaquero* on Old Bally shot out from behind the boulder and snapped his rope at the stallion's head. The ground was level, Old Bally had placed him near enough, and the noose opened out just where the stallion's head should have entered the loop. Just as it seemed certain that the loop must settle about his head, he cunningly dropped his nose almost to the ground and the rope struck his neck, slid along his back until that hammer-headed, misborn, miserable flea-bitten old mare shoved her ugly head squarely into it!

Snubbing the rope around the horn of the saddle and bracing Bally against the shock, the cowboy used language that may have classic and Biblical authority but will not be repeated here. The mare brought up at the end of the rope with a chug that nearly broke her neck, and flopped her heavily on her side. The cowboy didn't want that homely old animal, but neither did he propose to lose a good rawhide riata, and so the merry war began.

Coming to her feet with eyes blazing, teeth snapping and ears flat to her head, the mare charged straight at her captor, squealing with rage. Could she have taken a long run on the rope she might have broken it and won loose. Balked in this, she attacked with teeth and forefeet, but the rider fended her off until his comrades rode up and, roping her forefeet, threw her.

"Now," said the unhappy captor, "We'll have it out." Getting off Bally, he cinched the saddle on the mare and climbed into it.

If there were any tricks of bucking that grey mare did not know, they were tricks which have never been invented. She tried every trick known to the range, but without success, and finally gave up, sullenly allowing herself to be guided at the rider's will. And so began the record of as remarkable a mare as ever was recorded from the Pahreah to the Pecos.

She was mean, homely, tricky and ornery beyond belief; but she was swift, tireless and unkillable. Her reputation for wildness became notorious, and yet she was as tireless and swift a piece of horseflesh as ever came on the range. She won every long distance race she was entered in. No day's work was so strenuous but what its close found her ready to buck and fight on the least excuse. She was at once the terror and pride of the re-



muda, for woe betide any indiscreet horse that strayed beyond certain limits; he was chased back by a snapping, kicking, striking whirlwind that chastened them all impartially.

Very early some irreverent scamp named her the "Hellion," and by that name she was known and cursed throughout range-land. She surely tried to deserve the name, and eventually came to recognize it. She also seemed to form a sneaking liking for her captor, following him sometimes and never refusing to exert herself when called upon. The first race she was entered in she was disbarred for running up on the leader and either trying to drag the rider out of his saddle or to eat his horse.

She was a terror to any stranger coming near her, but one day in Provo the owner saw a melancholy Mormon looking pensively at the mare. When the owner came up he asked mournfully if that was his horse. Answered affirmatively, he inquired where her owner got her, and on being told sighed and said, "I owned that misbegotten mare once, an' she run away two year ago. Ef y' don't believe it feel on her left shoulder an' you'll find a two-bit piece under the skin thet we put in there when she was threatened with sweeny. I wasted a good silver two-bit piece on thet'a critter, an' she never was wuth it."

Sure enough, the quarter could be felt under the skin on the left shoulder and so the cowboy pulled out of his pocket a quarter of a dollar which he gave the Mormon, demanding and receiving a bill of sale in exchange. The original owner later volunteered the information that the mare had been considerable expense to him in the matter of broken harness, agricultural implements and personal injuries, and he was glad to be rid of her; this last after he had helped demolish a good supply of "valley tan", as the home brew of those days was called.

THAT fall the roundup circled through the Sanpete district. One night in the little town of Pokumpoket when a lot of cowboys had drifted in for an earned celebration, a rustler held up Pinky Joe's gambling joint. He did a good job, too; lining up his victims facing the wall, he emptied their pockets of coin, took all their firearms and lethal weapons, and then drove them down through the trapdoor into the cellar.

The hole had no other exit. Bolting the trapdoor above the robbed gamblers, the rustler stuffed the money in his shirt, sauntered leisurely across the street, picked out a pony with a new saddle and swung aboard with a

satisfied sigh. He drove home his spurs and called cheerily "Giddap!"

Who says there isn't an over-ruling Providence who punishes sinners? Be it known that from the whole *caballada* he picked the one horse which he shouldn't have chosen for a getaway—that flea-bitten grey Hellion. With a squeal of joy she welcomed the stranger and "giddapped" with sudden and enthusiastic responsiveness.

Forgotten were the long, cold hours of waiting. Here was a Heaven-sent chance to warm up, and eagerly she seized it. She cat-hopped down to the blacksmith shop. She pitched and churned the miserable rustler clear around the block, and just as the imprisoned gamblers came bursting out of Pinky Joe's place here she came whirling up and, with a final squeal, a buck and hunch sent the demoralized thief spang into Pinky's doorway.

Joyously the gamblers swooped down upon the dazed and half stunned victim of mistaken judgment, and joyfully they cleaned him of his ill-gotten gains. Then they proposed to tie him on Hellion and let them fight it out.

The rustler's pitiful pleading for shooting, hanging, anything but a further ride, might not have prevailed; but here the Hellion's owner took a hand, declaring he'd shoot anyone that tried it.

"I ain't goin' to have," he said, "that hoss's disposition ruined by no damn thief"; which statement, his audience knowing the "disposition" and reputation of the aforesaid "hoss", brought such a burst of laughter that the jasper was tied up and left for the ministrations of the sheriff.

One crisp, cool day that fall on the beef roundup, a little, towheaded, white eyelashed cockney with buttermilk colored eyes drifted into camp and announced to the awe-stricken buckaroos that he was "a 'oss trainer and breaker from the h'old country," of super-excellence and experience. Not in the least modest, he related how " 'e 'ad ridden 'osses h'after the 'ounds, and broken many a bad un." "Man", he said, "they've 'osses as is 'osses there, not like these puny little runts that never know what h'oats is, an' 'aven't strength enough to do anything h'if they wanted to."

It was not long before someone proposed that he tackle the Hellion, and Tommie was willing and anxious to show his horsemanship. So the little flea-bitten mare was caught and blindfolded, Tommie's little pancake saddle with canvas girth put in place. The snaffle bit and bridle of four reins was adjusted, and Tommie in all the glory of whipcord knee-breeches, varnished puttees, and bright spurs came forth

to battle. He had in his hand something that looked like a cross between a child's cane and a hockey stick, with a leather loop on one end. Oh, but he was IT.

He climbed carefully up, adjusted his four bridle reins, settled his feet in the iron stirrups and nodded proudly to the man holding the Hellion's head, "Letta go!"

The blinder was whipped off, the men jumped back, but Tommie sat proudly erect with high-bent knees. The mare was braced and tense, scarcely sensing the situation. Tommie spanked her with the hockey stick, and punched her with his bright, new, shiny spurs. "Git hup!" he said.

The Hellion did, and so suddenly that Tommie lost his hockey stick and two of his reins the first jump. At the second both stirrups flew away from his feet and he clutched the saddle fore and aft with a death grip. The Hellion jumped nimbly in the air, coming down stiff legged. Tommie's eyes rolled out on his cheeks and back again—or so Bert Riggs said—and finally the mare ducked her head between her forefeet and shot her back up with a sudden snap that sent Tommie a-sailin' and a-sailin'. He landed on the back of his neck and shoulders, and for a few moments the boys were afraid he'd broken his neck, but a grunt and a mumbled curse showed the imported horse trainer still alive.

When he had been picked up and dusted off he told the tale of his ride with his astonished blue eyes bugging out in troubled amaze. "Wy," said Tommie, "the dom brute was nothin' like a 'oss. First off 'e stood on 'is 'ead, an' then 'e stood on 'is 'eels, an' then 'e 'umped 'is back like 'e was sick at the stummick an' wanted to throw h'up a bit; an' then 'e comes down with one o' them dirty shakes as loosens your teeth an' makes your brains rattle. Then 'e 'umps 'is back agine, an' hoff h'I flies."

Answering an inquiry from one of the boys, Tommie replied: "Wot did h'I come daown so soon for? Huh!" pointing his finger skywards—"Say, d'ye see anythink h'up there for me to 'old onto?"

After the roundup a lot of the boys took a bunch of beeves to Provo for shipment to market, and a half dozen with a good string of ponies took a pasear down through the Goshen country to see what the outlook was there for beef cattle. From Goshen they trailed down toward Lee's Ferry on the Colorado at the mouth of the Pahreah.

The way led near the borders of the Chivi-Ute country around the Four

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# A Product of Our Rocky Coasts

**H**IDDEN away under the surf-beaten rocks or in their crevices, along California's outer coasts, where the waves are free from all mud or loose sand, and where kelp and other sea-weed furnish food, lives the abalone, one of the most interesting of the mollusks. Those large, ear-shaped shells, of exquisite mother-of-pearl, gleaming with every rainbow tint, that are everywhere displayed in California curio-stores, have been no fairy castles but these humble creatures' dwellings.

The name, "Abalone," is a local one, being applied to that specie of *Haliotis*, found on California's coast. In Japanese waters another species is known as the "Awabi." Other species are known as "Ear-shell," "Aurora-shell," "Rainbow-shell," and the scientific name translated becomes, "Sea-Ears." There are smaller species found in European waters, Indian Ocean, Africa and Australia but the red abalone of California is the largest and best known.

Long have members of the human family been interested in these dwellers of the rocky coasts, for they are one of the most delicious of sea foods. The abalone was used for food by the European aborigines, also by Pacific coast Indians and by Chinese and Japanese, but only the last few years have they been greatly prized by white peoples, and so popular have they become, that when rightly prepared, they are considered the "very pitch of delicacy."

Long before the Californian, busy with his struggle with the west, knew or cared to protect the abalone, the Japanese established tiny fishing camps and took these mollusks from the water in such enormous quantities that there was danger of their extermination. These fishermen dried the abalone and shipped the product to China. An average catch of eight fishermen (a diver crew) was twenty-three hundred per day. One such camp in Mendocino County was operating a long time, before someone, not too occupied with personal affairs to ignore the danger, began to agitate the protection of this valuable sea-food. The supervisors of that county declared it illegal to capture abalones for market, without paying a license of \$100 per quarter. The Japanese protested this and the license was reduced but folks had waked up.

Now, the laws of California amply protect the abalone. There is a size limit law which allows the abalone to

By  
**EMMA CARBUTT RICHEY**

pass through two or three breeding seasons before it reaches the required size. Another law prohibits shipping abalones from the state either fresh or canned and the drying of abalones is now taboo here. Also the raw shells cannot be shipped out of the state. This makes the abalone industry dis-

general, have an excellent sport reserved for them—that of prying off the abalone, at the extremely low tides which come a dozen times a year.

The red abalone is found a little above extreme low tide line, while the black and the green, smaller species of the California coast, are nearer the shore.

Abalone steak is quite the choicest protein dish that California has to offer. To get this on the market in prime condition, requires quick, efficient work by several workers. At the wharf in Monterey, they are prepared on a large scale. To remove the abalone from the shell, it is stood on edge, on the large end and a sharp iron or chisel pushed under the thin edge, next to the shell. The shell is raised and thumped, not too hard, and the chisel thus cuts through the muscle attached to the shell. The creature is then dexterously turned over and thumped on the table on its thin edge. The edible part, the great central muscle, falls forward out of the shell, leaving the entrails in the shell. This is quickly and easily done and much less offensive than dressing a chicken.

These solid muscles are passed on to other workers who with sharp knives trim off the edges so that only a white block of muscle remains. The abalone seems absolutely free of any fat or oil.

They are then passed on to the slicing machines which slice them into large, flat steaks about one-fourth inch thick. Workers, with wooden mallets, with a few deft strokes now pound the steak until the muscle is relaxed but not broken. These are then packed into boxes and speedily shipped to San Francisco.

Here is where the sportsman, who gathers his own, has the advantage, for he can immediately roll his in flour and fry them in a pan as he would pork chops, for the fresher they are the better.

The secret of having tender abalone (that will cut with a fork) is to dress as quickly after taking from the water as possible, and pound with a flat mallet, immediately after slicing, with the accent on immediately. The muscle can also be pounded whole and pot-roasted as beef or veal, or it can be pounded and minced for chowder.

It is easily canned for home use by cold-pack method and hours of cooking *cannot* make tough abalone if it has been pounded as soon as dressed.

(Continued on page 94)

## THE TELLER

**H**E COUNTS the silver stream as it pours through:  
Dimes, nickels, dollars, all the tinkling stores

That many hands have gathered from far shores,

Shekels from Bagdad, coins from Timbukti—

His wicket gate an archway looking to A stone-girt channel where a river roars . . .

Then, slowly, this dissolves, and on him pours

A wealth of sun across a stream he knew.

The bars of his stout cage become tall trees,

The human stream becomes the mighty flow

Of a great river where he used to go And count the silver coins thrown by the breeze

Across its surface—streams that once have gone

How can they ever find again the dawn!

—Howard McKinley Corning.

tinctly Californian, for with the exception of Mexico, California has the only abalone of commercial value.

**F**OR commercial purposes, the abalones are taken from the rocks of the ocean's bed by divers. A crew (usually Japanese, who are very proficient at this work) goes out in a small boat and a diver using a diving suit and helmet, goes down, and with a short, sharp iron bar, pries the creatures from the rocks to which they cling with wonderful strength. The crew follows the diver's progress and signals, and hoists the net of abalones to the boat. This net is filled in an astonishingly short space of time. The divers work in water up to sixty feet deep.

In some districts abalones cannot be taken for commercial purposes unless twenty feet beyond extreme low-tide line. In other districts they cannot be taken with diving apparatus and in still others it is forbidden to take them at all, for commerce. So the people, in



# A Woman Painter

By  
ELEANOR TAYLOR  
HOUGHTON

**S**TRAWBERRIES, Honey, Hot Dogs!" Motoring to Carmel-by-the-Sea I read this home-painted sign facing the San Francisco road. A student in psychology that rancher! He knows the public's propensity for wanting everything localized.

On arriving in Carmel I discovered this same urge for localization echoed in the art line. Waiting in M. de Neale Morgan's simple studio—where one's horizon is extended in spite of oneself—I marvelled at the varying "wants" of the studio visitors who drifted in during the afternoon. A composite of their interested and sincere preferences would sound something like this:

"What have you today? Do you happen to have a few yards of blue sea, the bluest that comes, striped with pines, bordered with nice pretty sand dunes dotted with colored wild flowers. . . And, Oh, yes, I forgot, a few Old Monterey senioritas with hoop skirts, mantillas, guitars, all that sort of Spanish thing, dancing in front of the Stevenson House with Point Lobos—its spray dashing high, fog very dense—for background. Yes, all on one canvas, please!"

I thought to myself that it could be no easy matter for a Carmel artist to please studio visitors. I caught Miss Morgan's kindly eye. She smiled good-humoredly. She knew how it was. Considered individually all these preferences were reasonable enough. Considered in the aggregate they must seem disconcerting to an artist.

But Miss Morgan's choice of subjects covered very nearly all the pref-

erences, although of course not on one canvas. She had studied Carmel from every angle although, I believe, there were no dancing senioritas.

After all the visitors had gone I sat down quietly to look about me. Some household duty had called Miss Morgan away—she is one of the few artists who enjoy the homely service

Much was suggested in a few sweeping strokes of an apparently masculine brush. No puttering with unessentials. The main note was struck, whether of mood, outline or mass and then all the detail which intrigues the merely photographic eye was ignored. Carmel was before me in all her distinctive moods.

**T**HERE was "Sparkling Sea", a one-sitting study sketched quickly in after a December rain. The cliffside was ruddy with its copper autumn

*"Wind  
Swept  
Trees"*

From the  
painting by  
M. De Neale  
Morgan.



involved in every-day family life. My first impression as I looked—my view no longer obstructed by bustling, enthusiastic visitors—at the large virile canvases was one of bigness, space. No painting with small brushes here.

tones. The air of the foreground warmed as the noon sun rose higher and the morning fog was slinking away in the distance. The Monterey cypresses echoed in their crisp blighted under-branches the copper color of the fall earth. I drew a deeper breath. Who said that one has no feeling of the change of seasons in California!

Not far away was "Dunes and Lupin" smothered in soft sea-edge fog fragrant with wild flowers. Mauves, filmy pale green-blues and silver. Dunes towering above you like fairy hills. This was done in opaque water color-tempera—in which medium Miss Morgan always expresses herself most happily.

Then there was the cold Carmel fog among tall, tall pines, the fog that is moist with salt and the smell of pines, fog that distorts yet beautifies as it distorts.

There were sunny summer days with the Pacific radiant in its summer Mediterranean blue under a cloudless, fogless sky. There were rocks warmed by the summer sun, rocks overhanging quiet pools which reflected the rich

*"Stevenson's  
House  
at  
Monterey"*

Painted by  
M. De Neale  
Morgan.





blues, reds, yellows of stained glass.

I entered gardens aglow with hollyhocks and all the flowers that draw their brilliance from soil that lies near the sea, flowers that give broken vistas of the ocean behind their vivid petals. Then there were quiet cloistered gardens flanked with 'dobe walls.

Miss Morgan has great faith in the beauty to be found in still-life painting. Her fall fruits were a delight in color, rich and sturdy in their purples, golds, greens. She has done Oriental still-lives of oblique-eyed figurines from the East, chaste filigree balls and luxurious brocades. And what a sense of surfaces Miss Morgan has!

While I could find rocks with rough wild spray—I said every mood—it was apparent almost at once that Miss Morgan loves nature at rest, composed. She likes to paint the repose of unwindy days—sheltered nooks of coast or cliffside and adobe gardens.

Many, many people paint Carmel each in his or her own way. No one has achieved as much individuality of interpretation as she has. She is preëminently decorative but she never employs the flatness of mere murals. Her canvases have unmistakable depth, perspective. She has chosen technique peculiarly fitted to suggest things just the way she sees them. She is decidedly individualistic. Remy de Gourmont, writing of the Symbolists said, "The work of a writer should be not merely the reflection, but the enlarged reflection of his personality." This is what Miss Morgan succeeds in giving us, the enlarged reflection of her intensely personal impressions. In reaching the symmetry of design latent in her line and mass work she never ignores drawing. When she began her career as a painter she first worked in charcoal drawing casts for two years at the San Francisco Art Institute before touching color.

Miss Morgan is a graduate of the



From the painting by M. De Neale Morgan.  
"OLD CYPRESS"

San Francisco Art Institute, a member of the San Francisco P S Work in Memorial Museum, Del Monte; of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, N. Y.; of the National League of American Pen

Women, Washington; of the West Coast Arts; of the California Water Color Society.

Some months ago Miss Morgan exhibited at the Stanford Art Gallery. There to that gallery an art loving woman wandered. This woman knew all about the sea—every possible color of which it was capable. She had not lived ten years in Hawaii for nothing. On leaving the building she could not resist a word with the patient curator . . . Miss Morgan's one-woman show was a joy. But was Miss Morgan's water quite true? Was it not perhaps an optical illusion—all those tones—something purely subjective?

"Have you ever been to Carmel-by-the-Sea?" asked the curator gently, naively. Well, no she had not.

Two weeks later the same woman returned to the Stanford Art Gallery, to Miss Morgan's exhibition. The curator found her seated appreciatively



"Cypress—  
Seventeen  
Mile  
Drive."

Painted by  
M. De Neale Morgan.



# A House Divided

By  
RICHARD WARNER BORST  
*A Serial—Part One*

IN THE early nineties of the century just closed, there lived, in the state of Iowa, a family of four, father, mother, son and daughter. They dwelt, so far as observers knew, placidly together. What slight family discord was apparent to outsiders meant little to the community, for the patriarchal life of that time resulted in disagreements and resentments in many other households than that of David Brock.

There was in David Brock an implacable sternness. Justice—without mercy even to himself—was his fundamental code.

Labor unceasing was his second article of faith. He drove himself mercilessly. His family also felt the push of his tremendous energy. His wife, Lydia, "slave to the wheel" of her own keen desire for financial gain, needed no spur from the husband; but Adam, the son, of small aspiration and little practical interest, needed constant goading, and received it.

The main bone of contention in that household was as to how Adam should spend his time. For a year, now, his energies had not been exclusively directed along channels conducive to anyone's financial advantage. David Brock, always unrelenting, was at his wits' end. This son of his was not playing up to expectations. He was turning out "worthless." And such a spectacle maddened the parent whose whole life had been dedicated to unremitting industry and hard-handed thrift.

There had formed during the past few months in David's mind, a half developed notion; but one provocative of much silent meditation as the somber man followed his plow, or drove his slow team toward of a Saturday afternoon. This notion, revolutionary, daring,—almost insane, he told himself—was pleasant to contemplate by reason of its absurdity. Yet it recurred to him, alluring, almost terrifying to a mind fixed in the round of years of habit. Of this plan he said nothing. He scarcely admitted to himself that such a thing as he considered could have a place in his serious thought.

There was a powerfully abrasive quality in the disposition of his wife, Lydia. She had an infuriating capacity for illogical and unintelligent resistance. Her tongue was like a two-edged sword. During almost twenty years, he had borne her tirades, her caprices and her recriminations. His mind seemed growing stunned from

constant invective. Perhaps, had he answered her in kind, instead of bearing her revilings for the most part in stoic silence, he would not have found himself, on this certain spring morning, in a mood of black despair.

HE SENSED intuitively that on this day he was to do some deed, he scarcely knew what, which would cut the Gordian knot of custom and routine into which he had sunk; which

## LOST ACRE

HERE nothing flourishes  
Save bur and bottom-weed.  
Never any kindly seed  
The sour clod nourishes.

The big bees hurtle over,  
Bruising their wings on dusty stalk  
and stem.  
The bluet and meadow clover  
Take heed of them  
And come no nearer than the meadow's hem.

Yet will I build a house  
On this sad plot of mine,  
With hedgerow and garden close,  
Large leaves and little leaves,  
Swallows under the eaves,  
Creepers and columbine.

For my life was a bare land  
Watered by no springs,  
That changes under your hand  
To a fertile and fair land,  
With green and blossomy things  
And a flutter of young wings.

—Jessica Nelson North.

would open new doors to him—doors perhaps leading to disaster, but doors.

David Brock rose early, while yet the clock struck four. He was a prodigious worker, as all the neighborhood could boast. They admired this industry in David, but entirely without feelings of emulation. Year in and year out, his rule was four o'clock for rising time. This morning, as had been his wont for twenty years,—indeed, ever since his taking possession of the home place at the time of his father's death,—he moved in shirt sleeves and stocking feet to the kitchen.

Presently his wife, Lydia, heard the rattling of pine kindlings in the cook stove, and the striking of a match. There followed the lively cracking of the blazing tinder, the faint fumes of brimstone from the sulphur match, and the comforting, faint odor of pine

smoke. She heard now the sucking sound of the little kitchen pump over the sink, and the intermittent splash of soft water into the wooden bucket. Hearing finally the impact of the tea-kettle on the stove, she also prepared to rise.

It was gray dawn when David emerged from the back door. There was a thin coat of ice over the mud puddles, and his heavy, cowhide boots crunched through it as he made his way to the stables which stood in shadowy silence some twenty rods to the west of the house. The odor of budding maples was heavy in the air already the temperature was rising with the sun. Small icicles along the barn eaves seemed on the verge of dripping. Cocks were answering each other across the pastures, their lusty hullabaloo echoing hollowly from within carefully shut henroosts. Sparrows chirruped sleepily on ridge-poles. Faint winds swung the hay wisps dangling from the lofts.

The entire area of the farm yard now began to be filled with a whitish luminosity pouring from the east through the heavy growth of maple and cottonwood that formed the windbreak to the homestead. The orient sky against which the thickly planted rows of second-growth maple were silhouetted in vivid outline, now assumed the faintest rose hue, and David Brock, pausing an instant, was aware of the first streaks of sunrise suffusing the slumbrous east. He stood silent, listening intently. Far up the highway to the west was the sound of an approaching horse and buggy. Silently he turned and disappeared into the shadowy interior of the stable.

Meanwhile, after her custom of twenty years, Mrs. Brock had risen also. As usual the teakettle sang pleasantly in the kitchen when she entered and a comfortable heat radiated from the cast iron of the range. She fed a stick of well-seasoned oak upon the flames, and turned to the stairway, a steep enclosed flight shut off from the rooms below by a narrow door.

"Adam!" she called. "It's time t' get up. Yer pa's out already."

There being no response, she called a second time but without apparent avail.

"The scamp!" she fretted with a peculiar querulousness of tone which was apparently habitual. "He's used himself up at that party. I s'pose I've got to help with the milkin'."

At that time in the central states, the



women were regularly depended on to assist in chores. Hence, moving a little more briskly now, despite her one hundred and eighty-odd pounds, she set the oatmeal to steam, pushed the coffee pot to the back of the stove and was about to leave the house. Once more, however, she turned to the stairway.

"Adam!" she cried, this time shrilly and with an aggrieved and impatient note in her voice. She stamped, too, on the lower step of the uncarpeted stairs. Again, there was no answer, and with a show of increasing anger and indignation the mother mounted to the upper floor, entered the small room,—that sloped with the gable of the roof on both sides,—and peered through the gray light at the unrumpled square of patchwork counterpane which covered the couch of her first-born, her only son. She stared in amazement; then, as if to reassure herself of the actuality of the phenomenon, she approached the bed, and threw back the quilt.

"He ain't home yet!" she exclaimed. "My stars!"

In a manner indicative of petulance and anxiety combined, she hastened down the narrow stairs and out of doors, the basque of her calico gown sagging untidily over the hips. Nearing the barn, she saw standing in front of the wagon-shed a shiny top buggy, its crimson wheels splashed with mud, its shafts dropped negligently into a pool of broken ice and roily water. The rump of a bay horse, harness dangling, was just disappearing within the shadowy barn door. She followed close behind, and was in time to catch the opening sentence of a lively altercation between father and son.

"What kept you so late, boy?" asked the father from somewhere within.

"Like to know whose business it is, what kept me," responded a sullen voice.

"As to that, young man, you'll find out whose business it is, if this is goin' t' be the regular program."

"Regular program, if I say 'tis," came back in a tone of exasperation and defiance.

"Now, see here," replied the enraged father, "I'll not stand any of your impudence. And I'll have it understood from the word go that there's goin' to be no more o' this skylarkin' around the township by no son o'mine. Do you hear me?"

There was the sound of a harness slammed upon its hook for reply.

"Do y'hear me?"

"Yeah I hear ye all right; but I don't give a damn."

Mrs. Brock, in an attitude of aggrieved and persecuted motherhood,

advanced to the barn door, but met her offspring, pale with rage, making his exit.

"Adam," she exclaimed in a voice wherein were mingled the lugubrious accent of self-conscious martyrdom and the note of neglected motherhood, "what's the matter with you and yer pa so early in the day?"

ADAM confronted her angrily. He wore a suit of pepper and salt shoddy which was just on the safe side of being too small for him; pointed tan shoes, rather muddy; and a made-up four-in-hand tie of gray and black striped silk under a turn-down celluloid collar. His hair of a dull brown, curled slightly in front of his large ears, beneath the brim of a faded tan "hard" hat. His eyes were a steely gray, and were set just a trifle too close together. There were a few freckles on the bridge of his amorphous nose. His mouth, which had a certain obstinateness about it, was slightly concealed by a young mustache the hue of corn-silk. At sight of his mother he paused in his precipitate exit from the presence of patriarchal wrath and replied hotly:

"Now, what're you hangin' 'round here for?"

The brown derby was rakishly tilted over one ear, the gray eyes were blood-shot, and the dull hair, usually roached and pasted artistically over the son's left eyebrow, now trailed in a mop across his temple.

"You go on in the house," Adam commanded laying hold of the studding of the door with a gnarled though unsteady young hand.

The mother, ruffled with suppressed indignation at the youth's disrespect, advanced upon him undaunted.

"Young man," she retorted shrewishly, and in a voice of habitual authority habitually disobeyed, "I won't stand for any more—"

"That's right," interrupted the father in a suppressed voice, "Stand there arguin'."

The mother turned quickly and beheld her husband, who had but now appeared in the doorway. He carried a three-tined pitch fork in his hand. Something sinister in his whole demeanor, more subtle than his obvious impatience, made her spring forward and catch his arm. There was a moment of absolute silence, during which the mother and son watched the menace in the father's posture change to an attitude of what seemed indifference. The mother's querulous and cantankerous interpretation of her place in life resumed its sway. She turned to Adam.

"Don't you hear what yer pa says?

Get them clo'es off!" For the moment she seemed the ally of the father, but she added, "He seems pretty wrought up."

Adam made as if to move toward the house. He shuffled unsteadily, and the crisp morning air bore the volatile odor of brandy, which seemed curiously foreign to that atmosphere of Puritanic parsimony. Suddenly the father's voice, intense yet subdued, arrested him as if a rope had been drawn taut about his neck.

"Well, what d'ye want *now*?" Adam snarled, turning half 'round and glaring over his shoulder.

"Y've been drinkin' again."

"Well, what's that to you?"

"David! Don't—" began the mother in a shrewish voice, veering suddenly to the defense of her son.

"You be quiet." Something portentous in the father's tone silenced her. She stood, open-mouthed, staring—while the two men confronted each other. On the face of the elder a cloud of despair had descended so that a bleakness like that of a leaden December day pinched his features and lent an ashen light to the cheeks that showed above the short growth of graying whiskers. From that weather-beaten countenance, the deep-set eyes gleamed out upon the defiant son with the cold intensity of stone. As if struggling to conceal an inner turmoil too great to be borne, David spoke at last.

"I want you two to keep still until I'm through talkin'." His tones grew steadier as he continued. A note almost conversational, stole into his voice.

"I've been doin' a lot o' thinkin' these last two months. You, Adam, don't seem to gather the meanin' o' makin' a livin'. And you, Lydia, don't seem t' see where this whole business is goin' t' end. It's ruination. Ruination! Night after night you trail around—"

"Now, I won't have you abusin' your own flesh and—"

"Not a word," warned her husband in a voice that trembled again with an access of wrath. "You trail all over this county, layin' asleep till the middle o' the day, while I feed you and buy your clo'es for you, and pay your debts." He turned to Lydia. "Stand by him, humor him, pet him like a baby,—and in the end poverty for the four of us!"

As these words were spoken the woman drew away from both men. An inscrutable obstinacy had settled about the lines of her mouth. She stood staring fixedly into the distance, her chin slightly elevated as if in contempt. Adam, his face now turned a pasty white under the freckles and tan, stood lankly staring but also remained



silent. There was another pause, during which the sounds of the new day rang sharply,—a milk-wagon, laden with eight-gallon cans, clanked and rattled by along the frozen mud of the turnpike, a flock of guinea hens set up their creaking cries from the hen-roost, a calf bleated plaintively, and the wheeze of a buck saw from a neighboring woodshed indicated that by now other humans were astir in the dawn.

"And what am I comin' to?" demanded David.

"How do I know," muttered the youth, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other and bulging his trouser pockets with his fists.

"Simply this," continued David Brock. He had apparently attained complete composure. The conversational quality of his remarks gave almost the effect of cheerfulness and dignity. Mother and son, compelled again to heed him by reason of that very semblance of calmness and control, stood hypnotized as at the spectacle of a transfiguration. Certain lines of care and pertinacity seemed instantaneously erased from that bearded countenance. The brow was placid as the brow of one who makes the supreme renunciation of his life. As he spoke, an expression of utter amazement overspread the faces of his hearers. In a clear and indifferent intonation David's words were uttered:

"From this minute on, you two can run this place. What you make is yours, and what you lose, you stand for. As for me—I move on."

HERE was a long stillness. The wind stirred the maples and blew the feathering bloom from their budding boughs all about their feet, an icicle broke away from a nearby eave-ledge and crashed, tinkling, into a frozen pool. Mrs. Brock spoke first.

"Dave!" she gasped, "You don't mean that! Surely you don't mean that!" Her contemptuous aloofness had vanished with her perpetual aggrieved and injured air. She was evidently shocked into momentary sincerity.

But David, without a word, turned away. With one gesture of his arms, he seemed to put everything behind him—the past, his wife, his son, his own interest in life. He passed the two slowly by and moved to the kitchen door, walking like one in a dream, yet supported from within by an indomitable determination and the strength of a mature decision. The mother turned an awed and miserable face upon her son and fixed him with a steady gaze of reproach and appeal.

"Adam," she cried in panic. "Say somethin' to yer father!"

But Adam was speechless.

Her face grew suddenly blanched and pinched. Her eyes burned with the intensity of a sudden and novel anxiety. She clutched his arm. "Say somethin'!" But by now the father had slowly opened the door and disappeared within the house.

Passively the young man allowed her to lead him into the kitchen and up the steep and narrow steps to his room. Here he sank down on the unrumpled bed, flung himself backward across

#### WASHINGTON

OUR nation's birth gave history  
your name,  
Recording on its pages your great  
deeds.

No hesitation marred when duty  
came,

No clouds obscured from you your  
country's needs.

Pure were the thoughts you planted  
in man's heart,

Nor is your harvest fully garnered  
yet;

Still grows and thrives the tree that  
had its start,

In hallowed ground with honest  
purpose wet.

Each passing day your wisdom is  
revealed,

Each added year some richer prom-  
ise gives;

Your presence led our fathers in the  
field,

Your spirit leads us still to that  
which lives

In Liberty and Peace, for which you  
fought

To gain Eternity, the goal you  
sought.

—John A. Prentice.

it, his arms and legs sprawling in the abandon of combined exhaustion and intoxication. In another moment he had sunk into a sodden slumber, snoring and twitching uneasily. The mother, obeying her native instincts as well as the habits of a lifetime, drew off the muddy tan shoes and loosened the made-up four-in-hand. On her face disgust and petulance were mingled with motherly solicitude and anxiety. She hurried in her labors, for she could hear David below-stairs tramping about the house. She could locate him in their bedroom. She heard the creaking of a drawer, and the familiar slam of a chest-lid.

Descending to the ground-floor, she stepped into the kitchen just in time to see the farmer leave the house. He carried a small bundle done up in a large blue bandana handkerchief, like those she had seen tramps bearing along the state road. Her heart smote her: could it be that he was to adopt the life of a vagabond?

"Dave!" she called in a voice pitifully faint. The man not so much as turned his head, but plodded stolidly toward the barn. Again his demeanor, something that mesmerized her into a fascinated observation of his doings, held her fast. She saw him hitch a team of heavy work horses—the oldest and poorest on the place—to the light "democrat wagon." Her eyes followed him as he stuffed the body of the vehicle with clover hay, threw a sack of oats on top of it, finally placing the small bundle wrapped in the blue bandana in the front seat. Mounting to his place over the wheel, he touched the team sharply with a long black-snake whip and drove away, the iron tires of the wheels ringing against the chiprock with which miry spots of the farm yard were paved. The owner and proprietor of this holding, renouncing it utterly, not so much as turned once to look back. It seemed to the woman there on the step as if he were merely off for one of his weekly trips to Manchester. She kept, ever after, that image of him,—a stoop-shouldered figure in a rough, gray overcoat, with grizzled white whiskers clinging closely to a firmly set jaw, and cold blue eyes that gazed fixedly ahead as the plodding old work-team passed by the house and out upon the state road that led, straight as an arrow, into the mystery and adventure of the West.

#### CHAPTER II

THE state road is a turnpike that leads due west from Dubuque to Omaha. In winter it is for days well nigh impassable from the presence of huge snowdrifts blown across it which gradually sink down in spring to form an equally impassable thoroughfare; for the liberated moisture saturates the clay and quicksand of its composition, producing quagmires as deep as Tophet and as hard to get out of.

On the morning of the departure of David Brock, a "mover's wagon," hauled by a rawboned, dapple-gray team, approached the Brock homestead from the east. There sat a sallow-faced couple in the driver's seat. In the gloomy cavity beneath the round canvas top of the conveyance, shone the bright face of a healthy-looking black-eyed girl, about fourteen years old. Behind this wagon followed a second, uncovered, and loaded high with the nondescript furniture and kitchen gear of a rather improvident renter family. A handsome young fellow drove the drooping bay team. A forlorn cow lagged behind, at the end of a short rope.

Thirty years ago, renters were by no



means so common as they now are in that region. At that time the old homesteaders had not yet forsaken plow and husking-peg for the leisured career of the retired farmer in some adjacent village. Hence a mover's wagon always created a sensation, especially when mired down as was often the case.

Indeed, on this very morning the rear wheels of the forward vehicle suddenly sank to the hubs in the yellowish and sticky composition beneath. With oaths and fierce lashings of a long blacksnake whip, the sallow-faced driver urged the feeble team forward. The result was the snapping of a tug and the floundering of the thus liberated beast in a viscid and bottomless hole. The abused animal struggled a moment, groaned and grunted as if in a frenzy of fear, lay over on her side, and refused to move though curses and blows and kicks were showered upon her by the infuriated driver. The sallow-faced woman sat stolidly, a scrawny hand holding the scant plaid shawl about her neck and shoulders. Occasionally she emitted a hollow cough. Presently the handsome, though, as could now be seen, lanky, driver of the second team clambered down from his seat and made his way forward.

"Well, dad," he drawled, in an indifferently monotone which carried with it a note of biting sarcasm, "I see yer gittin' results as usual."

"None o' that, young man," shouted the irate father. "If yer worth yer salt, help git the mare out o' this!"

"Certainly!" responded the son good humoredly. He undid the shackling harness as he spoke, addressed in gentle and soothing tones the desperate brute prone in the mud, then gave a quick command.

"Gee-up, Jane!"

The heavy creature heaved violently, sank back, lunged forward and to one side, caught a firm footing and stood trembling and blowing on all fours.

There was a hollow cough from the wagon seat. A raw wind blew across the desolate levels, for the morning was more like early March than late April, and the telephone poles beside the pike hummed dismally beneath lowering skies. The boy, evidently about twenty-one on close inspection, took in the situation, while a look of anxiety deepened on his pleasant though careworn young face.

"Cold, ma?" he asked.

"Yes, Phil, this settin' still drives the chill clear to my bones."

"Here's a house," said Phil. "S'pose you go on in and git warmed up."

THE mother apparently weak from long illness, lowered herself painfully over the fore-wheel of the wagon and trudged feebly toward the farmhouse. It was a customary thing for her to do this since such mishaps as the one described were of frequent occurrence. Meantime, the older man had begun repairs on the harness. Copper rivets and a hammer were produced from a tool box, the broken leather was spliced and clamped, the shaken and abused horse was reinstated, a heavy plank from alongside the wagon-bed being placed beneath her feet. More timbers were laid to form a leverage, the huge wheel was pried out of its lodgment, still more timbers were shoved beneath it and across the fissure, which had filled by now with muddy water; and at a word the equipage moved on its way. With proper precautions taken, the second wagon was likewise maneuvered across the treacherous ground, the languid cow trailing disconsolately behind.

"All aboard," shouted the boy.

The girl had been playing about the wagon, and was about to clamber up to her place when it was recalled that the wife and mother was not yet on the scene.

"Go call yer ma, Virginia," commanded the master of the caravan.

The order was executed, the sick woman once more installed on the driver's seat, and the whole procession again in motion, the child spoke up:

"Ma,"

"Yes, Virginia."

"You'd think them folks in that house 'd be happy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, you'd think so," said the woman, wearily.

"But they ain't, are they?"

"It ain't always a comfortable house and a warm fire that makes people happy, child," said the mother. "Though I'm not sayin'," she added, "but what such things would be welcome if I had 'em."

"We're close to the new place, Lucy," said the head of the family just then. "Look ahead there." He pointed with a calloused and weatherworn finger toward a grove of willows and cottonwoods set in a square and completely surrounding a dreary huddle of buildings. The house was a plain frame structure, the usual upright and ell, and was painted a dingy yellow or ochre hue, common at the time throughout that part of the state. The top bricks had fallen from the chimney; calico rags were stuffed into the apertures left by broken window panes. A cloud of sparrows perched on the ridgepoles of the staggering outbuild-

ings. A devastated strawpile, browned on the sides long exposed to the weather, but worn a bright yellow at the base by the constant assault of cattle traveling around it, slouched in the midst of the miry stable yard.

The family became momentarily more animated, even the sick woman craning forward the better to see the manner of habitation she was destined to occupy. Presently they turned slowly in at the rakish and irresponsible-looking gate and came to a halt before the deserted house. It was by no means an inspiring dwelling. The woman sighed. The child, always eager and full of the optimism of the young, clambered down from the rear of the wagon and ran screaming and laughing to the front door. The woman, assisted by her husband, made a painful descent over the wheel, and toiled slowly after her. The man proceeded to unhitch the tired horses and the solitary cow, who now lifted her voice in mournful bellows, likely in the hope of receiving an answer from a neighboring herd.

The house, as the two future housekeepers found it, was sadly in need of cleaning; but that must wait until a partial moving-in was accomplished. The youngster, somewhat awed at the silent and gloomy interior, moved curiously about over the floor littered with the refuse always bequeathed by departing renters,—old magazines, broken cups and saucers, knife handles, the lids from fruit jars, discarded garments,—the whole conglomeration musty and odorous. Here and there the lathing showed through broken plaster, and the floor sagged treacherously in a corner, while the general atmosphere of neglect and despondency was now heightened by the ghostly echoes sounding throughout the vacant rooms as if the reverberating voices of all its previous inhabitants still remained though the owners thereof had scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth. The sick woman, suddenly overcome by the burden of mind and body, sank in exhaustion on the nearest window sill, and stared apathetically before her.

The sound of scuffling feet aroused her. The men were tugging and straining at a heavy cast-iron range that had temporarily wedged itself in the kitchen doorway. Already, moving-in was well along. Glancing out, she perceived the unhappy cow investigating the strawpile, and the horses, freed of tether and harness, luxuriously rolling in the litter of the barnyard. In a surprisingly short time the family was established in its new domicile. In-



curious farmers from farther west, observing smoke once more curling from the kitchen chimney, remarked to each other:

"I see Parker's got a new renter."

### CHAPTER III

JULIA BROCK dismissed the last spelling class, closed the green cardboard-covered Webster, and said briefly, "Books aside." There followed a subdued shuffling of feet, a murmur of whispers and titters, and the slamming and thudding of felt-bound slates as her order was executed. "School is excused," she said mechanically, and pandemonium followed as her numerous charges snatched their dinner pails from the floor and their hats from the cast iron hooks along the gray-painted board wall of the school-house and stormed out of doors. Their cries and laughter filled the now empty and echoing room for a moment, footsteps and shouts receded in the distance, and she was left alone in the dead silence of the little room.

She looked about her now as she often did upon the scene of her activities. She wore a demure air of pride and proprietorship, for the position she held as teacher in "District No. 2" had not come to her as a gift from the gods. Rather, her second-grade certificate, testifying to her proficiency in the common branches, had become hers through much travail of mind and flesh

ball, fastened primly to the front gable, and a single entrance, whose sill was hollowed by generations of scampering and shuffling feet,—was a proud heritage. She had decorated the drab, boarded-up interior with prints of Washington, Lincoln and General Grant. Festoons of linked, colored paper were draped symmetrically around the room above the high-silled twelve-pane windows. A long platform extended across the entire front. On it stood a pine table with a dictionary and a bell at one end, and an empty porcelain vase of intricate design and elaborate gilding at the other. Behind her chair was a much-abused black-board bearing the deeply cut initials of various bullies and terrors of days gone by.

SHE gazed expectantly out the window, her eyes following the road leading westward and toward home. A rolling pasture, closed in by a gray board fence, spread a pale green expanse of sprouting grass downward to a small pond and thence upward to the neat picket fence of the Palmer kitchen-garden. The sun had gone under a cloud, and the entire scene lay placid as a picture in the melancholy light of waning day. A woodpecker cried shrilly and hammered with vigorous reverberations on the corner of the old building. The girl rested her elbows on the table and her rounded chin in her palms.

Occasionally she lifted her head as if listening intently. As no one arrived, she rose presently, stepped to the door, and looked out to the westward along the highway. No figure was visible; she paused irresolutely as if disappointed. The sun had reappeared, very low in the west now, and cast level rays along the luminous pasture, falling with gentle effulgence on the girl's copper colored hair, her white neck and delicately curved shoulders. She wore a dark blue gown of some strong wool stuff fastened at the neck with a square cameo pin. Her hand, as it shaded her clear blue eyes, was not large, neither was it fragile. It suggested rather a personality of pride and will.

It was Friday night, and, as her custom was, she prepared herself to go directly home, a distance of some five miles along the state road to the westward. Adam was due, but since he did not appear, and she was restless from long confinement in the school room and full of bounding health, she made up her mind to anticipate him by walking up the road. Hastily she drew on her rubbers and her blue mackintosh. Standing a moment before the little mirror in the corner over the water-

bucket, she set upon her shining head a jaunty small round hat of black velvet. Smiling a little at the distorted vision of herself that the uneven surface of the glass threw back, she stepped quickly out of doors and turned the key in the lock.

Spring was well along. Wild geese cried above her head. She could hear

### WITH BIRDS

WE WALKED accompanied with birds,  
Heard everywhere their twitter-  
ings,  
While all our world knew lifting  
wings.

They found, those songsters! arcane  
words  
Interpreting such mystic things  
As Loss and Love's rememberings.

Along the dune-reach that engirds  
This lonely isle where summer sings,  
We could not make our way for birds  
Nor hear the sea for twitterings.

What bridal guests were mating birds!  
All night, all day, such whisperings!  
And then Love lifted vagrant wings;  
Song muted . . . half-remembered  
words.

—Winifred Davidson.

### IN THE CITY

OH I have known a starlit moun-  
tain top,  
And moonlight golden on the desert  
sands,  
And I have dreamed across a summer  
lake,  
Whose waves caressed our boat with  
tender hands.

And yet, tonight, with you, between  
these walls  
That half divide us from the sleep-  
less town,  
I find the joy that fled me tho I slept  
Beneath the pines with white stars  
looking down.

—Sarah Hammond Kelly

for her family had been far from kindly in their feeling toward her ambitions, Adam ridiculing and deriding, her mother openly hostile, her father silent. However, here she was earning her thirty-five dollars a month and boarding at the Palmer's, a hospitable and friendly family who lived in a large house half a mile to the west of the school.

Her little domain,—a box of a building, with three windows on a side, a lightning-rod, bearing a green glass

the whistle and rush of their wings as the triangular flocks sailed northward. The ponds were vocal with the treble of the frogs. Crocus and hyacinth flowers were springing in the ditches. She stooped now and then to pick the first violets. Here and there shy dandelions opened tentative eyes of pallid yellow. In the sheltered nooks beneath the maple rows and in the lee of plum and osage orange thickets, the grass was already a rich green. The plowed fields were fragrant with the pungent odor of fertile soil. Black-birds gathered in choirs and sang deliriously in the cottonwoods. An exhilarating element was in the atmosphere, so that she was prompted to draw breath after breath of the mild air deep into her lungs, nostrils expanded, heart bounding.

Adam still remained derelict from his beaten path of duty, but presently she heard quick hoofbeats behind her, and turning beheld a brisk-stepping bay filly hitched to a mud-splashed top buggy in which sat a youth of perhaps twenty-one,—a clean-limbed young fellow, dark blue of eye, and with a head of close-cropped brown hair. He wore a gray suit and a soft-collared white shirt.

"Hello, Julia," said the youth pleasantly. "I saw you starting out on foot so I thought I'd just hitch up and overtake you. It's a long walk—five miles."

(Continued on page 92)



# The Book of Etchers

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

IF A MAN or woman of achievement may deserve a story—"personality" stories, these are called in professional parlance—why should not a good book also have a story given it; a story which shall be something aside from the customary review? Surely there are books which possess personality, which hold more than the impress of the author's quality. They are few, it must be admitted; but, being few, they are apt to be lost in the flood of so-called literature which flows from the publishers' presses, and all the more reason for giving them more than ordinary casual notice.

There has recently come from one of the Eastern publishing houses\* a volume of this sort. It is a book having the surface beauty which attracts; it has the deeper and more lasting beauty which comes of value and substance. Expressing the distinctive personality of its author, it has charm and distinction of its own so that one, reading its pages, feels that he is in conversation with two friends. One of these speaks his mind emphatically, incisively, at times with almost vitriolic force. The other listens, faintly amused, throwing in the occasional word which soothes the sting of his companion's recital.

The book is not a new one. The first edition of Joseph Pennell's "Etchers and Etching" was issued in 1919. This, the second edition, contains additional matter and a new preface by the famous author-artist. There are additional handsome plates illustrative of the matter in the text. And so it comes as an old friend, but as a friend who has accumulated new experiences, new adventures which are eager for the telling.

Joseph Pennell requires no introduction to those who keep even casually in touch with the world of art. An acknowledged master in his line, any word from him comes with the weight of authority and this, which holds not only a discussion of various master etchers and their work, but also a survey of their processes, is distinctly a volume to take place with authoritative texts.

IN HIS general preface Mr. Pennell says: "There are endless series of art books—and endless schools of art, endless lecturers on art and art criticism. But so far as I know there are no series of books on the Graphic Arts, written or edited, by graphic art-

ists. This series is intended to be a survey of the best work of the past—the work that is admitted to be worth studying—and a definite statement as to the best methods of making drawings, prints and engravings, written in every case by those who have passed their lives in making them."

Further on he says: "I am not, in the technical part of this book, going into the history of the methods of work. . . . I propose to describe

cial catalogues, and, the end of all, a commercial success. . . .

"Now this book is intended for the student and collector, and I propose in the historical part, which will be as short as possible, only to discuss the work of etchers of universally admitted position, and that without any reference to their lives, or their gains, or their scandals, or their period."

And discuss the work of etchers Mr. Pennell does, with utter frankness. Later on—in the preface to the second edition—he says: "Though no new etchers have made a name or fame in

*The  
Swineherd*



From the  
etching by  
William Strang

and explain as fully and as clearly as possible, the best manners of making etchings, especially those not yet described, but employed today; and supplement these descriptions and explanations by examples gathered from my own practice and that of other etchers in America, France, Germany, Italy and England. . . .

"Everything about making an etching can be learned from an etcher in a morning: but it will take the student all his life to put his learning into practice: and even then he will almost certainly fail to become an etcher; though he can easily become a successful manufacturer of commercial copper plates, commercial states, commer-

the last four years, several well known men have died, among them Auguste Lepere, a brilliant artist and craftsman, thoroughly trained, . . . Another death to be lamented was that of Zorn, though I cannot say I much regret the end of the output of his prints for they had become feeble and photographic beyond words—though the last had none of the photographic look about them. Zorn was the sky rocket of etching—and the stick is on the way down. A most brilliant painter utterly devoid of a sense of line, he made, however, an enormous financial success practicing a craft which he had not the most elementary real

(Continued on page 85)

\* The Macmillan Co. \$12.50.



# Q u i n i n e

THE WORLD had been buried in white stillness since early winter. Recently another terrific storm raged, flaying the forest and lashing the high peaks with wind and sleet. The new storm froze solidly as it beat down on the fall of previous storms. It now lay twelve feet on the level and from thirty to forty along the backs of the ridges and in the gullies below.

It had been a trying winter for Bill Goodwin and "Woodchuck" Charley Wakefield, for they hated all things pertaining to winter: not only the cheerless season itself, but the aging, energy-halting winter time of their own lives.

For many, many years Goodwin and Wakefield had been faithful followers of the Mother Lode. To the local children they appeared as a pair of old gnomes who had always lived up in the Woodchuck Woods near Gold Lake, but by a few of their own generations still living, they were remembered as gallant prospectors in the days of booming mines and colorful pay sands.

But the days of romance and adventure were over. Now bent and gray, the partners occupied themselves as watchmen of a large mining company's dam.

Their work was not arduous. When orders were phoned up from the mine six miles below, to turn on or shut off the water they obeyed. In spring when snows began to melt and turbulent waters thundered down the ravine, they watched the floodgates carefully. In winter they did nothing, for the dam was frozen over and the water ditches were buried under many feet of snow.

As regular as the day, Bill began to growl before he got his shoes on in the morning.

Woodchuck, driven to bay by his partner's endless wrangling, stopped at his putterings many times to stem the tide of Bill's arguments. Though it was of no use, Woodchuck fought mildly back to preserve his pride and standing.

This particular afternoon found Bill more grouchy than usual. Seated squarely in front of the stove, he forced Woodchuck to literally walk over him each time he opened the oven door to look at the bread he was baking.

Bill, with his feet on the fender of the oven, teetered noisily back and forth on the hind legs of his old cane chair.

By ETHYL HAYES SEHORN

"Can't you move a trifle?" suggested Woodchuck.

Bill deliberately continued to rock back and forth as though he had not heard the question, then drew down his shaggy brows.

"No, I can't" he roared. "T'wasn't necessary to bake today, noway!"

A wordy skirmish followed. Bill had the last word. He always did.

FOR AWHILE there was peace until Woodchuck, without intention, got on Bill's nerves again.

"Only one thing we're wanting," remarked Woodchuck. "If the pesky weather'd let up and some good friend'd drop in with a newspaper—"

"Oh, is that right—only one thing we're wanting, eh?" mimicked Bill sarcastically. "Well, you're long since got sappy and it don't take much to make you happy."

Woodchuck's eyes glowed for a minute as he stooped to take the bread out of the oven.

"No use calling names, Bill," he chided gently. "I was learned to look on it as a mean business."

"Hum. Who learned you all that sweetness, Charley?" asked Bill, the sugar in his tones hardly covering the bitterness of his intent.

Late in the afternoon the temperature changed. Dark clouds crept in overhead, and once more it began to snow. Large, soft masses fell and lay loosely packed upon the hard crust. Bill watched it sullenly, scowling through the frosted window.

"Cold," sniffed Woodchuck, rising and putting more wood on the fire. "I feel like I got a chill."

It stormed all that night and all through the next day. An arrogant north wind slapped the flying snow against the rugged faces of the great buttes on the crest of the ridge.

Another depressing day followed for Woodchuck and Bill. Outside, the wind blew steadily, a bitterly crying gale that blotted out distance with swirling whiteness. Snow reached the eaves of the cabin and the windows were completely buried with it.

Woodchuck suffered the dreariness patiently, bothering about with pots and pans and trying to win Bill's favor with good things to eat. But it was of no profit.

The phone had been useless since the storm before last, and every bit of reading-matter had been spelled out until it could almost be repeated word

by word. Life had become a smothered existence; the days nothing less than entombed gray nights.

And still Woodchuck shivered. Silent and restless, he pulled on his old coat and sat nearer to the stove.

"I'm getting grippe," he remarked to himself. "I need some quinine."

Bill turned distasteful eyes upon him.

"Quinine!" he exploded. "Might as well want for fresh strawberries! How's a human to get down to town from Woodchuck Ridge on a day like this, and back with your old quinine?"

"If the snowing'd let up a bit, a real man could make it," answered Woodchuck. Then he crept closer to the stove, for he ached miserably, and his head throbbed with fever.

Bill argued that point and many others, citing past hard winters and the almost superhuman feats that had been accomplished in storms by men they both knew. For an hour he kept it going, giving no apparent heed to Woodchuck's flushed face and blood-shot eyes. Too wretched to make reply Woodchuck huddled nearer the fire, mumbling for his need of quinine now and then.

Bill threw up his hands in disgust and stamped about the cabin, stiff muscles and aching joints jabbing raw spots in his disposition.

"Next winter," shivered Woodchuck, "we mustn't forget to put in an order for quinine. It's almost impossible to get to town weather like this if we need things of that kind."

Bill looked over at him then laughed loudly. "Don't you fret about me a-trying to get down town for no quinine," he cackled. "If I was to get down there, I'd stay, by gad!"

"Nuthin'd please me more than to have you down there," Woodchuck in huffy spirit told him.

Bill wore himself out scoffing and laughing at that remark and finally because Woodchuck refused further argument, got up and fussily betook himself out into the adjoining shed, loudly banging the door behind him.

Glancing up at the rafters, he beheld his snowshoes. A determination formulated in his brain. He reached up and pulled down first one long ski and then the other.

An hour he gave to waxing them and adjusting the straps. At last when they pleased him, he stood them up with the guide pole against the wall.

Then he opened the outer door. His next task was in shoveling himself out.



When he had dug up to the surface of the snow, he rested on his shovel and studied the landscape, scratching his whiskery chin and shaking his head.

"Sure a tough job," he admitted, "but I've had enough living here with that old whining humbug! I'm going to town, that's what! And stay there!"

It was too late to go that night, but early in the morning before Woodchuck awoke he would leave this place—leave Woodchuck, the old stiff-necked, sky-pilot imitator! Yes, if he had to spend the rest of his days in the County Farm.

Morning found Bill even stronger in his purpose. It had ceased snowing, but the sky was overcast and dull.

When daylight came, Bill strolled innocently to the shed.

Woodchuck was still in his bunk half dozing. Without a word or a backward glance Bill closed the door and was gone.

From the beginning it was hard going. The new snow lay soft and slushy and Bill found himself often falling waist deep into it. However, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the first part of the trip was the worst. From the cabin, which hung up on the mountainside above the dam, Bill had to break trail down across the buried river and then push his laborious way up the steep canyon slope on the opposite side. It was three miles to the summit, then easier going for two and a half miles along the ridge, finally a very steep half mile drop took him into the town.

For three hours Bill floundered up the hill, wheezing for want of breath, and the old heart of him hammering from the terrible effort.

But he never wavered. On, on, he swished, with the long, narrow shoes cutting knife-like margins through the snow. Now on top of frozen sleet for awhile and easier going; then down again into the soft slush, mushing and struggling!

Between puffy breaths Bill kept up an everlasting spluttering. "He wants quinine! Quinine—a day like this! Must have it! Talks about it all the time. Well let him come and get it. then! I'm rid of him—him and his quinine! Think I'd wade a trail like this for quinine?" And he stopped long enough to shake a fist back at the cabin—and to ease for the moment, his tortured lungs and heart.

It was after eleven o'clock when Bill reached town. Wonder was that he ever got there at all. Though completely worn out, his eyes sparkled with delightful anticipation. The town! Tobacco and gab! Comfort and company! Laboriously he toddled to-

ward the hotel to take a room and rest before lunch.

But before he got to his bed his presence in town created a mild furor.

"Glory!" gasped the hotel keeper's wife, "how in the world did you get down here, Bill?"

"Snowshoes, of course. Tired of that old tomb—and that old nuisance, Wakefield."

"And you left him up there all alone?"

"Sure, I did!" he answered with a swagger as an expression of evil delight lit up his face.

#### LOVERS

THE moon is a stern wardress,  
Stern and cold as death.  
She will have silence in her halls,  
No needless step or breath.

So hush, dear love, walk softly,  
And hush, dear love, speak low;  
We'll keep her law of silence,  
And she will never know

The flame and tumult in us  
As we pace gravely by,  
The glory shut within us  
That would shame her from the sky.  
—Frances Holmstrom.

It was then that the company's doctor stepped in.

"How's your partner?" he asked.

"Whining as usual—says he's sick."

"And up there alone! Bill, you old devil—what do you mean! Woodchuck was very sick with lagrippe last winter. I'll put up some medicine and you take it back with you."

"Back!" roared the old fellow. "I ain't going back. I just got here!"

"Ain't he the meanest old man God ever made," whispered the hotel woman.

AFTER LUNCH Bill joined the circle around the great stove. Later he took a hand in a game of cribbage that was going on in the corner.

But as time passed and shadows began to lengthen, a distracting uneasiness took possession of him. He tried to drive it away, but the nervous constraint persisted until it grew to be a harrowing perplexity. Bill glanced up from his cards and peered outside. A slight fear took possession of him. Remorse and regrets stung him. He was old—old and childish—that was the reason he acted this way—that's why he fought and bickered with Woodchuck—like two perverse children. No definite thoughts formed in his mind, he rather felt things more than he thought them—that he wanted to be back with his partner in his cabin.

He had carried the bluff too far. He

must get the quinine and make tracks for home at once.

Twenty minutes later Bill was on the trail again.

Going was harder and slower than coming. Energy had been spent, muscles were stiff and strength depleted. Looking up at the sun, Bill realized that no time should be lost. While daylight lasted he must push on and make time, otherwise—all eternity would do him no good!

Streaks of crimson behind the heavy gray clouds betrayed the traveling sun. A duskiess began to settle down over the timber. Lower in the gullies, it was already dark.

Old Bill trudged wearily on. At times, rather absentmindedly, he patted a box in his pocket.

The climb up the steep incline out of the town had winded him sorely even before his long homeward journey began. When he reached the ridge, Bill was about done. Each plunging step was a measured effort. Yet, somehow he crept along, sucking air into his famished lungs, panting and shaking, his muscles twinging with every movement. "No use—he thought. "No use—can't make it." But he plowed on, struggling, hoping. "What made me try to make it tonight—For what?" he asked himself. But he knew!

Accustomed to hazards in the past, Bill knew that the hardships of his life were assets still to be reckoned with in conquering the great snows and winter trails. If it hadn't been for this, he would never have reached the summit. But reaching it, his last atom of strength was gone. He fell exhausted against the snow-laden bough of a half-buried tree. There he lay.

The sun set and darkness blanketed the mountains. From the timber came the gruesome wail of a cougar.

Later a full moon flooded the country with light. Bill revived a bit, patted his pocket and tried desperately to regain his feet. He fell back helplessly among the boughs.

A terrible faintness took possession of him, and his mind grew vague and light. Unconsciousness was creeping upon him—when suddenly a thunderous whirring beat in his ears. A loud crackling followed, and the tree that supported him snapped and began to move! A vortex of wind struck him in the face and tore at his lungs. The next instant he was wrapped in an eddying spindrift of snow; he felt something jerk—loosen, give way and move! In a flash he was being carried away in the slide!

The momentum grew. Ahead, tons of yesterday's soft snow raced down

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# Memories of Old San Francisco

By EUGENE T. SAWYER

ONCE the water came up to Montgomery Street; then, in the days of 1849, and for many years afterward, the leading street of San Francisco. Soon followed the pile driving and the filling in, so that the late fifties saw the business traffic move many blocks northward, the creation of new streets and the extension of others — Sansome, Battery, Front, Davis and others, all parallel with Montgomery, and such side streets as Washington, Clay, Merchant, Commercial, Sacramento, California, Pine and so forth. This extensive improvement was followed by the building of the post office, corner of Washington and Battery, the American Hotel on Sansome Street and the many business structures clear to the waterfront. The railroad came in the late sixties and as a necessary adjunct the erection of the long, large ferry building.

It was shortly after the made ground had taken on the appearance of the real thing that Fort Gunnybags, on the south side of Sacramento near Davis, was the scene of the hanging of Casey and Cora, the slayers respectively of James King, of William and Marshal Richardson. The Vigilance Committee, commanded by William T. Coleman, did not with the hangings cease work for the moral purification of San Francisco but issued the stern order that all undesirables should be deported. The order was obeyed but in the early sixties many of the offenders came back and were not molested.

I remember well the re-appearance of Charles Duane, as he dragged a paralyzed leg along Montgomery Street, and of one-legged Ned Bingham, the actor, who daily paraded Washington Street in the vicinity of Maguire's Opera House, where he had once played nightly to admiring audiences. The old city hall on Kearny Street, opposite Portsmouth Square served for over a quarter of a century to warn lawbreakers that the way of the transgressor is hard. The earthquake of 1868 played havoc with much of the made ground and so cracked and shattered the city hall that until strengthening repairs had been made it was considered unsafe for the transaction of official business.

Portsmouth Square, now ornamented by a monument to Robert Louis Stevenson, was nearly bare of verdure in the early days. It fronted Waverly Place on the southeast, a sec-

tion given over to vice and adjoining the disreputable purlieu of old Chinatown. Both eyesores were destroyed by special act of providence during the great catastrophe of 1906. Dupont Street, nearly up to that year of havoc, had nothing to give it claim to being a clean street until the lower part terminating at Market Street was widened and the name of the widened section changed from Dupont Street to Grant Avenue. Then an intelligent white-washing process obtained its will so that now Dupont from end to end suffers nothing by comparison with other streets in which law and decency abide.

STEVENSON for awhile was a resident of San Francisco and he made the acquaintance of Charles Warren Stoddard during one of his rambles over Telegraph Hill. Stoddard was then the occupant of a picturesque shack, located near the summit where even the goats scorned to travel. He had spent many months in and about the Hawaiian Islands and the landscape and the *dolce far niente* characteristics of the natives had been adequately portrayed. Stevenson was so impressed by Stoddard's description that he resolved when the time was fit and his pocketbook permitted, to journey to the south seas and enjoy the languorous life which so appealed to his senses. That he was able after some years of bitter struggle to carry his design into effect is a matter of history. He never forgot Stoddard, and while a resident of Samoa he corresponded with his gentle mentor and friend until death stepped in to end all.

Old timers will remember Woodward's Gardens which for years in its unique exhibit of the curiosities of the animal and vegetable kingdom had no rival until Golden Gate Park, for long years given over to sand and brush, was elaborately improved so as to become San Francisco's greatest outdoor asset.

For years, as I have written, Montgomery Street was the great business street of San Francisco. Here were located the leading hotels—Occidental, Russ House, Brooklyn and Lick House, and within easy walking distance, some not half a block away, were the principal places of amusement—Bush and Standard theaters, Academy of Music, Platt's Hall, Maguire's Opera House, Metropolitan

and American theaters and the minstrel houses. But time and progress make changes. In the eighties Kearny Street came to the front and Montgomery Street dropped to the rear. Soon Market Street took on shape and in a few years placed Kearny in second place. Skyscrapers cemented Market Street's leadership and when the theaters followed the rush Kearny and Montgomery streets became in truth back numbers. And there was reason for the change. Market Street is and should be the main business artery of San Francisco, for its extension to the south leads to all the towns and cities in San Mateo and Santa Clara counties, thence down the coast as far as San Diego.

Before the building of the railroads travel both north and south was made by steamboat. In 1864 the San Francisco and San Jose railroad became operative and in 1869 the Central Pacific road was completed. This progressive undertaking killed the Pony Express and the mail business of the Atlantic and Pacific steamers.

It was while the steamboats were in operation on San Francisco Bay carrying passengers and freight to Alviso where stages for San Jose and points south were in waiting that there occurred the most disastrous water accident of the early days. The steamer Jenny Lind left San Francisco April 9, 1853, having on board one hundred and fifty passengers, among them fifteen women and children. Shortly after 12 o'clock, noon, the boat being about four miles from the west shore of the bay, a violent tremor, like the concussion produced by the firing of cannon, was felt throughout the floating structure. Immediately after came a thunderous report and instantly the boat was enveloped in a dense cloud of scalding steam. The head of the boiler had blown out and the steam and boiling water gushed out with fearful violence. The bulkhead separating the boiler from the cabin was shattered into fragments by the force of the shock and each fragment became a missile of death and destruction.

The cabin was a closely confined room, about fifteen by twenty feet in size, with small windows looking out on a sort of gangway that intervened between it and the railing. It was near dinner time, the table was spread and five minutes before the passengers had been called to the cabin so that they might not be incommoded by the



rush when the dinner bell should ring. They were about to seat themselves when the explosion took place. The dense volume of steam rushed into the cabin and all there were stricken down as if wilted by the heat. They were all scalded internally, not one escaped, and those who were not killed instantly died afterward. Many of them had their clothes torn from them and the skin from their hands and faces was burned entirely off.

The volume of steam struck against the bulkhead in the rear of the boiler, the larger portion bursting through the cabin, while another portion recoiled then rushed forward killing instantly one of the firemen who was standing in front of the furnace doors, mortally scalding another who was on the forward deck and killing several passengers who were standing on the lower deck. Those of the passengers who were grouped on the forward part of the upper deck were nearly all saved. Among those who came out of the catastrophe unhurt was James Tobin of San Francisco. His position was near the companionway leading to the cabin when he felt the preliminary tremor. Familiar with accidents on the Mississippi River and knowing what the tremor portended, he threw over his head the heavy coat he had on, wrapped his hands in its folds and prostrated himself upon the deck. The furious volume of steam rushed over and around him but he lay with his hands clasped over his mouth and holding his breath. In about half a minute he raised his coat to get breath, found the air still hot and covered himself up again. In two minutes he uncovered, completely unhurt. But his coat was so burnt that it came to pieces in his hands. He was the only man among the passengers who was able to rise to his feet. His escape was due entirely to his presence of mind.

Among the fifty who lost their lives in this explosion were Charles White, first alcalde of San Jose in 1848; J. D. Hoppe, San Jose merchant; Bernard Murphy, near relative of the late Hon. B. D. Murphy, state senator and bank commissioner; Atalie Beaucamp and two children, of San Francisco.

Dr. Jordan's museum of horrors, which included wax figures of the world's most notorious criminals, modeled after the Tussaud collection in London, was one of the sights of Montgomery Street up to its destruction by fire in 1906. Among the many objects of interest was what purported to be the ghastly head of Joaquin Murietta, the pioneer California bandit and murderer. I say purported, for it has

never been satisfactorily established that the head was that of the notorious Joaquin. Before his death James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, declared that after seeing the head he became convinced that it was not the head of the Mexican he had known. And this testimony was corroborated by Joaquin's wife, an acquaintance of Marshall, who was positive that her husband was not killed, as reported, by Harry Love's rangers in Cantua Canyon.

North Beach in the early days was nearly as popular a resort as Woodward's Gardens. For many years the little saloon and sort of eating house in a weather-beaten shack was presided over by an old man named Warner. The saloon and restaurant which occupied the main room was ornamented, to use the word in a satirical sense, by cobwebs that had never been disturbed since the building of the edifice. They hung from the ceiling, stuck out from the walls and had never known a broom. Where they did not luxuriate were displayed a collection of curios brought in from all parts of the world by sailor friends of Warner. The exhibit was both rare and interesting, and it could be seen and admired by anybody who had the price of a beer in his pocket. Outside the saloon were a collection of monkeys, parrots galore and a raven that would have delighted the soul of Edgar Allan Poe. This raven, perched above the door, would say in a low, guttural voice, "Walk in, walk in" whenever the crowds began to gather. Every day Warner would serve clam chowder to his guests, and in spite of the dirt and disorder, the chowder went off like hot cakes. The building was a short distance from the bay and it was in this section of water that W. C. Ralston lost his life in the early seventies.

IT WAS while San Francisco was in a ferment of excitement over the Chinese question, while Denis Kearney's slogan, "The Chinese Must Go," was striking terror to the hearts of the Mongolians and their white allies, and while the sentiment in the east was distinctly pro-Chinese that three enterprising newspaper men put their heads together and evolved what promised to be a magnificent scheme for the making of money. The three were Chester H. Hull, city editor of the Chronicle and self-styled "the monumental liar of the Pacific coast"; Sam Davis, the Nevada humorist and brother of Robert H. Davis, editor of the Munsey publications, and Henry C. Hansbrough, telegraph editor of the Chronicle and afterward for three

terms United States senator from North Dakota. It was proposed to take advantage of the excitement by securing the services of an educated Chinese and taking him east on a lecturing tour. Hull was to write the speech, Davis was to finance the scheme (it was reported at the time that he could obtain \$3,000 from John W. Mackey, the bonanza king), and Hansbrough was to act as business manager. But the days passed and no Chinese, intelligent and foxy enough to fill the bill, could be obtained.

It was reported that at this juncture Hull proposed to do the lecture act by making up as a Chinese. Whether the other partners ever seriously considered the proposition is not known, but at any rate there were frequent wrangles culminating in a dissolution of partnership. Davis went back to the sage brush and Hull resumed work on the Chronicle where he perpetrated some of the hoaxes which made him a notorious figure all over the Pacific coast. But Hansbrough stuck to his guns. He enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of Rev. Otis Gibson, superintendent of the Methodist mission in San Francisco, and a Chinese lecturer in the person of one Chan Pak Kwai was secured. The Chinese was a good-looking interpreter, as sharp as a steel trap and with an excellent command of the English language. When all arrangements had been made Hansbrough and Chan left for the east. Lectures were delivered in Iowa and Illinois and the lecturer was feted by the misinformed but warm-hearted people of these states. At last the excitement died out and Hansbrough and Chan separated, the latter to return to California, the former to "seek fresh fields and pastures new" in North Dakota. Interesting himself in politics he was so fortunate when Dakota was divided to be chosen one of the United States senators for the northern division.

The most unique character of the sixties was the Emperor Norton. He was a Scandinavian and had been one of the pioneer merchants of the city. He met with reverses which had cast a cloud over his mind—such was the popular belief—so that he became a fantastic figure for the rest of his life. I have never believed that the "Emperor" was "touched in the upper story." I think that his reverses gave birth to the determination to hereafter wring from the citizens a living without working with his hands. And there was cool, calculating method in what he did after misfortune came upon him. His first notion was to at-

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# A Nightless Day

By LILY HOHFELD HUGHES

**M**ARIE, who's going to take you to the Senior Hop tonight?" Eugene Somerset pushed his chair back from the dinner table and then without waiting for her answer, addressing his father.

"Gee, Dad, do you realize it's only a month until Sis and I graduate from college?"

Somerset, president of The Colonial Bank of San Francisco, threw down the evening paper he had been reading—between mouthfuls of desert, as usual—and studied intently the eager face of his son.

"Yes," he answered after a considerable pause, "I realize it's about time for you to take charge of the Mission branch of the bank."

"All right, Dad," returned the boy, "just as you say." It was evident responsibility rested lightly on his shoulders. "What concerns me just now is the Senior Hop. Whom are you going with, Marie?" He turned again to his sister.

"Karl Schnell," came the reply in Marie Somerset's soft tones.

"That dub!"

The tender, sweetly-grave eyes of the girl, eyes that always arrested the casual observer and made him glance a second time at her, widened and across her flower-like face flashed a shadow of resentment at her brother's sneer, followed quickly by uneasiness as she caught her father's glance upon her. Somerset's thin lips were compressing themselves into a straight line and a frown was creeping between his eyes, so deep that Marie wondered whether it could ever be smoothed out.

"Who?" he thundered.

"Mr. Karl Schnell," Marie repeated with dignity.

Somerset turned to his wife.

"Anne, have you met this young man of illustrious name?" His upper lip curled.

"He's going to call tonight," Marie hastily answered for her mother.

"What do you know of this fellow?" the banker inquired of his son.

"Not much. He's a sort of flat tire—a dig—but he's been Johnny-on-the-spot lately so far as Sis is concerned." With the last words the boy grinned at his sister.

"Eugene, you're mean and unjust," the girl burst out, then stopped abruptly—aghast at the passionateness of her own feelings. She felt her family's eyes upon her and rushed on. "Why don't you tell Father that Karl

is one of the honor men of the senior class, that he made the Phi Beta Kappa society which you didn't, and—"

"Don't be catty, Sis," her brother interrupted.

**M**ARIE did not reply. She was watching her father who was leaning back in his chair, hands folded, one thumb twirling ceaselessly over the other—a mannerism bitterly denounced by him, in others, as a sign of coming age and dotage. He caught himself in the detested act and straightened up. His glance shifted from his son to Marie, who suddenly squirmed in her chair.

"Who are his parents and what are his prospects?" he asked.

Marie remained silent. Mr. Somerset glanced significantly at his wife.

"But who *are* his people? Where does he live, child?" Mrs. Somerset persisted more gently.

"I don't know and I don't care! I can recognize merit when I see it and a gentleman when I meet one, even if I *am* a sister of Eugene Somerset and my name is registered in San Francisco's bluebook!" Marie's voice in shrill crescendo broke and she rose hurriedly to leave. Her father was equally quick. He pounded the table as he stood up.

"If my children should ever dare so to forget their family prestige as to be come too interested in—" He broke off with a disagreeable laugh.

Marie escaped blindly from the room. How her heart had pounded in consonance with that pound of her father's clenched fist! She felt dizzy—so unanticipated, so irrefutable was the revelation he had pounded into her heart—she loved Karl Schnell, Karl who had been her classmate all the four years of college!

An hour later she awaited Karl's coming with a strange shyness, with uneasiness also when she thought of her father's words with their indefinite threat. As she looked from the windows of her home toward the West, she was thrilled out of her abstraction by the picture, —jewel-framed by twinkling lights, of the silvery-blue bay, still flushed from the sunset's rays, growing more and more mellow in the deepening dusk. She felt lifted out of herself as always when looking off into vast spaces. She stared fascinated, with an audible intake of breath like a sigh.

"What's wrong, little girl?" asked a

blond young giant as the maid admitted him into the room.

Marie started, turned, and gazed into the strong, smiling face.

"Look, Karl!" She swept her hand toward the flame-tinted horizon.

The spiritual glow in her eyes had a corresponding reaction upon the boy. He looked at the prospect before him and then back to the rapt countenance of the girl about whose brow curled soft wisps of brown hair that matched her eyes. An expression almost reverent crept into her face. Marie suddenly became conscious of his gaze. The delicate peach-like bloom of her cheeks flamed to a deep scarlet. Involuntarily she dropped her eyes.

"Excuse me while I run up and get my coat," she murmured in confusion.

A crescent moon was appearing over the tops of the tall gum trees across the street as Marie entered the dance hall with Karl. She caught her breath.

"Oh, Karl, the beauty,—the beauty of the universe!"

"And you the most beautiful," the boy returned with fervor.

Marie did not answer. In a tumult of emotion she threw herself into the whirl of the ball. She lived only in the moment, conscious merely of that wild beating of her heart and that exquisite thrill when Karl's arms closed round her in the dance, when the warm glances from his dark blue eyes sent her blood coursing through her veins with grateful warmth. She was reckless of all consequences. Dance after dance she gave to his eager importunity, heedless of the complaints of her other suitors or of the significant whispers of her classmates or of the secret protests of Eugene. The lights, the music, the dancers, the floor itself seemed ethereal. The only realities were Karl's adoring gaze and Karl's arms bearing her swiftly, blissfully through space.

Crash! Her dream was rudely shattered. She was jolted back to reality by the loud applause of an encore.

"Marie, Marie," Karl breathed softly into her ear, drawing her out through a side door into the cool night, under a fragrant, lilac-bowered pergola. "Darling, he whispered, holding her close. "You do love me a little, sweetheart," he uttered unsteadily, softly challenging. To the girl his low voice seemed to melt into the fragrant, starry darkness, as she lay a passive burden in his arms, incapable of speech or of action.

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# A Page of Verse

## GYPSY MAN

MY FATHER was a gypsy man  
(I heard a neighbor say),  
Nor he would hold tomorrow  
Was worth a thought today.  
A huge man and a brown-faced man  
With gold coins in his ears,  
Loitering down a road of dust  
That settled on the years.

*Hunting for a love, they say,  
Year after year;  
More like he left one behind  
To wait in fear!*

I cannot learn the source of it,  
This wandering with a clan,  
For he had much of bookish lore  
To settle down a man.  
And he had friends to hold him dear  
And on a time a home,  
But father was a gypsy man  
That he should always roam.

*The trucking of wagon wheels  
Up-hill at dawn;  
My neighbor has not seen him—  
My father's gone!*

My father was a gypsy man  
I often hear it told,  
With wind-stain on his bearded cheeks  
And in his ears some gold.  
And I have never heard him sing  
Nor watched him as he talked,  
And I have never felt his arms  
Nor watched the way he walked.

*A huge man and a brown man  
These years he's gone—  
... I hear calling wagon wheels  
Up-hill at dawn!*

—Don Farran.

## PASTORAL—TWO SINGERS AT CHORE-TIME

I HAVE shaped a song as I plodded  
heavy-footed through this  
barn-yard's slime.  
Disturbed by neighs and gruntings of  
these pasture folk, I have pruned  
its cadences and filed at its  
rhythm till it beats in rhyme.

Now I sing it for my chained soul's  
surcease with no human near.  
My audience the inmates of the sty  
and stable each with his creature  
heart and dull, brute ear.

Ah, but the purple grackle sends me  
his greeting from the door-yard  
pine! ...  
His song holds the squeakings of a  
rusty hinge though he's garbed in  
velvet stained with tints of wine.

Yet, his lay charms me—I pause to  
listen—here's a kindred soul! ...  
He sings as do I, nor cares that his  
hearers are two drowsy hogs in a  
wallow hole!

I care not for the mockings of a scoff-  
ing rooster with a grey barred  
wing.  
The grackle hears no chortles from a  
brazen blue-jay so we both sing!

—Jay G. Sigmund.

## THE YOUNG ROUSTABOUT

HE SLEPT his sleep among the  
splintered poles,  
And jolted in the night which swept  
above;  
There was so little for him in the  
rolls  
Of dingy cloth the other 'coons could  
love.  
His uncle smoked a pipe and sang a  
tune—  
Forgotten circus days so long be-  
fore—  
When negro shadows chuckled in the  
moon  
And pounded stakes down through  
the earthy floor.

It was a sour, summer day that came:  
It jerked him rudely from the wagon  
roofs,  
And dragged him down when they  
had called his name  
Where dust was thick among the  
grinding hoofs;  
A cold and bitter curse on through  
the dawn,  
A greasy rush and drive within the  
tent—  
This was the road on which the boy  
had gone.  
He wished that he had thought before  
he went . . .

But somehow in the frying, vivid sun,  
A jungle tremor shook the shadows  
there  
Beneath the snapping sheet—and he  
saw one  
Huge shape that lolled in a red wagon  
bare,  
An odor which was fresh—but old as  
time,  
Came from the cage of the grim shin-  
ing tooth:  
The savage roar sent blood beneath  
the grime—  
Some torment beat the body of the  
youth.

His uncle and the others painted  
rings  
Or gargoyles faces, fearful red and  
blue,  
And took tin spears, and the flat drum  
which sings  
And leopard skins—they had him do  
it, too.  
The circus flamed and cried around  
his soul  
As the long parade went winding out  
and in . . .  
He knew he loved the drummer's  
steady roll.

His black mouth twisted in a devil's  
grin.

—MacKinlay Kantor.

## ARRIVAL

THE night is a good servant  
And truly does adore me.  
I have come to a new country  
But she is here before me.

With the moonlight for clean water  
And the wind for a broom,  
She has swept out this hill-country  
And made ready my room.

—Jessica Nelson North.

## QUIET LEVELS

I LOVE the hearth fire when the  
logs burn low,  
When coals lie, warm and friendly,  
in their glow;  
A little space, the flames leap high  
and meet,  
Breathing hot protest to a sure de-  
feat,  
And I, exulting in their passions,  
know  
Peace, as the logs burn low.

I love the silence of deep waters still,  
After a lashing tide has spent its  
will;  
When waves, receding, murmur of  
release,  
Accenting twilight's ultimate sur-  
cease—  
I joy in their contentings, yet I know  
Peace, as the ebb tides flow.

I love your eyes, Heart's Dearest,  
when for me  
They mirror hearth fire glow and  
tranquil sea;  
For, though life bear us high on  
foaming crest  
And though life's fires burn fervidly,  
'tis best  
That we shall find, as eager thought  
subsides,  
Levels where peace abides.  
—Alice Wilson Oldroyd.

## YOUR MUSIC

THE mood your music weaves in me  
Is a dewy canopy  
That holds a bird, a bloom, a star,  
And essence of all things that are  
Glistening and glad and free.

The little lilting breezes purr  
Gently through the leaves and stir  
A fairy rift of golden song  
Whose loveliness could but belong  
To a world of gossamer.

—Ruth Harwood

## YOU ARE MY SONG

YOU ARE my song, who taught me  
ways of singing;  
You are my light, who showed me how  
to see.  
When in lone darkness I was blindly  
winging,  
You were the falconer who set me  
free.  
You are the wind who gave my heart  
its laughter;  
Crystalline pool who taught my soul  
repose.  
You are the breath of life, the dawn  
that after  
Flooding the far Olympus, melts the  
snows;  
Phantom of childhood hope, my sym-  
bolled dream,  
Visioned mirage become reality.  
You are the wand that waved life's  
"sorry scheme"  
Into a chaste, unworldly quality.  
You are my God who taught mute  
lips to pray  
Before the shrine of Love's unfet-  
tered day.  
—Dorothy Hawley Cartwright.



# A Nightless Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Kiss me, sweetheart." Lower and lower his face bent towards hers, and with that kiss Marie came to know there could be no other man in her life.

She spent the next day in a tremor of suspense. How would her father receive Karl? Again and again she relived the ecstasy of those throbbing moments under the lilac-scented pergola. A great bowl of the lavender flowers stood on her table. Repeatedly she thrust her hot face among the cool blossoms and experienced again the impulses their fragrance suggested. She wavered between a quivering eagerness to see Karl again and a shyness, almost shame, at the memory of her passive surrender. She heard the doorbell ring at last. Karl had come! He was with her father now. Would her father dare to refuse his consent to their engagement? Why didn't he send for her? There, he was calling for her now!

"Marie," Mr. Somerset began as she appeared in the doorway, "this—," he paused for a fitting word, "this—fellow—has had the impudence to say that he loves you and to ask my consent to your marriage. You know how I feel on this subject. I have told him you are of age and can do as you please, but that no daughter of mine will ever marry other than one of pure Colonial stock and established position in life. I have forbidden him the house after tonight."

At her father's first words, with an impulsive, protecting movement Marie glided to the boy and took both his hands in hers. She looked searchingly at him. Karl's glance never wavered from hers.

"I've given him my love, Father. It's beyond recall." She extended a pleading hand. "Won't you wish us happiness?"

Her heart sank as she saw her father's nostrils begin to dilate rhythmically, a nervous affliction visible only when he was terribly moved. A moment he stood as if struggling for self-control, then strode from the room with pompous dignity.

"Never mind, sweetheart," the boy spoke tenderly as the door slammed. "It's not his attitude that is worrying me, but yours."

"Mine?" Marie repeated in wonder.

"Yes, Marie,—your attitude toward my parents. They do not move in the same circle as—."

Impulsively Marie put her hand over the boy's mouth. Her voice was not quite steady.

"Hush, Karl! Please don't judge me by my father's standards."

THE NEXT few days her father ignored Marie. Her brother seemed scornfully amused, and her mother kept telling her that the affair was a mere girlish whim of transitory nature. She expressed herself as impatient and shocked that Marie, who had been reared so exclusively, should be attracted even temporarily by one of unknown station and uncertain prospects. The girl's only sympathy came from a maiden aunt, esteemed lightly by the rest of the family except for her wealth. Cuddled in the old woman's arms, Marie poured out her heart and was understood.

But her unhappiness at home was offset by her joyous meetings with Karl at college. He had been offered a position that held a prospect of rapid promotion. Though her natural shyness influenced the girl against an early marriage, her father's hostility caused her to consent to wed the boy in three weeks when college would close for both of them.

"Sweetheart, you must meet Mother and Dad," Karl said one day.

"I'd forgotten there was anyone else in the world except you, Karl," Marie replied. She smiled faintly. "Do you think they'll like me?"

"Like you? They adore you already." Karl gave her hand a firm squeeze. "Will you like them? That's what I am wondering."

Marie detected a note of distress in his voice and her cheeks flushed with shame over her own parents' attitude.

"Try to think better of me, Karl," she said huskily.

The following day they met by agreement. As they boarded a Mission Street car, Marie suddenly found herself anticipating the meeting with actual dread. She tried to shake off a premonition of coming disaster, but every revolution of the heavy car wheels, as they brought her nearer and nearer to her goal seemed to grind through her head the foreboding refrain, "They may not like you," until for sheer relief she forced herself to look through the car window and concentrate on the shifting scenes. The business section of the city had been left behind. They were passing a colorless, depressing, unending series of three-storied flats with here and there, sandwiched in, a dilapidated house of older design, or a creamery or notion store. Numerous glimpses were afforded of

ash cans and other litter cluttering the long, steeply-winding side steps, while sorry lines of wash brazenly fluttered their immodesty from rear porches. Patrician that she was, Marie caught her breath sharply. Was this awful neighborhood where Karl lived?

"Twenty-second Street!" the conductor bellowed and Karl arose and helped Marie off.

Past other abodes of the same lean character they walked for two blocks and then stopped in front of a little delicatessen shop.

"Here we are, little girl," Karl smiled somewhat anxiously as he swung open the screen door and, with a proprietary grip upon her, drew her inside.

Before Marie's clouded vision swam sausages, cheeses, pumpnickel loaves, doughnuts, spaghetti, pickles,—from which potpourri there gradually evolved a squat, gingham-aproned woman with a face as round and shining as a tin of beans and scraggly hair drawn tightly into a little pug like one of her own cheeses.

"Ach, Karl, unt here she is! *Der liebe Gott*, unt how pootiful! Mein Karl's *Liebchen*, mein own little *Tochterlein*!" Laughing and crying, the woman alternately pressed Marie to her ample bosom and threw up her gingham apron to mop her shining, perspiring face and to wipe away the tears of joy from her eyes. "Papa, Papa," she called in shrill glad tones, "you come here already quick. Here ist Karl's *Braut*." In her emotion her English, never certain, reverted more and more to the idiom of her mother tongue.

At her call, from the rear of the store, hurried a stooped, white-aproned old man with the same piercing dark-blue eyes of his son. But Marie, still dazed, did not perceive any resemblance. Instead there leaped into her abnormal vision a stocky, bent, white-bellied, nondescript creature from which she recoiled with a gasp of horror as she felt herself drawn into the grip of two powerful tentacles, while a voice wondrously like Karl's save for its creak of age squeaked:

"I've bin valking die floor up, vaiting unt vaiting for mein Karl's girl. Ach, Mama, unt she ist svett, *nicht*? Unt to dink dat she lufs mein Karl unt mein Karl lufs her!" As if overcome by the depth of his feeling, the kindly old father released the inert girl. "Karl," he continued, "treat her gut or



I will gif you vun sound thrashing like when you vas a boy."

In the strong-smelling, close air the disillusioned girl felt barely conscious. She found herself leaning against a counter where a huge Swiss cheese lay dissected and sent its pungent odor directly up her dilating nostrils. She felt she must escape or suffocate. The room commenced to whirl about her. She made a resolute effort to regain her equilibrium. Karl, grinning at his parents' approbation of Marie, suddenly sprang to her side.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he inquired anxiously. "You're as white as a sheet."

"Nothing, Karl," she gasped, "a drink of water—maybe,—some air!"

She swayed dizzily toward the door. Karl steadied her with one arm while with the other he threw the door wide open.

"Ugh, take it away," she cried, as she drew in long breaths of the fresh air.

"Take vhat away?" Karl's mother asked gently.

"The cheese," Marie replied, shuddering.

The mother turned a puzzled countenance to her son.

"She doesn't know what she's saying mother," Karl's face was haggard.

"I will bring her a cup of coffee." His mother hurried after it.

Marie's color returned with the coffee. Karl called a taxicab and insisted upon taking her home.

She arrived just in time for dinner and managed to conceal her emotion until Swiss cheese with crackers was served. She sniffed the air, shuddering, again reacting to the unpleasant memory. She refused the cheese with aversion when it was passed to her.

"Ugh, I can't bear it," she whispered and ran from the table.

Her family stared after her in amazement.

"Great guns, how do you get that way?" her brother yelled after her. Through the open door she heard his words clearly. "I can't remember the time she could ever get enough of it before."

"I think it's our attitude," followed in her mother's timid tones. "I sometimes wonder whether we aren't doing the very thing to drive her into a wretched marriage."

"Well, if she makes her own bed, she'll lie on it."

At this grim threat in her father's deep tones Marie put her hands over her ears and darted upstairs to her room. She locked the door and threw herself upon the bed, her pride in shreds, every instinct—inherited and

acquired—fighting fiercely against her love. She, Marie Somerset, a descendant of English nobility, daughter of a banker, favorite of society, to be claimed by those intolerable, shining, be-aproned, smelly delicatessen shop-people!

THE GIRL's hands clenched. She fought for self-control. Then of a sudden she sat up on her bed and clapped her hands over her eyes and rocked back and forth, trying in vain to shut out the horrible sight tormenting her memory. She was hotly resentful. She felt she hated Karl.

"It isn't fair," she muttered. "Why didn't he tell me before he let me love him?"

The next moment bitter remorse engulfed her at her own injustice. Karl had tried several times to tell her, and always she had stopped him. Her awakening had been so sudden and Karl had filled her mind and heart to the exclusion of all else! She recalled now that a long time before Karl had told her his parents had been born in Switzerland. It *must* be a nightmare! It *could* not be true!

When Marie saw Karl again, she felt she astounded him by the intensity of her affection. How could he realize that she was trying to bolster up her love with the strength that came from actual contact? With his arms around her and his kisses warm upon her lips, the flickering candle of her own love was relighted and gleamed again with brilliance. No sooner was he gone, however, than the fears and pangs of pride assailed her with redoubled force. She grew nervous and thin and pale. Her mother showed her worry over her condition by urging her to ask Karl to the house and promising to intercede for him with her father. But Marie remained dumb to all her entreaties. With tears of bitter humiliation she confessed to herself that she was ashamed of Karl's parents, that she was afraid to tell her family of them, that she would not be able to endure her father's rage, her brother's sneers, her mother's tears, her friends' ridicule, the reproaches sure to be heaped upon her head by the whole numerous Somerset tribe. She dared not tell even her old aunt, not because she feared her aunt's displeasure but because her own pride scorched her. What could she do? Her secret marriage day was rapidly approaching. Less than two weeks remained. The situation was impossible!

Utterly exhausted by the unending conflict between her pride and her love, Marie sat one evening, gazing straight before her. All at once a flush dyed her face but a frown replaced it as

quickly. She sprang up and walked the floor determinedly. At last a decision had been reached. Karl would have to choose between his parents and her!

The next day the two young people faced each other,—hot shame on her face, surprised hurt in his eyes. He was pleading for her life happiness; she was at bay, striving to save the remains of her lacerated self-esteem.

"Marie," Karl spoke tensely, "give up the old folks? Give them up for good? Little girl,—you don't know what you're asking. They're not bothered, I know, with conventions—and all that sort of thing, but inside—Marie,—inside they're gold—pure gold! Do you know—," his voice grew husky, "that they almost starved themselves—to educate—me?" He turned his face quickly away from hers for a moment and then seized her hands with a gesture of passionate appeal. "Dear little girl, what do we care about what others think of us? I'm pleading for our love,—that is sacred! I'm not blaming you, Marie. You can't help it,—you've breathed that narrow conventional atmosphere so long. But rise above it,—be true to your self!"

All the womanhood in Marie responded to her lover's pleading. For a moment she hated herself.

"Karl, all standards are confused to me now." She threw herself into the boy's arms. "I don't know right from wrong. I only know that I love you. God help me to get rid of my—my—," she touched her breast, "this awful feeling inside!"

An hour later Marie returned home, weary in body but strong in spirit, admiring Karl's strength but pitying her own weakness. Out of the struggle had been born a firm resolve to purge herself of all false pride and to cleave to Karl. As she entered the hall, from the library came her brother's voice, loud, hoarse, as if convulsed by anger,—almost hysterical.

"I tell you, Mother, you and Father must stop it. The crazy saphead, she's going to—." Here his speech suddenly choked, blurred, then stopped entirely, only to begin a second later still more stridently. "I tell you, Dad, it gets my goat. I won't allow it. You've GOT to stop it, I don't care how. If you don't, I'll take matters into my own hands. I'll stop it! I'll lock her up. I'll—."

"Eugene," it was her mother who interrupted, her tones shrill with fright, "have you taken leave of your senses? Talk intelligently. Lock whom up? Stop what?"

"Lock Marie up! Stop Marie's marriage!" Eugene was shouting now,



Marie felt sure he could be heard outside. "She's going to marry that Swiss boob, Karl Schnelli, the fifteenth of this month, ten days from today, and—."

The boy stopped abruptly to glare at Marie who suddenly found herself in the library. Appalled for the moment by her brother's discovery of her approaching marriage, she had stood in the hall, scarcely breathing, dismayed, not a single clear idea in her head, until her brother's slur against her lover. Then a force stronger than herself had propelled her into the room.

"Oh, Marie," her mother hurried to her, tears coursing down her cheeks, "to think that you would shut me out from your confidence!" She threw her arms convulsively about the girl and strained her to her breast. "But I've deserved it." She turned bitterly upon her husband and son. "I allowed myself to be persuaded by you two men. Your actions were enough to drive any sensitive, high-spirited girl into a hasty marriage."

The boy fell back in amazement.

"Holy blazes, Mother, you don't understand! This Karl Schnelli is—."

"A gentleman at least," the mother completed. "I saw that myself the night he came to take Marie to the dance."

"And son of sweet-smelling delicatessen shopkeepers!" Eugene added with a savage sneer.

"W-h-a-t? Eugene, oh, no!"

"Sounds swell, doesn't it? Mrs. Karl Schnelli, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Somerset, leaders of San Francisco's Four Hundred, and daughter-in-law of pickle and sausage vendors! 'Mein Karl's *Braut*, die most pootiful efer! *Nicht, Heinrich?*'" he mimicked.

His mother's arms slipped from the girl and she collapsed into a chair. Marie knelt down by her side, clasping her mother tightly in her own arms.

"Don't Mother, don't," she besought, as she heard the older woman's suppressed sobs. "I can't bear it."

"Eugene!"

A shiver crept along the girl's spine as her father called her brother's name. It was the first word she had heard him speak. He had been sitting, quiet, grim, with twirling thumbs and twitching nostrils.

"Eugene, how did you hear this?"

"It was just plain luck—that was all. I went to the Mission branch of the bank this morning to see how I was going to like my job. I got so interested in it that when noon came, I decided not to go home but to buy a couple of sandwiches at that little delicatessen shop a block away. I used the

telephone to tell Mother I wouldn't be home to lunch. That little shinnys-faced woman heard me,—recognized the name, I guess, and—oh, shucks, can't you imagine the rest?" He broke off in deepest disgust and glared furiously at his sister.

"Marie!"

Again the girl shivered at her father's voice and clung to her mother more tightly.

"Marie, is it true you are engaged to marry Karl Schnelli, son of these low, ignorant Swiss shopkeepers?"

Marie rose unsteadily to her feet and all the warm delicate coloring of her

flushed upon her. Before in her egotistic concern she had not given a thought to any one but to Karl and herself. She *did* owe a duty to her family.

"Father, I can't talk now,—I'm tired," she replied gently, almost penitently.

Her father brightened at her quick change of demeanor.

"All right, we'll talk it over later," he said.

During the following days Marie's tenderest feelings were outraged. Her father threatened to disown her if she persisted in marrying Karl; her brother took delight in mimicking Karl's parents at every opportunity; her mother wept and pleaded not for her own but for Marie's future. More than once the conscientious girl felt the strength of her resolution to marry Karl in the face of all opposition ebbing.

Did her love conflict with her duty as well as with her pride? She could crush her pride, but had she the moral right to ignore her duty? Did her duty lie to her family or to Karl? Was the path of duty always so obscure? Was she fulfilling her highest duty to Karl if she married him with such doubt and fear in her heart?

"Perfect love casteth out fear," she moaned the beautiful Scriptural line again and again in her spiritual agony.

Her love for Karl was not perfect, so full was her heart of fear,—fear of her parents' anger and of her friends' scorn. To be true to Karl as well as to her family, she ought to give Karl up. She ought to sacrifice her own feelings. Yes, her conscience showed her the way. The girl's resolution became fixed even as it was born,—she would immolate herself upon the altar of her great love! She would not see Karl again, not even once more, for she would never be able to withstand his pleading or her own heart's cry. In the white passion of this sacrificial mood she sat down and wrote to him of her decision and then wondered why she did not die. Karl's reply came immediately. He implored her to grant him an interview and to reconsider.

There followed a week of suffering, verging on serious illness. She kept picturing to herself Karl barred from her home, ignorant of her illness, appalled by her silence, the sweetest and holiest illusion of his life slipping from him. Her parents showed alarm over her condition. Their physician advised an entire change of environment, an ocean voyage if possible. So the girl was sent on the beautiful trip by the Southeastern passage to Alaska. She

#### REVELATION

I HEARD the voice of sad, imperiled day

Speak through the sunset's mellow glow,

I saw the manuscript of night unfold  
And felt the misty twilight flow

Through dreamy valleys where a magic moon

Threw down its luring rays of light,  
Where wistful stars woke slowly, one by one,

To search the cryptic page of night.

I heard the call of far-off mountain peaks

That rose like ghosts above the plain,

I caught the lonely desert's plaintive voice

Insistent in its prayers for rain.

I heard the friendly toll of evening bells

As down earth's purpling aisles I trod—

Doubt not, these joys that were to me revealed

Were heart-beats from the breast of God!

—George S. Whittaker.

face disappeared as if by magic. Her mother started up impulsively but was waved back by the irate man.

"Let her answer me," he snapped. "If she marries that clown, she'll have more than this to endure."

The hot blood surged back, staining the girl's cheeks, brow, and throat, and her tender, grave eyes blazed.

"You have no right to talk that way to me."

"Haven't I? Since when, young lady? Hasn't a father the right to object when his daughter is about to make him a laughing stock among his friends and ruin her brother's prospects and break her mother's heart, to say nothing about wrecking her own life?"

Again Marie's heart began to pound as it had that evening at the dinner table when Karl Schnelli first entered it. The light died from her eyes. For the first time the claim of her family



chase the kindly old maiden aunt as her only companion and, when her family remonstrated, the wise old doctor endorsed her choice.

The first few days of the voyage the sorrowful girl was scarcely cognizant of the changing scenery or the lapse of time. She would sit by the vessel's rail staring, for hours at a stretch, over the peaceful Alaskan sea with unseeing eyes, scarcely moving a muscle, oblivious of all around her. How dead she felt! She merely went through the motions of living. She was only a puppet now, moving when somebody else pulled the strings, and so she would remain down the long vista of dull future years. Three months ago she had promised to marry Karl,—and now she was trying to forget him. As if all Alaska's forests, mountains, and glaciers could make her forget Karl! Yet, notwithstanding her outward torpor, subconsciously she was re-acting to the sublimity of the scenes she was daily witnessing. The very silence of the austere land was soothing her bruised heart; its immensity was stirring her spiritual depths; its virginity was compelling her to truth.

One day as she sat on a huge coil of rope in the prow of the boat, there suddenly hurtled through the air, in the captain's stentorian tones, "Karl!" He was calling his first mate. Marie sprang from the ropes. She stood quivering, gazing with yearning eagerness at the immense Swede who answered the captain's call. He, too, was blond. He, too, had a high forehead. He, too, had broad shoulders and—. She interrupted her thoughts with a low murmur of despair. Deep shame overwhelmed her. Why should she be trying to trace the likeness of Karl in every Teuton she saw? Why should Karl's name move her so? Karl was a part of her life no more. So duty had decided; so she was trying to believe.

Her aunt was watching her, her eyes brimming over with the tears of sympathy she could not hold back. Furtively she wiped them away.

"Will you watch the sunset with me tonight, girlie?" she asked, approaching. "It will be about ten o'clock and there will be a good moon, too, I'm told."

Marie sighed.

"If you want me to, Auntie."

The older woman sighed in turn and Marie wondered dully what bothered her aunt.

That night, remote from the other tourists, the two women watched together as the sun ever more and more dipped to mountains rising from the sea. The ship floated in an ocean that caught its ever-changing hues from

that luminous splendor in the West. To Marie all the visible universe throbbed with the hot passion of that ball of fire falling swiftly to its rest behind the distant, blazing ridges. But even as she looked, its flame grew softer,—rose color now,—pink,—lavender.

The girl, with elbows on the rail, rested her chin on her palms and watched with rigid eagerness. Oh, the beauty of God's world! The flaming glory of the sunset was like the burning passion of her own love, and its pure, softer shades like the happy hopes of the future which her love had inspired.

#### TO INA COOLBRITH

You were singing  
Lyrics like the songs of birds  
That well and overflow with joy;  
While yet I knew no words.

And when the days revealed  
Their gift, and that first crude note  
Discovered trembling utterance  
Within my childish throat,

You were singing  
Melodies of waking spring  
And grief and kindly hearts and dawn  
That stir me so to sing!

And now—what ecstasy,  
That your songs should thrill me much  
With their fresh youthful eagerness,  
And that our lives should touch!  
—Ruth Harwood.

A splash upon her hand followed by others in quick succession startled her. Through the softly falling rain she looked into the promise of a complete rainbow extending over the ship and leaving its colors rising and falling in the quiet waters and crossed by the wavering gilt of the moon in the rear.

"The rainbow of hope and promise," the old aunt whispered softly to the girl.

"What a glorious trinity of light,—sunset, rainbow, and moon!" Marie returned with shining eyes.

Amid their sublime symphony the strain of doubt and struggling passed from her. She thrilled with deep peace. She touched her aunt lightly.

"Leave me, Auntie, dear. You are sleepy, I know, but I shall watch a while longer."

The momentary rain had ceased. Left alone, bathed in rose and lavender lustrousness, overwhelmed by the loveliness of the scene, the girl relaxed completely, reveling in the sweet calm that had come to her after so many weeks of unrest. She was in fairyland, oblivious of the hours slipping by and of the departure of most of the other watchers.

But it could not last. As the colors

imperceptibly grew more and more mellow, fading into the deepening horizon, all at once it was borne in upon the entranced girl that the dark was coming! Just as the blackness of despair had crushed the joyous splendor of her love, so that shadow of night would soon obliterate all that glory of light and color before her now. Marie recoiled from the thought. Did Nature's heart bleed as hers? Could nothing save the beauty before her? Must darkness come?

An incredulous cry of joy escaped her lips. *There was to be no night!* Over yonder in the East dawn was sending forth its amber waves of light. With straining eyes and parted lips Marie beheld the miracle of dawn overtake the dying radiance of the sun before the night could swallow it in darkness. Slowly the pale lambent rays grew more refulgent, revivifying all the world and ushering in a joyful renaissance of light.

The girl quivered with the intensity of her emotion as she watched. From the glory of the nightless day the truth was crying out at her:—how intolerably petty had been her attitude toward Karl's parents,—how intolerably petty had been her conduct toward Karl! She had stultified herself and dwarfed the real issue. The beautiful love between Karl and herself was the eternal verity! Yet she had cast it aside.

Again Marie seemed to be standing in the little Mission delicatessen shop, staring into two old faces wistful with waiting,—into two pairs of old eyes luminous with unshed tears,—into two souls not worn and scarred and ugly, but beautiful, dignified by toil and ennobled by privation and suffering. "Pure gold," Karl had called them, she remembered. She found herself sobbing in an agony of remorse. Suddenly she bestirred herself and impulsively brushed her hands across her eyes as if to wipe the mist of blinding prejudice from them. It was not too late! She had been following a will o' the wisp; henceforth she would follow Nature's lead! As God had not suffered the sunset's radiance to die behind those distant peaks, so she would not permit her love to sink beneath the mountain of family pride and racial prejudice. With glorified countenance the girl faced the East and stretched out her arms as if to gather to her breast the new-born day.

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended," she heard the old prophet, Isaiah, jubilantly singing.

(Concluded on page 96)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## EVERY CALIFORNIAN

YES, every Californian should read "Glimpses of Japan and Formosa" and then send a copy to an eastern friend! The best way to judge a people is in their native land. Harry Franck has judged with his usual open-mindedness! Japan becomes quite a different country than that which has been pictured to us. The agricultural enterprises, the buildings, all so Americanized, in the island of Hokkaido, is a marvel. Yet with all this a Japanese is fundamentally a Japanese, no matter how far he may roam, or what the environment is in which he lives. Illustrating this, Mr. Franck sights a young Japanese who had been teaching the intricacies of a medical specialty in one of our oldest and most famous of our universities. "Outwardly, at least," says Mr. Franck, "nothing remained of his Orientalism except a hint of foreign accent in his English, and his telltale eyes . . . yet when he was met by his future bride, after formal greetings, he stalked away while she clattered behind him in her wooden clogs, lugging his AMERICAN handbag."

The trains, hotel accommodations, tipping, prices asked foreigners and the difficulty of making oneself understood is a great handicap to traveling through Japan. They are a nation without imagination; their speech is utterly devoid of gestures, those simple motions which carry the tongue-tied traveler far in many another country, convey to the Japanese no meaning whatever.

"The Japanese lacks completely," says Mr. Franck, "that quickness of comprehension under difficulties which flowers best perhaps in Spanish-speaking people.—in the mass the Japanese seem stupid. They are not cleanly . . . their famous mat floors, untouched by shod feet are often so dirty that to walk across them means to carry off a black sole."

The book is alive with pictures of the life of the peasant and the artisan, the new factory artisan and the old style shop artisan; and the unrest of Socialism, the pride of destiny, the almost greedy ambition to excel in Western ways. Then there is hot and humid Formosa, which Japan is settling and developing.

Altogether this is not just a book of travel but a fresh and new glimpse of the "little" Japanese, the Prussians of the Orient, glimpsed through essentially American eyes of the keenest and clearest.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND FORMOSA, by Harry A. Franck. The Century Co. \$3.00.

## SEA STORIES

CAPTAIN DINGLE is a name which is becoming increasingly familiar to those who "follow the sea"—in story. He is a man who knows the sea, but as we read this late story of his, "Wide Waters," we are impressed with the feeling that he knows the sea much better than he does women. In fact there is the strong feeling as the volume is finished that Capt. Dingle would do well to confine his stories to the adventure of the sea to the exclusion of women and love. Still, the story has interest. There is wind and storm and wave, and bucko mates and two-fisted captains. If the "woman in the case" isn't convincing—well, what do you expect for the price of a book?

WIDE WATERS, by Captain Dingle. Brentano, New York. \$2.00.

## AN EXPERIMENT

CLAYTON HAMILTON declared, when he was asked by Mr. Brett of Macmillan Co., why he didn't publish his course of lectures, "Writing is one thing and talking another . . . the technical processes of the two professions being entirely different." But Brett wanted to experiment. A stenographer was sent each day to Mr. Hamilton's class at Columbia University, and now we have his drama conversations in print.

"A playwright is a maker of plays, but a dramatist is more than that. A dramatist is a playwright who teaches while he entertains, and adds to the sum total of national thought by evolving, formulating



CLAYTON HAMILTON

and expounding truths which have heretofore lain latent in the national consciousness." It is of dramatists he speaks, from Rostand to O'Neil, and his knowledge is based on the fact that for thirty years he has seen every play of note on this continent and many in Europe. He says the modern dramatist finds it more difficult to write than did the old Greek dramatists. . . even Shakespeare, for they wrote to their kind of people. Modern dramatists must write to please those of several different languages.

Mr. Hamilton has a faculty of getting to the bottom of things. "The trouble with a number of Mr. Shaw's plays, is . . . that they will be obsolete in fifty years." Of Mr. Earle he says, "Throughout his whole career he has written most knowingly about matters which he has never actually experienced."

Mr. Hamilton says that a man of letters can never become a dramatist and throughout his conversations he makes comparisons. You will enjoy his keen grasp of Galsworthy, Pirandello and Maeterlinck and Eugene O'Neill. Behind his knowledge of dramatists and their work, is a throbbing pulse of his own theories, which are intensely informative and equally as interesting. The entire text holds your attention with an uncanny presence of the personality of the speaker and has a valuable lot of information for all those interested in drama.

CONVERSATIONS ON CONTEMPORARY DRAMA, by Clayton Hamilton. Macmillan. \$2.00.

## HAD HE KNOWN

HAD HE KNOWN his letters would be gathered together and published after his death, would he have written so many intimate things—likes and dislikes? Or would he not have been "deestray" as he said in 1903 to Miss Merington, "I was 'deestray' over the 'phone yesterday because the room was full of actor!" — or having written, wouldn't he have added "Please burn!"? Surely the note to Virginia Gerson in '92 about Mrs. Bulkeley's dinner party wasn't expected to be published for he very plainly says he was bored. "I'm no good in 'jolly crowds,' i. e., where a dozen or so people romp, and recite and 'do' dances, and sing and yell and laugh immoderately at nothing."

Because he didn't expect them to be collected, because 'phones were not much in use (the first mention of a telephone being in 1903 to Miss Merington) Mr. Moses and Miss Gerson have collected and edited a most interesting and amusing book, CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS.

Fitch becomes a living person. His letters are but the expression of his feelings as he wrote. Old familiar names are recalled and once again one is thrown into atmosphere of great people; doing things; given their intimate thoughts;—letters to and from the Gersons, Grace Mosher, Robert Herrick, the novelist, Mansfield, Frohman, "Billy" Phelps, Kate Douglas Wiggin and many others. He never missed the chance to rejoice in one's happiness. This is shown in his note to Kate Douglas Wiggins upon receiving the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Riggs: "I believe myself that romance of life, which is love, is the best and most precious thing in it, supreme, most to be desired!"

His struggles to attain can only be realized by his own pen.

Always loving the better things of life, almost always followed by discouragement, lack of funds, he made the best of his every opportunity. When something promising loomed up ahead he could not wait for the outcome but shared the news immediately with his various friends. Sometimes, yes, many times, the plans fell through and he wrote his disappointments as he wrote his dreams.

His lack of funds and the easy way he talks of it becomes amusing. "I've spent all the money I borrowed from Antoine; and if the play doesn't go over I'll have to borrow the interest I owe him." Antoine was his valet.

The Press seemed unusually stubborn in acknowledging Fitch. Press reports shut some of his plays down; they attack the originality of his masterpieces! Ah! What he had against him! But at last they agreed, when *The City* had its first night, that "Fitch had done it," he had proved himself, and yet he was not there to say when the reviews came out, "Oh! I can't tell you the relief! The strain before I saw what the papers said was almost more than I could stand."

The history of the "Beaux" is all told in his letters to the Gersons, Mansfield and others—what a struggle he had with Mansfield and finally what happened. Fitch never grew old even in his days of struggles. And they were days of struggle for he worked for his success and he kept his head, and by keeping his head he kept



Gordon Grant  
has drawn  
these and  
papers for  
"The Book  
of Old  
Ships"  
by Henry B.  
Culver.



He has  
also drawn  
for the  
book many  
portraits  
of long  
boats,  
"dragons,"  
and famous  
windjammers.

### OLD SHIPS, THEIR EVOLUTION AND ROMANCE

THE "Book of Old Ships" (Doubleday, Page & Company) is a de luxe royal quarto volume recounting the evolution and romance of ships and the early customs of seafaring men. The author is Henry B. Culver, the secretary of the Ship Models' Society, and the illustrator,

Gordon Grant, who has done more than sixty illustrations, portraits of old ships, long, many-oared galleys, viking "serpents" and "dragons," round ships with their early sails and the winged clippers of yesterday as well as drawings of their armament and garniture. The book is dedicated

to the memory of unknown craftsmen and to the master ship builders and designers, Pett, Sish, Pugeot, Humphry, Griffith, and MacKay. The edition is limited to 750 copies, each containing an autographed drawing.

\* \* \*

his friendships that had brightened his early years, and made them go on brightening his life.

These letters are inspirational; aptly edited by Mr. Moses and Miss Gerson, depicting a full, beautiful life of a sensitive man. Everyone should read this work.

CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. Little, Brown & Co. \$4.00.

### THE EMANCIPATOR

LINCOLN is one; Rheta Childe Dorr is another—the Lincoln of the emancipation of the American Woman! Her first rebellion against a man's world occurred when she was a small child, reading inscriptions on tombstones. The repetitions of ALSO—also Harriet, Wife of the above—Also, Also, ALSO! Always that inevitable ALSO of a man's world. Never would she be an ALSO!

Her struggles to attain her goal against the discriminations against her sex, is not only her life story but it is a record of a changing world. How she invaded Park Row; her experiences in factories, laundries; stores, etc.; her anxieties as a mother; her difficulties as a wife; her humiliations as a woman separated from her husband are not only representative of Mrs. Dorr but millions of other women. She escaped nothing—not even legal entanglements with magazines—or Russian Revolution; yet she writes, condemning no one. This is true art—that though her readers may not agree with her, she never antagonizes. Though she had a son in the War and she herself was a War Correspondent, she does not stir the fire under the kettle of Hate. She has been especially active in journalistic fields and she has that rare ability of selecting only interesting material to give to her readers and this she has done in her record of the great emancipation of the world from a false attitude toward life.

A WOMAN OF FIFTY, by Rheta Childe Dorr. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50.

### HILARIOUS CRITICISM

IF OUR "Best Sellers" will but take time from the spending of their royalties to read these "Twisted Tales" of Christopher Ward's there is a possibility—mind you, I claim for it no more than the bare possibility—that they may have uncovered for them some few of their characteristic idiosyncracies. And, seeing them, there is again the possibility, but a slighter one, that they may reform, to the great relief of that portion of the public which does not blindly worship at their shrine. For Ward, though his purpose would seem to be merely entertainment, has had a lot of quiet fun at the expense of such popular idols as Harold Bell Wright, Ethel Dell, Zane Gray, and others of the contemporary best sellers.

Whose characteristic style of writing do you recognize in this extract from "Mine With the Open Door"? "In the altogether inaccessible fastnesses of the Canada del Oro—Canon of Gold—dwelt Hugh and Natatchee. Secretly, at night, the Indian sprinkled a few grains of the accursed yellow metal—gold—on the ground. Hugh washed them out the first day and stored them away. Nightly the Indian abstracted the same grains and sprinkled them as before. Daily Hugh recovered them. But after a month he began to wonder why he had no more than at the end of the first day.

He turned to his tormentor with a contemptuous laugh.

"Ha, ha!" said he, "I've dug out the accursed yellow metal—gold—forty grains per day for thirty days. I should have 1200 grains. I have but forty. I can recognize every single grain by its peculiar shape. You cannot fool some of the people for more than a month at a time. I do not believe you know where there is any more of the accursed yellow metal—gold."

He had broken through the Red Man's—Indian's—armor of stoical composure. Natatchee's eyes gleamed with intense mental excitement. . . .

Into the darkness of the night, strode the Indian, followed by five donkeys, including Hugh, the latter equipped as prescribed, and so they came to the lost Mine with the Open Door.

Its walls blazed with the accursed yellow metal—gold."

But enough. Do you recognize "Our Own Special Harolddell-Writer?"

TWISTED TALES, by Christopher Ward. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00 net.

### LIFE'S TRAGEDY

THE TRAGEDY of life comes with the realization of what we have missed and how short is the time of accomplishment. Ponce de Leon went into Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth . . . Our boys did not find the Fountain of Youth in this war, but came back robbed—old age had slipped so close! It is this psychological undercurrent—the loss of youth, running strong beneath a riot of ripples of physical disabilities in a red-taped atmosphere of post-war conditions of Washington on which Mr. Stallings builds his story, "Plumes."

Richard Plume is only one of the many men, built of the finest stock of America, schooled through generations of hardy pioneers to a perfect example of manhood. We see him first as Whiting sees him, a Greek God of perfection, standing under a stand-pipe, naked, enjoying the fresh air of Paris in May, and then we see him returned—that is a different story. It is a story of the faithful Esme and the child Dickie; of hospitals, of job seeking, of more hospitals. Yet always in this struggle, the two are being schooled to a principle of NO WAR. It is the echo of our hearts; it is the courage of our own convictions left to another to voice and he has so ably done so that we can but silently nod our sanction.

PLUMES, by Laurence Stallings. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.



## TWO WAYS!

SYMANTHA JANE has just handed us a book! Now and then Symantha asks the Books and Writers' department about hooks. This time she handed us "A Passage to India" by E. M. Foster. "I guess it's a good book, I couldn't wade through it."

We preface our review with this item, for there must be two ways of looking at it. We have enjoyed it immensely.

One might say it is a cleverly disguised piece of propaganda, a story built upon the contrast in racial temperament. The plot is simple, built on an incident which never happened . . . an English girl, visiting India, accuses a decent, young, educated Hindu of attempting criminal assault. But Adelia, as it is proven, does so in a fit of hysteria or hallucination. Mr. Foster emphasizes the arrogance and stupidity which stamp the average Englishman "Out East" and makes the unsurmountable barrier, which both race and religion have created, even more real than Kipling's immortal "East Is East."

A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Foster.  
Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

## LABOR'S HISTORY

THE AVERAGE man, yes, even the workman is now becoming the object of the historian's solicitude. Gilbert Stone's "History of Labour" is probably the forerunner of many books which will be devoted to men and women in the humbler stations of life.

The life of kings and knights lends itself to more dramatic and sensational treatment than that of the commoner, but we are coming to realize that the tiller of the field and the worker in the factory deserve study and attention, as well as he who dwells in castles and palaces.

Gilbert Stone stresses the legal aspect of the history of the workers, and tells of the position of the slave in ancient Greece and Rome, of the serf in the middle ages, of the emancipated workman in modern times. Other phases which are discussed at length, in an interesting fashion, are the medieval guild system, the origin of the factory system, the growth of trade unionism, and popular education.

Gilbert Stone's "History of Labour" is worthy of becoming a textbook in our schools and colleges—the University of California has already adopted it. It fills the need created by the desire to know more about the way our ancestors lived and worked, how they earned their daily bread, and what their environment was, that is, in the home, village, or town.

—Anna Dondo.

A HISTORY OF LABOUR, by Gilbert Stone.  
The Macmillan Company, New York.  
\$4.50.

## ICE AND SNOW

CHILD will not lose by reading KAK by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Violet Irwin for it is based on reality; facts and knowledge gathered by the famous explorer into the arctic regions. Whatever is said of Kak may be counted on as representative of the Eskimos. We believe, having heard Stefansson speak, that Kak is a little boy who became a friend of the explorers and that Violet Irwin has made a character of him for children. And the story is good, interesting, full of excitement as well as information.

KAK, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Violet Irwin. Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

## ODDS AND ENDS

FORTUNATE John Farrar; fortunate Bookman; thrice fortunate all readers of the January number of the literary mirror issued by the Doran Company. For "The One Gold Coin," by Michael Arlen, is there with all its charm of word-painting; a two-part fiction serial, with a plot as ancient as love-making, but in its new setting of words as fresh as a mountainside after a pouring rain.

We know, without reading the February Bookman, that Basil Spain is committed to "the noble folly," and thought runs riot, trying to follow him as he sets out to serve the Duchess in the matter in which she tells him: "you will need all your wits about you this night, and all your impudence, and all your nimble ideas and cunning words; and for courage there'll be some demand, too." When this story is out in book form, I desire a copy, with Dwight Taylor's sketches. I could wish that he would picture "the grey wall" and the "man who glared at her" as she walked by the crumbling grey wall, and later "the man in tweeds with his dog and his gun."

Grant Overton, author of "Cargoes for Crusoes," the book of the year about books and authors, is now associate editor of *The Bookman*. Although not so stated, I imagine he writes for the department: "The Point of View." I wonder if I am a "good guesser."

PART ONE, of a series of two articles throwing "New Light on Balzac's Marriage," in January *Forum*, is decidedly interesting, and bears the authority of authenticity, written and edited as it is by Catherine, Princess Radziwill, a niece of the beautiful Polish woman, Madame Evallina Hanski, later Madame de Balzac. The woodcuts of Balzac and his wife, by Harry Townsend, remind one of stories of Beauty and the Beast; but reading the letters of "L'Etrangere," as the famous novelist called the woman who for seventeen years before marriage was an inspiration and lode-star for the genius that was Balzac's, one forgets physical monstrosities, and gives due homage to the vast intellect.

India's answer to the question "What is Civilization" will be followed in the February number of *Forum* by Africa's answer. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, answers for India, and cannot resist the temptation to slur America, and Americans, in the person of the "lean, lanky, Roman-nosed, blue-eyed literary man" to whose "horrible examples of correct and unpoetic speech" the fastidious graduate of Stanford and the University of California, and of Calcutta, "had to listen"!!! This phase of criticism was absent from his work "My Brother's Face," and by so much was that work the gainer.

One is not loth to concede to India her share in the Arts and Sciences that mean so much to Civilization, but would greet with a better grace the recital of the things accomplished, if not accompanied by the smile sinister. One of the most influential requisites of Civilization is Courtesy. If it did not in the present instance savor of sarcasm, I should transpose "courtesy" to "being civil"! And to the question "What is Civilization" with those simple words, as theme, a very pertinent answer might be given to the Seeker after Truth.

## IS SHE REAL?

GAIN Cornelia comes before the reading public with her hands lying still in her lap; with her profound thinking; with her ideas of this, that and the other thing. Whether she is real or a fanciful woman, created by Professor Sherman to prove or disprove his theories through a process of clever argument, is for the individual to decide. Albeit! The reasoning of Cornelia is real. Professor Sherman doesn't declare himself; his conversation and viewpoints may be the way he feels but he immediately has Cornelia disprove them. He can't be pinned down. Perhaps he gives his readers more credit than most authors do. Certainly he places before them two sides of each question and then leaves it with "choose for yourself!" His style is good. Unusually clever is the manner by which he keeps his reader's attention. Oliver Senior may be shocking to some and he may get a good affectionate pat on his back by others, when he brings his young daughter home, bobbed hair, shaved neck, knickers and puffing a cigarette! Of course Cornelia is horrified, much as she is concerning the modern novel. So Cornelia gives her ideas of the MODERN GIRL, the EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT, religion and other questions, and Professor Sherman (should we say) gets her to talk by giving some opposite views! At any rate he doesn't tell what he did to the contents of his glass! We wonder if he has studied law? He knows the value of the non-committal! But the pages of his book are breezy with wit, with much of philosophy—and we are glad to recommend it.

MY DEAR CORNELIA, by Stuart P. Sherman.  
Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.50.

## SLEEPY LAKES AND PURPLE MISTS

MR. BURT puts out his hand and you shake it admiringly, if you have a bit o' soul in ya, after you have read his well written piece of constructive propaganda. It is a plea of a lover of Nature; a cry to keep the West west; to preserve the wild game; the forest with its stillness where Man can remember his Maker and experience that vividness of life, for which, unconsciously, we struggle day to day. It makes you want to close your eyes and imagine purple mists with tall pinnacled-shadows reflected on ripples of sleepy-lakes. That depth, that happiness, that indescribable something of pleasant memories you feel again. Mr. Burt gives us some more of his splendid philosophy along with a history of the West. It will take you from yourself and give you time for reflection. It will make you more patriotic and grateful that you are living in the grand, glorious country of marvelous beauty!

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER, by Struthers Burt. Charles Scribners Sons.  
\$3.00.

## GENIUS

GLIMPSES of a Divine Principle glitter and glint and then go down into a mire and muck of "unlighted streets of thought" or else the "unlighted streets" are frightened by a glitter and glare of a spiritual vibration. Such is Mr. Master's work in drawing on the portraits of New Spoon River. He creates a receptive atmosphere for his readers to react to. . . . He jumps you from "what used to be" to "how it is now" in his comparisons. It is the work of a MASTER-HAND!

THE NEW SPOON RIVER, by Edgar Lee Masters. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.



## A SECOND MARK SABER!

IS CHRISTOPHER TIETJENS a second Mark Saber? Well, yes, and no. He doesn't get the sympathy Mark Saber got from his readers. One really likes their hero to be spotless of crimes against convention. Tietjens loses our sympathy through his immorality with Sylvia before their marriage. This fact stays in one's mouth throughout the story. If he had been innocently entrapped by Sylvia—but then we would not have stood for his attitude toward Sylvia, his taking her back; his putting up with her foolishness. But he was of such a mind that he felt he had no right to "cast the first stone." And we admire him in spite of our desire to shake him into some sense when he silences Macmaster from his discussion of Sylvia; "You can relate a lady's actions if you know them and are asked to." Macmaster had not been asked. That was Tietjen's way of doing things. Superior by birth he retained that superiority through his mentality. He knew everything, was what was said of Tietjens. Even Valentine Wannop thought he knew everything; and here is a character one will love, Miss Wannop.

"Some Do Not" is a novel which is different. It is an English novel and perhaps one will have to get used to the style and open talk. It is full of mistresses and gossip of mistresses, but nevertheless it is real. Of "Some Do Not," I should say if asked, "Will the people like it?"—SOME WILL AND SOME WILL NOT!

SOME DO NOT, by Ford Madox Ford.  
Thomas Selzer. \$2.00.

## FRANK CONFESSIO

SOME autobiographies are frank expressions of self appreciation, an appreciation which does not always coincide with that of the public at large. But Marie Dressler—being the utterly human sort of individual she is—presents her life story in such fashion as to reach the heart. It is whimsical. It is human. It is a story of a woman who has made thousands laugh, and who succeeds in making them laugh again and again as they read. "My dear," she says in her opening sentence, "they asked me to write my life, and, heaven help me, I said I would!"

And she has. In her quarter of a century on the stage Miss Dressler has known everyone in the theatrical world worth knowing—and many out of it. She writes of them and her association with them, informally, humorously, without pretense. It is a lovable story of a lovable woman.

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING, by Marie Dressler. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$3.00 net.

## FOR OCCULTISTS

THE AUTHOR does not state his authority for the various statements presented in this pretentious volume—pretentious rather for its scope than for its size. It is evident that, barring Mr. Banning's having manufactured the information contained, it must have been derived from occult sources. But if it may not be accepted as authoritative it still holds much of interest to those whose interests lie along these lines.

The book deals with the world from the "first root race," through the creation of the first continent; Lemuria; Atlantis in its various stages, to the end of the world. Surely enough to cover in one small book! The maps of Atlantis are valuable—if they may be accepted as authoritative.

MAKER, MAN & MATTER, by Pierson Worrell Banning. International Book Concern, Los Angeles. \$5.00.

## ODDS AND ENDS

(Continued from page 82)

IT is refreshing to have a Continental writer come over here, spend four months in traveling, return to her home and send back letters of approval that breathe sincerity in every line, admitting that we have something well worth seeing over in "crude, rude America." Rebecca West, contributor of critical articles to English and American journals, and author of the much discussed "The Judge," spent seven months in America—three of the seven in lecturing and talking to clubs, and in an article in *The New Republic*, December 24, gives most appreciative description of our scenery, our resourceful, "seductive" method of covering space, that Continental writer ever vouchsafed. She admits being obsessed with a desire to come back and know the Mississippi river; to journey on it from Missouri and Kentucky to the Gulf of Mexico, but presumes there are no steamers on which to make the trip. If this should chance to meet her eye, she will be relieved to know that during the summer season, she may travel from near the source of her "hero among rivers, a watery Hercules" on, on, between states to the Gulf, just as she so fervently desires. She says: "I mean to go back to America, again and again." A guest so appreciative, so just in giving voice to her impressions, so above the superciliousness so often doled out to us by bored Continental travelers, will always be welcome, and although she sees our faults, she is just enough to believe that we also know them, and are ever seeking their remedy.

WITH apologies to "The Great One,"—"comparisons are odorous," "they smell to Heaven!" "History for Mother Goose" in *January Century*, is a title misleading, for one naturally thinks the History referred to is to be given to Mother Goose, instead, as a reading of the article written by Susan Meriwether Boogher, proves, the lady wishes it understood, that her son was of intellect superior to Mother Goose's Melodies and takes the reader through ten pages of resume of history, and its part in the training of John.

She quotes the story of the bare cupboard, and when Son says: "But why wasn't there a bone?" she fails to grasp the opportunity for a lesson from which Son would derive as much benefit as from any lessons of life she later extols. The picture drawn is a familiar one to many mothers, but the majority of mothers give to Mother Goose her meed of praise in the development of the musical and rhythmic and soothing influences there to be derived, as a step toward the next development requiring a greater breadth of intellect, and a deeper understanding of life. And if the mother fails to make much of the application of the cheery rhymes that now are among the classics, that is the fault of the mother.

She says: "For in history there is always meat; no empty cupboard in the history books, no disappointed dogs or boys." How mistaken that idea! and if explanations and side-lights are necessary in Mother Goose, verily they should abound in history lest facts prove un nourishing bone.

—Ada Kyle Lynch.



A CHARMING ILLUSTRATION  
FOR "WINDY LEAF"

This illustration by N. B. Zane is used through the courtesy of the Boys' and Girls' Own Book Shop, for which it was painted.

## FOR OLD AS WELL AS YOUNG

FRANCES GILL has compiled a most entertaining book of poems for children under the title *WINDY LEAF*. So human are they that a grown person would find joy in them, especially "Taking Tea," an expression of childish wonderment on the subject of women going far from home for a cup of tea. The poem ends:

If they would ring, the tea would come  
In their own rooms, right on a tray;  
I wonder why they go away.

Another entitled "Visiting" is well worth consideration:

Why is it, that in stranger's homes  
The food all tastes so nice?  
Do they use different kinds of things  
Like butter, flour and spice?  
Different from what we use at home,  
So that plain food, home-made bread  
And chocolate, steaming hot to drink  
Taste like party food instead?  
I've had spice cake and jelly roll  
And pies, with puddings, too  
At home; but they don't taste as good  
As plainer food things do

When eaten out in Company.

I wonder, could it be  
I like their food 'cause I'm their guest,  
And they're polite to me?  
*WINDY LEAF*, by Frances Gill. Macmillan.  
\$1.25.

## OLD OR NEW?

"The year's at the Spring,  
The day's at the Morn,  
Morning's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn,  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world."

REGARDLESS of adverse criticism. Mr. Noyes says this is genius, and his opinion is formed upon the theory that genius is the power to seize the celestial meaning of the universe. He takes a delight in disproving Arnold, Carlyle, George Moore and many other critics on the fundamental principal that they did not look far enough; they did not discover exactly what the artist was consciously trying to do.

He denounces the modern who abandon the laws of poetry for newness and



novelty. From his discourses we have no doubt what he would say of Carl Sandburg, if he were asked.

He deals cleverly with poets from Shakespeare to the present day and his collection includes viewpoints on Tennyson as the satirist of his age; *The Spirit of Touchstone*, which deals with a new viewpoint of Hamlet. Alice Meynell and Austin Dobson both have their places, beside many others.

An understanding of poetry is a test of the soul, and there is a tendency throughout the world, at the present time, to develop the growth of the soul. One cannot make a mistake by reading Mr. Noyes' critical essays; they will guide one to the thought of motivation which will help develop souls.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes. \$2.50.

### WHO KILLED MIRLEES?

**D**ISTINGUISHED ORIENTALIST DEAD! Such was the notice in a native newspaper on which Ran Mirlees' friend upturned his morning coffee. Mirlees was found dead in his room in a hotel, the circumstances about his death involved a mystery. It was known he possessed a great Oriental secret; that he had been writing for several months on a manuscript; such were the known facts, but what had become of the manuscript? There was not a scrap of paper on which he had written. Then came the manuscript to his friend, sealed and confidentially entrusted to him. After thirteen years the friend publishes the manuscript, a daring, adventurous tale of great China; of opium dens, Chinese secret societies, interior Asia, teeming with romance, life, adventure and mystery. The manuscript of Mirlees is followed by an epilogue as fine, as splendid, as the prologue. For one who wants action, mystery, romance and adventure in the Orient, here is the book which will give it.

THE VALLEY OF UNSEEN EYES, by Gilbert Collins. McBride & Co. \$2.00.

### NEW VIEWPOINT

**R**USSIA; Soviet rule; Revolution; Famine! All of us have heard these words until they have lost their significance, but Magdeleine Marx has gathered material, during her stay in Russia, that gives a new interpretation to all. What vague ideas we held of Russia, Lenin, Trotsky and others are no longer vague speculations. "Fact is," she says, "the peasant is emerging . . . from the soil where he crawled, a colorless and slimy reptile, and slowly as he gains room, arises, and begins to stand upright." Under Soviet rule the people of Russia seem to be getting what they have wanted; that feverish thirst for knowledge is manifested by the numerous bookshops. Compare your own city; how many bookshops have you in comparison to food shops? Moscow's bookshops out number her food shops!

What did the Russian people do to alleviate famine? They requisitioned the treasures of the Russian church. Of this the Father Superior laments most sincerely, "There had always been famines in Russia . . . But such things have never been done! Never! Since the Soviets have been in power, there's been anarchy in the Russian church." There is a wealth of valuable material in this book of 225 pages and it is easy to read and intensely interesting. THE ROMANCE OF NEW RUSSIA, by Magdeleine Marx. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00

### KING ARTHUR

**T**ENNYSON and Malory changed the old folk-lore to suit their imaginations and we loved their creations of the Round-table. Children have been told and have been read to about King Arthur, but now,



aided by Mr. Colum's gifted pen, we have a book of rare beauty in understandable language following more closely the old folk-lore which will not only be new to children but readable. The difficult names have been simplified as has the entire point of view. As it is, it is a story of a youth who starts out riding to King Arthur's court and carries that spirit of adventure throughout the story to the final close of the last chapter.

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY, by Padraic Colum. Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

### A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE

**B**UT Coppie wasn't a habitual drinker. He only stopped to talk with Jessup on that eventful day Mrs. Copplestone became Mayor, but his adventures after his "partaking" are none the less exciting than Rip's adventures in the Catskills and his twenty-year sleep. Connie escapes from the Leffingwell home while it is burning, the house from which he has survived his own home on the 4th dimension basis! His adventures from there on—a Professor in rags, trying to "unidentify" himself through the story is most entertaining. His eventful drive that dark night with a wounded man at his side! Professor How Could You! It was a truck, carrying a cargo of B. V. D. (Before Volstead Decreed). His acquaintance with Mr. Sooner Calamity Jackson will make you scream. The book is one laugh after another, the best medicine since SEVENTEEN for a case of blues, a long wintry night or a rainy afternoon.

PROFESSOR HOW COULD YOU, by Harry Leon Wilson. Cosmopolitan. \$2.00.

### PERSONAL BITS

(From personal correspondence.)

Struthers Burt has returned to his Villa in Southern France after a six weeks' motor trip through Spain and has settled down to finishing a book of verse for Scribner. "This is a lovely place to write—I mean this villa. I hope I will take advantage of the fact. It is an old French house, about three miles from the little town of Hyeres, right down on the Mediterranean; literally overhanging it. There is a wall about it and a huge garden filled with pine trees that drop sharply down to the water. From this second story room, where I am writing, I could throw a stone into the sea—onr sea for about a quarter of a mile, for the garden runs that far."

Ah, what will Mr. Burt give us in his next novel, which he says he's crazy to get to? We know it will be good, but we are almost overcome with anticipations of how good under such inspirational conditions.

### THE NORTHWEST

**T**HE MAJORITY of women need to feel proud when they love. Man almost always loves through pity. On this theme THE LOGGER is based. Tessa is not proud of her husband and she is too self-sufficient for him to pity. He had always longed for self expression; he had wanted to be admired, looked up to! It was this very thing in Possey Murry, her worship of him which soothed and fanned his egotism and it worked wonders in the heart and mind of Dave Alden. No matter whether we accept Possey's speech in the first part of the book along with Alden's superior English, no matter how we rebel against its unrearing, we cannot but help enjoy the philosophy of the story. We might compare Possey to Tess of the Storm Country and liken the fishing industry to the lumbering in the Northwest.

The plot is forced at times. Mrs. Alden refuses to give up her children and so Fate intervenes. The two children are killed in a log jam and Tessa returns to Chicago, where she meets a former sweetheart. What of Possey and Dave? Oh, yes, Possey is sent to a finishing school and comes back in time to give the book a regular Alger ending.

THE LOGGER, by Salome Ellis. Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.00.

### SOUTHERN GARDENS

**T**HREE kinds of folks have gardens; those who garden for profit—the professionals; those who have gardens because it is the thing to do; those who garden for pure love of beauty and the growing plant. This book by Mrs. Martineau will appeal to all three, but most of all to those who love their flowers, for it is to them that the author has unconsciously addressed herself. She states in her preface that she "should like to disarm criticism at the outset by stating frankly that I have not aspired to write either a botanical treatise or an exhaustive work on gardens in warm climates. . . . This is merely an attempt to compile an elementary handbook for garden-lovers unfamiliar with horticultural conditions in the south of France. Much that I say applies equally to southern California, parts of Australia and New Zealand, and to other countries of similar climate."

And so in this book of almost 300 pages the author treats informally of the making of gardens, of roses, various annuals and perennials, of exotic trees and shrubs and other things, with a special chapter devoted to California. Mrs. Martineau lays particular emphasis on the planting of the native California shrubs and flowers, listing many which add to the glory of the hills and valleys in the spring and summer.

GARDENING IN SUNNY LANDS, by Mrs. Philip Martineau, with an introduction by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co. Our copy gives no price.

### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**H**OW fortunate it is that California possesses a talented few whose love for her traditions inspires them to labors of love. If it were not for these our written history would be far less rich in romance. If it were not for these much of value would be lost to those who come after. There comes now one of this group of writers, himself well loved by those whose ideals reach above the quest for "best self-



ers," and presents a tiny volume, "Stevenson's California."

Henry Meade Bland, the author, is well qualified in residence, in temperament and in attainment to preserve in such a medium the story of Stevenson's stay in the West. And in these pages he gives simply, sympathetically, the tale of the brief months which this loved writer spent in the region about San Francisco. There are reminiscences of Jules Simoneau in his association with Stevenson, and other Monterey friends. There are stories of the Stevenson of San Francisco and Saint Helena. It is the sort of book which takes on intimate relationship, which is not relegated to shelf obscurity but is kept on the reading table for companionship. It is a book which deserved better treatment than it had at the hands of its printers.

STEVENSON'S CALIFORNIA, by Henry Meade Bland. Published by The Pacific Short Story Club, San Jose, Cal. Our copy gives no price.

### A BURBANK BOOK

HERE is a book, written for school and home use, which has no competitors. The author, Ada Kyle Lynch, is an ardent admirer of Luther Burbank and his genius, and she has gathered here valuable material for Burbank-Arbor Day programs. There is a simply told story of Mr. Burbank's life; there is a suggested program with the details of action and costuming worked out ready for use; there is a group of songs—both words and music by Mrs. Lynch; there is an introductory word by Mr. Burbank, and handsome illustrations including portraits of the "Wizard" and his California home. In his introduction Mr. Burbank says:

"The methods of teaching children have been greatly changed since the publication of my little book, 'The Training of the Human Plant,' some twenty years ago. Dry as dust rules and ancient painful methods have been supplanted with happy children's nature books, songs and physical exercises. Ada Kyle Lynch has added one more jolly book to the list. I rather like it, for if it makes you a little happy it makes me a big glad."

LUTHER BURBANK, *Plant Lover and Citizen*, by Ada Kyle Lynch. Harr Wagner Pub. Co., San Francisco. \$1.00 net.

### DESERT TO BEAUTY

HERE is a volume by Idaho's Poet Laureate, Irene Welch Grissom. Her verse is in praise of "the men and the women who transformed the great American desert into a land of fertility and beauty," it is verse that breathes in its spirit the passing of that land of dust and sagebrush, its re-birth into a land of loveliness. It is nature verse, very largely, but verse which goes beyond the mere description of nature and speaks of the animating spirit within. Mrs. Grissom has sought the soul of nature, and has found it.

### THE DESERT DEAD

Close by—a hill of shifting sand,  
Wide stretching sweep of arid land,  
Far, far away blue mountains stand,  
These guard the desert dead.

The stars move calmly overhead,  
Suns rise and set, above the bed  
A shining haze is lightly spread  
To soothe the lonely dead.

About the cross the gray sands heap,  
As restlessly they crawl and creep,  
Until the name is buried deep,  
That marks the barren grave.

And never there a human sound  
Drifts low across the narrow mound,  
Where weary winds sweep round and round,  
And mourn the desert dead.

And yet—doubt not they sleep as well,  
Beneath the grim land's mystic spell,  
As if they lay in sylvan dell,  
The lonely, desert dead.

Beautifully bound, in the color of the sage-brush in spring.

A limited number of autographed copies may be had by addressing your order with enclosed check for \$1.35 to the Book Review editor of OVERLAND.

THE PASSING OF THE DESERT, by Irene Welch Grissom. The Country Life Press, Garden City, N. Y. \$1.35.

### A WESTERN LAUREATE

VOLUMES of verse from our Western poets—shall we say because of the disinclination of the Eastern critics to find good in that which comes from the West?—are infrequent occurrences save where they be published locally and at the poet's expense. And so when from a publishing house of standing there appears one of these infrequent volumes it is eagerly seized upon. Now comes this latest volume by Colorado's Poet Laureate, Nellie Burget Miller, "In Earthen Bowls."

Mrs. Miller is truly a poet; less a poet's poet than a poet of the people, for one gathers the impression in reading this collected verse that she cares little for the attitude of those whose plaudits are given to the technician. She writes from the heart. She appeals to the heart. This is not to say that Mrs. Miller's verse is deficient in technique. If it is my reading did not disclose the fact. But it holds something far and away bigger than mere observance of accepted rule.

### THERE WILL COME AUTUMN TWILIGHTS OF GRAY RAIN

There will come Autumn twilights of gray rain,  
Beloved, let us hoard from Summer's largess ample store,  
And bank our hearth, ere the long nights come again.

Lest when the darkness falls with shrouded moon,  
We face an empty grate and the creeping chill  
Force us to sodden sleep's surcease, too soon.

There will come Autumn twilights of gray rain—  
Beloved, while life yields such sunlit hours  
Come, let us bank the hearth again!

IN EARTHEN BOWLS, by Nellie Burget Miller. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

## The Book of Etchers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

knowledge of. . . . Zorn was the collector's etcher, the painter's etcher—not the etcher's etcher, but his anathema." What a burst of antagonistic comment that statement will arouse from those to whom Zorn as an etcher is an idol!

Mr. Pennell takes occasion, too, in his preface to pay his respects to the public apathy toward art. He says: "There are several interesting facts which I have discovered in my two years of teaching in the United States. First, the appalling ignorance of and indifference to the Graphic Arts in the country, which is proven by the fact that with a population of one hundred and ten millions it is with the greatest difficulty that an artist of the greatest

reputation can sell one hundred prints from a plate—usually he can't sell fifty. . . . Though the artist often asks a prohibitive price for his work, Americans of today will, however, purchase a million nasty rotogravure copies of a poor photograph of some poor nonentity and each hang one on his walls and be proud of the fact and be sure he has got a good thing because he finds it in the parlours of all his friends on Main Street. Artistically these United States are in the Main Street, mid-Victorian age, and like England at that epoch, we are blindly proud of it." And that is a statement which anyone understandingly close to prevailing conditions as regards art will heartily endorse.

In his book Mr. Pennell deals principally with the making of etchings, illustrating his discussion with—or rather basing his discussion upon—various prints from the acknowledged masters. Introductory to this he says: "The artist who can make a great etching makes it because he must, because he feels that the subject can only be rendered by etching, and he goes at it, seeing before him in golden lines, on the bare black-grounded plate, the design as he hopes it will print in black lines on white paper. . . . He does the plate straight off from nature, or out of his head. He does not fumble around making sketches and drawings for it, apparently as studies, actually machines, which he hopes may sell.



. . . If a great artist makes a fine sketch on paper, full of vigor and vitality in every line, he cannot copy it without losing all that vitality—he must do it straight on the copper or never do it. If this is not in him, he is not and never will be an etcher, though he may be a most successful person. The real etcher goes at the drawing on the plate with as much fury as care, and dreads the biting and fears the printing, though they fascinate him, as much as the drawing; for it is all an uncertainty; the greatest etchers have made the greatest messes. It is only the plodding manufacturer of plates whose etchings are ground out, not fought out, whose prints are striven for by collectors and dealers; the real etcher never really bothers about such people, though all etchers have used dealers wisely for their own profit. . . . He asks the aid of dealers to sell them, but that is not the reason why he makes them." And here again those closely in touch with the producers of plates must confess that Mr. Pennell has all the best of the argument.

" . . . A tribe of etchers has arisen who can't draw, can't bite, can't print; but by getting photography and other people to do as much as possible for them, can make money and a tempo-

rary notoriety; but money is what they want. . . ."

CONCERNING collectors Mr. Pennell is equally incisive: "Etchings," he says, "are collected for two reasons, and by two classes of people. The first collect etchings because they love to, because they care to. The second because it is the correct thing to do so. The real collector loves to hunt for prints in artists' studios, in auction rooms, in dealers' galleries, in boxes and portfolios at second-hand shop doors, and when he has got them for his own, he loves to turn them over, to carefully mount and accurately catalogue them. Each has a story of pursuit and of capture as interesting often as the print."

You may have suspected by this time that the author is a very positive person, and so you are not too much startled when he says: "Since the world began there have only been two supreme etchers — Rembrandt and Whistler. I am not sure there have even been two—but I am sure the latter artist is the greater etcher. . . . The reason why these two artists occupy the places they do is because they employed—Whistler more, Rembrandt less—their genius, and the art of etching in the right way:— That is, for the expression of their ideas,

or their impressions, in the most perfect manner, and this means with the most vital, as well as the fewest lines, and these are the foundation of great etching. The greatest etchings being then the result of the choice of the fewest and the most passionate lines, there are artists who are artists, painters, sculptors, but not etchers, for their line, as line, is of no value, and if half the lines were omitted from their plates the results would be better. . . .

"The lines of the greatest etchers are not only in themselves of supreme beauty, but drawn with supreme technical skill. For a great etching is an everlasting proof, a self-evident proof, that a great etcher is a great technician. . . ."

It is impossible to take the volume up in detail—there are more than 300 pages of quarto size. It is a volume to be read leisurely, to be re-read and digested. It is a book for collectors and lovers of fine art. It is a work which may well serve as a textbook to the etcher who loves his art and has ideals above the mere selling of his product. It is a book which will guide the layman to a more intelligent appreciation of the work of the masters and the deficiencies of the potboiling efforts of many of the contemporary etchers.

## His Master's Voice

By TORREY CONNOR

GOOD fiction, short or long, the story built upon a worthy theme and told with taste and feeling, seems not to be the aim of the average young writer of today. Why? Because popularity and success are too closely allied.

It is popular to be smart, rather than right, to be funny when one should be fair, to be cynical, evasive, plausible—anything to serve the turn—at the expense of sincerity. This is not entirely the fault of the writer. He hears his master's voice—the editorial call for "entertaining fiction."

The editors and the publishers of popular stuff—the *masters*, since the writer's individuality is held in leash by editorial policy—call for that which will appeal to the largest audience. And do the purveyors of fiction listen to the master's voice? Not a doubt about it. The man behind the job, be he editor, or manager of a publishing house, must earn his salary. The master's voice, in this case, is the voice of the public—the voice of the man behind the dollar. The circle is now com-

plete. The dollar sign is above the door of the publisher.

Magazines all along the line have lowered their standard. The type of stories which they published ten years ago, yes, five years ago, would not be accepted by them today. Sensationalism is to the fore. The publishers call for it. The young writer sees a street car wage magically become a limousine income if he will but listen to the master's voice. He listens. . . . So would you, so would I.

Is it the nervous excitement of our stampeded life that has brought this state of things about? Shall we in time swing back to where our fictional estimates of people and affairs are within the bounds of sanity and sense? Not soon, perhaps. It is easier—and more remunerative—to be popular.

WRITERS of reputation are not exempt. They, too, listen to the master's voice. Thriftily they choose a subject on which there is much pres-

ent-day chattering, and serve it up fictionally with the "punch" demanded by the lovers of best thrillers.

Even the writer who peddles propaganda — when he can — sees the light. Why not invert the propaganda, write a novel in which the lay figure—mounted on castors, so that it may the more readily be pushed about—is on the *outside*, looking in?

The master's voice! The master's voice! Because of it, the country is infested with writers who appeal to the mediocre, or the sensation-loving, mind. It is this appeal that places a novel in the "best seller" class, or leaves it unsold on the shelves of the bookshops. To quote a voluminous writer of this ilk:

"I give 'em what they want."

To quote again:

"I know my business. That's the trouble with us these days—we painters and writers and musicians—we know our business too well. We have the mechanics of our crafts, the tricks of our trades, so well in hand that we

(Continued on page 91)



## Editor's Brief Case

WHILE California's municipalities and commercial interests destroy in the name of progress the few monuments of the past which remain, certain public spirited citizens are organizing to the end that the old Missions of California may be preserved.

Foremost in the effort is John Steven McGroarty, poet, playwright and historian, who turns over—under certain conditions—the Mission Play and the property connected therewith to the newly organized "Society of the Golden Scroll." The first step in the plan of preservation is the raising of funds to complete the partially erected Mission Playhouse at San Gabriel, so that the Mission Play may have a permanent and worthy home, one of the unique structures of the world.

"When this is done," says Mr. McGroarty, "the Society of the Golden Scroll will then own forever the Mission Play, its grounds and buildings, its copyright, scenery, costumes and everything else that it now has or will have in the future. . . . Clear and free of debt, forever safely housed in its own beautiful home, the Mission Play will be made safe against the onslaughts of time throughout the centuries to come.

"Now, when all this comes to pass, the declared object of the Society of the Golden Scroll is to devote the profits of the Mission Play, and also the revenue derived otherwise by the Society, to the preservation of the old Missions of California. Wind and rain and the vandal years have already totally destroyed two of the Missions. Two others are fast passing into nothingness, and all are in danger of annihilation.

The Society—a legally constituted and responsible non-profit corporation which perpetuates itself—opens the way for us all to help. It opens the way for him who can give but little and for him who can and should give much. The large contributor is guaranteed that the money he contributes will go to the object for which he gives it. The small contributor is assured of the joy of having performed a service to his state, to his fellow man, and to history."

The Society is already functioning, and funds are rapidly coming in to the headquarters at 1215 Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles. Memberships range from the five dollar fee for the Annual Member, with annual dues of one dollar, to Benefactor's Membership at five thousand dollars, with other classes in between to suit the purses of all. Inquiries may be made to the address given above or to the office of the Mission Play at San Gabriel.

Here is a cause which must meet with cordial response from all who love California and enjoy its beauty.

THERE are other natural features of California which face extinction at the hand of man. The mountain regions which—up to the coming of the automobile—remained inaccessible to the many, now are each summer flooded with campers. The streams, save those in the most remote regions, are rapidly being fished out. Deer and smaller game animals and birds become each year more scarce. Even plant life in many attractive forms is disappearing from the hills. The only remedy appears to be the establishment of game refuges, and a movement now under way would establish such a refuge in the vicinity of San Jacinto Mountain.

Hereabouts are the loftiest mountains of Southern California. San Jacinto itself raises its peak 10,850 feet above the sea, with a view of unequalled magnificence. To the east the desert spreads its low hills. Northward lies the Sierra Madre, while to the south lesser mountains drop away toward the coast, and to the west a broad and cultivated valley runs to the horizon's haze.

"The region is one of pure wildness and great beauty," says Aurelia S. Harwood, prominent in the movement to secure approval by the State Legislature of the project. "Here among the trees and the meadows, along the rocky cliffs and ridges, is a favorite home for deer and birds. . . . The refuge would include a region about ten by three and a half miles, where are San Jacinto Mountain, Tahquitz Peak, Marion Mountain and Antselt Rock."

Such game refuges as have been already established have demonstrated their value. They serve as breeding places for the wild life which, harried from place to place by the thousands of hunters, would otherwise rapidly disappear. Regions which have been almost denuded of game animals become again populous with the establishment in the vicinity of these refuges. Montana, Wyoming, would today have but little game were it not for Yellowstone Park. The Yosemite affords protection to the animals of the Central California mountains. California's State Legislature should unhesitatingly give approval to the establishment of further game refuges in regions which afford the proper surroundings and the necessary food for the animals they are designed to protect.

## The Investor

By PORTER GILES

*Pacific Coast Director Educational Department S. W. Straus & Co.*

PUT that in Writing." This little sentence of four little words may bear slight resemblance to a shirt of chain mail but to everyday life in 1925 it stands for much the same thing as did the garment of steel links in the days of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. In those "Golden Days of Chivalry" every man who possessed anything of value was hourly in danger of the assassin's knife. The wearing of a chain mail shirt was but an ordinary precaution for the protection of life and continued ownership of property. In our own day, he who is the fortunate owner of an extra dollar or two is no less in danger. He is not in danger of the assassin's knife but of the loss of his property to some modern descendant of a robber knight. The four-word sentence is his twentieth century armor and it is quite as effective as its historic and more picturesque prototype.

In the days when the chain mail shirt was a popular garment, the predatory citizen skilfully ran his neighbor through the heart with his trusty blade and calmly took possession of his victim's purse or property. Murder was no less unlawful in those days than now but it was more the

custom of the times. It is not, however, necessarily due to changing custom that the modern robber is not also an assassin, but to improved methods. It is not the skill in swordsmanship that effects a change in the ownership of this day's purse but skill in salesmanship. Robin Hood took what he wanted by the use of ribald threats and of steel and blood. His descendant, Wallingford, is equally successful with bland persuasion and with pen and ink. The former's methods put a price upon his head. The latter, all too often, does his work "within the law," which but proves again the supremacy of the pen over the sword.

"Put that in Writing" is a phrase so easy to remember, so easy to speak and its purpose is so evident that one is amazed to find how little it is used by those who most need its protection. The vast majority of those who have "invested" their savings in "get-rich-quick" schemes and subsequently tell their troubles to attorney or prosecutor, discover too late that they have no evidence of the fraud but the empty purse. While they recall many words of statements and promises to remind them of some swindling salesman, not one of these words

is in writing. The laws of our land are just and wise but they do not go very far toward convicting a swindler on a victim's recollection of conversation.

There must be tangible and convincing proof, for a defendant's "No" may sound quite as loud in court as a complainant's "Yes." No swindler of any degree of accomplishment in his chosen profession will put in writing the convincing statements and glowing promises with which he persuades his victim to "sign on the dotted line." He leaves in his victim's hands no written document which a court could accept as evidence, should he be subsequently charged with misrepresentation or fraud. He depends upon the persuasiveness of his spoken word and he will not speak his words before disinterested witnesses. The accomplished Wallingford knows the laws of evidence and he leaves behind him no proof of his guilt admissible in court.

PUT that in Writing" is the advice being given to the would-be investor by the Better Business Bureaus of our cities in the current nation-wide campaign against fraudulent enterprises of the modern Robin Hood. More than a score of complaints





FREDERICK MARRIOTT

With the passing of Frederick Marriott the West loses one of its pioneer publishers. For nearly half a century owner of the *San Francisco News Letter*, Mr. Marriott has been closely identified with the up-building of the Western metropolis. He was for a long period owner of *OVERLAND MONTHLY*—the first number bearing his name was that of July, 1900—and through this periodical aided in giving world-wide publicity to the state he loved. Mr. Marriott was the son of the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, and passes on the publishing tradition to his sons who will continue the *News Letter*.

now under investigation by the agents of San Francisco's Better Business Bureau have shown convincing proof of fraud but without the written evidence necessary to criminal prosecution or even for suits for the recovery of funds. While many cases have been reported which have resulted in

recovery of property and in punishment of the swindler, comparatively few of the victims can produce written legal evidence of the traps into which they have fallen.

"Good Morning, Mr. Citizen, our mutual friend Coupon Clipper asked me to call on you," says the Smart Young Man with the

engaging smile and the confidential manner. "He is taking advantage of a very exceptional investment being offered this week by the Average Gas, Brass and Scoop Company and he wants you to be given a chance to make some quick money. On the recommendation of the Corporation Commissioner we are selling a little of our capital stock because a big dividend is to be distributed next month and a late amendment to the Blue Sky Law prohibits more than fifty per cent annual dividends. We have to let a little stock go to friends so as to bring the ratio lower, you see. Of course, it will more than double on the market as soon as the news leaks out. Now, how much can you—"

"Just a moment," says Mr. Citizen, hastily interrupting his would-be benefactor, "Just a moment. Wait till I put on my chain mail gabardine. If you still sound good to me when I have that on, I'll listen, but if you don't like my coat you'll probably stop talking. Here it is, how does it look to you? 'Put that in Writing.'"

"Good-day to you," says the Smart Young Man, "Good-bye, Good-Night." He hastily takes his Gas, Brass and Scoop stock elsewhere and Mr. Citizen's purse is not added to the collection Robin Hood's descendant is making.

But one cannot bury his money in the backyard or in a safe deposit box, just because there are Wallingfords calling at his door. One's money must be working. The idle dollar is losing money for its owner. Money should be kept busy. The dollar that is locked away in a safe deposit box may be safe but its owner is suffering loss. There is no such thing as perfect equilibrium in business. One goes ahead or back, but one does not stand still. One makes money or he loses it according to the way he invests his funds. Surplus money should be kept at work but employed in safe investment. Safe investment that yields income consistent with safety, is offered every day in every city by men who do not hesitate to put their words in writing or to speak before witnesses. The bond salesman who represents a house of good repute and sound traditions does not offer investments nor use sales methods which cannot bear being reduced to written record. Safe investment always bears investigation and the honest salesman of sound securities is not afraid of his fountain pen.

Every man owes to himself and his family the profitable safe investment of his surplus funds. One need not be timid about investment, however ignorant he may be of the details of finance. A man may know little about the weaving of fabrics or the making of clothes but he knows of reputable merchants where dependable garments are sold at fair price. Every woman knows of certain dealers in whom she has a confidence that is never abused. And there are investment houses whose clients have never lost a dollar through failure of their offerings. One need not be timid about investments but he should know with whom he deals and he should be mindful of the Better Business Bureau's timely slogan, "Investigate before you Invest," and he should be ever ready to don his chain mail shirt, "Put that in Writing."



# Charles Howard Shinn

SOME men have single track minds. They can handle but one problem at a time. They are entirely at sea in any attempt to carry on a number of activities while bringing others to completion, or in directing a number of persons each engaged in a different task. There are other men whose minds are diffuse. Their thoughts scatter. Their thinking is not organized. They neither concentrate nor arrive.

In checking through a sheaf of correspondence of the late Charles H. Shinn, we are again reminded of the versatility of the man. His mind, unlike that of those individuals just characterized, was ever ready to grasp new problems while intensely focused upon important and absorbing issues. With advanced years came increased alertness of mind, clear vision, sound judgment. He retained to the last a tremendous capacity for work. His enthusiasm was contagious. His interests were ever expanding.

Mr. Shinn had a large personal acquaintance, not only in California and

on the Coast but throughout the nation. Readers of *OVERLAND* have long been acquainted with him through his pen, as for years he has contributed short stories, features, articles and book reviews. His book notes have drawn attention everywhere. Few men of our acquaintance have the ability to grasp the important features of a book as quickly and as thoroughly as did Mr. Shinn. In this regard he reminded us of the late Dr. Richard D. Boone.

In the passing of Mr. Shinn, California loses an outstanding figure. He came to this state in 1858 and since that time has been closely connected with many of the State's activities. He was a newspaper man and magazine writer, having for ten years served in New York, Baltimore and San Francisco. For the past thirty years he was a contributor to publications featuring agriculture, horticulture and forestry matters. Mr. Shinn was a real nature lover and a naturalist, not of the "book variety" but practical to the last degree. Few men in the country have done more than he to demon-

strate the value of forest conservation. At the time of his death he was forest examiner of District 5. As Forest Supervisor in the Sierra National Forest, he developed many practical methods of forest planting and conservation. He had well thought-out plans for the conservation of our forests and for the reforestation of denuded regions.

Mr. Shinn's published works include, *Pacific Rural Handbook*, *Land Laws of Mining Districts*, *Story of a Mine*, and numerous other volumes. He was associate editor of *Bailey's Standard Encyclopedia of American Horticulture*. To the last he conducted each week a book page in the *Fresno Republican*.

He was a brother of Millicent Washburn Shinn of Niles, California, who from 1883 to 1894 was editor of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*. Always interested in the development of *OVERLAND*, he visited our office a short time before his death, bringing with him high words of commendation for the magazine he loved so much. Our readers will regret to learn of his death.

## Stork Soliloquies.

By J. A. PRENTICE

### "BUFFALO BILL" CODY

AN OLD pioneer named Isaac Cody sent for me February 26, 1845, and I took him a little boy he named William Frederick. Isaac went to Kansas in 1853, went to the legislature and got into lots of fights. A fellow named Dunn stabbed him during one fight and he died in March, 1857. At that time they packed all the supplies taken across the plains, and Bill Cody, the boy, hired out as a helper. Visited every post and fort west of the Missouri river, and became a great favorite. Bill learned how to fight Indians—killed his first when 11 years old—rode Pony Express, scouted, packed, hunted and led frontier life until 1861, when he heard his mother was sick and went home. After she died he joined the army as an Indian scout and served with the 7th Kansas until the close of the war.

Bill Cody was a dead shot with a rifle and became a hunter for some folks constructing the Kansas-Pacific Railroad. Showed such ability that he got a contract to supply the company with meat at \$500 a month. Killed over 4500 buffalos in 18 months. That's how he got the name "Buffalo Bill." Married in 1866 and had two children. In 1868-69, Bill was appointed Chief Scout by Gen. Sheridan and served

with the 5th Cavalry during the Sioux and Cheyenne Indian troubles. Then he was guide and scout for some Russian Grand Duke who made a famous hunting trip out west, and when the Sioux war began in 1876, "Buffalo Bill" was just starting in the show business. He disbanded his show, and joined the 5th Cavalry again. That was the time he killed Chief Yellow Hand in a hand-to-hand fight at the Battle of Indian Creek.

After the war he got together a bunch of cow-boys, scouts, trappers, Indians, took the famous Deadwood Stage Coach and other frontier relics, a lot of buffalos, ponies and such, and opened up in Omaha, Neb., on May 17, 1883, his famous "Wild West Show." The whole thing was so original and true to life that the show was a great success and he played all the principal cities for years, joining with Nate Salsbury later, enlarging and expanding. In 1887 he took the show to England and it was a great hit. Then he went to every big city in Europe, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, before he came back to the United States. Guess that's why everybody in Europe thought all Americans were Indians.

Bill came back with over a million dol-

lars, and most of it he used in buying property in the West. They named a town for him in Wyoming; called it "Cody." Bill started a Military College and Rough Riders' School in Wyoming, took his show to Europe again, and wrote five or six books on frontier life.

"Buffalo Bill" spent 30 years riding the West and 20 years touring the world, finally joining the other great scouts on January 10, 1917. And that reminds me: On June 3, 1917, a great crowd of admirers and friends of "Buffalo Bill" paid him a last tribute, when they placed his body in a vault blasted from solid rock on the top of Lookout Mountain, about 20 miles from Denver. Seems like I can see him now, with his buckskin suit all beaded and fringed, his big hat, and long hair, shooting glass balls and never missing one. 'A great Westerner, "Buffalo Bill."





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### QUININE

(Continued from page 71)

the ravine. At the very tail of the slide, encased in snow and tangled in the limbs of the tree, rode Bill!

Woodchuck, still ridden with fever and fretted by Bill's absence, heard the roar. Rushing outside, he beheld the slide come tumbling down the opposite ravine and almost fill the little canyon below him.

Suddenly at the tail of the avalanche, the old prospector saw in the bright moonlight a broken tree shoot ahead for an instant, then collapse as though with exhaustion and flop in its tracks.

It was then, when a snow-caked object dropped out of its branches and fell like a plummet in the soft snow that Woodchuck turned to grab a shovel.

"This sure," he wheezed as he dug furiously to rescue the spluttering Bill, "is an awful to-do for just a little quinine!"

### THE SONG OF THE BODY

(Continued from page 53)

upward, as in most women, nor downward, as in most men, nor outward and forward, as in athletes, but sideways by the wide opening and lifting of the ribs. The spread and close of

the ribs of a horse at full gallop, so well-known to those who ride, is a good illustration. This being understood, the next step is to break the ordinary breathing into little short pants through the open mouth, for all the world like a child eager for candy. Then, with closed mouth, let this be done more and more inwardly so that there is almost no outward visible movement of the chest. If now this procedure be repeated to a simple melody it will seem as if one were lightly bouncing on the solar plexus with each note. This is the beginning of "pulsation." With practice it will be found that this pulsation (initiated in the solar plexus through the conscious re-union of the nerve-centers of movement and of breath) radiates naturally in waves of rhythm, with a tonal gamut from leaf-like lilt to storm-wave surge, out through the grand muscles of the torso, thence to the lesser muscles of the limbs and off into the air from the tips of fingers and toes, connecting the dancer in conscious contact with the ceiling, the walls or, as it may be, with the earth and the infinite sky. At this point, and to go no further in so small a space, the Natural Dance is born. Thenceforward it is an endless unfoldment of the

vigor, beauty, and power lurking within us.

THE crowds, blindly seeking beauty, which haunt the cabarets, jazz-parlors, and vaudeville houses of our cities, and throng the streets in aimless droves at night, sicken the senses and strike at the heart. Here are no bodies dissolved in tonal purity, no rhythmic step, no authentic gaze, no unity of being, but only a general dissociation which speaks in jerks and waddles, in protruding abdomen and painted fat. One feels how these people would squint at Nudity and snicker at Sex, and it is difficult to repress the feeling that their flesh smells faintly of death.

The reformers may think they need Ethics; but the artists know that what they blindly seek and truly need is Ecstasy. It is a bold stroke of faith to pierce this thick flesh to the spirit within; but we may not doubt its presence. Somewhere there lurks a resurrection for the race of men. Somewhere, somewhen, somehow, it must be that from these dull chrysalides there shall emerge a new people, rhythmic, enspirited, candid, gay, august. And if it come it will be not by rules but by ravishment, not by ethics but by ecstasy, not by the blasphemy of the body and the petting of



the soul, but by that involuntary restoration of the riven man to his unity which is born in the pure abandon of Nature's Dance.

(To be continued)

### HIS MASTER'S VOICE

(Continued from page 86)

make our books and pictures and music say what we please. We use our art to gain our own vain ends instead of being driven by our art to find adequate expression for some great truth that demands through us a hearing."

It is this trick of investing trivial things with interest; that other trick of hurrying the reader, breathless, from incident to incident; the subtle skill of the fictionist whose special skill is the sex problem, so adroitly handled that the flower of beauty blooms from the slime beneath—the appeals to little minds—that make the successes of the day. And there is the good old combination, the plot with a punch, a heroic hero, a villainous villain or villainess, the flaptious flapper, the lovely vamp. Turn the lay-figure right-about! A new dress on it! There! It is so artificial as almost to be natural.

Listen! Listen, you manipulators of the lettered keys! If you would achieve prophetism in your own home town, if you would be a Best Seller, take the easiest way. Harken to the master's voice!

### A WOMAN PAINTER

(Continued from page 63)

before "Sparkling Sea". She turned to him a little sheepishly.

"I've been to Carmel. For two weeks I've studied the Carmel sea. Miss Morgan's color key, or rather her astonishing number of color keys are utterly true!"

IT HAS been the privilege of THE OVERLAND to have come under its observation a scrap-book, a collection from 1900 to the present day of choice bits of poetry, clever articles, and axioms of life. The scrap-book is the property of a widely known man, one through whose hands, it has been estimated, more men passed during the late war than any other individual of his profession. He is familiar with the Far East, has done much to alleviate the suffering of humanity; and yet possessed of a peculiar independence he is one who must suffer through convention. We believe he is as little understood as he is well known and we have heard strange things said of him. However we are of the opinion that a man who has the appreciation of the art of living that this collection indicates, is a man high above the petty gossip and forest-fire-like scandal which occurs when people take the words of others without investigation. We are pleased to have the opportunity of conducting the first investigation of its kind, the test of a man by the quality of his Soul, through the pages of this magazine, starting in March under the title FROM KAY'S SCRAP-BOOK. We hope that our readers will find his selections as beautiful as we feel they are and we shall be pleased to receive comments. That he is a well known man makes it necessary for us to withhold his name and also the source through which we have been able to obtain the material, in order that we may place before our readers what we think is a truly great appreciation of the *Good and Beautiful of Life*.

Faithfully,  
The Editor.

*With MARCH OVERLAND appears the first installment of an unusual biography by Irene Welch Grissom, poet laureate of Idaho. Those who know of the founding of the Greeley Colony, and the transformation from desert to a fertile land of beauty will find this story most interesting.*

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# Music and Musicians

**W**E STILL practice "camouflage" in this country of ours in the field of Art, especially as to the development of music. To prove my statement I shall show that, in spite of the fine work done by the National Federation of Music Clubs, and the music department of the N. F. W. C., we are doing the work that should fall, as natural activities, to the opera companies incorporated in the U. S. A.

They may well laugh in their sleeves, and say to themselves: "We still banish the language and music of this country from our repertory, and American artists only enter our ranks under our autocratic conditions. . . for we, the autocrats of the operatic field in America, though foreign-born, do dictate the policies of this field."

When outside organizations go to the trouble and expense of forming companies to give initial performances of American opera, it may be of local value, but it serves no serious purpose, for the PUBLIC patronizes the Metropolitan, Chicago, Ravinia, San Gallo and other companies incorporated as "American"; and until we inform the public of their indifference, apathy and injustice to our national art and history the evil remains, and outsiders may continue to exclaim: "*Quand a l'Art, les Américains sont des imbéciles*." . . .

By  
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

**W**IND you, I am not recommending the exclusion of any international work of art, being a devotee of all Art; but, to develop our own music, and to be part of that great, international horizon, we must begin *at home*, and I repeat, this must be done through *our own vernacular*.

To crush out of existence (which the prevailing system will do) all creative workers, by denying them "prestige," is crushing out American Art. . . and a country which leaves no Art, is bound to leave an ignominious history. Why keep on offering prizes for new American operas, when we are not giving excellent old ones? Why not offer a prize for a work done, as well as for its presentation by one of these very opera companies, incorporated in this country, and supposedly for the Art of our land? Otherwise, where does our country come in?

Are we to continue to run away, to sing the languages and music and develop the art of Europe; then to trot back home and continue to sing the languages and music, and further develop the art of Europe?

Verily, we are a lot of imbeciles. . . I could go on "ad infinitum"; but, if we are devoid of brains, surely all these facts suffice.

In Chicago, this winter, under existing conditions, we have seen remarkable American talent, foremost of all in Henry G. Weber, a young conductor of such evident genius that no other country could see such gifts and not immediately find the proper place for him. He has been allowed to conduct, inimitably, both the operas of Tannhaeuser and Rigoletto, but matters seem to rest there.

Our other "batons" are given to foreign-born, they get the first and other places, and we, what is left. . . sometimes!

This season, to date, we have heard no English at the Chicago Auditorium, though we persist in calling this company "civic." Woe be unto the guarantors or subscribers who dare to suggest any change of system to Samuel Insull and his autocratic Board!

Should a nation-wide appeal to our creative workers to oppose the present system be of no avail; then, like Shelley, I shall "take an honest excuse and renounce being the champion of the oppressed, who, themselves, are too satisfied with conditions, to take a stand."

## The House Divided

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"But I'm looking for Adam. He'll be along any minute, Gene," said Julia.

In Gene's expression was an inscrutability the girl could not at the moment fathom. "Well, jump in anyhow," he responded after an almost imperceptible hesitation. "We'll meet him further on."

By that time he was out of the seat and helping her into the buggy, meantime having considerable difficulty holding the filly in. Before she realized it, Julia was riding along the now darkening highway, while Gene tucked the plush robe about her. Already she felt the chill of the April night rapidly descending, and she drew her coat more closely about her. As a reaction from her mood of exaltation of a few moments before, she felt suddenly downcast.

She asked: "Have you got word from the folks? Isn't Adam coming after me?"

"So far as I know, he's coming.

But he isn't here yet," replied Gene enigmatically.

Julia now became genuinely anxious. "Gene, what—what's wrong?" she demanded. "Is Adam—has he—"

"I saw him at the Sheldon Mason place last night. He was all right when I left."

"When you left," repeated the girl. She searched the impassive young face at her side. "O Gene!" she cried and turned away. "Drive fast," she added a moment later.

By this time a portentous change had come upon the countryside. The rays of the sun were suddenly snuffed out. An ominous roll of thunder swept from one end of the heavens to the other. A strong and chilling wind rose up from the northwest. They saw trees at a distance on either hand bending beneath a heavy gale. The sky was now completely overcast with gray, and intermittent volleys of heavy rain-drops drummed on the buggy top.

Instinctively the girl pressed closer to the youth who now touched the eager filly with his whip. The horse leaped forward like a shot, splashing muddy water into their faces. In another instant the tempest was upon them, a fierce deluge of wind and rain.

Beneath the staunch buggy top there was a sensation of security and shelter, even of comfort. Julia snuggled her chilled hands in the heavy folds of the plush robe and watched the headlong plunge of the young mare through the storm. The rain now became a terrific downpour, half obscuring the landscape and filling the world with a prolonged pandemonium of heavy drops. The sky overhead was apparently let down like a pool of water in which the buggy and its occupants were utterly submerged.

"Came quick, didn't it?" observed Gene during a momentary lull.

"I shouldn't have thought—" began the girl.



"No need to try and figure out the doin's of April weather," said Gene. "But I felt it in my bones."

And then the shower was over as suddenly as it had come. Already the sun was on the edge of the world,—a crimson ball of dead flame. A bronze light, as of glowing coals, now shone along the northward stretching fences and illuminated the edges of the telephone poles and the tall and naked boles of the cottonwoods. The wind had died down, and there was no sound but that of the young mare as she splashed valiantly through the puddles. They rode in silence for several minutes; a constraint such as often falls between young people wrapping them round. Gene, never very much given to conversation, kept a tight rein on the bit and gazed steadily before him. Julia took frequent glances at the side of his face but the impassive countenance gave her no idea of what answer he might give to the question uppermost in her mind: Why had Adam not come for her? At last she broke the silence.

"It was awfully kind of you, Gene, to think of me."

"Don't think of it, Jule," said he. "The filly was kicking through the sides of the barn for a chance to get out."

She now prepared to leave the buggy, as they were turning in at the Brock farm-yard. It was quite dark, and she could see a light in the sitting-room. Springing lightly out, she paused a moment at the door.

"You'll stay for supper, Gene?" she asked. "There is an empty stall for the horse."

Five minutes afterward, peering from the deserted sitting-room window, she saw no sign of Gene or the buggy.

"He's gone home," she exclaimed, "and with nothing to eat!"

But more pressing affairs speedily drove the matter from her mind.

(Continued next month)

## OLD SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 73)

tire himself in bizarre habiliments so as to attract the attention and interest of the multitude. The selection of the character of the protector of Mexico and everything outside was in keeping with what must have been his extravagant sense of humor. What course he took while posing as the Emperor was in line with sanity.

He never talked much but whenever he spoke his sentences were not those of a demented man. On the contrary they exhibited insight, reason and understanding. He lived in a small room in the second story of a lodging house on Commercial Street, and ate twice a

day at some free-lunch counter on Montgomery Street. It was while he was at the height of his fame, or notoriety, that he was caricatured by Jump, the local cartoonist, who introduced as followers those god-forsaken canines, Bummer and Lazarus. One cartoon showed that while the Emperor dined the dogs stood by his stool ready to snap at each morsel the Emperor deigned to throw down at their feet.

It was not necessary for the Em-

peror to ask for credit at these counters. He was too well known. Cigars came into his hands in the same fashion, but when he was in need of raiment, which was seldom, he produced a written order or check which was always accepted by the appreciative merchants. Sometimes money came into his hands but what he did with it no one knew. Regarded everywhere as the impecunious ward of the city he "toiled not, neither did he

(Continued on page 96)

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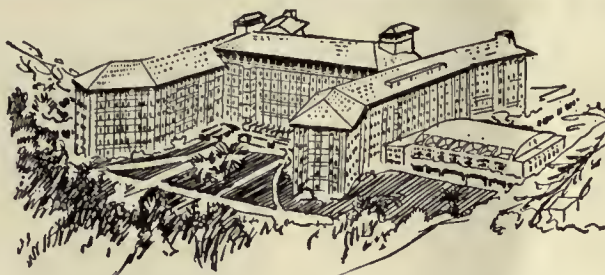
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## PRODUCT OF ROCKY COASTS

(Continued from page 61)

There are few abalone canneries in California for since the product cannot be shipped out of the state, the industry is limited. There is a cannery at Point Lobos in Monterey district. However, those canneries operating in the southern part of the state draw on Mexican waters for their supply and this pack is sold mostly in the Hawaiian Islands and Japan. The meat is packed in half-pound cans.

For many years the shells were considered worthless. Although used for ornaments and charms by the Indians for ages, it has been but a few years that they have been of any commercial value. Forty years ago the shells were considered so valueless that steamers would not transport even a bag of them without payment in advance. But in 1915 the export of shells reached as high as one hundred tons per week, as much as was produced in Monterey district in the past year. Quantities were shipped to European markets where they were used for inlaying cabinet work, ornaments and such things as buttons, knife and fan handles, jewelry, etc.

The raw shells sold this year at Monterey for \$40 per ton, while those from Mexico sold for \$20 per ton. It is crushed abalone shell that sparkles from the dome of the Angelus Temple.

Since abalone cannot be taken for their shells and the unmanufactured shell can no longer be shipped from the state, this has built up an industry in art, in manufacturing the polished shells into usable, salable articles.

The shells are polished by grinding on a carborundum wheel until the desired color is reached and are surfaced with a finer wheel of cotton and tri-poli revolving at great speed.

This beautiful polished shell may be purchased whole and is greatly valued by tourists. When cut into ornaments and useful pieces of jewelry, a polished shell may bring from five to twelve dollars.

Sometimes pearls of beautiful lustre and real value are found in the shells and free pearls have been found in the abalone's stomach.

Professor Charles Lincoln Edwards made some experiments with pearl culture in the abalone and in a Smithsonian report says: "Pearl culture is more than a possibility. Abalones may be raised in the sea as easily as chickens upon the land." Who knows but abalone farms may some day be an industry of the golden state?



# Mario

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Perhaps they would hear that, and come. If they did not, he would face Lucchesi alone.

"You damn thief!" he shouted. "You leave that net! Giuseppe will kill you, Lucchesi!"

The man laughed heartily, as if he had heard no better jest in years. His helpers joined in his mirth.

"Giuseppe!" he sneered. "Giuseppe! Ha! I break Giuseppe with one hand! Get out, baby! This is Joe Lucchesi's net, and anybody say no is a damn liar!"

Tears of wrath came to Mario's eyes. Why didn't Giuseppe come, to avenge that insult? Desperately the boy seized the rope, with which he had struck the fighting dogs in the early morning. The launches were close together now. Lucchesi leaned over the rail, his hands busied with the net. Mario swung the heavy rope, bringing its knotted end down over Lucchesi's shoulders.

Again the man laughed.

"Baby," he taunted, "do not annoy me."

Mario was in a frenzy of helplessness. He jerked the whistle cord, and the shrill blast cut into the stillness. In the cabin, near the wheel, his roving eye fell upon Giuseppe's heavy knife used in mending nets. He seized and opened it, at the same time giving the wheel a turn that brought the launch beside the other.

Lucchesi, giving no heed to the boy, went on with his work. Mario tied the

whistle-cord, so that it would continue to blow. Surely Giuseppe and his father would hear that. How could they help but hear it?

As he came beside Lucchesi, still bending over the net, Mario leaped from one launch to the other. In his hand was the open knife, its blade gleaming in the light cast by the torch. He struck fiercely at the back of the stooping man. One of Lucchesi's helpers uttered a warning. The big man turned, ready to laugh again. As he moved, the knife came down his back, ripped open his heavy shirt, and tore into the muscles of his shoulder.

The easy smile left his lips. Looking up at him, undaunted, Mario saw that anger flooded his face. His eyes narrowed. Silently he thrust the lines of the net into the hands of another man.

"So!" he said. "Giuseppe teach you tricks, huh! I show you."

Mario backed away from him, but Lucchesi's hands fell upon his shoulders, then moved to his throat. Twisting his head towards the shore, Mario saw three men hurrying through the shallow water.

"Giuseppe! Giu—" he cried, and felt Lucchesi's hold close firmly upon his throat. He tried to cry out, but he found that he could not breathe. The stars faded from his vision, his head ached, the night grew suddenly black. Far away he heard men shouting, the launch's whistle seemed strangely weak. Then, in a quick moment of re-

lief, he heard no more, saw no more. He had fallen, helpless, at Lucchesi's feet.

When Mario opened his eyes, he was in Giuseppe's arms. The launch's hatch was overflowing with gleaming silver herring. His father was at the wheel. Pietro stood beside him. As he moved, Mario felt his uncle's great arms close tenderly around him. His muscles ached, and he was content to lean back and close his eyes, his head against the breast of Giuseppe.

Giuseppe lifted him ashore, and held him in his arms. Dimly Mario became aware of a crowd around them; he heard his father, and Giuseppe, and Pietro, speaking, all at once. All he could make out was that Lucchesi was a thief and that he, Mario, was a hero. That puzzled him, for he could remember only his failure.

But everything else was forgotten in the sound of a new voice. Bianca was there! Bianca and Giuseppe . . . Lucchesi the thief . . . a big catch . . . money for the greedy old man . . .

"Mario!" cried the girl. "Mario!"

And, suddenly, he was in her arms. His head against her breast, and she was bending over him, murmuring, sobbing. He felt her warm kiss, her tears fell on his cheeks.

"Now—you—marry—Giuseppe," he tried to console her, and was puzzled by the laughter that arose.

"Si," whispered Bianca, softly.

Then Mario smilingly fell asleep.

## The Custom of the Country

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

cove, Ashes breakfasted on a part of her meager provisions, and then went to reconnoiter again before attempting to sleep away any part of the day.

As she looked out over the beach toward the far horizon and then back to the water's edge she saw Ivan already astir. She saw him straighten up and look about when he found her footprints in the wet sand, and as she did so there came over her a realization that she must either remain hidden from this hairy horror or be destroyed by it.

Food and water for a siege were first necessities. The water was within reach, just outside her tiny cavern, and just below the entrance to it, where it came trickling almost noiselessly

from the rock. But there was no food, except a few morsels of smoked fish, other than the stores in the great cave, now the home of her enemy.

She watched him as he began his search for her; but something told him, too, that he was under observation—a quickening of his intuitive sense, perhaps, or maybe that Touch from out of the Unknown which had summoned him from sound sleep and driven him to the beach during the night.

He went slowly out of sight. As he did so Ashes rushed for the cave below to get food, as much as she could carry away, and more furs for her future warmth and comfort.

But Ivan had acted with cunning.

His apparent retreat was a ruse, a ruse that was not to succeed; for already Fate was following his trail all unsuspected!

The instant he rounded the point he felt that surveillance had ceased. It was then he turned and began running up over the rocks instead of back around the beach, through the cover of bushes, as straight as his sense of direction could guide him to the great cave.

Nearing its entrance he proceeded cautiously and noiselessly. At first he could see nothing, and then his eyes, fresh from the sunlight outside, grew accustomed to the gloom.

The girl Ashes stood facing him not three paces away! There was plain



terror on her face, for again she recognized him. He was the leader of the band that had burned her village, murdered its helpless and aged and carried away her father and sister. And now

he had come for her! The thought froze her. She was caught, for he barred the entrance. Then he spoke. He called her his wife. What did he mean?

"Kiks-a-di?" he asked, wanting to know if she was of the tribe of the island.

She returned no answer, and suddenly bold he advanced a pace toward her. She was too frightened to move. "Axcat," he said, calling her his wife.

Suddenly another form filled the opening to the cavern, and it brandished a huge club—her Hunxo!

Ivan saw the instant glad light leap to her eyes as she looked beyond him. Then a crashing darkness blotted him out.

That night the boy and the girl went back to the great cave in each other's arms. They were alone in their little world, reunited and happy.

Down on the site of the burned village, on opposite sides of her family totem, two heads grinned horribly, each from the top of a pole. One was that of the Haidah chief whose unwilling slave Hunxo had been. The other was that of the Russian hunter Ivan, leader of the *promyshleniki* who had carried Ashes' father and sister into slavery.

It had been the custom of the country, from time immemorial, to hang up the head of the enemy as a trophy of victory, and they had followed it with literal faithfulness.

Piute, Ute, Moqui and various other tribes. It held as choice a collection of unhung rascals as could be found anywhere.

One night while camped near this odoriferous section, a bunch of red horse thieves—and there are none smarter—stampeded and drove off all the *caballada*, setting the outfit afoot. It was a sore bunch of cowboys that gathered around the campfire in the dawn and tried to figure out the problem and its answer. The only ray of comfort came when one of the boys said, "Well, ol' Hellion is gone, anyhow." And all except Hellion's owner seemed to find this some consolation for the loss of the good horses in the bunch.

Along about half past ten or eleven o'clock there appeared a dust cloud coming from off in the direction the horses had been driven. Thinking the Indians were returning to clean up the camp the boys gathered their guns and got ready to give the thieves a "howdy". With close approach it became apparent that the dust was raised by a bunch of loose horses, and as they got closer it was seen that the blessed flea-bitten grey was hazing them along.

She drove them right up to the camp, and then it was seen that she had not only brought back the horses of the bunch but in addition fourteen Indian ponies, some of them trailing picket ropes.

What had happened at the Indian camp was never known. Whether she disliked Indians on general principles or had had experience with them before, or whether her innate cussedness and meanness had made her chevy those ponies back to their owners, she did not make known. The mare kept her own council, but the Hellion had made good.

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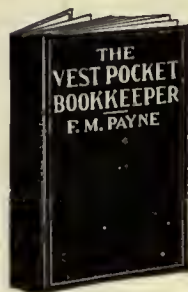
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Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

### OLD SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 93)

spin," but he lived a contented life with never a care for the morrow and when he died the whole city sorrowed over the departure from earth of a harmless, amusing and eccentric character.

### A NIGHTLESS DAY

(Continued from page 79)

At Juneau, the next port, a radiant-faced girl walked into the telegraph office and wired a hopeless young man in San Francisco:

"Karl, if you can forgive me, meet me in Seattle. The sun of our love shall no more go down."

### THE FLEA-BITTEN GREY

(Continued from page 60)

Corners, where the states of Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico meet. This country in those days—about 1877—was the hiding place for Indian renegades from the Navajo,

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*SPRINGTIME blossoms, rain and sun;  
Hills where racing shadows run.*

*Willows budding into gold;  
Fields where poppy cups unfold.*

*On the wind a haunting note  
From the blackbird's silver throat,*

*While down the wood Spring's light feet fall,  
Answering the plaintive call—*

*On the hilltop where I lie  
I am one with earth and sky.*

—LINDA LEE

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AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE





## Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

MARCH, 1925

NUMBER 3

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*LILLIAN E. ANDREWS* has, during the last three years, appeared with increasing frequency in various periodicals. She is a Massachusetts woman, living just out of New Bedford.

*L. C. LEWIS*—this should bear the prefix "Mrs."—was born among the great redwoods and lived her early years in the great California forests. Inheriting her love of nature from her father, the outdoors became a part of her very life. She is now living in the Oakland hills, not far from Joaquin Miller's beloved Hights.

*E. DORCAS PALMER* is a Vermont schoolteacher who spent a recent year in the Sacramento valley.

*IDELLA PURNELL* is claimed by California, in spite of her residence in Guadalajara, where she is in the consular service. As editor of "*Palms*" Miss Purnell has made herself widely and favorably known. Few poetry magazines adhere to a higher standard.

*HOLLAND RUBOTTOM* is claimed by Indiana, but since he left there when three years old perhaps California has a greater claim. Colonel Rubottom served in the Philippines during the insurrection and for several years thereafter, later being stationed at various Western army posts and on the Mexican border. He had a year and a half in France during the world war as lieutenant-colonel of the air service. Novels, short stories and technical works stand to his credit, as well as verse.

*ALMIRA RICHARDSON WILCOX* was born in New York state but is now in Spokane, Washington, where she is on

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(Contents of this magazine copyrighted).





# The Weaver

By MARY AGNES KELLY



Of a sudden, the rumbling mill was still—  
Still as the milk-white butterfly  
Poised on the window-sill,  
The dingy sill  
Where a sunbeam lingers  
An hour each day,  
Touching with golden fingers  
A spider's web, on its way—  
And the only spinner in all the room,  
The quiet, endless room,  
Was the spider, weaving at shining loom  
His cloth-of-silver, light as a plume  
Of smoke,  
Spun-glass-shimmering, frail and fair  
As jasmine stars through twilight air,  
A gossamer gown for a bride to wear.

And the bride was I,  
Oh, thin and white,  
But I'd glow as a rose  
When the minster light  
Shone on my love-bright face  
That night.

Morrow dawned, and the milk-white blot  
Of the butterfly's wings which I'd forgot  
Had changed to the wings of a royal yacht.  
I was a bride. By the glistening rail  
He was beside me. My gossamer veil,  
My shimmering gown, and the mill at last,  
Were folded away  
With a day  
That was past.

Oh, the waves were blue as the sky was blue.  
We cleft the billows and salt spume flew  
Over the sea  
God made for me—  
For him and me, us two—

Till we came to an isle in an unknown world,  
With coral sands and palms unfurled,  
And lotus ponds where petals curled  
'Neath waterfalls. Rare tropic birds  
Sang liquid notes which golden words  
Could not describe.  
And on this wondrous isle of ours  
Were vivid fruits and day-dream flowers,  
Each radiant tint, each tiny petal,  
Flashing glints of molten metal.

He kissed me! As I reached to place  
My hand in his, I saw his face  
Grow pale, glow faintly, disappear;  
I caught a sob, beheld a tear—  
Then on my head I felt a curse,  
Hot words like hornets stung, and worse,  
Oh, worse . . . I heard the mill . . .  
Its awful rumbling  
Grumbling still.

THE butterfly which was, is not.  
There was not left the merest dot  
Of silver  
Where the spider's loom had lain.  
My groping hand had broken it in twain.  
There is no cobweb lace  
Which I was married in—  
Men do not love a face  
So pale and thin  
As mine.  
There was not left a trace  
Of heady tropic wine.  
I'd spoiled the web and ruined yards  
Of muslin . . . yards.  
The silver seeming,  
Golden gleaming  
Of my dreaming  
Lay in shards.

Oh, God, the mill . . . the mill . . . the mill . . . !





MAR 11 1925

# OVERLAND MONTHLY

## AND

# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Volume LXXXIII

MARCH, 1925

Number 3

## A Home in the Desert

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

**M**Y interest in the science of irrigation began early. I was still a small child when an utterance of my father's stamped itself indelibly upon my mind.

It was a dry year and the canal was dropping low, the farmers almost counting the drops that ran to the thirsty fields. A neighbor had been caught stealing water. Clear and ringing these words sounded in my ears:

"A man who steals water is a thief of the most contemptible type. He is robbing every farmer under this canal of his most precious possession, the thing on which life itself depends."

The two words, water and life, became linked inseparably in my mind. I thought of them often and they lured and thrilled me with a depth of tremendous meaning.

My father and mother were pioneers in Union Colony, that settled the famous Greeley district, coming the summer of 1873. They lived in town until the following spring, and then went to make their home on an eighty acre tract of land two miles south of the main street.

I was a tiny babe in arms, and my sister Ella a toddling child of two years and five months. We lived in a house of three rooms, with barn, poultry house and corral a short distance away.

Father was a physician practicing his profession in a town in the middle West when he and mother married. She little thought that she would ever be called upon to become a pioneer and help subdue the wilderness.

They subscribed to the Greeley Tribune, and were deeply interested in the notices that appeared regarding the establishment of a colony in Colorado Territory.

The organization was completed December twenty-third, 1869. The name Union Colony was selected and officers elected: N. C. Meeker, president; General Cameron, vice-president, and Horace Greeley, treasurer.

A call was sent forth to educated,

temperance people, possessed of some means, to join with them in the transformation of the desert into a fertile and beautiful land through irrigation.

Different sections were to be carefully investigated by a Locating Committee, and the site for the colony chosen with due forethought of the future development possible. Profiting by the mistakes of other colonists they avoided the blight of poverty by requiring that each man have a certain amount of capital.

**F**ATHER and mother decided to unite with the colony as soon as they could arrange their affairs to do so. They approved of the plan as outlined, and thought that the dry Colorado air would prove beneficial to their health.

They had several thousand dollars in cash, a small daughter, and a large amount of enthusiasm when they finally reached their destination. They found that the town of Greeley consisted of several hundred people who had come West to establish a temperance community in the wilderness. The schools, churches and intellectual opportunities were to equal those of the homes they had left.

Father was requested to open an office and practice medicine but he did not do so. Twelve years of faithful work in the profession had left him weary, with a need for outdoor life. He felt a strong desire to experiment with the new science of irrigation, and had for years longed to own a flock of sheep.

He thought that here the opportunity presented itself. He planned to raise crops on the farm and bring the sheep there for the winter, and for the rest of the year using the open range, that stretched for miles in every direction.

The farm was a barren waste, burning under the heat of summer's sun, rattlesnakes squirming their gleaming

way in among the cactus plants, prairie dog settlements dotting the landscape here and there, coyotes howling by night, and even making their way into the yard in broad daylight. They were chased by the faithful dog that stood fearlessly on guard over the new home.

The struggle between man and the desert began. It must be conquered and made to blossom even as a rose. Somber, defiant it swept away to the far horizon, daring the puny strength of man to attempt the subjection of its wide and arid acres.

There was much to be done before a crop could be planted. The land was under Number 3 ditch, ten miles long, and its length was its principal dimension. The farmers saw that it lacked capacity and must be enlarged to serve the land they planned to water.

Two canals were constructed to irrigate the district, they were called Number 2 and Number 3. They were both too narrow and given too great a fall so that they washed out easily and were difficult to control. They were taken out of the Cache la Poudre river miles above the town.

A gigantic task had been undertaken, for these men were pioneers in the reclamation of the arid uplands. Previous to the founding of the Union Colony irrigation of the lowlands had been practiced to some extent by the Mormons in Utah, and by other people in California and New Mexico. The building of Number 2 canal was the first attempt by modern civilization in North America to water the uplands.

It was necessary to make many experiments before the desired results could be obtained. There were not only the canals to be constructed, but dams, headgates, waste ways, weirs and all the other devices necessary to handling large quantities of water and properly diverting it.

When this task was at last accomplished came other disasters that made



the early struggle one of heroic proportions.

The first year that father planted a crop it thrived wonderfully and promised an abundant harvest. Then, one summer day, came millions of grasshoppers, darkening the air like a cloud, and filling the golden silence with the sinister sound of the beating of countless wings. They descended, an avenging horde that devoured every living shred of green, leaving a waste as desolate as the wide plains in the distance.

The second year a fine crop was harvested, but the third season a disastrous hailstorm laid low the yellow wheat just as it was ready to cut.

Yet still, with sublime courage, the farmers struggled on, their faith in the ultimate magic of irrigation undaunted by any calamity Fate could send.

Came better years, when the land yielded in abundance and the first fierce struggle was over.

When Ella was seven and I five years of age, we drove the cows up the road on a warm spring day, and throwing wide the gate of the colony fence, turned the herd into the great open space beyond.

The colony fence was some fifty miles in length, surrounding the town and the farming land adjacent, and bounding the far side of our farm.

Nodding buffalo grass grew among clumps of sagebrush and myriad cactus plants that were a wilderness of lovely blossoms. Pink and purple, crimson and gold they reared brave and dauntless heads above a cruel, thorny bed, serene in their beauty and grace as a petted hothouse rose.

We often lingered at the gate, building houses of sand in the road, that an idle gust of wind destroyed even as they sprang into being under our fingers. Then, as a distant call sounded through the clear air, we took our way to the white farm house, that now consisted of six rooms, to help mother with the morning work.

As the days went on, under the rays of the hot summer sun, the world outside the colony fence grew dry and brown, and shimmering heat waves rose over the barren and desolate acres. The cactus plants dropped their lovely petals one by one, stripping the wilderness of its brief touch of beauty.

In sharp contrast the vivid green of alfalfa, and the gold wide wheat fields marked the land touched by magic silver streams of water.

Mother told us how the farm, now so fertile and lovely, was like the space outside the colony fence when she and father settled on it, and Ella and I were babies.

In the evening, after the day's work was done, they often talked about the transformation that had been wrought, and the wonders of irrigation. In answer to our eager questions they told us many stories of the days we were too young to remember.

Two brothers, Fred and Guy, had come to join the family circle. Three years slipped by and the twins came, the pride of the household. We always called them brother and sister. We were thus divided into three groups, and designated as the girls, the boys, and the twins.

#### AFRAID OF SPRING?

**A**FRAYD of Spring? But no! The hills are bare, Majestic precipices give no sign Of glad expectancy; nor spruce, nor pine Lean cheek to cheek. Bleak tempests clutch and tear At pinnacles of rock; nor barren slide Provokes the heart to pain. Remote, supreme, Conquering life and life's eternal dream Silence, the beautiful, sits tranquil-eyed. What shadow of remembrance shall be thrown Against the grim supremacy of death? What happiness with faint, persistent breath Shall warm and wake the granite mouth of stone? Afraid of Spring? But no! The sterile heights Sleep dreamlessly through uncompanioned nights.

—Margaret Tod Ritter.

In front of the house ran the main ditch that carried water to our farm. Often, for hours at a time, I lay beside it on the soft green grass listening to its ripple and murmur.

Always the waters talked to me. They told me of the mountains from whence they came, where the snow-clad peaks showed so white against the deep blue sky. They spoke of the thirsty fields waiting eagerly for their coming, and ever they murmured, over and over:

"Water and life, water and life."

When I told mother about it she listened with an interest so flattering that I wandered on and on, enlarging and embellishing the story with the joy of a creator.

In the west a lofty, jagged mountain range flung a mighty barrier that reached as far as the eye could see. On a winter morning when all the world was white with snow, dawn transformed the peaks into radiant opals, that glowed with the changing and lovely colors of the jewel.

In summer the lower range was deep blue in color, as the snow receded

under the rays of the sun until only the peaks showed white against the wide and sunny sky.

The snow on the mountains was associated closely with the daily needs of our life. If the great canyons and deep gorges were packed early in the season with heavy wet snow, the cold weather froze it into solid masses of ice that melted slowly, when the warm days came, giving a supply of late irrigating water.

But if the days were warm and golden up to Christmas time, and the snow fell light and fluffy, with a low water content, it did not pack, and melting early ran off in the first hot weeks, leaving us short in July and August, the driest months of the year.

When this happened father would exclaim impatiently:

"Reservoirs, reservoirs, we must have them to conserve the spring floods that run to waste. That is the ultimate outcome of any successful irrigation project."

If one climbed the hill that rose some distance west of our farm, the Cache la Poudre to the north, and the Platte river to the south could both be seen. Sometimes these streams were wide, rushing torrents of muddy water, sweeping away to the sea the early melting snow that would be needed urgently later in the season.

Father said that when the river flow was supplemented by reservoirs to hold these spring floods, the future of irrigation would at last be assured, and a great era of reclamation of arid lands begin throughout the entire western half of the United States.

I heard him say to mother one day:

"The future holds two issues of paramount importance for me, the development of this new generation of the Welch family that we have called into being, and the recreation of the Great American Desert into a land of fertility and beauty, providing happy homes for millions of people."

Both he and mother were exceedingly proud of their six sturdy sons and daughters. Having endowed them with good physical bodies, they hoped, by precept and example, to rear them into worthy men and women who would justify their right to existence.

#### CHAPTER II

**F**ATHER and mother taught school in their youth that they might attend college in search of knowledge for which they yearned. Father graduated from the Rush Medical College in his chosen profession, and mother attended Oberlin, where she took a course in vocal and instrumental music.

Many of the members of the Union



Colony were college graduates, deep students of the best in life and books.

Our parents held many discussions regarding various writers, for their point of view often differed widely.

Father maintained that the Book of Job surpassed in majestic movement of words, and grandeur of thought, any lines that Shakespeare had written, and mother took the opposite side.

Carlyle was a great favorite with father, but mother called him a dyspeptic crank, and sympathized deeply with his wife. Likewise she thought that the spouse of Socrates was entitled to tender consideration, since he seemed to have spent his time discoursing on the streets with any who would listen to him, while she made the living for the family.

Emerson was admired by both, and they quoted frequently from his Essays.

Father often read aloud from Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," then he and mother discussed the passage, giving clearly their different views, and the reason thereof.

We children listened at times, and caught here and there a stray thought that enriched our mind in after years. I took some of these books from their place early in life, and attempted to read them.

I put them back quickly, puzzled and resentful, they did not make sense. I wondered what father and mother found in them to admire.

I accidentally had Emerson's Essays out one day, and a neighbor woman entering the room, said in a tone of awe:

"What, this little girl reading Emerson! How very remarkable!"

I was some ten years old at the time and the remark thrilled me to the depths of my being. After that, when I saw visitors coming into the yard, I seized the book. When they entered the sitting room I was found earnestly perusing the pages, with a thoughtful and soulful expression on my face that I had carefully practiced before the mirror. I wanted just the right effect.

IN OUR Sunday School Library we had complete sets of Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, Louise M. Alcott, and other good authors. I read some of the books over and over, in particular the "Mill on the Floss." Maggy Tulliver became as real as the people about me, and I hated her brother Tom with a deep and fervent feeling that lasted well into mature years.

We children reveled especially in tales of frontier life. We wished ardently that we could go where there were Indians to fight and a wild life

to lead. It did not occur to us that our own parents were pioneers, doing deeds worthy of mention in books.

We could see the railroad from the house. We watched the long freight trains, often a mile or more in length, passing over it from morning until night. Swift passenger trains rushed by, their lighted windows, flashing in the darkness, filled one with a vague longing to ride away into some wonderful land that lay far beyond the mountains.

In the town was an excellent school, several churches, and many pretty homes. A brick business building was in process of erection. A theater was

#### "COPA D' ORO

##### POPPIES!

Bright tongues of living flame,  
Velvet fire,  
Flashes of faeries' wings,  
Chalice desire,  
Pigment of artists' dreams  
Burst into bloom,  
Miniature sunbursts  
Startling the gloom.

##### Poppies!

Pure as Aurora tints,  
Exquisite attire,  
Colorful allurements  
Wrought to inspire,  
Satin of radiance,  
Glow of the sun,  
Heat, color, light, and gold  
Melted in one!

—E. Dorcas Palmer.

spoken of as a possibility in the near future.

This was not pioneer life as related in the books we read. Far from it! Oh, for a chance to shoot at Indians! That was the life for us!

I was the only one among the children who delighted in fairy tales.

One glad Christmas mother gave me a book written by Hans Christian Andersen, and it opened a new heaven and a new earth to me. The world of nature became alive, the rustling trees, the flowers, the streams, animals and birds took unto themselves a personality and whispered their stories to me.

And the fairies—ah, they were everywhere—beautiful, wonderful creatures that lived in the heart of a rose. At night they rang the bluebells, calling the band together to airily dance on the green.

I grew so fanciful that mother spoke to father about it one day where I could hear his answer. She had carefully explained that this wonderland of mine was only a make-believe world, and not to be taken as true because it was told in a book. But she could not convince me, since the story said that only those who believed could see a fairy.

She was disappointed when father said:

"Let the child alone, the sojourn in the happy world of make-believe is short at the best. She will enter into the stern realities of life soon enough."

At night I read from what I called "My Book of Darkness." I kept this a secret, for when I tried to tell about it I found my words greeted with a skepticism very mortifying. Since it seemed that I could not share it with another I grew silent regarding the matter.

After I went to bed the white page of a book appeared in the darkness. I read the most entrancing stories, the pages turning themselves one by one. I was not asleep, for my wide eyes stared at the printed words until the lids grew heavy and closed despite my efforts. Then I was whisked into the land of dreams.

This book never appeared after I was about eleven years of age. It was evidently only a precious attribute of early childhood. I mourned its passing for many days, striving earnestly to bring it back.

The stories I read there surpassed even those of my best beloved books. Of these there were many for I had a passion for reading of all kinds.

When I went to visit in the homes of my friends they carefully hid their story books before my arrival, for if, by chance, I seized upon one I was a poor playfellow.

Once, when I went to spend the afternoon with a special chum, I saw a book lying open on the table that I had long desired to read.

She left me alone with it for a moment while she went to ask her mother if we might go down town together. I seized the book, darted out of the house, and hidden safely in the loft of the barn spent a blissful afternoon, the fragrance of the hay mingling in delightfully with the story.

When the shadows began to lengthen, and I knew that I must start for home, I read the last chapter hastily, to see how it all turned out and if they got married. Slipping into the house softly I laid the book on the table, open at the page I had found, and hastened away unobserved, my soul completely satisfied. They had married on the very last page, and lived happily ever after.

Each Sunday I took home a new book from the library. It was the one thing that made Sunday School worth attending.

On the walls of the church hung pictures of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant and other great authors from whom the minister quoted. I watched their faces when the sermon was long



and tiresome and often they seemed to smile and frown with the earnest congregation.

The Unitarian church meant much to us, for father and mother had helped in building it, giving to their utmost of both money and labor.

Father took the hired man and two teams and graded the lot where the building was erected. Mother joined with the Unity Circle in countless suppers and entertainments through which the women earned a large sum of money.

Our social life centered largely around the church. Such fun as we had at the Unity Suppers! Food fit for the elect of earth and a round of merriment.

We all went, father, mother and the six children. We took our share of the supper in bright tin milk pans. For these occasions mother made a layer cake, and it was a dramatic moment when she took it from the oven and we saw whether or not it had fallen in the process of baking. Mother made splendid bread and delicious doughnuts and cookies, but her cakes, for some strange reason, remained ever an experiment. One could not foretell the result when the dough was placed in the oven.

Sometimes they fell, bitterly disappointing her and filling us with joy, for we liked the solid sweet chunks, and much preferred them to the light and fluffy effect she often achieved.

But we all rejoiced when the cake for the Unity Supper suited mother, for it was an important affair. The members took turns in serving the supper, five women being in charge each time. When mother was one of these Ella and I helped wait on the tables.

**I** DRANK forbidden coffee by the cupful, and consumed vast quantities of layer cake, usually paying for it next day with the bitter penalty of a sick headache. I felt that the punishment was not too great, for I did the same thing over again the next time the opportunity presented itself. The coffee, especially, I found most delightful. I regretted deeply that at home my parents compelled me to drink milk.

Sunday was one of the busiest days the farm house experienced.

Father and mother insisted that we all attend both church service and Sunday School. There was a wild hurrying hither and thither, to get combed, washed and dressed.

The boys hated it, and said that when they grew up and got married their kids wouldn't have to go to church, no sir-ee, not in a thousand years! We girls rather enjoyed dressing in our best clothes.

We were usually late, and services were suspended until the family was seated. We went in single file up the aisle, mother leading and father bringing up the rear, our new shoes squeaking bravely.

The church might have an empty appearance when we arrived but with the eight seats filled the barren look vanished. It was quite a task to keep us in order. Father and mother took turns sending a warning glance up and down the line, to check the giggles and the punch that was passed from one to another to break the monotony.

As a family we took especial pride in our twins. They were round and rosy, with fair hair, and blue eyes that looked out on the world in sunny confidence of finding friends everywhere. They were very lovable, with as natural a tendency toward obedience as I had to rebellion at all authority.

We felt that the possession of these twins conferred a distinction on our family not enjoyed by other members of the church.

After services were over we hurried home to get dinner.

Two chickens were killed Saturday and put on to stew before we went to church. The hired man kept the fire burning. The potatoes were left peeled in a kettle, ready to place on the stove at a given hour. He also attended to this duty. By the time we reached home the potatoes were ready to be mashed, and the chicken cooked down in the kettle, waiting to be lifted out and the gravy made.

After dinner was over and the dishes washed and put away, we children made a big batch of molasses candy. Father bought the sorghum by the barrel from a man near Evans. We pulled until our hands were almost blistered, each striving to get our portion the whitest.

Supper consisted of bread-and-milk and cake. And then, in the evening, we gathered about the square Chickering piano—shipped to Greeley when mother came as her most precious possession—and sang' loudly, joyously, heads flung back and voices flowing forth with the utmost freedom.

When we became breathless with our vocal exertions we listened to mother for a while. She liked to stray into classical music, but we children soon asked impatiently for something lively, or that at least had a tune to it.

Then father would get his fiddle, and together they played "Pop, Goes the Weasel!" or "The Campbells are Coming, Ho, ho, ho, ho."

When they began this I closed my eyes in an ecstasy of satisfaction. I pictured a long line of camels laden with silks, spices, and strange per-

fumes, swaying across a burning desert. Stately Arabs stalked by their side, and in the distance was a green oasis toward which the caravan was hastening.

Not until I was almost a woman grown did I know it was a Scotch melody and the words referred to the Campbell clan.

Bed time came all too soon. We slept as the weary sleep for the busy day was ended at last.

### CHAPTER III

**F**ATHER was fond of experimenting in the line of small fruits, and early in the life of the farm he planted strawberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries. He also set out a number of apple trees, of both the standard and crab variety.

The strawberries and raspberries bore fruit for many years in great abundance. He had one variety of strawberries called "Jocunda" that was especially delicious. They were huge berries and very sweet so that one enjoyed them without sugar. Often we children would lie at ease in the shade of the tall poplar trees, eating all the berries within reach of our straying hands.

The currants, too, produced abundantly for a long time and then died from some worm that attacked their roots. The white currants were as large as small berries, and very sweet to the taste.

We canned and preserved quantities of fruit every season. The currant jelly was put in two-gallon jars, since it vanished at meal time like snow in the hot spring sun.

Along the irrigating ditch that ran in front of the house father planted a row of poplar trees. About the driveway that entered the yard were cottonwoods. In the early summer they showered down fluffy cotton that whitened the ground beneath the trees.

The poplars grew rapidly, and stood tall and gallant, their slender tops reaching far up toward the deep blue sky, as if they fain would touch the fleecy white clouds that floated idly above, seeming almost within their reach.

Behind the house rose a tall red windmill. When the boisterous wind came rioting along it roared through the windmill and the trees like a mad force set free to rip and rend in fiendish glee.

If rain had not fallen in many weeks it lifted whirling clouds of dust from the dry earth, sticks and straws, and even small gravel stones that cut one's face like sleet.

(Continued on page 124)



# Commercializing the Wild Flowers

IT SEEMS safe to say that only a handful of Californians, comparatively speaking, know of the wildflower industry carried on by Carl Purdy in Mendocino County, California. And perhaps those who have heard of it know little about the place it has taken throughout the United States, in England and on the Continent. Perhaps, too, with Californians, Mr. Purdy's reputation as a landscape gardener and distributor of rare peonies has taken first place and his wildflower interests are considered the hobby of a botanist.

There is so much to be told of an industry that has grown from a first shipment of 50 bulbs to collections of 5000 bulbs a day that it seems fitting to begin with Mr. Purdy himself, at

By

MARY WEYMOUTH FASSETT

The seclusion of the place, far removed from the artificial or pretentious, might lead one to think of the naturalist as a recluse or a hermit. However, such a thought is dispelled by the warm welcome extended to all interested visitors by the Purdy household, and one realizes that Mr. Purdy is carrying out his ideals in a big industry that should mean much to all Californians.

This wasn't Carl Purdy's idea of a life work when he reached Ukiah, at the age of nine years, after crossing the plains from Michigan with his

MR. PURDY tells, with much relish, of the quirk of fate that brought his sister from New York to Ukiah, laden with packets of seeds from Vicks', one of the earliest floriculturists of our Eastern States, and a friend of the Purdys, and of how he reluctantly responded to the demands for a small flower garden when he had to carry soil from the barnyard and haul water from a thirty-foot well. Then, when the seeds germinated and showed rapid progress in the fertile soil of Mendocino County, his reluctance changed to interest and he began to apply the knowledge of botany he had acquired in the teacher's course of study. He grew familiar with the names of the flowers and the fascination of gardening had a strong hold on him long before he thought of it as a vocation.

His attention was first turned to collecting wild flowers when George C. Wilson of New York wrote to his friend, Mr. McNab, asking for some California wild flower seeds. The latter had been watching Carl's progress in the little garden and his growing interest in botany, so he turned the matter over to him.

Mr. Purdy pressed the flowers that are commonly known as Cat's Ears—later named by himself, *Calalochortus Amadillis*—and sent them with the bulbs to Mr. Wilson, who responded by an offer to pay him for all the bulbs and seeds, with their names, of wild flowers that he could send.

His first gathering of *Calalochortus Amadillis* bulbs numbered fifty. The payment at the rate of \$1.50 per hundred brought 75 cents for his first shipment.

During the following year he collected 50,000 of the bulbs. This encouraged him greatly and while he began to teach school that year, he continued his study of botany and gathered bulbs and seeds.

At the age of twenty, he had made such a name for himself among floriculturists—for this he gives much credit to Mr. McNab—that he was corresponding with some of the world's greatest botanists. Among them were Professor Grey, of Harvard, the English botanist of Kew Garden, London, and the California Botanists of the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco. He was then the only bulb collector on the Western Coast.

He had some idea of going to the University of California, but the out-of-door-life and the gathering of seeds and bulbs lured him away from college. He continued his studies, how-

*"Riotous bloom that fairly tumbles along the terraces"*

*A nook of columbines*



his home, "The Terraces," above Ukiah.

The eight-mile climb after leaving the valley gives evidence of Mr. Purdy's love for real country and prepares the visitor, in a measure, for the stupendous panorama that awaits him at the Purdy home, set in the curve of a mountain, just below its crest.

From the house, the narrow ravine widens to natural terraces,—unmarred by artificial display—down to a meadow land, then up again to fold upon fold of blue mountains until one is mystified by the maze of distances before the eye reaches the southwest sky line.

It is here on the terraces that Mr. Purdy carries on his real vocation of collecting and distributing California wildflower bulbs and seeds.

mother and step-father. At that time, his great ambition was to be a school-teacher. His education was traditional, but by the time he was fourteen he had passed the teacher's examination. Then there was the long wait for his eighteenth year before he could begin teaching. He decided to work on a farm and began on the McNab ranch in the Ukiah Valley where he formed a close friendship with young Gavin McNab, at the present time a leading attorney of San Francisco. The two boys decided that it wasn't necessary to allow farm life to interfere with an education. They outlined a course of study for themselves, using Shakespeare, Shelley, Gibbons' "History of Rome," Histories of England and France, Harper's Magazine and the Spanish language for a foundation.



ever, perfecting himself in languages, elocution, penmanship and natural science. This gave him a liberal education and developed an interesting business during the seven years he was teaching school.

He had a desire to settle to one thing as a vocation but his being Jack of Many Trades made him a bit fearful of attempting any one of them. Mr. Purdy feels that the one drawback to school teaching is the fear of attempting a new line of work and often keeps a teacher from finding his real vocation.

He took advantage of a winter vacation to try his luck in new fields and landed in a printing office. He soon found he was able to write articles for local papers and for magazines and on several occasions he successfully edited the "Town Journal." This gave him courage, and he liked the work, but it was about that time that he began to receive orders from abroad. Dr. Alexander Wallace, floriculturist, of England, gave him his first foreign order. Later he became Dr. Wallace's California collector.

It was then that he decided to give up school teaching—Mr. Purdy tells this exultantly—and became, as he terms it, a "Bulb Rustler."

Despite his promising future, his first foreign dealings met with a number of disasters. It required sixty days to deliver at Liverpool and his first shipment, sent in August, miscarried, reaching its destination after Christmas—a complete loss. The next lot he sent by express at the rate of 28 cents per pound, thus cutting his profits to a mere pittance.

He went back to teaching for a time through necessity, but kept up the collecting game on a more modest scale, until he again gradually increased his business to a paying basis.

He was getting splendid results from England when, through an unfortunate slump in real estate, Dr. Wallace went through bankruptcy. It seems well to insert here a little insight into Mr. Purdy's faith in his fellow men. While this financial disaster left him a good thousand dollars in debt and tied him more closely to teaching, he wrote Dr. Wallace a letter of sympathy and encouragement that in later years brought results that proved that his trust had been well placed.

He was determined he wouldn't become dependent on school teaching, so he carried on an insurance business in Ukiah while he worked in a bank there. Later he took charge of the Wells Fargo Agency and the Western Union stage line. This developed his business ability and put him on his feet again.

He kept this connection for two years, all the while going on with the bulb business, which gradually increased until when in 1885, he was asked to give a price on Mariposa tulips, he left his offices and organized a regular business of collecting. He quoted small prices for his bulbs, however, and for a time his income was meager. His collection, however, soon rose from ten thousand bulbs a year to three and four hundred thousand. He is now equipped to collect ten thousand bulbs in two days.

Mr. Purdy began to apply his business experiences, which had helped to bring out his innate efficiency, in a practical way to his vocation. He was soon making twenty dollars a day when one dollar a day and board was considered a good wage. He felt then that he had arrived.

#### SUNBONNET GIRL

SPRING, and the robin's trill  
Echoes from hill to hill,  
Clover fields white and red  
(June on the bough o'erhead),  
Lilies in fragrant ranks  
Thronging the river banks,  
Blue haze and Autumn fire  
Lighted on bush and briar,  
Twilight, the lambkin stars  
Flocking thro' sunset bars—  
'Mind me, somehow, of you,  
Sunbonnet Girl I knew.

—Torrey Connor.

IN 1892 he had a fully established American business and some English connections. In 1893, during the panic, he lost ninety per cent of his American business. It was then that Mr. Purdy reaped his reward for sympathetic understanding and courtesy, when he received a letter from Dr. Wallace, saying he was re-established in his old business, and asking if Mr. Purdy would again be his California collector.

Dr. Wallace became a noted landscape gardener after his return to business, and through floricultural displays, he received a great amount of advertising. In this way Mr. Purdy's wildflower collections came before the European public and his foreign business gradually increased from that time on. It was then that Mr. Purdy recognized the value of courtesy in business life, and is justly proud of the faith he placed in Dr. Wallace as a man.

In 1903 a friend suggested to Mr. Purdy that he should try landscape gardening on the property of Mr. Henshaw of Eden Valley, Mendocino County. He offered to do the work for what he considered a good price—which was one-tenth of the price he

now receives. This line of work proved successful and his landscape business extended from Mendocino County to around the Bay, and in a few years he was well established in that line, and he saw clear sailing ahead. However, the earthquake in 1906 proved a real disaster, costing him ten thousand dollars' worth of California business.

This loss put Mr. Purdy's business down to the bedrock again, but by that time he was so absorbed in his vocation that he didn't consider turning to other work for financial aid. He had been dabbling for a time, in growing rare peonies and other bulbous plants at "The Terraces." Now he began his hardest up-hill climb. By grading his bulbs and issuing a two-leaf catalogue, he extended his home growing business and combined it with his wildflower collecting. It took him several years to get back, but in 1914 he made the encouraging sum of \$2000 in six months.

The same year, while he was in San Francisco arranging for a floral display at the Exposition, he was commissioned to do some landscape gardening on the grounds there. With an income from three different sources, Mr. Purdy soon found himself at the top of the hill again. Since then he has steadily moved to the front in each branch of his combined industries.

Mr. Purdy is fortunate in having the co-operation of his son, Elmer Purdy, who carries on the work at the Terraces while his father is attending to his landscape gardening projects. Besides the assistance of his son, he has a number of men located at different parts of the state collecting bulbs and seeds.

A perusal of the interesting and artistic Purdy catalogue, which has grown from a two-leaf pamphlet to one of the most widely read catalogues of its kind in the floricultural world, will give some idea of the magnitude of a life work that has had its full measure of ups and downs.

Mr. Purdy has the good judgment to carry out his idea of natural beauty by placing his variety of bulbous plants in charming disarray along the terraces. In the spring months, there can be in California and perhaps in any part of the world, no more magnificent sight than the riotous bloom that fairly tumbles from behind each shrub and tree, along these natural terraces. This, along with a few hours of Mr. Purdy's generous information of the history and habits of plant life, is an experience well worth seeking. It will also give some idea of the fascination that has held Mr. Purdy to his vocation, despite many discouraging disasters.



# Amaranth

By

GRACE JONES MORGAN

SPRING dusk veiled the sea. Against stars and a broken edged moon a white ship flut-tered into the harbor mouth, and from her a small boat was lowered for Vance Njernal, her master, to pull across to where an old wharf sagged at the end of the alley, sweet with tangled vines covering its desolation.

On the rocks, Sally waited for him, white in the dusk and tremulous with forbidden joy of his coming. The ship, as she closed her eyes, seemed to sail into her memory, a ship etched in the gold that had roiled in her wake, and rippled now in darting trickles of phosphorescence about the skiff.

By sheer strength of his arms Njernal pulled himself to the rock beside her; then she was in them, head on his shoulder.

Sally cared nothing at that moment that from the alley she and the man could be seen against the stars. She had run through the vine tangled solitude of the place at sunset, halted a moment to speak to the twins, Johnny and Dick Downey, who were planking the skeleton ribs of a boat they had been building through the short winter that cools only for a few weeks the south corner of Vancouver Island. They would know now why she had not stayed to talk, and why she was dressed in her best white muslin, and wore a knot of honey-scented broom gold in her hair.

Through the love talk of Njernal, she heard their tools drop on the boat planks, and their voices suddenly stilled, and she knew the silence was because of her. This thing she was doing would seem wrong to both of them; not alone because she was married to a beast, a drunken loafer who abused her and lived on her earnings, but because they both had loved her since school days and had both wanted to marry her.

Their timorous wooing had only made her laugh with other folks at the strange tangle of having twin brothers in love with her. She had oriented them to abashed silence—and married Bill Forbes.

But she could not torment Njernal. He held her heart in the hollow of his hand. Her love was tangled in the gold of his thatch, coaxing her with the drone of his voice husky in the great throat where her fingers strayed to feel the pulse leaping for her. She had been, when he found her, heart hungry. After Bill Forbes, drink-sodden, illiterate, foul-mouthed, Njernal's talk was like organ music. He

was a golden giant, educated, and owning his own ship; his courting of another man's wife had all the daring such a thing demands, even to singing that night with his arms about her an old song of her name, Sally in Our Alley.

## WINTER IS OVER

IF I could only forget your love. . .  
Yet every tree and hill  
Is standing as a monument,  
And I remember still. . .

Half-way up Allen Hill a rock  
Recalls the windswept day  
When your eyes often met with  
mine. . .  
(Yet often to the Bay  
They turned. O treacherous bay and  
sea  
That stole my love away from me.)

And on the highest hill of all,  
Whose rocks are the "King's Crown,"  
Do you remember how we climbed,  
And, standing there, looked down?

Now Spring has brought her breeze  
again  
Along the blue-gold day,  
I kneel as all the flowers kneel  
To ask the natural way. . .  
Open the grave, Lord, winter is  
over. . .  
Give Spring her dance . . . and me my  
lover. . .

—Idella Purnell.

AND when it was time for her husband to be returning, and he must go, Njernal found his skiff had drifted from his careless knot. His laugh rang out, and from the rock he plunged. She heard as she watched him swimming hand over hand, that song through the sea-fire pulsing as he hauled out of its drip and from his boat blew a kiss to her. Then she went down the rocks, and there in the Alley shadow stood Bill Forbes, swaying on his feet, reaching for her, clutching her arm.

"Kissin' Njernal, was you," he howled. "I'm through. I'm goin'. I'll let folks know what you are. You won't git me back in a hurry."

He staggered off down the lane. Sally stood, shaken with tides of emotions sweeping her, through which she came to clear light like that riot of phosphorescence around Njernal in the sea.

"A damned good thing if he never does come back," growled Dick Downey's voice from the screening vines of the cottage porch.

"But she was wrong. . . she sinned in kissing him," said his twin, and Johnny's words held a tragic hurt.

Sally went home through the night to her own cottage, but she could not face its shadows. It held memories of Bill Forbes. He had lain drunk on the bed until afternoon. After the kiss of Njernal she could not touch with her cheek the sweat-stained pillow. She thought of Dick and Johnny Downey who loved her, who had known her martyrdom, and of the differing ways they viewed her love for Njernal. She had not meant the thing to catch her this way, and swing her to kisses and half promises. She was a little afraid now that she knew that the brothers had seen; perhaps they were afraid for her. Johnny's concern would be for her sin, for Johnny was deeply devout. And Dick's words warned her that he thought little of her marriage vows to Bill Forbes. Dick judged men by himself; he had let her know silently that he would have taken her if she could have loved him.

Sally stood at the gate, her arms crossed on its bars, a little white lonely figure, watching Njernal's ship sail away; stood until the short northern night paled before the silver light of dawn over a pearl radiance on the Olympic snows. She wondered what would happen when her husband howled to bar-room loafers his reason for leaving her and the tale was carried home to the village women.

What did happen affected Sally little, save that she was a mite lonelier, a lot nearer yielding to Njernal's pleadings for her to come with him. She was friendlier with Dick and Johnny Downey. She came often to the wharf at dusk, always seeing a ship etched in gold on the harbor. Sometimes she sat on the spiles and turned from the sea in sheer pain of loneliness to watch the brothers hammer and saw until the light failed. Sometimes she brought them gifts of her garden lettuce and eggs.

"Since Bill is gone I can't use half," she coaxed, "And I've no neighbors who will take them from me," she added a little wistfully.

"The damn women," breathed Dick, dropping his hammer and looking at Sally, whose hair seemed to gather and hold the silver light of stars.





*Elise Dufour  
whom  
Charmian  
London  
calls  
"The  
Little  
Master."*

Johnny's hand dropped over hers, for Johnny loved her no less that he said she had sinned in kissing Njernal. She was to him a woman to be drawn into the Great Forgiveness, a soul to be saved. Johnny had never succeeded in helping anyone to the comfort he took in his devoutness, not even Dick. Loving Sally, he would have seen her dead rather than living with any man without the sacrament of marriage.

But Dick knew that Sally was as free as she would ever be; and Njernal was gone without the knowledge that Sally was now alone. There was in the fact that her kisses were all that she had given Njernal a proof that Sally was fine enough to sacrifice passion that she might hold the beauty of a love that had come like spring dawning, inevitably remote, radiant as the far-off stars.

It was perhaps Sally's loneliness which brought her often to the wharf where she chatted with Dick and Johnny, passed from quiet talk to laughter, the gay bantering of a woman whose life is free of the nightmare

shadow of a man whom she hated because he had been worse than a beast. Sally's wages, spent only on herself, gave her a sense of good living, better garments, pretty things she had gone without for four of her five years of married life since her wedding clothes were gone. There was less work in the cottage when Bill was not there to upset its neatness, and Sally, instead of showing the effect of that ostracism of the village women, bloomed into ripe womanhood which tinted her prettiness and outshone the girl-bud which had fretted the hearts of Dick and Johnny Downey. She wore again the gayety which abashed them. She began to torment them as of old; but she was playing now with men, waking passion that had for fuel their thoughts circling about the Sally who had lived with Bill Forbes and kissed Njernal.

The boat on which they worked through those first weeks of spring had shaped to a hull which Dick was decking with alternate strips of walnut and pine, while Johnny fitted the stern

coaming, when Sally abandoned her perch on the wharf and came instead into their yard, to jump on deck within reach of Dick's hand.

There was scarce light enough then for Dick to work, but because Sally had come he puttered on, afraid that if he ceased she would find no reason to linger.

"What will you name her?" asked Sally.

Dick dropped the hammer with a sigh of relief. Her question had opened a debate which might keep her a few moments.

"Johnny, what will we name her?" he called to his brother.

It was the excuse for which Johnny had been waiting through those spring months, a talk to Sally which would pave the way for other things. He came to the opposite side of the boat and leaned on her bow; and between him and Dick perched Sally, a light dress of soft white gathered in arms that folded about her knees, little shiny slippers with gay buckles crossed and catching star-gleams, her white throat holding that pretty head with its soft, radiant hair above them.

"For twins," said Sally, utterly irrelevantly, "You two are so different, no one would guess you were even brothers. I've often thought how odd it was, and odder still the way I like you both."

"It's a wonder," began Johnny, taking firm hold of his courage, "That you can bear to be near a man. You've had a bitter lesson."

Dick's gasp of astonishment was shielded by Sally's laughter, light as bubbles breaking on the rock shore.

"Why bless you, I like men. I've always liked them. Bill was spoiled by drink but I liked him well enough once. And now that he's gone, I'm beginning to see that a woman who has once been a wife finds the world lonely."

"Sally!"

HER name broke from them both. They did not look or think alike, but there were gestures and ways they shared; passions too that had centered on her and now leaped at her careless words meant to torment them. They could not know that despite her assertions, Sally was heartsick for Njernal and bitter over her batterings by fate and the heat of life's crucible searing her heart.

"Well . . . this isn't naming the boat."

"Sally. . ." Dick's hand went out to her as he said her name, but Johnny reached across the deck, caught his brother's wrist and held it.

(Continued on page 126)



# The Song of the Body

## A Critique of the Dance, Classical, Social, Dramatic

By ELISE DUFOUR and  
EDGCUMB PINCHON

### CHAPTER II

### JAZZ—THE LOST GENIUS

IN THE wild paradise of Brazil one who is watchful and still will soon become aware of a series of elfin explosions taking place in the surrounding masses of vegetation. Presently the cause appears—a dull bud, one of a thousand unobtrusively maturing within reach, bursts before one's eyes, and with a distinct "pop," into a blossomy flame. As suddenly did the new France, the new Russia, burst in blood and flame through the threadbare foppery of Versailles, the outworn officialdom of the czars. Thus ever stealthily, and masked in commonplaces, does revolution in nature and in man make its approach—all unsuspected until it thrusts the bloom of the new through the broken husk of the old. And thus suddenly did "jazz" replace the former forms of the dance.

A revolution in a people's dancing can seem unimportant only to those to whom youth and life and love are unimportant; for between movement and feeling there is an immortal marriage; a change in the former invariably indicates a change in the latter; and, since feeling is the root of all our thought and action, the spontaneous appearance of a new national rhythm carries with it a world of suggestion.

As a matter of fact, we are in the midst of a profound revolution in feeling; and if it prove abortive of a true expression, as, indeed seems likely enough, it will be only because in this, as in other forms of life's unfoldment and transformation, man's ignorance and unfaith mar the result. The spirit of modernity is the spirit of syncopation, a pure joy in balance for its own sake, reft of all sentiment, program, and pattern, a balance of beat against beat, line against line, color against color, mass against mass, image against image, a tendency manifest alike in the atelier, the studio, the music salon, and the dance hall. Not only so, but it is a tendency toward a running, as distinguished from a static, balance, a balance forever lost and converted into a rest and a satisfaction. It suggests a new leap of the race toward freedom, fluidity, adventure, a new faith in life verging upon pure abandon. Ultimately it is a new emergence of the secret, deep buried in human personality, that the interior self is the only real and the forms of its expression forever illusive and merely illustrative.

SYNCOPIATION is, of course, not new in the world. As an adornment of other established rhythms, and as a

special form in music, it has long existed; but as a basic rhythm, subordinating all others to itself in the arts and in the popular feeling, it is altogether new. In its nobler achievements thus far it fairly delivers its unique gift of excitement and satisfaction in ever-varying balance. But in popular expression, for lack of intelligent guidance, it has resulted only in that hideous blur of its innate possibilities we know as "jazz."

Quite naturally, it was in the youth of the country and on the dance-floor that the modern revolt against the cramp of old emotional bondages made its first popular appearance. Here it assumed the form of a growing distaste for the dignity of the waltz and the monotony of the two-step. Then a remarkable thing happened. Young

America instinctively turned back from standardized patterns to the freedom, frankness, vigor, and naturalness of animal rhythms rendered in terms of syncopation. There followed, in swift succession, the turkey-trot, the bunny-hug, the grizzly-bear. Canons broken, conventions disregarded, the new generation set out upon an orgy of dancing in which conventional refinement and artificial grace were roughly swept aside to make way for an honest, if crude, enjoyment.

This was the critical moment. Either the raw material thus provided by the common impulse would be accepted by the schools and colleges and shaped by them in a spirit of creative intelligence into new and vital forms of the social dance or, failing to be understood, would fall under the ignorant exploitation of the dive and the cabaret and degenerate into a disheartening exhibition of sex divorced from soul, of movement divorced from breath, and of animation divorced from distinction, grace, and poise. The latter, of course, is exactly what has happened.

The educators missed their hour

*"The  
Spirit of  
Modernity  
is the Spirit  
of Syncopation."*



Photo by  
Arnold Genthe



completely — an hour which would have raised the social dancing of America to the level of a genuinely creative art. They not only failed to divine the momentous thing that was put into their hands for the making but condemned and obstructed it; and when it appeared that in spite of them nature would still have her revenge, they, instead of entering even at the eleventh hour into the new spirit with an effort to translate its first crude expressions into forms of beauty, sought merely to curb and bit it with artificial rules and regulations as foreign to its genius as distasteful to its young devotees.

To many it will not seem important that America's first purely folk-creation, now colonizing the world, should come forth, for lack of intelligent guidance, a deformed and ludicrous thing; but the same people would be outraged by a sky-scraper askew, an inaccurate history, or an ill-conducted business. That, of course, merely indicates our queer misplacement of values. To the majority truth and grace of feeling are not important. In our schools we teach how to make a living but not how to live, how to master a profession but not how to liberate the personality; and, while we make much of the class-room, we quite neglect the art and atmosphere of the ball-room where the most vital associations and profound emotions of our life are wont to arise. And yet, if we once admit that love is as important in the life of a man or woman as the study of languages, mathematics, or history, we shall have to admit that social dancing, so intimately related all through the ages with the love of the sexes, must take rank as a communal art of supreme importance. It is, in fact, as important that the passions should come to birth in an atmosphere of self-respect, beauty, and poise as that the mind should come to birth in an atmosphere of serene and free intelligence. But we shall seek far in modern life and modern colleges for either.

Ball-room dancing is not only the champagne of social life; it also is the goblet, giving form to the spirit. Its greatest danger is conventionalism; and this can be avoided only by a thoroughly creative spirit on the part of those who undertake to teach and guide the dance. It is for them to listen closely to the under-rhythm of the people, to catch new impulses and experiments at their birth, and aid them to appropriate and unspoiled expression. The waltz, the two-step, were dances of more or less refinement. During their sway refinement, false and conventional often enough, was respected. Now it is frankly derided.

Young America said: "This refinement is insincere and spoils our fun. We don't care how we look; we want to have a good time." The teachers, unable to appreciate the fact that refinement is not repression but simply raw expression wrought to its ultimate issues of unity, candor, and grace, retorted: "But you shall be refined; you



shall be modest. We will make rules that will compel you, and we will employ, if need be, the police to enforce them! We will decree that you dance a discreet distance from your partner. That will keep your unholy nature in check!" But, to the horror of the old order, the lure of the new syncopated animal rhythms proved a veritable Pied Piper. The parents followed the children; even the grandparents joined the perilous procession. There was left nothing respectable in the world—except the teachers and ministers who, not knowing how to dance at all, were saved from the great temptation.

Thus did the academic spirit miss a noble creative occasion. When the new dance broke through the old patterns to imitate the free and complete co-ordination of animals there was none to catch the amazing significance of the event, none apparently who understood that there is no more sure basis for the discovery and development of the rhythmic technique of man's own body, so long neglected, than the beautiful technique of bodily

movement offered by the bear, the turkey, the rabbit. With a sure instinct young America seized upon these obvious, crude, and jolly rhythms as the most immediately effectual way of breaking up the old stiffness, inflexibility, and self-consciousness of social dancing. Under skilled guidance these forms could have been led forward to the prancings of the horse or the glides and swirls of the sea-gull, and thence to the disclosure of the true technique of man's own body, with its erect, relaxed position, movement upon the breath, and co-ordination of movement from the solar plexus.

NOTHING so nobly intelligent was accomplished, however; and the new syncopated animal rhythms, with all their latent fascination and force, were allowed to degenerate step by step until, instead of disclosing the true technique of the liberated human body, they have slunk into the stupid and spiritless obscenities of "the angle-worm." Dull, unpleasantly flushed faces, an awkward shovelling of bodies, and a crude sexual, and thus social, atmosphere, have become the vogue in the ball-room. And the educators have thrown up their hands and effaced themselves from the scene.

In all of this an exception or two must be claimed. Lucia Gale Barber, of Boston, quickly caught the purport of the new spirit, and in her school of dancing did much to develop the first rude expression of animal rhythm into beautiful and sincere forms of bodily expression. A few others there were who, consciously and with vision, or unconsciously and by sheer instinct, divined the value of the new impulse and sought to give it true direction; but they had the swallow's inability to make a summer. Out of animal rhythms, for instance, there emerged Vernon Castle, with his creation of the modern dance—a pulsing on the beat in a complete unity of movement. Moving lightly on the breath, his tall, slender body suspended from the solar-plexus, he pulsed his partner down the ball-room floor to the delighted despair of all who watched him or, impulsively skipping over to the orchestra, would snatch up the drum or bones and play them with the same intriguing rhythm and verve. But he suffered from the common defect of genius—an inability to analyze and impart the secret of his own success. Natively possessed of a perfect bodily rhythm, he created and taught the forms of the modern dance and no doubt tried to give to his students the technique of his own elastic ever-changing rhythm; but, while his popularity was great, his actual influ-

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# Naming the Northwest

By

EDWARD HARPER THOMAS

IT WAS on the afternoon of April 29, 1792, that two small ships, alone on a wind-swept ocean, passed into a wide, deep inlet and drifted with a six-mile tide to an anchorage in quiet waters. The night settled down thick and rainy. The wooded hills were obscured by clouds which, as the succeeding day dawned, could be seen tearing themselves to tatters in the treetops.

But the coming of these vessels from the remote seas and the dawn of this day were heralds of a great change, marking as they did the birth of a new empire on the heretofore unknown shores of a new-old ocean. One of these ships was a sloop of war and the other her armed tender—the Discovery and the Chatham, commanded by Captain George Vancouver on a voyage of exploration.

For some two hundred years preceding this day the inlet they had entered had been the most remarkable geographical puzzle in all history, for it was none other than the centuries-disputed Straits of Juan De Fuca, the discovery of which had been ascribed to the Greek pilot of Cephalonia, Apostolos Valerianos, called Juan De Fuca by the Spaniards in whose service at the time he was seeking the fabled Straits of Anian. Every explorer and trader touching at these shores heretofore, or skirting them even, had looked for Juan De Fuca's straits; but none had found them, though Barclay, Meares and Elisa had seen them, without a doubt, and so had Fidalgo and Quimper. Even the latter, like the others, incomparable map-maker that he was, failed to sense the importance of the discovery.

It was left to Vancouver to immortalize the name of Juan De Fuca and to give to the world the amazing revelations that followed his voyage into the mysterious and unknown waters which so deeply indent the shores of the Northwest.

In 1578 Sir Francis Drake sailed to the exact latitude of the De Fuca straits, fourteen years before De Fuca's own voyage, without discovering the entrance. On March 22, 1778, Captain James Cook named Cape Flattery, which stands at the very front door of this wide sweep of waters, and then made this strange entry in his journal:

"It is at this very latitude, where we now were, that geographers have placed the *pretended* Straits of Juan De Fuca. But we saw nothing like it; nor is there

the least possibility that ever any such thing existed."

In July, 1787, Captain Barclay in the service of the Austrian East India Company, trading from Nootka for furs, noted the entrance but failed to sail in and rediscover the straits. The next year John Meares sailed south from Nootka, also, and on Sunday, June 29, 1788, records that he found in latitude 48 degrees and 39 minutes a great entrance. He did not sail into it, but did note that he "named it after the original discoverer, Juan De Fuca." Three years later Elisa sailed the length of them, entered the inland waters now known as Puget Sound, named a few of the prominent fea-

came in contact. It may have been some sort of calm unconscious courage that could flirt with death without sensing danger of the situation; for flirt with death he did. He was in a land that bristled with danger, the danger that is born of covetousness unbridled by any restraining influences, surrounded on all sides by a treacherous people to whom his ships, his stores, his arms and supplies represented the height of human desire. To possess themselves of it all, they had only to betray him, as Maquinna later betrayed the Boston, and as other savages betrayed and overcame the crew of the Tonquin. These warriors were all fierce, revengeful and resourceful fighters. No very particular precautions seem to have been taken. Yet Vancouver and his men were never molested, never seriously threatened. They were allowed to search these shores and to map them in minute detail.

But Vancouver finished his work and sailed away, carrying his new geographic facts and information back to the old world printers of books, maps and geographies. It turned out to be a valuable addition to the knowledge of the world; a brutal destroyer of myth and fable, to be sure, but the time had arrived for that to happen.

Since the beginning of time The Beyond had appealed to the imagination alone. Primitive people looked into the mists of far horizons and dreamed of unknown regions inhabited by monsters of destruction, or saw there Elysian fields that did not exist. The Unknown, beyond that far line of vision, was the lure either to brave deeds or to innate covetousness.

Marco Polo fired the hearts and brains of daring adventurers in every land. Columbus set out to find a way to the land of spices and precious stones, but through the west instead of by the east. Henry Hudson lost his life in a vain search for a north-west passage.

A New World arose in Columbus' path and blocked the way to the East. But this only confirmed the view that if a continuous waterway existed it must lead into the West. Magellan sailed around the south of this vast continent. Balboa crossed the isthmus of Panama and discovered the Pacific.

At once every energy of the exploration-crazed world was turned toward finding some way through or around North America. The myth of the Straits of Anian came into being,

## DOGWOOD

THE dogwood blossoms on the hill  
Are yellowed ivory  
Hand-carved medallions, placed with care  
Upon the green-robed tree;  
And when the nomad winds go by  
They take these lovely things  
And lay them, with a plaintive sigh,  
On the graves of vanished Springs.  
—Grace E. Hall.

tures—Quimper Peninsula, Fidalgo Island, Elisa Island, Camano Island, Lopez Island, and Rosario Straits, among them—which still bear the original Spanish nomenclature; but his records make no reference to Juan De Fuca's Straits. So it fell to Vancouver to give the rediscovery of the long disputed inlet to the world.

BUT Vancouver was a painstaking explorer. He carefully traversed thousands of miles of shore lines, mapped them and gave to the capes, shores, islands, bays and visible and outstanding mountains names they bear to this day, and which are now so firmly established geographically that they will remain permanently.

No man from the very beginning of New World exploration had so marked a passion for accuracy. It is plain from his nomenclature that he lacked imagination, but what he lacked in that he made up in matter-of-factness, exactness and industry in the pursuit of the all-important knowledge of topography and geography.

He must have had other qualities, too, qualities that gave him the confidence of the savages with whom he



born in the brain of Cortereal. Juan De Fuca's imagination led him to declare that he had found it; that it was a "broad inlet of the sea" and that he "entered therinto, staying therein more than twentie dayes, and found that Land trending still sometime North-west and North-east and North, and also East and South-eastward, and very much broader Sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by divers islands in that saying."

Vancouver's thoroughness and exactness led him to make minute records of what he found, and to provide geographic names for all of the prominent features of the region. He used a dull and matter-of-fact method of providing nomenclature, but his journals and his maps became an easy guide for both the geographers and the explorers who were to follow. As a consequence the early settlers with the first American occupation of the land found well mapped shorelines and properly located and named geographic features. Many of the names bestowed on mountains, inlets, bays and headlands were the names of men of the day in the British navy.

One of Vancouver's practices was to bestow upon some marked natural object the name of the man who first saw and attracted attention to it. It was in this fashion the name of Mount Baker was fixed on that "lonely sentinel in a solitary land." Pages 53 to 56 of his original journal describe the incident.

The ship *Discovery*, carrying the commander and the principal officers of the expedition, had entered the Straits of Juan De Fuca, in thick but not tempestuous weather. It anchored as dusk came on with falling rain and lowering clouds at a point about eight miles inside Cape Flattery. The next morning, April 20, 1792, dawned clear with a breeze blowing in from the ocean. Taking advantage of this and the flooding tide, Vancouver followed the south, or what is now the Washington shore of the straits and finally came to anchor again near five o'clock in the afternoon on the inside of a long spit which extended several miles into the broad channel along which he was sailing, and which formed what appeared to be a splendid natural harbor. This place Vancouver named New Dungeness, after Dungeness, England, because of a resemblance to that harbor, as his narrative explains.

While the sky in the west and overhead had been clear all day clouds had been massed in the Northeast. These cleared away as the ship was sounding and coming to anchor. In the midst

of the preparations Vancouver's third lieutenant, Joseph Baker, called the commander's attention to a splendid and conspicuous snow-clad mountain in the far distance, a peak standing up two sheer miles against a now unclouded sky reflecting the rays of a sinking western sun. In the clear atmosphere it appeared to sit enthroned on the fir-covered hills at its feet. The miles of intervening open water made it the more conspicuous by adding to the illusion of altitude. So far as it is known this is the first time this splendid spectacle had ever opened itself to the eyes of civilized men.



MOUNT RAINIER

The explorer must have seen its great mass much as it appears here.

Though approximately seventy miles distant by airline the mountain could be seen rising apparently from the very water's edge to its full height of more than 11,100 feet. It was in this unimaginative way, however, that Vancouver chronicled the discovery:

"About this time a very high, conspicuous craggy mountain, bearing by compass N. 50 E. presented itself towering above the clouds. It was covered with snow: . . . "round by the N. and N. W. the high distant land formed as already observed like detached islands, amongst which the lofty mountain, discovered by the third lieutenant and in compliment called by me MOUNT BAKER, rose a very conspicuous object, apparently at a very remote distance."

It was thus that Mount Baker came upon the maps of the world. It might have been found and named a year earlier had Elisa been as careful and accurate an explorer as the great Englishman who followed him in this region, for Elisa was undoubtedly in these same waters a year ahead of Vancouver—a year and a month, to be exact.

IT WAS on the 3rd day of February, 1790, that a little fleet of three ships bearing Lieutenant Francisco Elisa, who was in command, Lieutenant Salvadore Fidalgo, after whom one of the great and wonderful islands of the San Juan group is named, and Ensign Manuel Quimper, sailed from San Blas, the seat of the government of New Spain on the Pacific coast of America. They wintered at Nootka, and in the following March, 1791, sailed southeasterly directly into the Straits of Juan De Fuca, but seemingly they attached but little importance to that fact. On

Elisa's map is a mountain in the general direction of Mount Baker, from the region around Quimper Peninsula, which he called Mount Carmel, but whether that was some one of the rather prominent heights of the mountainous islands of the region, or the "lonely sentirel of a solitary land," there is no way to determine. Elisa's map is crude and inaccurate. Elisa Island, as it is now called, at the entrance to Bellingham Bay, from which the "great white mountain" is seen in all its awe-inspiring beauty, is named for Elisa. On the other hand Ensign Quimper's map of Quimper Peninsula, is a marvel of accuracy.

Lack of imagination did not distinguish all the early explorers. Meares, for instance, who sailed into the Straits of Juan De Fuca or "John De Fuca," as he recorded it, before Vancouver, recognized and named this inlet, but failed to give his information to the world in a convincing fashion. He was the first of the English to see Mount Olympus. Perez saw it from the sea in 1774 and called it Santa

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# The Casual Murder of Mrs. Jardy-Wolf

By

RACHEL THAYER DUNLOP

IT'S a shame the dear child has to be so much alone," said Grandma in the quick emphatic way she had, as if she were continuing a familiar conversation, "It's a shame — it wasn't so bad when she was a little thing. A child should have playmates—why I remember when I was a little girl how there were dozens of us — dozens—" Grandma snapped her false teeth together with the lovely sound that fascinated Genevieve. Grandma waved a long, thin hand with the puffy blue veins and the rough finger-tips that always scratched a little when she stroked Genevieve's cheek. "Dozens—" she said. Genevieve looked up. She hoped Grandma was going to tell about when she was a little girl. She saw Grandma shrink to just her size, but Grandma still, and around her swarmed countless children in methodical swarms, twelve to a swarm. Poor Grandma!

"There were twelve in your own family, Mother," said Auntie in the quick emphatic way she had, as if she would defend Genevieve.

"Well, a dozen said I," retorted Grandma—"And then, too, there were the Johnsons nearby with ten—and"—Ten boys and girls leapt into being right behind Grandma's chair, five of each!

"But there is nobody nearby with any," sighed Mama, "and Genevieve is only one."

"I like being one, Mama—I like being one," said Genevieve, because Mama had made that queer sighing sound.

"Dear little creetur," Grandma said.

Silence fell on these three generations seated by the rock garden under the butternut tree on the front lawn. The women were as like, folks said, with their quick grey eyes and emphatic noses and chins, as if they had been cut out with a cookie cutter. And Genevieve, seated crosslegged on a round straw mat by the big stone slab that was the doorstep—Genevieve, in her small, irregular way, was like them—as if a little pat of dough had been left over and, molded up quickly, had been popped in the oven with the rest.

On a three-legged table at Grandma's elbow stood the rose glass pitcher and the rose tumblers with the little white girls walking around them waving garlands. "PARTY!" they proclaimed to the trees and the patient century plant in the tub by the door.

"I like lemonade—it was good lemonade, Mama dear," said Genevieve.

"Did you like it, Grandma—did you like it, Auntie—did you like it, Mama?"—So might a wee chick have spoken to three kind hens who so-laced themselves with scratching for it—

THERE was a cake on the table too,—the trim remains of a very yellow cake with white frosting, and pink candles were lying on the plate beside it, and little nuts were cuddling in the frosting. "Birthday—Ten Years Old," they whispered undeniably. And

## TALLA OF THE UKIS

THE buckeye fruit is not so smooth  
and brown  
As Talla's cheek  
Nor blackbird half so sleek  
As her black hair when it is plaited  
down.

And berries over-ripe are not so dark  
As Talla's eyes  
The color there that lies  
Seems brewed from deepest dye of  
ebon bark.

And Talla's teeth—were ever teeth so  
white?  
They put to scorn  
The new and milky corn  
And flash like satin petals in the light.

But Talla's heart; her heart is not for  
me.  
With lover's guile  
She sheds her warming smile  
On Tonto, all the while she talks to  
me!

—Regina Kaufman.

on Genevieve's lap was a small doll dressed in green plaid silk with drawers and petticoat of lace. The lace was just like that which nestled unblushingly under Auntie's chin that minute on the collar of her green plaid waist. What was more, a row of neatly folded things was there on the step by Genevieve—a white apron, round and feather-stitched with blue silk; a red hair-ribbon; three handkerchiefs with "G" in the corner and a book with a shiny cover. All all could say nothing but "Happy Birthday!"

The rose glass pitcher was almost empty and papa had left the party to go back to the barn. There was plenty of cake on the plate but Genevieve had had one big three-cornered slice and one slim piece, just-a-silver. It was a drowsy afternoon. "Tring, tring, tring. TRING"! The front

door was open and you could hear the dining-room clock under the butternut tree! Grandma moved a palm-leaf fan back and forth briskly and every now and then made a flourish over the cake to scare the flies away. "I'll take it in", said Mama and disappeared into the house. Genevieve untwisted her long legs and stretched them uncomfortably in front of her. She fidgeted. She pulled up the doll's dress and smoothed down the lace drawers and petticoat. She arranged the green plaid skirt and held the doll to her hard flat little bosom. And then she got up, all in her white Sunday dress, pink sash, and white ribbed cotton stockings, tripped along the lawn to the corner of the house—and ran! Down past the barn she ran, and through the meadow—along the path by the edge of the brook the long white skinny legs carried her. And the stiff little ruffles over her shoulders were absurd wings to bear her on her way.

"Why, where's Genevieve?", said Mama, coming back.

"She's up and away", said Auntie—"My, what a warm afternoon. Sit down Clara—I'll take in the rest of the things"—

"It just goes to show I'm right". Grandma pointed the tip of the fan at Mama's nose. "She flew away—too much old folks—poor little creetur."

"Well, I don't know what I can do, Mother."

"Let them send you a younger girl—mebbe not her age—but young enough to be a playmate, like I suggested. You can do that." Grandma need not have been so emphatic. Mama had already decided after the last discussion that she would do as Grandma said. But she still seemed to hesitate. "It might not be a bad scheme—but she wouldn't be much help to me. You and Susan have each other down at your place. Then I never did think Genevieve was unhappy—she plays so well by herself—still, perhaps she is too much alone—"

"That's just it—either with old folks or too much alone—"

"Well, I will, then," said Mama, "I'll write tonight and tell them to send a girl about twelve or thirteen. They probably can. The one they had promised was eighteen."

"Much too o'd," said Grandma, "And a girl of thirteen can be no end of help—wash the milkpans—sweep—do the dishes—feed the hens—"

"I've decided to have the Home send a girl of thirteen, instead, Su-





A few of Oregon's poets at the dedication of the "Poets' Corner." From left to right they are, Grace E. Hall, Mabel Holmes Parsons, Ruby Page Ferguson, Mary Carolyn Davies, Ann Shannon Monroe and Anthony Euwer. Portraits of Hazel Hall, Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham look down on the group.

san," Mama told Auntie who now came to the doorway.

"The best plan," agreed Auntie, "Where did Genevieve go, I wonder—and she didn't change her dress—"

There was an old stump down by the brook and around it the air was full of gaiety. A thin figure in white with long legs and ridiculous shoulder ruffles tittupped around the stump and her grey eyes shone. She was very busy. Something of expectancy was in the wind. She was arranging leaves, sticks, acorn cups, on the stump with great solemnity. Sometimes she moved sedately with a prim poise of the head amazingly like Auntie, or Mamma, or Grandma—this little cookie. But the next moment she would be dancing away from the stump to survey her work, the legs would caper, the long brown hair toss, the arms wave in a kind of awkward ecstasy that had in it still a something of queer grace.

"It's pretty—it's pretty—oh come down from Halifax, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf, to my party!—How do you do?—This is my birthday and I'm a hundred and five years old today, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf. Where is the baby and Ella?—Oh dear, dear—the chicken-pox?—I will give you two pieces of cake to take home, a big piece for Ella—and just-a-sliver for the baby.—Will you have some lemonade in a pink glass?—Oh Mrs. Jardy-Wolf, your purple dress is LOVELY—have you lace drawers and a lace petticoat? I haven't—but I have a new apron and a hair-ribbon. Oh Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—you are so funny—don't you like cake?—not cake

with NUTS in?" The most affected and unnatural of laughs rippled over the table from hostess to guest, and then a silence of long acquaintance and deep understanding enfolded this festive pair. The breeze stirred the leaves in the bushes, and fluttered the little wing-ruffles, and, it may be rustled the purple silks of Mrs. Jardy-Wolf and bore messages down from Halifax. For—"Oh don't go, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf, not yet.—I love you, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—I love the baby and Ella—but I love you most of all. I haven't told you The Secret yet—I wanted some crayons, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf, just some little ones, yellow and green and purple and blue,—but I didn't get any—but no one knows but you, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—that's a secret!—Come back soon from Halifax—goodby—goodby.—"

The Superintendent of the County Home assured Mama that Hulda was the very girl she was looking for. Hulda was of Swedish extraction and "strong as an ox." She looked fourteen but was guaranteed to be twelve. Hulda arrived just a week after Genevieve's birthday. She was given the little room next to the attic where the dried beans were kept, over the "L", and in a day's time was robustly at home. If watched, Hulda would work well. "And she does seem to be quite a playmate," Mamma told Auntie and Grandma, eager to get news of the venture. I see them making mudpies together as happy as can be and Genevieve says she likes Hulda."

"So you think Genevieve is happier?"

"Well, I never though she was pinning, Mother."

"Sakes—look there—they're playing leap-frog," said Grandma.

Hulda proved a vigorous companion and she romped and climbed through the afternoons as if she hadn't scrubbed and washed and polished all the morning. Action and plenty of it was her rule. And Genevieve kept up with her! The long, thin legs and the stubby ones kept pace with one another in all kinds of games imported from the Home and adapted to the use of two, in climbing in the barn and running like squirrels along the old stone-walls.

ONE afternoon a little hotter than usual when the cicadas lamented "hot weather" ceaselessly from the trees, Genevieve sank down in the shade under a tree. Hulda was already on the first branches, hanging by her knees, white-blonde hair trailing. Genevieve had made a man of puffballs and now she stood him up sturdily on his sticks in the dirt—

"Oh Hulda," she said, a little timidly — "Oh Hulda — let's pretend—a dragon has got you up the tree and this is a prince—"

"Oh no—silly—c'mon up!" —  
"But just let's have a little pretend—a very little one—"

Hulda looked down with stolid blue eyes. She shook her head—and jumped. Prince Puffball vanished under her heel in a wee cloud. "Race you"—and Hulda was off. Genevieve followed sturdily behind.

It was still lingering twilight that night when Genevieve, in the black walnut bed, whispered "Mrs. Jardy-Wolf" to the dusk. It was a witching hour in which to emerge from Halifax! The katydids were filling the world with homesickness where no absence from home was, and when katydids are rasping it is nice to have a friend in Halifax.

"Sit down on the bed, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—on my feet—there—I have a secret—we play—Hulda and me, but she doesn't know how to pretend—but I didn't tell—no one knows but you—Mrs. Jardy, dear—and I haven't seen you for so long—"

"Katy-did—she-did-ent"—and the night closed in.

"Hulda—go find Genevieve and tell her to come and slick up for dinner."

"Yes'm"—and away went Hulda—"Gen-VEEVE—GEN-vieve"—out to the barn—and through the dairy, coolish and cheesy,—down to the old sledge dreaming away of snowstorms under an overgrowth of grass and weeds—gallop to the front yard—No

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# Oregon— the State Which Honors Its Prophets

**O**UT in the Northwest, there has been an awakening of interest in the poets and authors of that fertile land, that leads these creative folk to disbelieve in the Scriptural allusion to a prophet's being without honor in his own country. The recent placing of her official stamp of approval on her native writers and their profession, has drawn the attention of the lovers of good literature to the state of Oregon. Not only has the governor proclaimed that a week be set aside in honor of its writers, but the first Poets' Corner ever dedicated to living poets has been provided in the heart of the largest city in the state; a Writers' League (with ever increasing membership) has been formed for the encouragement of new writers and the fellowship of all who are interested in the creation of a better literature; and Edwin Markham, one of America's greatest poets and son of Oregon, has been appointed poet laureate for the state of his birth.

From time to time, the American people are introduced to nationally featured "Weeks"; in fact, so varied are the objects and ideas to which certain periods are devoted, that it is impossible to feel an active interest in them all. It is safe to say that in time the ones least worth while will be weeded out, and only objects and causes of importance will be featured in this way. One feels sure that to this latter class belongs Oregon Authors' Week.

Oregon's climate, scenery, fruits, hospitality and romantic history have enviable reputations, but it is only within the past few years that even her own people realized that she was producing worth-while literature. It was in 1920 that John T. Hotchkiss, prominent business man of Portland (who is also an enthusiastic collector and lover of books and patron of the arts) determined that he would do all in his power to help Oregon to be noted for its literary output, as well as its output of canned salmon, lumber, wheat, wool and livestock. Realizing as he did, that on account of the lack of recognition which his state gave its gifted sons and daughters, they were compelled to go to New York or other eastern cities—perhaps to Paris—to obtain acceptance of their work, and to feel the fellowship of kindred spirits, Mr. Hotchkiss was made more keenly alive to the situation by receiving a letter from a nationally known writer.

By

MARGUERITE NORRIS DAVIS

In this letter she said:

"Although I have sold well in every other state of the union, and have had my work translated into foreign languages, I have not been received by my own people; I have had first to receive recognition in other states.

"I would rather sell one copy of my work in Oregon—my own state—than a thousand in any other state."

**B**EING one of the foremost booksellers in the United States undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the success with which Mr. Hotchkiss carried forward his plans, for in November, 1920, he inaugurated an annual Oregon Authors' Week, with the general idea of making the writers

## BREEZY

I SAW a little breeze go by  
And the nasturtiums nodded;  
A hollyhock, trim, slim and high,  
Leaned forward and applauded;  
And then a group of roses near,  
Foolishly—moments after—  
Passed on the joke I could not hear,  
And rocked with silent laughter!  
—Grace E. Hall.

known to one another and to the public.

In December, 1921, after a banquet given Oregon writers, the Oregon Writers' League was formed, the purposes of which were defined in its constitution:

To bring Oregon writers together to discuss literature, the drama, illustration and allied arts; to promote an understanding of the correlation of all the arts and to further the recognition of Oregon as an ideal field for their highest development; to spread a general knowledge throughout the Northwest of the works of Oregon writers, particularly such works as merit the deepest appreciation; and to encourage the production, in Oregon, of works of the very highest order, building on the foundation already laid by notable Oregon authors.

That Oregon has become deeply interested in good literature and its authors, and appreciates the ideals of the Oregon Writers' League, was shown by the large attendance at the formal dedication of the Poets' Corner, late in the spring of 1923. It is worth noting that a great mercantile house, in a commercial city, should have set aside a space within its walls for the use of poets and authors.

The J. K. Gill Co., wholesale and retail booksellers and stationers, actuated by a desire to promote the cultivation of the arts and letters, and to provide an abiding place for the muses, made possible the realization of Mr. Hotchkiss' dream—a place where any person interested in the poets, and especially in the works of Oregon and Northwest writers, may find a spot where

*"A Poet's Corner offers friendly chair*

*With always, always waiting in this nook,*

*The understanding Some One—in a book."*

The beautiful dedicatory ceremonies included addresses by men and women prominent in the civic and literary life of Oregon. Readings from several of Oregon's timeless poets, living though they themselves are no more, were given and followed by original poems, written for the event, contributed by Hazel Hall, Anthony Euwer, Frances Gill, Grace E. Hall, Mary Carolyn Davies and Mable Holmes Parsons (who altogether have totaled thirty-four books of poetry) and other Oregon poets.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the program was the reading of the official proclamation by Governor Pierce. One confirmed the week of November 20th and December 4th inclusive as Oregon Authors' Week, thus making this state the first in the United States to so honor her writers.

The other message confirmed Edwin Markham's poet laureateship of the State of Oregon, to which honor he was elected in 1921 by the Oregon Writers' League. It is of interest to note that in this also is Oregon pioneering, for she is the third state in the union to elect to laureateship a native poet.

This making of a home for Oregon writers is significant. Reading of how Raleigh and his friends gathered together at Mermaid tavern, and of how Shakespeare and Beaumont and Selden and Fletcher are supposed to have sat at the convivial board, or sat before the open fire, where song made "all the Mermaid ring," we may imagine the brilliant conversation that marked those gatherings. The London coffee-house clubs of the eighteenth century were famous as the

(Continued on page 144)



# Beneath Hat Peak

By LILLIAN E. ANDREWS

THE sun was just touching the stark grimness of Hat Peak with rose when a man rode out of a deep gulch and glanced about him inquiringly. His tanned face cleared as he caught a glimpse of the peak.

"I 'lowed I'd strike the trail about here," he remarked aloud. "I ain't seen that old stone guide board for a dog's age, not since I was a kid rider and worked for Pa Simpson for forty dollars a month and found. Them was pretty good days after all," he went on, as he guided his handsome brown horse past an outjutting boulder, "and I s'pose if it hadn't been for Goosestep Tom Lowrie and his bad whiskey I'd worked and saved and settled down into a respectable citizen. Mebbe I'd be married now and half a dozen little tads would be callin' me Daddy. But Goosestep Tom had to come along fomentin' trouble and tellin' me Pa Simpson was gittin' rich off of me and the other good-for-nothin' young galoots he hired and I was fool enough to believe him and run off with five hundred dollars Pa trusted me with. I always felt mean about that five hundred dollars, but Pa Simpson has gone where I can't pay it back if I wanted to, and here I'm hittin' the trail to keep ahead of old Syd Ross. I've always passed up Old Syd's territory before, but that twenty thousand dollar payroll for the Morris Lumber Company was too much of a temptation. I couldn't let that slip through my fingers. One of the easiest jobs I ever pulled off, too. All I did was just order that dude guard to hand me over the money, and he did it. I s'pose he'll tell old Syd there was a regiment of highwaymen instead of one rider."

Dan McCabe chuckled at the remembrance of his experience with the terrified guard.

"Old Syd brags that he never fails to git his man," he added, "but he never trailed Dan McCabe before. I know the country around here as well as old Syd does and I'll just lay by somewhere until I think it's safe to make a dash for the border."

For several hours McCabe zig-zagged in and out among the network of gulches and ravines, doubling on his trail and doing everything in his power to bewilder and confuse the relentless gray-faced man whose grim persistence in pursuing criminals and bringing them to justice had rendered the citizens of Simon County so secure and prosperous. About noon he

turned abruptly from the trail and guided his horse along a shelving ridge that ended in a little pocket filled with a tangle of choke cherry and wild plum bushes. Thrusting aside this natural screen, the rider plunged into a dark opening, the entrance to a winding passage leading to one of the many little valleys tucked away amidst the jumble of peaks. The darkness and gloom of the rocky tun-

## THOSE SHIPS THAT COME A-SAILING

THEY know the heart-beat of the sea, those ships

That come a-sailing down the windy ways;

They know the flight of gulls from land-locked bays—

They know the press of ocean streams, with lips

Warm from some drowsy gulf, where white sand slips

Across lean bars. They know the strain of stays

By storm-swept capes—the stroke of white moon-rays;

And in dark nights, the sting of stiff gale-whips.

They know, those ships that come a-sailing down

The windy ways—they know the touch of tides

Deep dark, and measureless against their sides,

And through an inland sea, the breath soft blown

Of flowers growing on an island hill—

They know the peace of harbors, calm and still.

—Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff.

nel alarmed the horse and he snorted nervously.

"Steady, boy, steady," cautioned McCabe, "I know it's kind of dubious looking in here but there ain't nothin' to be afraid of. The bears ain't denimin' in yet and there's nothin' worth snortin' about."

A FEW moments later he emerged into a deep ravine, walled in by steep cliffs, and strewn with huge boulders. A few stunted jack pines rustled mournfully in the hot breeze and a buzzard rose on heavy wings and flapped slowly away. McCabe drew rein and sniffed the air curiously.

"Fough! Carrion!" he exclaimed. "Some critter has tumbled over the cliffs, I s'pose. That's what the buzzard was feedin' on."

Slipping from his saddle, he made his way on foot toward the head of

the ravine. He had gone but a few steps when he stopped, with a smothered ejaculation of surprise and alarm. Sprawled on the ground was the body of a man, clad in a patched shirt and faded denim overalls. The buzzard had done his work well and it was impossible to tell whether the man was young or old. McCabe shook his head doubtfully, as he turned the body over and searched for bullet holes.

"He must have been tryin' to climb the cliff when he fell backward and killed himself," said McCabe. "He didn't know nothin' about the tunnel or he would have gone out that way. I dunno what to make of his being away in here. He wasn't huntin' for he ain't got no gun and he couldn't have been prospectin' without a mite of grub with him. It don't seem natural for a man to be strollin' around in such an out of the way hole as this just for the fun of it. It's enough to give anybody the creeps to see him layin' there like that. I guess I'd better mosey along and let the buzzard finish his job."

As McCabe returned to his horse he saw the buzzard flap slowly back to its feeding place. Still trying vainly to account for the man's presence in the ravine, McCabe rode slowly forward coming out a few moments later into a narrow meadow bordered on three sides by the silent peaks while on the fourth a mountain stream still swollen with late spring rains foamed on its way. A gleam of white brought him to a sudden halt.

"Whoa," he commanded sharply. "What's this?"

Before him was all that was left of a battered wagon, its light colored top torn to tatters. A little distance away two bony, spavined old horses were feeding peacefully on the edge of the narrow meadow. A kettle was suspended over the blackened ashes of a camp fire but there was no sign of a human being anywhere and McCabe was suddenly ashamed of his own nervousness.

"Guess I ain't afraid of a battered old wagon and a couple of bony nags," he remarked. "I s'pose this was the last camp that man back in the ravine made. He must have forded the stream to git down here; there ain't no other way he could have done it."

Riding boldly forward, McCabe was within a few feet of the wagon when his horse snorted and reared. "If it ain't a kid," ejaculated McCabe, staring at the small figure in soiled blue



rompers that had appeared before him, "and one not more'n five years old at that!"

His first impulse was to ride away as fast as possible, but a second glance at the child's tear-stained face stopped him.

"Hey, Bub, what you doin' here alone?" he demanded. "Where's your folks, anyway?"

The child thrust a thumb into its mouth and stared at McCabe in wild-eyed silence.

"Can't you speak?" inquired McCabe more gently. "Where's your father and mother, I say?"

At the mention of the word "mother" a gleam of intelligence leaped into the child's eyes. "Muvver's in the wagon," he explained. "She's asleep."

McCabe groaned. "A woman, too," he exclaimed. "I've run into a pretty mess."

"Muvver's asleep," repeated the child. "She don't wake up at all."

A chill ran down McCabe's spine. Riding closer to the wagon, he lifted

the ragged flap of the curtain and looked in. Lying on the bottom of the wagon was a young woman, her features waxed in the pallor of a sleep that would know no awakening on earth. Cradled in her arms was a bundle wrapped in an old dress skirt. As McCabe peered into the wagon a thin feeble wail issued from the bundle.

"Great snakes," he ejaculated. "It's a baby and it's alive!"

If he had stepped on a poisonous reptile, he could not have been more alarmed. "What in the world be I goin' to do?" he queried frantically. "A dead man and a dead woman and two live kids! Why under the sun didn't they knock the youngsters in the head if they was goin' to shuffle off this mortal coil so sudden? What did they leave 'em for somebody else to look after?"

He dropped the wagon flap and stared about him dazedly. "How in the dickens did you git here, anyhow?" he asked the child.

The sharpness of his tone frightened the child. Taking his thumb out of his mouth, he threw himself face downward upon the ground. "Want Muvver, want Daddy," he wailed.

"Here, here, stop that," protested McCabe in dismay, dismounting and bending over the child. "Land o' liberty, what bawlin! I didn't mean to scare ye, little feller," he apologized soothingly, as he gathered the child into his arms.

"Ain't 'little feller,'" announced the weeping child, "name's Billy."

"Well, Billy, then," said McCabe. "Billy's a good name, a first rate name. What's the rest of it, your last name, I mean?"

"Ain't no rest of it," insisted Billy, forgetting his terror as he burrowed his tangled curly head deeper into McCabe's khaki shirt front, "it's just Billy."

"Great snakes," exclaimed McCabe again. "I might have known he couldn't tell. How'd you git here,



## SUMMERLAND

**W**HENCE come these care-free,  
winged emigrants,  
Gray, feathered creatures blackening  
the skies,  
Escaping winter's deadly icy blasts  
With joyful greetings in their clamorous  
cries?

Drawn hither by some great resistless  
power,  
To find a home where waits a shimmering  
lake,  
In countless numbers eagerly they  
come;  
In silver stars the placid waters break.

We saw from out our windows every  
day,  
An old man, burdened with the weight  
of years,

Who came to feed the wild things  
where they played,  
That round him thronged forgetting  
nature's fears.

Each morning brought him when the  
Master hand  
A mirrored picture etched against the  
sky:  
Dark eucalypti towered, and beyond  
The enchanted city raised its domes  
on high.

He came at evening, when the sunset  
glow  
Had painted sky and lake in colors  
bold;  
And far-spread clouds, from deepest  
flaming rose  
Some wondrous alchemy had turned  
to gold.

One morn his visits ceased. For days  
we watched  
At dawn and eventide. On lake and  
shore  
The wild fowls, mourning, hushed  
their strident notes  
As if they knew that he would come  
no more.

To him the winter time of life had  
brought  
Its chilling blasts. Then, at the call  
one night  
Of Summerland beyond, like migrant  
bird  
On joyous wings his spirit took its  
flight.

—Holland Rubottom.



Billy?" he persisted gently. "Who brought you?"

"I rided," said Billy importantly; "with old Whitey and Jerry."

"McCabe coughed. "Of course," he agreed. "But don't you remember where you came from?"

"From home," Billy informed him lucidly. Then, as if taking pity on his new friend's colossal ignorance, he proceeded to explain matters to the best of his ability. "We rode, oh, ever so long," he told McCabe, "and the big storm come and the road was all gone."

"Humph," grunted McCabe. "I s'pose your dad got lost in the storm we had Wednesday. What next, Billy?"

"The wagon tipped over," said Billy, his small person beginning to tremble as he tried to describe the past danger, "and we was all in the water, Whitey and Jerry and all of us. When we got out, we was awful cold and Muvver held me in her arms and it was all dark."

"The whole outfit must have been washed down stream," McCabe decided. "I don't wonder the wagon was smashed. What did you do after it was light again, Billy?"

"Daddy made a fire and we got all nice and warm," answered Billy. "He was awful glad we wasn't all drowned. And then by and by Muvver was sick and Daddy went away and didn't come back."

McCabe's throat was dry. "I s'pose the stream was so high after the storm he couldn't swim it, and he thought mebbe he could git out the other way and bring help. Go on, Billy."

"There ain't any more," said Billy, "only baby sister come and Muvver cried 'cause Daddy didn't come back and by and by Muvver went to sleep and didn't wake up. And I ain't had no breakfast or dinner or supper for ever so long, and I'm awful hungry."

McCABE sprang to his feet. "Glad you mentioned it," he commented. "I got some grub right here. Set down and I'll see what I can find."

As Billy promptly obeyed, McCabe groped in his worn saddle bags and drew out a chunk of bread. Billy accepted the bread joyfully.

"You goin' to give baby sister some?" he queried interestedly.

McCabe had forgotten the baby for the moment. "Jumpin' bull frogs," he ejaculated, "I s'pose I ought to do something with that baby sure enough, either feed it, or kill it. 'Tain't decent to let it starve to death. Milk is the standard grub for all young critters,

but where am I goin' to git cow's milk or any other kind of milk here?"

A hasty search of the few belongings left in the wagon convinced him that there was nothing among them suitable for an infant to eat. His tanned face lighted up suddenly, as he had a quick flash of recollection.

"I dunno but I've got a can of condensed milk left," he remarked. "That'll be better than nothin'."

Turning his saddle bags inside out, he finally succeeded in finding the small can of condensed milk. "I didn't calculate on building a fire," he said hesitatingly, glancing uneasily at the circling peaks, "but if my memory serves me right babies has to have their milk warmed, so here goes," he added grimly, as he proceeded to gather some sticks and build a fire. "Mebbe if old Syd does see a wisp of smoke he won't connect it with the pay roll robbery because he'll think no thief in his sober senses would kindle a fire."

Pouring some of the condensed milk into a tin cup, he held it over the flames testing it with a hoary forefinger, his face puckered with anxiety.

"I don't want to git it hot enough to scald the little pest," he thought worriedly.

Going to the wagon, he gingerly brought out the bundle and unwrapped it. His first glimpse of the tiny face of the baby threw him into a panic.

"Sufferin' tomcats," he groaned. "I never can git anything into that mouth with a pint cup. Why, it ain't bigger'n a Spanish peanut! What be I goin' to do?"

Billy ran to the wagon and brought out a battered tin spoon. "Baby sister can have my spoon," he said generously.

"A spoon is better than a cup," agreed McCabe, as he filled the spoon and held it to the baby's lips. "Open your mouth, you little nuisance!"

And the baby wailed, a pitiful feeble protesting wail that stirred strange chords in McCabe's rough nature. Taking advantage of the opportunity presented by the infant's open mouth, McCabe thrust the tip of the spoon between its lips and allowed a few drops of the warm milk to trickle down its throat. The gasping and spluttering that followed terrified him. "It's chokin' to death," he asserted wildly. "I've strangled it."

But presently the spluttering ceased and the baby again began to breathe normally. The next moment it stopped crying and licked its lips inquiringly. Once more it puckered up its face and wailed, but this time even McCabe

recognized a difference in the wail. It was no longer a pitiful despairing outcry, but there was a decided note of eagerness in it.

"If it ain't a beggin' for more," said McCabe delightedly, as he filled the spoon again. "I dunno but it'll live after all."

When at last the baby's eyelids drooped and it fell asleep, McCabe wrapped it in his own coat and laid it on the grass. A long time he sat there by the wagon, while Billy romped and played about him contentedly. Once or twice he started nervously, fancying he heard the sound of hoofs, and once he went to his saddle bags and taking out a canvas covered bundle opened it and counted the crisp packages of bills within.

"It's all there," he said, as his breath came fast and his eyes glittered covetously, "the whole twenty thousand."

Once more he sat down, leaning against the wagon wheel. A small hand tugged at his sleeve. "It's supper time," announced Billy.

McCabe looked at him humorously. "Seems to me you pay pretty strict attention to your meals," he said gravely.

The baby was still asleep and McCabe did not disturb her. As dusk fell, he grew more and more restless and uneasy. "I was a fool to think I could hide here," he reproached himself. "If one of them pesky army air men should happen to come buzzin' over this way, he'd be sure to spot that white-topped wagon. I ought to make a dash for the border tonight, the quicker the better. I shan't feel safe this side of the line anywhere."

His eyes roamed over the narrow meadow and returned to the bundle on the grass and to Billy, sitting between the shafts of the old wagon and peacefully munching another chunk of bread.

"They ain't my kids," said McCabe stubbornly. "It ain't my fault they was left like this."

Billy finished eating and came trotting over to McCabe. "You going to hear my prayer and put me to bed?" he inquired.

McCabe looked at him queerly. "Well, I ain't much in the habit of listenin' to prayers," he observed dryly, "but mebbe I can stand hearin' one if it ain't too long."

Billy was a little puzzled by McCabe's manner, but he knelt down and folded his hands. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began and went on to the end of the childish petition.

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# The California Syndicalist Act— Strong or Wobbly?

By A. B. READING

THE ESSENCE of criminal syndicalism as defined by the California Syndicalist Act of 1919, is the use of force or violence against either person or property to bring about a change in either industrial or political organization or control. The law sets up three new crimes: the doing of any act in furtherance of criminal syndicalism as thus defined; the advocacy of it; or membership in an organization advocating it. Advocacy may be by spoken words, written words, or personal conduct.

To illustrate its scope and purpose, let us suppose that you, gentle reader, should advocate the abolition of the present political and social system, that you should recommend in its stead a system in which the means and processes of production are in the control of local organizations of workers; that you should repudiate all political methods of bringing about these changes, that you should commit yourself to a class system and a class struggle until these ends were attained, that you should seek to substitute for trade unions an industrial organization of labor looking toward a general strike, that you should declare yourself in favor of international socialism, that you should advocate striking for the purpose of weakening and ultimately of overturning the present political and social organization, and that you should seize every opportunity of embarrassing your employer in this way—it would still be disputable whether or not you had committed or advocated any act of violence or joined any violent organization for the above purposes. A jury of twelve men would have to find the violence or membership in a violent organization, else you would not be convicted of criminal syndicalism in California.

These are substantially the doctrines of international syndicalism, with the eye teeth, force and violence, withdrawn. If presented in the manner that a State Socialist was once wont to predict the cataclysm and if attended by a strike which was outwardly of the usual type, probably no jury would find them violent. On the other hand, if proximate to such events as the Centralia, Sacramento and San Pedro affairs, they might not avoid the implication. Words and ideas in themselves can be of such an inflammatory nature that radical utterances will always be under close suspicion.

HERE are two possible misapprehensions to be corrected before a critical analysis of the Syndicalist

Act in the light of free speech and press will be in order.

The first of these relates to I. W. W. doctrine and practice. California juries have a habit of being persuaded that the I. W. W. are the sort of organization proscribed by the act, which leaves no other alternative than to find a member of that group guilty of criminal syndicalism. The question that a Californian naturally asks is: Are the

gated the I. W. W. on behalf of the government during the war found the causes for its existence were deep-rooted economic factors, and not any widespread desire for political changes or violence for its own sake." We know that they contain a conservative element not without social consciousness and possibilities of co-operation. In view of their ultimate purposes, however, which are dictionary fact, they can not yet safely be regarded simply as a super-union striking for the usual bona fide purposes. It is probably correct to say that their reputation should be local and their violence be a jury question in each case. Oppression may strengthen their organization or drive them to cover in the American Federation of Labor; whereas tolerance will leave their reputation in their own hands that they may mend it. This is substantially the present state of affairs in California.

A second possible misapprehension is that California is conspicuous for its persecution of syndicalists. Indeed, our statute is among the more conservative. Within a year or two after the war practically every state in the Union passed a similar act. It would be absurd to question the wisdom of such widespread legislation within a bare five years. Radical minorities still seem to many to be threatening the stability and existence of all we hold dear.

Arizona makes it criminal to advocate the violation of "the constitutional or statutory rights of another as a means of accomplishing industrial or political ends." Montana punishes in peace times all the crimes created by the federal Espionage Act, as well as "any language calculated to incite or inflame resistance to any duly constituted State authority." West Virginia makes criminal any teachings in sympathy with or in favor of "ideals hostile to those now or henceforth existing under the laws and constitution of this State." Mayor Hylan of New York secured an ordinance to punish owners of buildings who permitted a meeting advocating "policies tended to incite the minds of people to a proposition likely to breed a disregard for law." A Boston ordinance forbade the display of anything that was sacrilegious or tended to promote immorality. The Mayor of Toledo is said to have prohibited any meeting anywhere in the city "where it is suspected a man of radical tendencies will speak." Such pronouncements make

## DRIFTWOOD

THE driftwood flames leap greenly  
up  
Into the blue-black sky,  
Throwing a circle on the sands  
Where the beachcombers lie.

Great hulking blacks and slant-eyed  
chinks,  
The outcasts of the docks,  
With here and there a ragged white  
Caught foul upon the rocks.

The flickering fire tongues leap and  
twist,  
Weaving fantastic forms,  
For some the sunshine of the south,  
For others north sea storms.

The ocean's tongue of booming surf  
Licks up the sloping beach,  
White, black and yellow comprehend  
The menace of its speech.

Twixt tongue of flame and tongue of  
wave  
A little hour they spend,  
Knowing full well that one or both  
Will get them in the end.

Driftwood to feed the hungry blaze  
Of life's relentless fire,  
A shot of gin, a puff of dreams,  
Who cares when they expire.

But driftwood makes the light that  
warns  
The sailors out at sea,  
Who knows but what some whim of  
fate  
Makes driftwood out of me.

—E. Leslie Spaulding.

I. W. W. criminal syndicalists? The answer is that technically and often practically they are; but there may be good reasons why they should not customarily be so considered. They have indorsed the internationalist's program, of which sabotage is a part; there are recent instances of their taking the strike to the job and ruining labor conditions for the sake of a grievance. These features, however, may not be representative of the rank and file, or of the potentialities of the organization. Chafee in his "Freedom of Speech" says that "those who investi-



California's syndicalist law seem hospitable by comparison.

A critical analysis of the Syndicalist Act in connection with free speech, free press, and American tradition may be taken up under the heading of the three crimes created by it.

The first of these crimes consists of any act in furtherance of criminal syndicalism, which means an act of violence. Obviously, this section invites no opposition from one who believes in our present political and social system with its peaceful and legal means of reform. There are those, however, who claim it an unnecessary addition to the criminal law. They point to the law of attempt, of the liability of those who aid and abet the commission of crime, and the law of conspiracy. The crime of attempt consists of an intention to commit the crime, and apparent adaptation of the means to the ends, and acts dangerously near to success. Aiders and abettors of a felony are punishable as principals when the crime occurs. Accessories before the fact and principals in the second degree are punishable as principals in the first degree. Conspiracy consists of an overt act manifesting a common design to accomplish a proscribed purpose. It is argued that most radical acts can be reached through the law of conspiracy and that it contemplates the preservation of the peace by an improved police system rather than by increased prosecution. It can be answered that this section makes it unnecessary to wait until preparations have merged into an attempt. Acts which threaten the very existence of organized society should not be permitted to progress very far. It is true, however, that this section does not materially broaden the scope of the material law.

The second crime—the advocacy of criminal syndicalism—presents many difficulties. In the first place, it represents a definite extension of the criminal law, which formerly punished the injurious deed without preventing its occurrence by locking up those of manifestly criminal tendencies. The new law punishes the aider and abettor of a crime which may never happen on the theory that he is as dangerous as if he were successful. Chafee in his "Freedom of Speech" answers that conviction for utterances because of their tendency to cause crime is one of the worst features of the act. This, he argues, is making a man's safety depend upon the mental qualities of his listeners, their susceptibility to violence, etc., factors over which he has no control. Others attack the section as an unjustifiable limitation upon the

freedom of speech and of the press, and hence, as unconstitutional.

Any justification of the section would necessarily proceed on the assumption that the presence and activity of radical minorities justifies some sort of extension of the law. The first question that then arises relates to the constitutionality of these extensions.

THE Federal Constitution says that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. The California Constitution declares that every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of the right; and that no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press. These clauses impose their restrictions upon such legislative bodies as the California Legislature, which passed the Syndicalist Act.

It is equally true, however, that these rights may be subject to limitations. One is not permitted to injure by his expressions the reputation or property rights of others; still other proscriptions relate to blasphemy, obscenity, and solicitation to criminal acts.

Of course, the law should not punish criticism of officials, advocacy of a change in government or society by legal means, discussions of the general strike, or words and symbols which are inoffensive in themselves. Unfortunately, there is no set of principles which the courts can use in determining the limits of constitutional restriction, although it is generally recognized that utterances should not be proscribed simply for their bad social, economic, or political tendencies, and that radical doctrines should not be legislated against merely as opinions. In this connection, it is generally agreed that legislation proscribing such utterances must distinguish between opposition contemplating the use of force and that contemplating the use of legal means. According to this test the California Act is constitutional.

But technically the section under discussion prohibits the reading of such documents as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's First Inaugural. Is it true that people cannot meet and discuss revolutionary methods and theories when there is no intention or danger that their conduct will be attended by crime and violence? Certainly not. A test laid down in the case of *Schenck v. U. S.*, which determined the validity of the Espionage Act, avoids these absurd results. By this test the application of such acts is limited to situations where the

"words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent."

In general there are three ways of determining whether there is a "present danger of force and violence": by the surrounding circumstances, by the inherent force of the words, and by weighing the social interest in truth at the given time and place against the social interest in peace and order. Although juries will continue to be swayed by emotional factors, the crime of advocacy, with the above limitations, should and will probably remain.

This brings us to the third crime—that of bare membership in an organization advocating criminal syndicalism. Naturally it is here that writers on freedom of expression grow most eloquent in their denunciation. It is conceivable that an organization could be so militant, powerful, and active that a proof of membership would be equivalent to a proof of violence; especially might this be true in wartime. Even then, as Chafee says, "this is not punishing a man for what he does, or even for what he says, but for what someone else says, of which he may possibly not approve." In a very excellent law note in 10 Cal. Law Rev. 512, signed H. R. M., the author says that "people may join these organizations for other reasons than the desire to prepare for a program of violence. A malcontent, convinced that the utter injustice of things as they are necessitates a change in the industrial or social system, is not apt to discriminate between legal and illegal methods of accomplishing the change. He will join any organization of which his associates are members; in so doing he becomes criminally responsible for all its tenets and acts. The committee of which Anita Whitney was chairman unanimously reported in favor of political rather than direct action, but her guilt was established because she "knowingly remained a member after the report was rejected." It seems reasonable to suppose that this section of the act will be repealed.

In conclusion, it is American policy to have courage and tolerance; to see a social interest in peace and good order and a similar interest in freedom of discussion and independence of thought. There is much truth in the old saying that oppression is a better advocate of a cause than words in its behalf. Witness the persecutions of the early Christians.



# A House Divided

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH)

By

RICHARD WARNER BORST

CHAPTER IV

JULIA BROCK, entering the empty and chilly house at even-fall, was taken entirely aback. She was glowing with the ride and from having been in company with Gene, who always stirred her. She was eager to have him enter her home, for it was a comfortable home, one which her own hands—and money—had helped to adorn. She stirred the low fire in the cast-iron range, hastily lighted a kerosene lamp, and sped up to her room to change for a house dress and rearrange her wind-blown hair. She was persuaded that her mother was out of doors helping with the care of the stock. As she was pinning a brooch of jet and gold at her throat, a sound from across the hall startled her. It was an incoherent babble of words proceeding from Adam's chamber. The words now grew more distinct.

"No, Madge! You can't—fool me. No, damn you, I won't listen!—well go do it then.—Nothin' to me!"

Julia stood in a sudden paralysis of anxiety and dread. Who could it be who was with Adam? She crept tremblingly across the hall and pushed the door of Adam's chamber. It moved slightly and noiselessly under her fingers. Through the crack, she saw her brother in ungainly sleep, mouthing and twitching as if in nightmare, one arm thrown partly over his distorted face, and the bedclothes in a sad state of disarray. But the boy spoke no more, only moaned in his uneasy sleep like a lost soul sinking finally to the nethermost limbo. She remembered Gene and his noncommittal answers to her questions. She sped downstairs, and, looking out of doors for sign of him, saw that he had departed, for neither horse nor man was visible in the farmyard. With real relief she learned he had not accepted her invitation, for the black disgrace of Adam's weak and lawless career lay now, as it had lain for a year, heavily upon her. It was obvious that unaccustomed and momentous occurrences had come about her family circle during the past week. She threw a wrap about her and hastened to the barn. Here she met her mother on the way to the house carrying a pail of milk in one hand and a tin lantern in the other. Her mother's face, wholly in shadow, was invisible to the anxious gaze of the daughter, but the eyes looked forth from the shadows with the profound intensity of one who moves in a waking dream, consumed by inner fires of feeling.

"Mother!" cried the girl. "Where's father?"

"Gone."

"Where?"

"He was goin west, the last I saw."

"What do you mean?"

"He and Adam—had a—quarrel."

"Another?"

"Yes."

**A** DREAD such as she had never known rose up in Julia Brock.

"You don't mean—"

"He said—he said—" Sobs shook the other woman. The lantern dropped from her hand and would have toppled over if Julia had not caught it up. She took the pail of milk and led the distraught and weeping mother within. She sensed the situation in its stark ugliness; a dissolute son, a temporizing and indulgent though heckling mother, and an irate and desperate father finally throwing down the burden in an outburst of anger. She might have added to the analysis, an innocent and deserving daughter drawn down into this maelstrom of inconsequential feeling and selfish passion; but she did not, for she was not introspective, she was not given to self-pity, she was not "jealous of her 'rights.'" Her heart went out in sympathy to her mother, and the instinctive feeling of the female toward all sick set her mind to running ahead to the business of straightening out Adam's amazingly involved bed. This mood actuated her so strongly that in half an hour Adam was extricated from the confusion he had got himself into through thrashing about, his face was washed, his hair was combed, and he sat up against the headboard with a tray bearing tea and toast on his lap.

Below stairs Mrs. Brock had recovered her poise and was preparing supper. And presently mother and daughter sat down together, Julia having carefully closed the stair-door. Not till then did she press her mother for further enlightenment; but now she asked for and received the whole story. As Mrs. Brock's querulous voice revealed piece by piece the problem before them, the girl's air was that of one who settled her shoulders to the carrying of a heavy weight over long and devious pathways. A certain expression of new dignity made its mark

on her full-rounded and fresh young face: a steadier light burned in those gray-blue eyes; and Lydia, as she told her tale, saw dimly the changes being wrought in her daughter, and was secretly calmed and comforted. Finally Julia said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"We must be looking about for a hand."

This practical side of the difficulty now obtruded itself to mitigate the harshness of the spiritual anguish involved. Mrs. Brock turned eagerly toward this tangible problem.

"There is a new family moving in on the Parker place," she said.

Julia was glad to see her, as if unaware, putting cream and sugar into her until now cooling tea. "There was a boy about twenty with them."

"How did you happen to notice so much?"

"The mother and a small girl came in to get warm. Their teams were stuck in the mud for an hour in front of the house."

"We'll see them tomorrow," said Julia with decision.

The stair door opened behind her. Adam, arrayed in his best clothes, stood before them. His face was sulkily defiant. The two, absorbed in their readjustment to what each intuitively felt to be a new life, had tacitly thrust the personality of Adam into the background, for they recognized that he was too sinister and baffling an element to be brought in for any cursory discussion. Now they were aware that their deepest concern was thrust bodily upon them, and that even here no choice was offered as to the order in which the details of their adversity was to be met.

"Why, Adam," began the mother in an exasperating tone of remonstrance. "You ain't going off again tonight are you?" Fretful lines deepened in her face as the lamp-light fell upon it.

"I most certainly am," rejoined the evidently resuscitated Adam; and he glowered at the empty place at the table as if entirely willing, if properly encouraged, to sit down for additional sustenance. Tea and toast had merely whetted a thoroughly healthy appetite. But something perverse in Julia kept her from suggesting further refreshment. A sense of outraged sisterhood brought the blood to her cheeks and a dangerous gleam to her eyes. Before a fitting reply could be formulated, Mrs. Brock said, as if uttering a command:



"You'll have to eat more'n you have."

Adam pulled out his chair and sat down. Mrs. Brock would have risen to serve him, but Julia, springing up, pushed the confused and vacillating woman back into her seat.

"No, mother," she said in a voice tense with suppressed feeling, "if he has to be slaved for, let me do it. You've been through enough—bringing him into the world and fetching and carrying till now."

Apparently callous to the jibe, Adam stared sneeringly up into her face,—a face which had suddenly gone white with the conflict within her. "Well, it's all one to me," he observed insolently, "just so I git somethin' before midnight."

The cruel sarcasm in his tone was the match to set her smouldering indignation to blaze, and a great fury, almost uncontrollable, rose up in her. She stopped on her way to the kitchen. "I won't get you a thing this night," she exclaimed, and turned upon him with blazing eyes. The quality of restrained passion in her tone brought Adam to his feet with an oath.

"You *won't*," he demanded incredulously, and his hand gripped the back of his chair.

"No! Not another thing do you get in this house tonight."

"Julia," cried her mother. "Don't get him any more—excited."

But Julia did not hear for the pounding of blood in her ears as she stood confronting that lowering face of Adam, who had by now developed a stubborn resentfulness not to be resisted without consequence. His hand tightened on the chair-back. There was a faint odor of spirits in the low-ceilinged room; as if the son and heir had fortified himself from a convenient flask before descent of the stairs.

"I don't, hey?" he shouted in abandon of all self control. "Well, we'll see about that, young lady." He moved threateningly in the direction of the kitchen door, dragging the chair menacingly behind him.

Julia stood her ground. There was a full minute in which only the loud breathing of the three in the room could be heard. Then a sharp tapping at the door supervened.

**I**NSTANTLY Adam's whole demeanor changed as if a spell had come over him. Craftily he set the chair in its place at the table and glanced nervously about to see that the shades were drawn at the windows. Meantime, Julia, roused out of her mood of furious desperation, had passed to the door; but Adam interceded and threw it open, his face wearing an expression

in which were mingled fear, curiosity, and an ingratiating hypocrisy. As the light of the room penetrated the darkness, it fell on a youthful and pleasant face shaded by the visor of an ancient plush cap, the sides of which were pulled over the wearer's ears. A tattered duck hunting coat, and blue jean overalls thrust into cowhide boots that sagged and wrinkled formlessly about his ankles, completed this extraordinary turnout. Diagonal flashes of raindrops appeared against the inky night, and a subdued patter of the steady downpour without enhanced the atmosphere of physical comfort in the warm room. Strangely, it was Mrs. Brock who broke the silence. She had risen, and now approached to peer over Julia's shoulder.

"What do you want?" she asked in the tone of vague uncertainty usually accompanying the inevitable question in such cases.

"We're the new folks on the Parker place," answered the visitor. "My mother says, would you mind droppin' in on a dyin' neighbor? She's about gone."

There followed an instant of silence, during which the dismal moaning of the maples in the windbreaks mingled with the not unmusical tintinabulation of water pouring from the eave-troughs into the rain-barrel at the corner of the lean-to; and during which the three people in the comfortable, dry room became aware that the rest of the world had its troubles too.

"Why, certainly!" said Mrs. Brock. She seemed a changed woman. Here was a foe whom she could meet—physical disease. Her voice took on the dignity of calm command as she turned to her children. Mechanically they executed her orders: that Julia prepare gruel; that Adam get ready the horse and buggy. During this time, the elder woman, transfigured by her new adventure, her face calm and confident, gathered together the primitive equipment of her knight-errantry in the lists of pain. In less than ten minutes, Julia was alone in the house, the damp spot on the floor,—where remained the circle of raindrops from the hat and hunting coat of the visitor,—being sole testimony that any unusual guest had entered the door.

Refusing to give way to the reaction of remorse and fatigue that now began to sweep through her, she steeled herself to the task of washing the dishes and putting the house to rights. But as she did so, and calmness supplanted the fever in her veins, repentance fell about her spirit, while the hot tears filled her smarting eyes and dripped down on her wrists and hands. A dead ache took possession of her

throat, and her heart was like lead. The boyish and irresponsible face of Adam confronted her mind's eye. She fought the confession of her own weakness, but a realization persisted within her that she had never tried as she ought to understand the mind and soul of her brother. Her mood had been bitterly critical of late; she had repulsed and rebuffed him on a hundred occasions within the year. He was lazy, shiftless, ill-natured, tyrannical. Here her anger flashed again, only to be drowned completely in a great uprushing of pity and contrition. After all, he was her brother. She wept.

At ten o'clock, having waited in vain for Adam's return, she took two bricks from their resting place beneath the kitchen range, and laid them in the smouldering fire. In a few minutes she removed them and wrapped them in newspapers. Ascending to Adam's room, she put fresh sheets on the bed, and carefully thrust the two bricks down beneath the quilts. She left the light burning low on the small walnut dresser, and the stair door ajar so that his room might be warm when the boy should come in. Her heart was a little less heavy for her having done these things. She fell asleep in her own bed, with wet lashes.

#### CHAPTER V.

**T**HE woman who had so recently arrived in the Brock neighborhood was indeed on her death-bed. Mrs. Brock, on entering the squalid and clammy front room and glancing at the hastily improvised bed in a corner, saw that she could do nothing. She had often stood in the presence of death. The young girl wept bitterly; the father, stooped and despairing, his heavy hands hanging limply at his sides, stood silent at the foot of the bed.

Lydia Brock said, "It's too late, I think." Her voice was calm.

"Too late!" echoed Phil, who had followed her in, the smoking lantern he carried flickering in the gust of wind that swept through the door, as if all nature was oblivious and careless of the sanctities of the death chamber.

"Too late," she repeated and took up a white, inert hand.

"O Mother! Mother!" the boy cried out, and buried his face in the coarse bedclothes, shaking with anguish. The white hand feebly felt for his head and the thin fingers moved for a moment almost imperceptibly in his brown hair, then lay still. The tired eyes that had looked out upon so much of hardship and disappointment remained closed as if shrinking from further scenes of suffering. Then as Lydia Brock



watched the colorless face, a slow relaxation of the muscles left upon that thin countenance the look she had seen so many times; and she said:

"She is gone."

THE silent husband turned away without a sound. The grief-stricken son remained beside the bed. Lydia lifted the lifeless hand from the boy's head and laid it gently across the motionless breast. She spread a sheet over the dead face, then turned to other matters.

To the young girl, she said, "Have you had supper?"

"No," spoke up the child. "There was only corn meal left."

Lydia felt a great pity. She turned to the father, saying, "Is there wood for a fire?"

"I started one," he replied, rousing himself as if out of a heavy stupor. "It must be out by now."

Glancing about him, he seemed to catch again a sense of his surroundings and responsibilities. "I'll see about it," he muttered and moved toward the kitchen.

"My boy," said Lydia Brock, "we need you." She touched the kneeling figure by the bed, and drew him to his feet.

He looked blankly about him, then met her steady gaze. "Yes," he said with sudden calmness, "you're right." He straightened his shoulders, and his eyes fell on Virginia sobbing in a corner; on his father in the room beyond, who was stirring the fire in the range. Securing a wooden bucket and the smoky lantern, he passed out into the dripping night.

"Come," said Mrs. Brock to the girl. "Let's see how things are in the kitchen." She led her forth and softly closed the door.

Already the kitchen had begun to take on the aspect of a habitable room. A square walnut clock swung its pendulum from a small iron-bracketed shelf along the west wall. A kerosene lamp on the round table cast a yellow circle of light upon the checkered oil-cloth cover. The shades were drawn snugly against the blackness of the steady downpour without, and a brisk crackling emanated from the now revived and warmly burning fire. The glow of it shone through the teeth of the grate in the front of the stove. From a packing box, Mrs. Brock drew forth the heavy earthenware plates and cups and saucers. She discovered as if by instinct the three-tined, bone-handled knives and forks. She spread a red table cloth under the lamp, and set the table. Meanwhile the boy appeared with a pail of milk.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Phil O'Hara."

"How old?"

"Twenty."

Virginia was setting up the chairs. In a surprisingly short time bowls of corn bread and milk were provided, and the strange family ate ravenously. Virginia presently fell asleep on blankets beside the stove. In great weariness Mrs. Brock cleared up the remnants of the meal and prepared to leave.

"Is there more I can do?" she asked. The husband and father turned slowly from his scrutiny of the floor and said.

"I need ready money."

"I need help—a boy to help with spring's work."

"If ye say the word, Phil 'll begin work for ye tomorrow," said the man. "He's a good lad with horses."

\* \* \* \* \*

Adam, snoring in the hay of the renter's barnloft, was roused by Phil's lantern glaring blindingly into his eyes.

"Yer ma's ready ter go," announced Phil. "I'll help you hitch up."

Adam stretched himself. "What time is it?" he demanded sleepily.

"About twelve."

Adam swore, and waved his arms in a gesture of despair and self-pity. "Well, if I'd 'a' known —" he began, but did not finish his sentence. "Come on then," he added. "Maybe I can make it yet."

\* \* \*

Phil O'Hara proved a satisfactory hand. He lived at home, where Virginia kept house,—for the long illness of her mother had made an excellent housekeeper of her. Philip was a good-natured, impressionable fellow. His sympathies were easily aroused at sight of suffering. He drove his teams with a pathetic tenderness that brought a laugh from Adam. He was forever picking the hoofs of the farm horses, looking out for stones. He rested the ponderous and indolent brutes at the end of every furrow, not because he was averse to work, but because of his instinctive solicitude for beasts. With humans he showed a like attitude. While Adam Brock had no compunctions at sight of his mother or his sister bent under heavy burdens, Phil had a way, when he was about the house, of taking pails of water out of the hands of the women-folk, and of performing similar feats of chivalry on the most unexpected occasions. There is a certain exterior gruffness and lack of ceremony about the mid-westerner; the women are actually embarrassed if given too much attention. Hence Julia was somewhat discomfited at first, though secretly she was aware of a deep sense of gratitude.

The spring's work went forward fairly well. Rising hour was moved down to half-past five; but a sufficient amount of sleep produced the effect of more than enough sprightliness during the first half-hour of the day to make up for the earlier rising of the old regime. The fact is, Adam had been in the habit of moving about during the early part of the day in a semi-conscious condition; simulating activity, he had warded off paternal remonstrances which had been particularly irritating before breakfast when every nerve cried out for sleep.

It was a propitious spring. April was by turns benignly sunny and copiously moist. The earth was just fit for plowing and sowing. Corn being the principal crop throughout that country, it was not long before the rhythmic click of the planter was heard above the gay songs of the bobolinks and the incessant rustling of the soft maples and cottonwoods in every windbreak. Occasionally O'Hara, Senior, needed assistance, when Adam and Phil went across the line to put in a day or so; but the renter was an industrious, though rather morose, man; and, farming as he did a scant eighty acres, got on well enough single-handed. Virginia made fast friends with Julia, whose heart went out to the waif. The older girl spent many a Saturday with the orphan, teaching her details concerning the management of a house. Phil could not express his gratitude. The father was embarrassed and shy in Julia's presence, though desirous in his clumsy way of showing appreciation.

THE one black spot on an otherwise exceedingly satisfactory situation was Adam's tendency toward seeking at all seasons, timely or otherwise, nocturnal amusement. To the west, a distance of some eight miles, was a neighborhood entirely different from the Brock environs. Semi-mythical reports came out of this region concerning sanguinary fistic exploits, "bad men," and worse women. Even the district schools of Perry Township were conceded to be the worst in the county. Only "men-teachers" could manage the amazing type of rising America who appeared in the trampled play grounds of that realm of violence and discord. They were a hard drinking, hard playing, hard swearing and hard working crew. For years the night air about the Brock place had been filled with the cries of drunken celebrants on holiday night,—Fourth of July, Decoration Day, circus-day, fair-day, and other days as well,—when, with whiplashings and loud curses, the lean and powerful teams of



these people raced madly past the house, homeward from Dougherty's at Manchester.

Adam, scarcely to be blamed, in a natural longing for human companionship, had fallen in with several of these highly charged young men of Perry township. Several barn dances the previous spring had lured him out of the pious atmosphere of his own roof-tree. As is often the case with those who have been nurtured like Buddha in a sort of enforced garden of innocence, he presented a delightfully unsophisticated enthusiasm for the interested consideration of the Perry Township blades, — an unsophistication which led them far in proffering him the best—and worst—they had in the way of diversion and amusement. Already some of these heady young scapegraces,—Al Burr, for instance,—were beginning to feel the discomforts of *ennui*, though they should scarcely have called it that. And to see the ingenuous Adam, elaborately and ornately apparelled, eagerly sampling various flasks at the corner of the barn and avidly leaning above card tables where not entirely innocent games were going on in kerosene-lit kitchens, was an indication that here was one who needed initiation into the real meaning and purpose of life.

The most interesting of the Perry township women was Madge Neith. Luxuriant reddish auburn hair always blown about her face; a brilliant cheek and a full lip; eyes, frankly challenging though not quite bold, of lambent brown with lights in iris and pupil as if a literal flame smouldered there; small hands and feet; a gracefully moulded neck, rising from delicately rounded and sloping shoulders; a bewitching curve of breast, waist, wrist and ankle; a voice that nature had modulated to an almost malevolent sweetness; a taste in dress and a manner of wearing her clothes that was a perpetual source of wonder even to her own mother,—this was the woman, Madge Neith, aged fifteen.

Madge fastened on this outsider, Adam Brock, from the very first. She taught him how to dance, and he proved astonishingly apt for all his "Methodist feet," as he called them. So began the second stage in his evolution from a retiring, wistful, rather stooped and anxious-looking type,—that of a country "rough." His consistent adherence to the Perry Township life had been rather a cause of extreme anxiety to the other members of his family. The father had adopted a tone of perpetual disapproval; his mother had heckled him in her mad-

dening and ineffectual fashion; Julia had attempted reason.

"Think of your training, Adam," said she. "You are a member of the church; you have been shielded all your life from—"

"Shielded!" retorted Adam. "I should say I have! Shielded from everything but overwork. It's slave, slave, slave, and save, save, save, for six days o' the week, and then a quick trip to meetin' and back to keep the Lord from gettin' jealous of his rival, the almighty dollar."

"Adam!"

"Don't Adam me!" the youth broke out again. "I've got to live. I've got to know what it is to laugh and play,—and if it's sin to git a bit o' fun, why I'm ready to pay the price."

His words left Julia speechless, perhaps because of a secret sympathy she could not help feeling; and thus matters rested, except for an increasing nervousness and fierceness of invective which grew on the lad so much that, now David was gone, neither of the women dared to cross him. His frequent pilgrimages westward and his early morning returns came to be accepted as part of life by the two. Somehow the crop was got into the ground. Then the summer, ferociously hot, lying like a flame over the land for days on end, fell on the steaming countryside.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT THE end of her last day of school, Julia Brock, returning home, entered the house at half-past five and passed directly to the "summer kitchen," a lean-to or shanty built against the north side of the ell. No one was within, but evidences of recent occupancy were on all sides. The table was set with a red cloth, and the everyday knives and forks,—steel with wooden handles—her particular aversion. A glow from the teeth of the cook stove dispelled the appalling sombreness of the deserted room, and there was a frequent crackle from the coals. The tea kettle sang mournfully in cadenced measures. A wall-lamp with a mercury reflector and a smoky chimney, burned low on its cast-iron bracket. A flurry of raindrops pattered on the unceiled slanting roof of the place, and a sighing gust of wind blew the oblique shower against the four-paned window in the north side. Three chairs,—round backed, ugly affairs,—stood at the table. Evidently her mother had gone to the barn to help with the chores before washing the supper dishes.

Stifling her feeling of desolation and fatigue, Julia turned back through the

ell, the kitchen of which would be used through the summer for a sitting room. A thought flashed through her mind, —Why build a house, then refuse to live in it? But as for her, she would keep her own chamber. Thither she now hastened.

HER room was the front upstairs apartment of the upright part of the dwelling. Directly beneath was the parlor. This room had been hers ever since a memorable day three years earlier when she had stood her ground as applicant for it to use as her own. Thanks to her father's sudden relenting and siding-in with her, she had been sole mistress of that domain ever since; and had lavished upon it her best efforts in interior decoration. Two windows looked out upon the front yard,—wide twelve-paned windows, low silled and curtained with the heavy lace of the fashion. A bright rag carpet covered the entire square of floor. A walnut bedroom-set lent dignity and even a sort of magnificence to the apartment, so beetling was the ornate bed-head, which always seemed on the verge of crushing the sleeper; so suggestive of urban luxury the marble top of the bureau and of the wash stand. The wall paper was in the design of festooned roses of neutral shades, and imparted, somehow, an atmosphere of repose. Several prints gave real charm to the walls; one engraving in particular—a boating party crossing a placid river. A number of small feminine knick-knacks hung and strewn about, a great bunch of blush roses in a quaint blue bowl, and the subtle perfume such as is thrown off by good and pure inhabitants of dwellings, gave the final touch of restfulness to the chamber.

Hastily dressing for her home duties in a full-skirted print frock, and thrusting the pins more snugly into her copper-colored hair, she ran down the narrow stairs and entered again the kitchen. Turning the blaze of the oil lamp higher, she faced about at the sound of a step. Expecting to see her mother, she was astonished to behold Virginia O'Hara, clad in a dripping cloak and mud-splashed shoes, and with the cape of an old gossamer, or rubber rain-coat, thrown over her curling black hair. The bright eyes of the lean though healthy urchin gleamed with inner excitement.

"Why, Virginia! How you startled me!" cried Julia. "What have you been doing to come here through such a shower?"



# A Page of Verse

## THE FIGHT AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS

I REMEMBER the bridge at the Rio Grande  
With the peons and soldier braves  
And the stolid crowds of an alien land—  
The whining beggar with outstretch'd hand,  
And the dark-haired, wanton slaves.

I saw a priest and a nun pass by,  
On the bridge at the Rio Grande,  
And a screaming eagle from out the sky  
Unloosed his talons, the swifter to fly,  
Like a sword unsheathed in the hand.

And there in the jostling, border crowd  
From Piedras Negras town,  
A caballero cursed me aloud—  
His gringo rival, as I halted and bowed  
To a maid in a Spanish gown.

The watching priest crossed his cavernous breast  
And the nun murmured over her beads—  
That God would give to the people rest,  
Though wolfish men, at wealth's behest,  
Made war with their secret deeds.

And over it all was a sinister light;  
Wild the eagle's screaming, above.  
And the Piedras Negras streets at night  
Knew brawling deeds of fearful plight  
And little of Christly love.

Near Eagle Pass I touched my blade  
And fondled my gun for the fight—  
But there on the bridge I met that maid  
As she came from a churchly, dim arcade  
And shrank from my eager sight.

Yet she whispered to me as if threatened and loth:  
"Go quick, or your life is undone!"  
For the caballero has taken an oath  
To unleash red war and murder us both!"—  
And thus are their fights begun.  
—Ben Field.

## PEPPER TREE

BY MY dwelling in the sun,  
Where the water-courses run,  
On the sandy margin grow  
Pepper trees, an ancient row;  
There's a harp within the trees  
And the harper is the breeze,  
It is like the Music low  
Of a soft "Adagio,"  
Like the whisper of the spray  
On the beaches far away,  
And the rustle of the cool  
Aspens by a forest pool—  
In their shadows I can trace  
Patterns as of rare old lace,  
But the casual stranger sees  
Just a row of pepper trees!

—Alice P'Anson.

## CHILD OF PRESTER JOHN

WE WATCHED across the valley  
As the gypsies came to town,  
(With Autumn splashed against the trees  
And all the hills were brown).  
Seven yellow wagons  
Swaggering down the road,  
And in the front of each  
There hunched a huge brown toad;

We watched them high  
Against the sky  
To where the hills run down.

A dozen years ago they came  
Across the same blue sky,  
(And gypsy colors stained the trees  
As they came lurching by).  
Prester John was riding  
On a black horse at their head,  
Babel Tower had sent them out  
For every one was dead;

Each nodding head  
Was long past dead  
But one—who could not die!

They found her wrapped in ragged shawls  
And smudgy black with dirt,  
(Crying at the wide-eyed men  
And holding tight my shirt).  
Her eyes were dark as any horse  
That Prester John sat on,  
Golden coins about her neck  
Had come from Babylon;

The shining gold  
Was twice as cold  
As hearts, when they are hurt.

We watched across the valley  
As the gypsies came to town,  
(While she was standing by me  
And her cheeks were autumn brown).  
The thrilling lure of gypsy feet  
Came sharply on ahead,  
Prester John and all her folk  
Were riding out there—dead.

—Don Farran.

## METAMORPHOSIS

PERCHED daily on his high worn stool at his high  
Worn desk, he writes and figures in a neat  
Old-fashioned hand on his ledger's spotless sheet.  
He seldom speaks. His fellow-clerks pass by  
With a nod, beholding but a plodder shy  
And musty as a word long obsolete  
And never dreaming that the grub they greet  
With pity hides a brilliant butterfly.

And yet he shuts the office-door each night  
On dingy toil and, drably trudging home,  
He walks a braver world than theirs and large.  
His fancy flames. The meek drudge sinks from sight,  
While Hanno sails again the unsailed foam,  
The Cid rides forth, or Custer sounds the charge.

—Mary J. Elmendorf.

## DEAR GHOSTS

AGE-SCARRED within the attic hides  
a trunk,  
Its cover of rough leather bound in brass,  
Sometimes on rainy days I lift the lid,  
Then from its depths dear ghosts of mem'ries pass;  
A Lady fair, in rustling silken gown,  
Steps out upon the dusty attic floor,  
In dainty sandals with their heels of red,  
Treads minuet, as in those days before.

Sweet ancestor with snowy powdered hair,  
Who frankly wears her patches and her paint,  
About her wrists and round her milk-white throat,  
Are narrow bands of velvet, black and quaint;  
Her feathered fan faint perfume seems to waft,  
Across the years, to stir to life again  
The embers of the romance of her youth,  
That long within a lacquered box have lain.

A Cavalier goes quickly to her side,  
In suit of satin trimmed with frills of lace,  
Sweeps off his hat with weight of drooping plumes,  
Then bends to kiss her hand with courtly grace;  
He offers her his arm, a tender glance,  
She blushes as she passes from my sight,  
The old sweet story he will tell, I'm sure.  
I will not listen, though I wish I might.

A pack of yellowed letters ribbon tied,  
A programme with one name still faintly traced,  
Its dangling pencil on a tasseled cord,  
Shows where my Lady's preference was placed;  
A locket with two strands of hair entwined,  
A withered rose bud, ring and thin gold chain;  
With trembling hands I put the treasures back,  
And close the lid on these dear ghosts again.

—Alberta Wing Colwell.

## FROM AFAR

I THOUGHT I was so clever  
That when I noted love  
Pursuing in the distance  
And waving high his glove,  
I would have endless time  
To scuttle fast away,  
While at another door  
He'd drop his nose-gay.

Before I really knew it  
We journeyed side by side,  
My little, mincing footsteps  
Were aping his big stride,  
And thus it seemed, that always  
We had been walking so;  
Oh it was not easy  
To tell him to go!

—Almira Richardson Wilcox



# A Home in the Desert

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102)

We dreaded these spring winds that often raged for three days at a time. When the dust clouds began to lessen, and now and then came a welcome lull, we knew that the storm would soon be over, and the sun shine forth on a wind-swept land. The dust was whirled from out the road until it stretched away as smooth and hard as stone. In the sheltered corners were piles of rubbish and small sand drifts.

THE orchard was a thing of beauty in the merry month of May. The myriads of white blossoms filled the air with fragrance. We drew long, deep breaths, as if to fill our bodies with the delightful perfume. But only the faithful crab trees fulfilled the early promise with a harvest of abundant fruit.

The climate was evidently not adapted to the standard variety. But father never cut them down, and year after year they sent forth their fragrance and scattered their white petals, filling us with glad hopes of big round red apples such as grew in mother's old home in far Ohio, and of which she often told us.

As if to compensate the crabs bore small, rosy fruit on every twig and branch. The Siberian crab was used only for jelly, but a variety that we called "Water-core" was very pleasing to the taste.

We children devoured them eagerly, and one could trace our path about the farm by the apple cores we left behind.

In the orchard birds sang in the long sunny hours, and twittered softly at night. Here we played many of our games, and highly approved of it.

The small fruit required hard work, the berries had to be picked, endless weeds destroyed, and we children were given the task. This took much of the time we preferred to put in playing, and we felt greatly aggrieved that we had to toil in the summer vacation, while others played the long days through. And sometimes, I regret to say, we bolted our job, and this brought deserved punishment.

Mother, to our great approval, did not believe in spanking. Her punishment consisted in talking to us seriously, and she often closed by saying:

"If you can't grow up into good men and women without my beating you as if you were animals without the power to reason, then you'll simply have to be bad. I refuse to spank you to compel obedience."

This sobered us and made us

thoughtful for a brief moment. And, curiously enough, we were often more obedient to her than our father, who, much to our disappointment, had no such scruples against spanking a rebellious and defiant child.

He had one great failing, he did not spank with any degree of certainty, the point varying with his moods. It was ever a question with me as to how far I could go along a forbidden line without incurring the ultimate result. There was a thrill about the excitement of experimenting with his moods that led me into reckless behavior many times.

I took the punishment stoically, rarely giving way to tears that I despised as an evidence of weakness. A spanking made me angry and rebellious for days, even though I knew in my heart it was well deserved.

A request, combined with a light word of praise, I usually heeded joyfully, and worked at my task with a light heart. But father was a busy man, he had little time to spend considering the psychology of each individual child. A spanking was a shortcut to the obedience he required, and employed with a rebellious son or daughter.

Despite the fact that I was often angry at him, I was proud of father, and considered him a handsome man. When we attended church I compared him with the other men in the audience and decided that he was the best looking of all.

He had keen, deep blue eyes that looked inward to the very thoughts hidden away in the depths of one's mind. His beautiful mustache I admired even more than his clearcut features, and firm chin with a deep cleft.

I liked to have chance visitors say: "This little girl grows to look more like her father every day."

Ella considered mother as the better looking of our parents, and was much pleased to be told that she resembled her. Mother's eyes were blue, too, wide and clear, and her hair still held its pretty color so that it looked like spun gold in the bright light. The Colorado sun never seemed to tan her soft skin. We children grew brown as Indians in the summer, for we hated hats and sunbonnets, and flung them aside when out of sight of the house. We admired mother's complexion greatly and ardently wished that we were as fair as she.

Once when we had all returned from a Unity Supper we girls told mother proudly that we thought she was the

prettiest woman there. Her pleased, flushed smile brought a queer lump into my throat and made me thoughtful for a time. I had not known that grown-up people cared for praise.

Mother always kept her person attractive. Her house dresses fitted nicely, and were finished with a touch of lace or embroidery at neck and wrists. No matter how weary she was she never retired at night without first winding her hair on crimping pins, that on the morrow it might be softly waved as we who loved her like to see it.

Despite so much hard work she had pretty hands. They were plump and well shaped, with deep dimples nestling above the knuckles. We children wished that she could keep them soft and white, as did some of the women in town. We wanted her to have good clothes, as pretty as any seen in our church. This was not often possible, for the family funds had to be carefully expended, each dollar spreading as far as possible.

When father purchased his band of sheep he put a mortgage on the farm, so there was interest to pay, taxes, water assessments, heavy expenses at both the farm and the sheep ranch.

We children were greatly chagrined at times, because we could not dress as well as the sons and daughters of wealthy parents.

In particular did we girls long for pretty hats that always seemed especially hard to obtain.

Ella and I became much dissatisfied one day with the bonnet that our little sister was wearing. Mother had made it herself out of a piece of blue silk, and we said it looked awfully homemade.

We wanted to take the butter and eggs to town and trade them for a new hat for sister. Mother gave her consent and we went gaily off in the new low cart with red wheels, drawn by a pony with flowing mane and tail. A pretty creature, but a lazy little beggar that often tried our patience sorely.

Little sister was a chubby, dimpled darling with straight hair that we crimped by braiding tightly each night while wet. In the morning we combed it out into a fluffy cloud about her rosy face where smiles played hide-and-seek. The twins were born with unusually happy dispositions. They laughed with joy at life, and life listened and was glad.

Some of the stores carried a general line of dry goods and groceries, and at



the back a small millinery stock. When we had disposed of the butter and eggs we rushed gaily for this department.

WE selected a hat of blue straw, crowned with a wreath of blue and white daisies, and placed it on sister's wavy hair. The effect was most pleasing to us. When we left the store Ella and I had her walk a few steps ahead that we might admire it from all angles.

We were so absorbed in the present moment that we failed to note a heavy dark cloud sweeping out of the west. We started for home in radiant spirits, when a sudden and violent downpour of rain drenched us to the skin.

We looked hastily at little sister. Horror of horrors! her hat was undergoing a sudden and dire transformation! One by one the lovely blue and white daisies unglued themselves from the wreath and floated down a blue-colored stream that ran out of the straw. Her white dress was stained in fantastic spots here and there. Her hair hung in straight wet strands, and her big eyes were filled with tears.

We were a forlorn group when we reached home and put the pony away in the barn. We rushed in to tell mother about it. I was in tears and little sister also. But Ella was grave, the outraged sense of justice flaming in her soul dried all tears.

"Mother," she said, clearly, "father must go to town at once and thrash that man. He is a thief. He stole our egg and butter money as truly as if he had taken the money out of our pocket."

Mother gathered us all in her arms and comforted us as best she could, but it was a bitter moment. The lovely hat a cheat and a lie, melting into dismal ruin at the first touch of rain.

Ella recovered her courage shortly. "Never mind," she said bravely to sister, "You shall have another pretty hat that the rain won't spoil, even if I have to go without that pair of new shoes father promised me."

Ella was wonderfully unselfish and industrious, and by contrast my character had the luster of a heap of dead ashes. She was always considerate of mother, whom she especially loved, and endeavored to aid her in every way.

In theory I, too, wished to help my mother, to be her good girl that washed dishes and swept the floors without a murmur. In practice, alas and alack, I wanted to read more than anything else in all the world. I often slipped out unobserved, and hid in a net on the far side of a long stack of hay with a beloved book.

My idea of heaven in those days was a place where I could read for

hours, undisturbed by the distant call that must be heeded sooner or later. "Rene, Rene," rang clearly, then with more emphasis, my whole name, "Irene Althea Welch, come here at once!"

I really did possess a conscience, and at last it sent me reluctantly to the house. I was heartily ashamed of myself when mother and Ella greeted me with flushed and tired faces. I flew at the work like a small tornado, singing meantime at the top of my voice, to drown their reproaches that I knew were only too well deserved.

Of the two boys, Fred was as Ella, unselfish and kind, loving mother especially, and striving to serve her in every way. And Guy, alas, was another rebel, resenting authority even as I, and often in trouble with father on this account.

Yet he, even as I, was proud of him. He resembled him so closely that a friend of father's who had lived beside him when they were boys together in New York state, often remarked:

"He's sure a chip off the old block, doc. He's the split image of you at that age. He's like you in disposition, too. Gad, but you were a little rebel in those days! Do you remember the whalings your father used to administer to make you obey him?"

Then they would chuckle together and launch into boyhood reminiscences to which we children listened eagerly. Among other things they spoke of my grandmother and some poems she had once written.

I thought about this a good deal and decided that some future day, I too, would compose poems. Suddenly I discovered that there was actually money in such work.

A friend of mine wrote a poem, sold it to a newspaper on the way down town, receiving fifteen cents as payment. With this sum clasped in her hand she hied herself forth to the roller-skating rink. She paused beside me for a moment where I sat skateless, watching the others glide merrily about, and breathless with joy told me the news.

She darted away to rent skates for the afternoon with the fifteen cents, and I watched her, pondering deeply.

Why wait any longer before becoming a poet since there was real money to be obtained by one's efforts? Why not be one NOW?

I started for home and paused on the way at a store where father let us have a charge account. Here I purchased a note book with a glorious red rose on the cover page. In this I would place my masterpieces, selling them one by one, but keeping a copy

for my children to marvel over at some dim and misty date in the future.

I immediately composed my first poem. It was sad, so sad I wept for it brought back memories of by-gone days when Fido was with us.

*We had a dog Fido by name,  
And he was small but very game.  
He died in a fight with a big black dog,  
And we buried him deep beneath the  
sod.*

*Fido, Fido, we loved you so,  
You should have ought to killed your  
foe.*

I tried this first on Ella, my voice trembling with poetic fervor as I read the touching lines. She listened gravely, and at the last line an expression of deep disapproval rested on her face. She considered it a slur cast on the memory of a brave animal.

She pointed out with clear and unquestionable logic that had Fido been capable of doing so, he undoubtedly would have killed his foe. He was, as we all knew, a fighter from who laid the chunks!

She recalled that he had been sadly outclassed from the start of the fight, since the other dog was twice as big, and younger, too.

She called my attention to the fact that "have ought" was shocking grammar. Had not our mother warned us many times never to use those two words side by side?

To this I airily responded that when one wrote poetry grammar didn't count, the rhyme was the thing.

She shook her head dubiously. She didn't think that dog and sod went together very well.

Growing impatient I explained that if one pronounced dog as our new teacher had instructed, sounding the o like short a, the rhyme was quite correct.

Looking at me with reproving eyes she said that she didn't see any sense in trying to make us all feel badly again over Fido, by dragging his memory from out the grave. We had, as the poem truthfully said, buried him deep beneath the sod. She favored letting him rest there in peace.

She generously added that she liked this line, it sounded almost like real poetry, sort of sad and thrillingly.

But crushed by the weight of her disapproval, and realizing that she had the best of the argument, I tore the page with the tribute to Fido into tiny bits, and scattered them to the four restless winds.

I continued my composing, undaunted by the reception the first effort received. I wrote each poem carefully in my note book, that it might not be



# A m a r a n t h

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106)

"Sally Forbes. . ." Johnny began.

There was a wrench and Dick's wrist was free of Johnny's clutch, but that moment had broken flood gates in both men and Sally had loosed a tide about her which she would never again control.

Glaring through the dusk Dick's eyes were sombre, his voice growled in sudden rage. But Johnny's body drew to its height. There was from him the hiss of deep-drawn breath. Then Sally, seeing what she had done, tried to make amends. Her arms reached, caught their shoulders and with a hand on each she drew and held them until the tension broke and they twisted in an embarrassment that would never again be effaced from the memory of either.

"Quarrel, would you? And about me. Haven't I had enough of that? Haven't we been friends all these years and years? Why I'm not going to have any such thing. I used to think you both liked me. . ."

Sally's voice trailed off, for one of her hands was caught against Dick's mouth, and the other hurt with the strength of Johnny's fingers claspings it. And Sally was aware that she was caught between two fires that threatened destruction. And she did not love either. Her heart was at sea with Njernal.

Her fingers grew cold in theirs; her breast lifted in little panting breaths. A thrill of fear and exultation swept her, a primal emotion that tangles in the heart-strings of every young thing who feels her power to waken passion in men. She had been a faithful slave to Bill Forbes so long that the love of Njernal had startled her from a lethargy of hopeless misery. Close on its coming she found these two friendly blood brothers and comrades ready to fly at each other's throats for love of her. And Sally found it heady wine on that night of early summer. She knew the danger but she was not afraid for herself. Loving Njernal, she was beyond that. But Dick and Johnny were roused, ready to battle for her and some instinct warned her that she had loosed a terrific force that would take her woman's wit to handle. She must live in the Alley beside them. She must see them daily. She could not have them quarreling, perhaps fighting and becoming enemies over her.

Her fingers curled around their big ones in a caress. She was playing for a respite of time, holding them

from avowals that would bring the storm about them all.

"We'll name the boat 'Sally', for me. And I'll christen her."

She felt Johnny's fingers slowly release hers. She felt Dick's lips on her other palm before he loosed her hand.

"Wine", said Dick. "I'll buy a bottle."

"Water", said Johnny. "We'll not curse her by the devil's brew of wine."

And they were glaring at each other again.

"We'll fill a wine bottle with water," said Sally, and again her laughter rang out, as gay as though she had never a care.

But she carried to her work next day, a problem whose immediate puzzle was over the question of her wandering down the lane to torment those two men who had each told her in that moment of his love. She must show no favor to either.

That day a letter came from Njernal, posted at Hong-Kong, and shook Sally from her hold on reason. It told her that Njernal had not given up the hope that Sally would be courageous enough to take, for herself and him, their love. He did not know that she was alone now, but he was coming back for her. He pleaded for their love. He said in his fine way, that love was like the Amaranth; time would not waste its sweetness, nor would it ever fade.

Sally ate her evening meal with the letter opened beside her plate, and thought of love as a flower, a purple flower bedded in purple seas where phosphorescence rippled and his ship was etched in gold. And that night she dressed in her white muslin and went down the lane. The brothers had progressed with the boat and both wielded paint brushes. The smell of it transcended the fragrance of the honey-suckle and sweet clover growing wild in the Alley.

"I don't dare come near for fear that I'll be daubed by paint," she said, "So I'll sit here on the wharf. When will she be done?"

"When will she be done, Johnny?" asked Dick.

"I dunno. What d'you think?" replied Johnny.

Sally laughed. They seemed as friendly as ever, and she was glad that the scene of the night before had made no difference. It would have been a shame, she thought, for her to come between them. They had been

more like chums than brothers; Dick ignored Johnny's piety as Johnny accepted Dick's carelessness. Sally did not want to spoil that understanding. But she was young enough, lonely enough, mischievous enough to wonder what they would do when she went away with Njernal.

It had come to that. His letter had decided her. Living with Bill Forbes had taught her things that no woman should ever know as Sally learned them. She saw ahead of her a hill of years which she might mount securely but which had on the other side a valley of struggle ending in defeat. Only that week a woman grown old in earning for herself had lost her place in the store where Sally worked. It had for a time frightened Sally for all she was young enough to toss aside her fear. Still, her husband was gone. She could not save on her wages, and she would not always be young. Now was her time to settle her life with some promise of security. Njernal was coming back for her. She would go with him.

Staring at the sea, shimmering that night with a broken radiance of stars on its purple ripples, sinking in quivering strings of light Sally marvelled at the complexity of life that had tied her to Bill Forbes by law, gave her heart to Njernal and plunged Dick and Johnny into love for her. The brothers were both good men in their way, which was prosaic enough after the stormy tempestuousness of Njernal's wooing. Yet last night, they had startled her by the strength of passions leaping in both of them. She was puzzled most by Johnny, for she knew that Johnny thought she was wicked in kissing Njernal. Yet as she saw that Dick understood and did not blame her, her wonder turned on Dick.

"Come in and we'll make toast and tea, Sally," he called.

"And we'll finish the boat this week," added Johnny.

SALLY's laughter was caught and carried on the wind to them. She tripped through the tangled weeds of the Alley scenting the night with pungent brew of silver dew on sun warmed flowers, and at their gate she slipped her hands through their arms and danced to their house between them.

It was not only that she was happy; but there was that thrill of facing the danger of their love, knowing her



wits were pitted against two floods of man-passion. And in their house she took charge, busying herself with the tea and toast while they set the cups and cut bread.

Then, because of the coquette slumbering in every woman, Sally flitted about that house, adding woman touches to their belongings, leaving in it a presence which a woman sheds as a flower drops its petalled sweetness.

They both walked home with her to her gate, and lingered there. Sally broke clusters of honey-suckle and slipped them through the buttonholes of their open shirt collars. Her fingers touched warm flesh and left their touch, weighting them with silence that brooded long after she was asleep in her own bed.

At dawn, next morning, she was startled to hear Johnny calling his brother:

"Dick, where are you off to, now?"

Looking from between her window curtains, she saw Dick coming down the Alley. But he turned at Johnny's call and leaned against her fence, bending his head as he cupped a lighted match to the bowl of his pipe, a man trick to ease the tension of a moment as quietly dramatic as that hectic plunge of Johnny's hand to catch his wrist and keep Dick's hand from touching her, two nights ago.

And Sally knew that Dick had been coming to find her. And Johnny knew it, and was holding his brother from precipitating tragedy for both of them.

Standing by the window, Sally's hand shook as it held the curtain. She was a little afraid of the thing, now. She regretted a little that laughter and banter of the night and tucking the honey-suckle into their shirt collars. And when they all boarded the same trolley which took them to work, Sally sat alone in its front seat, gazing from the window at the sea which curled in sun-glinted blue, webbed with fine lace of foam ripples; stared at it so long that it was borne in on her that life was not unlike that deep; pretty, even beautiful on the surface but holding a strength which awakened at times to terrible things.

She forgot all about it when she received another letter from Njernal, telling he was leaving and she must come to him.

He was commanding her over the leagues of sea between them. And because she was a little afraid of Dick and Johnny that day, Njernal seemed a rock of strength to whom she might flee for protection.

Sally's life had not held much of those fine things which will carry a

woman through earth-made hells to martyrdom. Bill had killed her respect for men and there remained only love and that instinct to do the best for herself, a best that clung to Njernal. She would make him a wonderful sweetheart because the fact that there would be no binding law but love, would make them careful not to break it.

Thinking of him that day, she purchased fine undergarments for herself, with all the joy of a bride. She carried them home and spread them on her bed, touching with loving fingers the rose tinted silk and laces, holding them against her before the mirror.

Oh, Sally was a primal thing those days, nursing primal fires, opening a flood of them from her heart. And staring at the rose-crepe silks that were for her own body, she thought of Njernal, the golden giant whose kiss had released her from Bill and awakened the woman of flame which lay under the shadow Forbes had dropped over her.

And Njernal was coming back. He was then on his way. She computed weeks and days that it must take his letter to reach her, knowing that his own ship would follow the mail steamer.

She was startled to find that he could return a week hence.

Then her thoughts swooped to Dick and Johnny, and she laughed.

Another ten days at most she could hold them off, laugh with them, tease them, and leave them neither better nor worse of her in their lives. Being a woman she believed that. She forgot that she had broken down barriers and loosed the sleeping dragons that consume men and leave only the fighting atavist.

That night Bill Forbes wandered down the Alley and entered the door of her cottage.

Sally wheeled at his voice and stood rigid with fear and hatred of him. Then she seized a stick of wood from the box and lifted it.

"Sally," he whined, "I'm about ready to eat crow and come back to you. I'm willing to forget."

"But I'm not," she cried. "I'll never forget. I'll kill you if you don't go now, and stay."

She hurled the wood. It bounced from the door frame, fell on his foot, and Bill Forbes went. She saw him go down the Alley and halt before the Downey gate, and she knew he was telling his story to Dick and Johnny.

Little tempests swept her, like storm gusts awakened by her hatred of Bill Forbes. The silk things on her bed brought thoughts that seared her mind; thoughts that made her hate Dick and

Johnny and would in time spoil for her this love of Njernal's.

Bill Forbes must go and never come back. She must frighten him like the coward he was. Sally took a revolver from the drawer of her dresser and ran into the afterglow filling the Alley with rosy light. And before Forbes, she flourished it.

"Now, Bill Forbes, you go, or I'll kill you where you stand. Another thing, if you ever come back, I'll kill you before you can say my name."

"Hear her," he shouted, "Threatens me, she does. I'll have the law on you for that, you. . ." He called her an unmentionable name, and in her rage and shame Sally hurled the revolver. It struck his cheek, left a red welt and trickle of blood as he went down the Alley shrieking his determination to have her arrested for threatening his life. Sally slumped against the fence. Johnny had dropped the spar he was planing, and pulled the curled shavings from his hands. Dick swung his hammer so hard that its head was buried in the earth.

"He'll do it, too," sobbed Sally. "He'll arrest me. Oh my God, I'll go to jail."

"You won't," growled Dick. "You can get out of here tonight."

"Where?" she flung at him. "I've no money. I spent it all today. Besides they could find me anywhere."

"We'll take you," said Johnny. "The boat is done enough for that. We'll launch her tonight."

"By God, that's what we'll do," cried Dick.

Sally held out her two hands, one to each of them, drew them together and sobbed between them, and over her head the brothers' eyes met. In each face peace, an elimination of struggle lifting above passion. Her tears had washed away all things but her need of their help. Other things would follow and they knew it, but for the present Sally was in trouble, and they loved her.

It seemed such a simple thing to do. They launched the boat by herculean labor, and set her mast. They hastily rigged her spars and canvas, and fitted her with provisions from Sally's house and their own pantry. At the last Johnny carried his Bible and Dick brought a flask of brandy to meet emergencies each in his own way.

Sally came at dawn, star-eyed from her tears, pink-cheeked with the secret she kept; for she meant to lure them in the boat to meet Njernal's ship, where she would be safe from them all.



Sally was as good a sailor as the brothers. She took her trick at the wheel and a keener delight in the cruise because at the end of it was love for her. She tingled with the joy of escaping them both and Bill Forbes, and the need of her command of the situation.

The passions of men had seemed an ominous thing when she was ashore, but in the leap of the craft as it breast-wind and waves, lifting to the smother of foam, in the singing of the cordage and slatting of the sail through calm of star-shot nights, Sally was happier than ever she had been.

Spring trailed sweetness and color along the shores they skirted. The sea was a bride in foam lace. There was a trail of jewelled light behind their boat. Sally shaped the course, back and forth across the sea lane which Njernal's ship must take on her way home.

There was her laughter ringing clear, her singing at dusk over the sea, her gay banter teasing Dick and Johnny. They had given her the little cabin and slept on deck in turns. And there on her berth she spread the dainties she was to wear for Njernal and thought of his blue eyes lighting with love for her, when she would hail him across the shortening seas between them.

She had no doubt but that in the moment of their meeting, she could manage Dick and Johnny. The brothers would be raging, perhaps, or stunned by her betrayal. But Njernal and his crew would be at hand; he would save her from the brothers as in turn they had saved her from Bill Forbes.

Oh, she was happy over it. Happy, until that night when, from sheer joy of life that ripened her as sun ripens a peach, she could not stay below and ventured on deck, aft, where Johnny lazed along the coaming, his hand on the Sally's tiller.

"It's such a pretty night," she said.

"Aye. But we've come a long way, Sally. I was thinking we'd best be getting back. It'll be safe now."

"You're not tired of sailing with me, Johnny," she coaxed, knowing that they must keep going until they met Njernal's ship.

"I could sail with you for life, lass . . . only for the sin of it." Johnny's voice was deep in his throat, husky with smouldering fire beneath.

"You mean, you'd marry me?" she parried, "but of course you can't, Johnny. It's a terrible way for a woman to be left."

"Sally," he said, "You sinned in kissing Njernal. This is your punish-

ment . . . and oh, Sally, . . . it is mine for loving you. . ."

His head dropped on his arm. Dry tearless sobs shook him. She heard him gasp them through quivering lips. And Sally stared at the sea and stars, wishing, pleading silently for Njernal to come quickly.

Then from the deck forward, Dick's head lifted and his face stared through the shrouding dusk.

"Sally!" he called, imperative, commanding.

Sally hesitated, then moved from the bowed figure of Johnny. His sobbing hurt her, made her a little ashamed.

Dick was on his feet, looking at his brother, then turning to Sally.

"We'll go back," he said. "And when we do, no law of God or man will keep you from me, Sally. I've loved you long. I'm not held by what holds him."

Dick's arms reached for her, caught her, held her close, and she could not prevent his kisses burning on her lips and cheeks and throat.

She was whirled from that embrace by Johnny's hands tearing his brother from her, flinging him aside. Sally was tossed against the cabin bulkhead; from here, when the mist drifted from her vision, she saw a ship with sails set, beautiful against the stars. And she knew it. Njernal's ship was etched on her memory in lineaments of gold.

Njernal stood at the rail. She could see him, big, bare-headed, looking at the little craft Sally, a half-mile away, running down the wind, lines braced on a cleat. On the Sally's deck two men crouched, stepping along her planks with the lifted toe-tread of animals ready to spring, fists clenched, eyes glaring.

The thud of fists on flesh, the first snarls roused Sally, but only to the need of calling Njernal to her aid. She cupped her hands to her lips and shrieked his name;

"Svale . . . Svale . . . I am here . . . Sally. . ."

Only a half-mile of sea separated them after all the leagues of ocean and depths of human passions. Only a half-mile, but he did not hear her. She called and called. . .

Behind her the brothers were fighting like beasts. She could hear the breath rasping in their throats, sickening sounds that seemed to drown her own voice calling to her lover. She turned, screaming in frenzy at them, to stop, to wait until she hailed that ship out there. And in the starlight she saw their faces blotched with blood.

Out beyond, the ship with its golden master sailed on, oblivious. Sally screamed. She shrieked. It was going

past, and Njernal did not know she was near him.

She ran to the bow, frantic now as the Sally fell away on the wind, carrying her with it, widening the space between them. And on his ship, Njernal moved slowly aft as if he watched something amiss with the little craft.

Sally's cry shrilled again. He must have seen; he must know she was there. That love, fadeless as the Amaranth, would tell him, pulse to him across the waves, stir the gold of his hair, beat on his heart. . .

Sally took breath and hope. She looked at the ship and then at the brothers milling on the for'ard deck, groggy now, revolving like slow tops, gasping out the rage that had destroyed the comradeship of a life-time.

Then she looked at the sea and plunged, swimming hand over hand breasting waves that choked her mouth and nostrils.

The splash startled them. They stared at her. Then Dick slumped into the sea,

"By God but I'll have her for my own," he cried, as he went.

"Better death than sin. . .," wailed Johnny through swollen lips, and he too was in the sea.

Njernal on his ship, lifted a glass to his eyes, made out the struggling figures where two men fought over a woman, with their hands weighting her, dragging her down.

"Lower away," he shouted to the watch, "and look lively. There's something wrong out there."

He leaned over the rail, the glass at his eye, watching as the boat pulled away for that commotion which wakened sea-fire in a riot of phosphorescence beyond the trail of the small craft's wake. He was whistling a song which recalled, if there had been need, the name of the woman he loved, for whom he was returning to take with him, law or no law.

Suddenly the commotion quieted save for little trickles of light spreading like the web of a spider. The boat, after cruising about, came within hailing distance.

"Too late, sir. They never came up," called the bos'n.

"All right. Get aboard. We're losing time here. . ."

The little craft Sally felt the sweep of a rising wind and darted for the open sea.

On the deck of his ship, Njernal sang with a voice husky deepened in the golden column of his throat,

"Of all the girls I've ever loved. . . There's none so sweet as Sally. . . She is the darling of my heart And she lives in our Alley. . ."



# The Song of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108)

ence was slight. His was a flair more than a vision, a personal conquest rather than a power of social creation.

Good dancing, indeed, is far more rare today than years ago; it is as rare as the subtlety and creativeness which it demands. For modern dance is no longer a matter of steps which, once learned, can be more or less successfully trodden out by anyone; but it is an inner pulsation, which gives wide latitude and creative possibility to the dancer; and it must be executed on the breath, with a body vibrant with rhythm, and freely suspended without hips from a conscious centre of control in the solar-plexus. Had Vernon Castle possessed consciously as well as instinctively the rhythmic technique of his own body, or had he been called upon to train a people already rhythmically educated, the result would have been a social dancing more beautifully sincere, elastic, and expressive than perhaps the world has yet seen.

Today everybody dances, those who have charge of the minds, morals, and manners of the country's youth just as much as the boys and girls themselves. It may seem a Barrie phantasy to suppose that at this critical moment in the psychology of modern life the educators could really have educated, could have seen and understood what was hidden in the students' revolt against the old dances, and could have led the new frolic into the path of bodily rhythm. It is, of course, an ironic commentary on the spiritlessness of our educational methods that such a supposition cannot be taken seriously.

But let us wildly suppose that the educators had been educated, that they had possessed some reverence for the body, some respect for its instincts, some insight into its marvelous intelligence; let us talk extravagantly and suppose they had possessed the only possible foundation for the culture of a human being—the rhythmic technique of the human body! It would have meant that they would have seized the occasion with zest, would have entered the ball-room with the authority and delight of true aliveness and there, right among their students, would have wrought the new impulse of syncopation into a noble articulation of human joy. That would have been education in its true, original sense, a "leading forth" of raw impulse to unspoiled and perfect expression, and this not only for a student body but for a whole people.

Education today, of course, means the exact opposite of all this. It consists not in an attentive reverence toward human personality and a free, experimental, tentative leading forth of its latent powers, but in a hasty, blasphemous cramming of the mind alleviated only by a crude and unrelated athletics. The results are obvious enough. "Education has robbed me of everything," is a cry, often accompanied by tears of secret despair, to which one becomes accustomed in the studio. Not until people confront a life which springs with artesian freedom from its own depths do they sus-

ing rhythm from a breathing center in the torso (the legs stepping out in sequence through the three articulations of the foot, heel, ball, and toe), the one-step is a far more interesting dance than either the waltz or the two-step. Thus performed, it is a type of the true social dance; and its appeal is irresistible. To syncopate one's breath-pulsations into a fox-trot is to release one's pent-up vitality into bodily verve. It is impossible so to dance and escape a radiant expression. But our modern balls-rooms are not radiant. There is nothing of bright beauty, something only inexpressibly dull, in the poor angle-worm protruding her abdomen and dragging her feet.

Of course, one may take all the steps of a fox-trot correctly and on the beat and yet never achieve good dancing, because the beat and the step are not the vital factors concerned. Correcting treading out of a pattern of steps is only calisthenics; hitting the beat is only marching. It is what happens between step and step, beat and beat—the rhythmic transitional curve between—which constitutes the dance. Properly executed, the modern dance has not a static moment. It is a subtle, incessant cascade of movement, breaking wave on wave; and that is what makes it so impossible without, so delightful with, the technique of bodily rhythm.

It is this transitional curve of movement, comparable to the "bridge of tone" in music, this subtle going-on-ness within one's own torso, which makes for beautiful and expressive social dancing. It always has been so. Those who had natural bodily rhythm were the "born dancers" and the despair of others not so fortunate. But, while the set phrases of the waltz and two-step could be gone through more or less presentably without much bodily rhythm, no such safe middle ground of decent mediocrity exists in the dancing of syncopated rhythms. Here there is either vivid expression, complete aliveness, unbroken going-on-ness or, bodily rhythm lacking, there is an inevitable arrest and fall into dull sensuality. In brief, the modern dance must found itself on bodily rhythm and become, as easily it might, the most vivid, sincere, and spontaneous of all folk dances, or it must continue its downward drag toward stupidity and obscenity.

(Continued next month)

## A CHRYSALIS

ALL dimly shining, golden-brown,  
it hung  
Upon a slender twig—the chrysalis,  
A shapeless thing of mystery—and  
With stubborn hold, swinging that  
and this,  
With every teasing breeze that chose  
to blow  
In spring's caprice, while struggling inwardly  
To change its form of life, and to out-grow  
The self-spun bounds, woven in ecstasy  
Of weariness, unconscious of desire;  
To rest, even as I've yearned for  
nights of sleep—  
Far, cool forgetfulness, and nothing  
higher  
Does the earth-creature dumbly ask.  
Now deep  
In dreams I see no swinging chrysalis,  
But a glowing sprite, living in fragrant bliss.

—Ada Hilton Davies.

pect the shallowness of their own source; and such a moment is quick with terror and pain.

Educators may point to their gymnasiums; but physical education does not deliver the rhythmic technique of the body. Athletes are notoriously bad social dancers. Physical training is muscle training. Muscles are out-works merely. But breath is the life of the body and the god of form. Rhythm begins in the breath. It is the first step of the spirit of man into his creation. A shallow, unrhythmic breathing and a shallow, unrhythmic life go together; but where you find deep rhythmic breathing there you will find grace and strength, depth and charm.

It was just this pulsing on the beat in breath rhythm that inspired, for instance, the one-step. Danced in puls-



# Rich

By L. C. LEWIS

THE boy did not even glance up when the man stopped his expensive motor, climbed from the machine and began to cross the field. Why he had lingered at this particular spot the man probably could not have told; it might have been because it pleased him and again, the boy sitting perched on the fence cutting the top rail with the one broken blade of a pocket knife, may have awakened a treasured memory.

Nei her spoke. The man leaned with one arm resting on the worm-eaten fence, his face worn with the business cares of a city life. A soft wind fanned the woodland, swaying the tree tops until they moaned like distant waves of the ocean.

Suddenly the boy lifted his sandy head and, his blue eyes sparkling like stars in a winter sky, he eagerly faced the man.

"Say, mister, ain't it great?" He bubbled, twisting his bare feet between the rails. "The wind whistling through the trees sort of gets a feller. When I hear the firs a moanin' like that it makes me think I'm on a ship at sea. When I grow up I'm going to be a sailor on a treasure boat; I bet it's great fighting pirates. There's an old cutlass up in the attic that will be just the thing to carry in my belt."

In an instant the wind was forgotten as the rising sun enthroned the forest with a crown of gold.

"Don't it make you feel queer when the sun comes creepin' over the hill? Something inside me seems to fill up and I want to whoop and whistle with all my might. I guess the birds must feel that way too, cause did you ever notice how they chirp sort of half hearted like before sun-up." And as soon as it shines—well, say, you'd think they'd bust their sides singin'!"

For a time the boy sat motionless, almost appearing a part of the lichen covered fence yet his keen eyes kept roving about, covertly watching the many inhabitants that dwelt in the rural vicinity.

"See that quail sitting on yonder fence?" he presently continued, pointing one chubby finger as he spoke, "he's keepin' guard. His mate's a setting right in that huckleberry bush, next to the hollow stump; there's twenty-four eggs. I counted them. I had to hang around a long time before I got a chance, cause birds are mighty touchy about their families.

"Can't say I care about the chippy; they're too noisy, and besides they're

into everything, but a feller's got to admit they're full of pep, seem to get by with most anything. One pair had the nerve to chase a wren out of our rose bush last year and nested there themselves."

Then the boy's attention was arrested by a jay, darting about in the branches of a scrub oak, his blue coat flashing among the green shrubbery, while he challenged with his coarse cry of defiance.



THEY'RE saucy birds, the jays are. I kinda like 'em. They're not half as bad as people make them. I found a baby jay last year and put it in a yellow hammer's nest; thought maybe they'd raise it. I wish you could a seen the fuss those birds made over one measly jay. I felt so sorry for the poor litt'e thing that I took it home and raised it under my pet bantam. He still hangs around the house; ma says he's a regular nuisance.

"Look, mister, there's a ruby throat." The boy suddenly grasped the man's arms while his quick glance followed a green and gold midget hovering over a wild honeysuckle vine. "It's got a nest in the top limb of that there madrone tree; I climbed up last week and saw the fledglings; my, but they're cute, no bigger than a bumble bee. Ain't it queer how hungry they

always are; it keeps the mother bird busy pumpin' honey down their throats.

"Funny how that there robin sits on top of the same big pine every morning and growls as if he owned the whole country. He don't always do it, though. In a few months he'll be coming down picking worms with the rest of the birds. Guess it must be his way of showin' off in front of his girl."

At first the man had remained silent casually indifferent to the boy's

## LUTHER BURBANK

*A recent picture, taken with Overland's editor, at Burbank's Santa Rosa home.*



Mr. Burbank's highest ideal is that of service—an ideal which he daily lives. How many men would spend their time in furthering experiments from which they, themselves, cannot hope to profit? Yet Mr. Burbank at 76—his birthday is on the seventh of this month—spends a large share of his time each day in experimentation which may not show results until five, ten, twenty years later.

The teaching of altruism to youth would be, Mr. Burbank says, the greatest gift which could be made the world.

eager chatter, then gradually the look of care on his face became replaced by a growing interest, and as each new bird fluttered past in its search of bugs he followed the boy with less reluctance.

"I like the wild canary hetter than the tame; he sings as if he meant it; there he is, mister, in that manzanita thicket. I caged one last year, but he didn't sing near so nice and after a while he began to sort of pine away so I turned him loose. Now ain't that a shame! It's done fer; I hate the butcher birds; they ain't got no heart." The boy lamented as the killer darted upon the dainty singer. Too late the canary gave a frightened cry, made a feeble struggle for its frail life, then with a dash of its sharp beak the other bird pierced the singer's brain.

"Bet you can't see nothin' in that

(Continued on page 144)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## OVERCOMING SELF

**R**JOICE EVERS DUVAL overcame self on that night she made Roland walk—walk . . . made him keep his eyes open and not sit down—walk—walk—walk. "Drink this, swallow every bit of it—" One can imagine the tone in which she said it. And she could have so easily let him die; even if she had just half-heartedly fought. In that moment she found her "WHITE STONE," the magic word of the old Gypsy hag, found it after all her torture, her disillusionment. Always had she done as others bade—always she had feared what people would think of her—always behind each act stood pride, but she overcame it—and she married Peter Sharon, and Crazy Gabe could sleep nights. Ah, there is so much to this story that it is impossible to make a worthy review. After all doesn't Hannah Hills Blade, the novelist in the story, say she would much rather read a story than read a review? No one can tell the individual exactly what that particular story is going to do to him or how he is going to react. There is so much plot, so much backbone to the story. We can see bits of ourselves, perhaps not so pronounced, but there is a similarity. There doesn't seem to be a word too many; there doesn't seem a character that is not needed, even to Nelly the Cat and the Gentleman Dog. Oh what a delightful description when the Gentleman Dog arrives in Los Gatos . . . his leaping, his barking—there is no use going into detail. One will have to read it, and one will never regret, for there is that mystic current beneath the surface which captivates. We can believe what we want of Boss Man's death, but we feel a subtle, fine cob-web thread in the plot—we can't help remembering Chung was alone with him. It goes to prove one thing that for success one has to base one's life and acts on truth. Roland Duval married Joice for her money, but she married Roland Duval because she wanted to show her world that she could marry Roland Duval—and on that night at the Palace Hotel he told her—told her he had married her for her money. Would she let anyone know? No. She had not overcome self. She could never stand the humiliation that he had not married her for herself. So she stuck it out and played a game, lied, covered lie with lie, kept watch over him. If he hadn't beauty, if he hadn't money, he had at least service. This she gave him—her price of Pride was her happiness. Perhaps Mr. Evers, the traveling invalid, saw he looked clear through to the end, but Mrs. Evers, the invalid of the sofa, never knew, and the Winnings—oh, we have all known Winnings and Auntie Ethels who put themselves down on the program of life as benefactors, dispensers of bounty and joy; joys and bounties which did not come to them or emanate from them utterly failed to interest them. And Emma Bodini—one must not forget her; she is the one who makes the plot. It is a clever story, woven of the finest thread and colorings by a master hand into a beautiful picture with a White Stone shining forth a symbol of happiness.

*THE WHITE STONE, Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Appleton. \$2.00.*

## INDIA

**T**O pick the "Why" of the titling of Mrs. Steel's novel, "The Law of The Threshold," would be telling too much. This seems to be the lure—yet I should not thus limit the fascination of the story. It is a tale of the mysteries of India; of a talented Indian girl, educated in the West, who returns home filled with a desire to purify the Tantrik cult and finds herself involved religiously and politically—also in a romance. The story is full of plot, full of action, but it seems at times Mrs. Steel gives us too much detail. She makes us feel she knows we need information, and so she gives us flowers of facts arranged profusely with the feathery greenery of plot and romance. Anyway, the story is good, if you get over the feed of information. The desert is rather lasting.

*THE LAW OF THE THRESHOLD, Flora Annie Steel. Macmillan. \$2.25.*

## FOR THE CHILDREN

**T**HE time has come when children desire facts in their reading. Whys and wherefores form barriers which they must tear down. Why? Is it that civilization has advanced and that the images of their dreams, their parents, know more than of olden times—and after all children try to reflect their parents? Whatever it is, the mind of the reading child has developed a feverish desire for facts. It is in such books as *Photography and Its Mysteries* that children will be delighted. Yes, even the parents will enjoy it. It is the history of the Camera, the daguerreotype; the part France and England played in the invention. It takes the children into the block-maker's workshop while he prepares pictures for a book; into the underground passages of a coal mine in order to photograph a coal cutting machine and shows them how photographs can be telegraphed. It is the unfoldment of a wonderful story which will interest children and grown up children as well.

*PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS MYSTERIES by Charles R. Gibson, F. R. S. E. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.*

## MENTAL NARCOTIC

**H**OW many people, known to you personally, interested greatly in music, are equally interested in other subjects? Not many! Music acts as a mental narcotic. Men and women become so absorbed in music that they become intellectual inferiors—seeing, hearing, talking, reading—one subject, MUSIC. They do not own their own faculties. This is the purpose of Milo E. Benedict's fascinating essay "What Music Does to Us" and never once does he allow the fact that man was not made for music, but music made for man, escape notice. It is handled with compelling lightness of touch, humorous and graceful—a book of authority. (Mr. Benedict is one of the last pupils of Liszt.) It is a feast where the main course is serious thought as to the place properly belonging to music in the scheme of liberal education. It is both quantity and quality for a leisure hour which can not but be appreciated by every one who reads it.

*WHAT MUSIC DOES TO US, by Milo E. Benedict. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.*



"LA PENSEE"—RODIN  
From "A Wanderer in Paris"

## PARIS

**P**ARIS is so intermingled with old and new that it is hard to write of its beauties, its marvels, its fascinations, says Mr. Lucas in his "A Wanderer in Paris." While you will be examining a bit of architecture you will suddenly become aware of a Modern Paris built on foundations hundreds of years old. Yet Paris is always the same and spring is one of its famous lures. Spring in Paris through the eves of night! What could be more magnificent? Mr. Lucas takes you along the Seine and shows you the old book stalls, the quays, shows you the island on which the main part of Paris is situated and he tells you about Time in Paris! The little tempting Imp within us gives up a sharp-urge-punch. Time forgetting Parisians! Smiling Paris, but he modifies this by saying that her face is a bit careworn since the great war. The Paris which has always recovered with extraordinary rapidity from any lapse into woe, has not yet come back to her previous self.

This book of 263 pages, including preface, index, illustrations and maps, is what one can expect from the pen of E. V. Lucas, the touch of an artist—the blending of beauty and knowledge and feeling into one perfect and beautiful whole.

*A WANDERER IN PARIS, by E. V. Lucas. Macmillan. \$3.00.*

## NAPOLEON

This is a translation of that lost manuscript purporting to be an autobiographical sketch by the Great Napoleon himself, yet specifically disavowed by him in his will. There are many evidences pointing to the genuineness of the document, internal and otherwise. In any event it is an interesting addition to Napoleana.

*THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA, translated by Willard Parker. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.*



Dainty  
damsels  
in muslin  
dresses  
sipping  
tea and  
adoring  
Lord  
Tennyson,  
Mr. Browning  
in the  
drawing-room



Mary Coleridge  
reading  
poetry, and  
Aunt Anny,  
Thackeray's  
daughter,  
poking fun  
at Samuel  
Butler are  
some of  
Mrs. MacCarthy's  
memories.

#### DARING WORK

I FEEL very strongly that the Jew has the greatest contribution to human progress to make at this particular time that he has ever had in all his history. It is becoming obvious that the present organization of the political state is irrational and cannot survive long. . . . Now the Jew, because he has no nation . . . has become an internationalist by necessity and he is leading the way in the organization of the machinery for international relations." To boldly make such an assertion as this to a Gentile mind is little short of insult, especially in this present day of anti-Semitism. Yet, Professor Miller has given us a most interesting, exhaustive, and logically true thesis on the underlying pathology of the international, racial, and class maladies that beset human society at the present time, and has offered some logical suggestions for correcting them, based upon his adequate deductions. After all, the mind of the class, the race, or the nation is the mind of the individual, as he has so ably set forth, so undeniably the best way to study the difficulties arising in the relationship between them is from a purely psychological basis. To quote, "the particular form of psychopathology involved in our problem may be called the *appressionpsychosis*." Attacking his subject therefore, from the standpoint of the psychologist, Professor Miller admirably discusses the difficulties of Europe, for example, at the present time; the various class, and racial conflicts that are confronting the civilized world, and in his analysis points out the why of the various situations in a way that is most illuminating, and gratifying. Here is indeed a book that students of sociology and its allied subjects have long waited for. We have no doubt but that it will be most popular with college students of international affairs.

(Reviewed by Dr. Reed M. Nesbit).

RACES, NATIONS AND CLASSES, by Professor Miller. Lippincott. \$2.00.

#### CHILDHOOD

CHILDHOOD of the Nineteenth Century was not so different from childhood of today. After all we are masters of our Fate to a certain extent, but poor little Mary of the story book took things as they came without a fight, even when she was sent to Marsh college. Her struggle to understand "The Better Way," which Father Eustace handed her; her timidity; her delight to get home, away from what she called prison, is a little wistful, but it is enlightening as is all the rest of her rummaging through the chest of memories. Many notables flit in and out of that Nineteenth Century Childhood in London and Eton. One will enjoy Aunt Mary and her befuddling wit as much as the reaction on Mr. Samuel Butler. Then there is Henry James and Maurice Baring—dances, gardens at Eton and the road to Camelot. The entire book is delightful, a little ironic and quite different from the usual run of books.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDHOOD, by Mary MacCarthy. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00.

#### CEREBRAL GYMNASTICS

MR. WILDER has chosen an extremely interesting bit of subject matter to which much thought has been given and research done. The reader is soon presented with the thought that man has gone far and expended much toward discovering facts about himself, only to be followed by the germ of doubt, "has he?"; for the author presents numerous opportunities for much more research. Anyone possessed with a desire for cerebral gymnastics will find much in this book for scientific pioneering.

(Reviewed by R. J. Graetzer.)

MAN'S PREHISTORIC PAST, by H. H. Wilder (Smith College). Macmillan. \$2.00.

#### ART AND POETRY

HAVE you ever read poetry which inspired visions, not only spiritual visions of your soul, but left a visual picture before your eyes? Have you ever wanted to lay down a poem and, the gods willing, take up your brush and paint something tangible, catch that indefinable pulse which pleased you? If you have you will find much pleasure in *A Painter's Anthology*. It is a rather large book with an attractive binding—and between the covers Mr. Watts has chosen poems to illustrate, ranging over the entire field of English poetry. It is full of trees, gardens, statues and fauns; the masked characters from Goldoni's comedies to the prim early Victorians are there; even the grotesque little people who scamper through the world of Ingoldsby come crowding in and you close the pages with a full appreciation of art and poetry co-mingled. Mr. Watts has seemed to pick just the things one remembers and we feel his anthology is a bit of ours also, even to his lavish illustrations and decorations—we feel somehow he has just painted our imagination.

A PAINTER'S ANTHOLOGY by Arthur Watts. Appleton. \$7.50.

#### IF I HAD MY WAY

YOU will think twice before you judge! Yes, before you form the opinion, "My, how stupid she is,—how thick-headed he seems—" you will wonder "Or is she really more quickwitted than I? Is he using more energy in his reasoning than I?" Your mind will revert to "I may not hear your question, but, by God, I do know the answer." Louder Please (The Autobiography of a Deaf Man) by Earnest Elmo Calkins is one of the most interesting, enlightening books of 1924. If I had my way every person above 16 years of age in the United States should be made to read it! It will clear up a lot of things



in one's mind; will teach one tolerance. Not only does this book give us understanding and sympathy but it also gives us a bit of the struggling pioneer families, one of which ancestor Mr. Calkins. It gives us the history of the Advertising business. It is an inspiration for all who want to succeed. This is a book I heartily recommend to sales people of all kinds, factory hands, bankers, farmers, school-teachers in particular—in fact, should anyone ask me what to read in a limited amount of time for the greatest benefit to himself personally I should by all means say, "LOUDER PLEASE!"

LOUDER PLEASE by Earnest Elmo Calkins.  
Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.50.

### FATE?

WHEN the unexpected happens in real life we are likely to say "Fate!" But in books we become more sardonic and we say, "It couldn't be—Life isn't that way." Little do we reckon the mind which evolved the plot; the brilliancy which figures and calculates to gain logic in the swift moving action. Such is the mind back of *Matilda, Governess of The English*. One cannot deny that Sophia Cleugh has a wonderful faculty for plot construction filled with action, mystery and romance. What? Surely you get all in the book and especially when the Marquis marries Matilda, thinking it is Victoria, and really enjoys the discovery. Of course if it were real life, Fate would have an able assistant in Lady Sarah, for it is she who captains the marriage. Matilda is certainly a lover if ever one was pictured—a lover of life, of living—and of the Marquis of Lassington. There is never a moment in which Matilda is forgotten; she serves to create the excitement of the story and as such she is a perfect tool. The tale reminds one of Fanny Burney's "Evelina."

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH by Sophia Cleugh. Macmillan, \$2.50.

### THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT

EVERYONE knows what the 18th amendment to the Constitution is, but how many know the Thirteenth? Hazily we remember it had something to do with Slavery, we might possibly connect the name Wilmont with it but that is about all. The Wilmont Proviso, which is the Thirteenth Amendment to our Constitution, is: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

David Wilmont (Free Soiler) is the picture of that period between 1845 to 1865 of the re-molding of the States and just what part the personality and influence of this man played in the destiny of our country. But why write of David Wilmont now? We wonder if there is not an ulterior purpose in this volume. We wonder if we are surmising too much if we liken a connection between his life and thought to an attack of the 18th amendment? Speaking of Enoch Walker, in whom Wilmont seemed interested, Mr. Goins says, "The old man used to go around the country in his buggy holding meetings and preaching universal Christian Benevolence, and 'to abstain from coffee, tea and tobacco.' On this last count Wilmont remained obdurately unconverted, and he was too constant a lawyer and constitutionalist to espouse abolitionism." All right—here's another, a toast which was made by Wilmont: THE UNION OF THE

(Continued on page 134)

## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

Life is an investment. You must put something into it if you expect anything in return. The business of the world is done on paper—notes, bonds, coupons—the real coin is seldom seen. But there is no substitute for honor, courage, ambition, work—you must produce the hard cash in the game of Life. Your real merit and worth are daily deposited in the Bank of Humanity. You may slip along on an over-draft for a while, but sooner or later the books are balanced and your fellow-man takes your measure. You can't slip along on borrowed capital; there is no substitute for manhood.

\* \* \*

Honor is the substructure and Money is the superstructure of a successful life; the first without the second is to be desired, the second without the first is to be abhorred.

—Peter Cooper, 1791-1883.

\* \* \*

Egotism is the opiate that nature administers to deaden the pains of mediocrity.

—S. Gillilan.

\* \* \*

Laws ought to make virtue easy and vice difficult.—W. E. Gladstone.

\* \* \*

There is always room for the man who knows.—Dr. Charles F. Crowley.

\* \* \*

People who think more of their money than self are of little use in this world.

\* \* \*

The great lessons of life are acquired through observation and experience and the truly wise profit by the experience of others.—J. D. Rockefeller.

\* \* \*

A conscientious thinker is not lead astray.

\* \* \*

Love is like a wind stirring the grass beneath the trees, on a black night, if you try to be definite and sure about it the long hot day of disappointment comes swiftly.

### TO MY PIANO

My friend, we're growing older, you and I;  
The giant Time has marked us in his flight:

He's stolen from my cheek the rose of youth,

And robbed your dear keys of their snowy white.

He's dimmed my eyes, and withered both the hands

That played upon you in the days gone by.

He's dulled the tender chords I loved to touch:

We're growing old together, you and I.

My friend! How often have you proven that!

You've always understood my ev'ry mood;  
You've calmed my anger—lulled me with your tone,

When o'er your keys for hours I would brood.

You've known my secrets—shared my sorrows, too;

Your minor chords would echo ev'ry sigh;  
I've told you all my hopes—my fears; and now

We're growing old together, you and I.

—Joseph Patterson Galton.

### SELECTIONS FROM "TO A SKELETON"

The Ms. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the Morning Chronicle for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full,  
This narrow cell was life's retreat;  
This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled this spot;  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void.  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed—  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

\* \* \*

I want it said of me by those who know me best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow.—Lincoln.

\* \* \*

To find fault in others is a pleasure to some people, but those people have by far the most.—Dr. J. S. Foote.

\* \* \*

The greatest gift the Gods bestowed on mortal was his dome of thought with its endless bounds.—Walter Mason.

\* \* \*

True and great love springs out of a great knowledge, and were you to know little you could love but little if not at all.

\* \* \*

The germ of greatness is in us all and needs only careful mixture and developing.—Bacon.

\* \* \*

Nothing can be loved or hated, unless first we have knowledge of life.

\* \* \*

Many men seek fortune in order to be independent, they should rather seek character, the only true source of independence.

\* \* \*

The human will, that force unseen  
The offspring of a deathless soul,  
Can hew away to any goal  
Tho walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient of delay  
But wait as one who understands,  
When Spirit rises and commands,  
The Gods are ready to obey.

\* \* \*

Life is a mystery, death is a doubt  
And some folks are dead while they're walking about.

\* \* \*

We may be either the suffering slaves of nature or the happy masters of her laws.

\* \* \*

A life without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing. Every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves, "This day let us make a sound beginning for what we have hitherto done is naught."



## THE LAND OF YESTERDAY

Would you nat seek the country tawn  
Amid green meadows nestled down  
If you could only find the way  
Into the Land of Yesterday?

Haw you would thrust the miles aside,  
Rush up the dear old lane, and then,  
Just where her rases laughed in pride,  
Find her among the flowers again!  
You'd slip in quietly and wait  
Until she saw you by the gate,  
And then . . . read through a blur of tears  
Quick Pardon for the selfish years.

This time, this time, you would not wait.  
For that brief wire that said, "Too late!"  
If you could only find the way  
Into the Land of Yesterday.

You wonder if her rases yet  
Lift up their heads and laugh with pride,  
And if her phlox and mignonette  
Have heart to blossom by their side;  
You wonder if the dear old lone  
Still chirps with robins and banded bees  
Still rob her early cherry trees.

You wonder if you went back now  
Haw everything would seem, and how—  
But na! Not now: There is na way  
Back to the Land of Yesterday.

\* \* \*

These are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit  
serene:

Strength for the daily task;  
Caurage to face the road,  
Good Cheer to help me bear the traveler's  
load;

And for the hours of rest that came between,  
An inward jay in all things heard and seen.  
These are the sins I fain

Would have thee take away:  
Malice and cold disdain,  
Hot anger, sullen hate,  
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,  
And discontent that casts a shadow gray  
On all the brightness of the common day.

—Henry Von Dyke.

## TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

Children, look into those eyes. Listen to that dear voice. Notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes—the anxiety in that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suited to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

\* \* \*

To worry is folly. So why not be jolly?

\* \* \*

What is not used finally ceases to be. In plain language, apathy, inaction, idleness, uselessness, is the road to degeneration. On the other hand, aspiration and activity mean growth, development and power.

## THE BOOK GOD WRITES

When Twilight comes, ga with your heavy heart

Along the country way, where sweetly grows,

Among the bending grass, the shy wild rose—

A thing of lanely beauty set apart

Fram trodden paths; or catch the sounds that dart

Along the aisles of night; or watch the glows

That quiver at the edge of day—then close The wasted years, and let the new life start.

The book of Gad lies round you everywhere!

The scent of rose, the cricket's chirp, the sweep

Of field and lake and sky—ore pages all

On which He writes. Go farth, the night is fair,

And harken with your saul until the coll To live oud serve has waked you from your sleep.

—Frank E. Hering.

\* \* \*

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." Judgment of others has come to be an almost universal custom; yet such opinions are rarely righteous, because based upon erroneous premises and made in other than the spirit of brotherly love. Not only do men thus take upon themselves the responsibility of judging others, but they judge unjustly in so far as their opinions are based upon insufficient knowledge of the person or circumstances judged. Furthermore, such opinions often assume the character of criticism, so that judgment becomes a synonym for faultfinding—adverse criticism—all too frequently.

## ANOTHER "MAIN STREET?"

That apparently was Mr. White's aim in writing "The Glory Hole"; though why he should have found it necessary to chronicle to the extent of more than 200,000 words the intensely dull proceedings of "every one of the sixty-odd thousands who made up the population of Little Falls," we do not know. The story deals with a fortune of \$12,000,000 and its effect on the lives of various characters concerned. As a story it fails to justify its length; as a study in psychology it fails to be convincing. Such problems as there are the author fails to bring to a solution.

THE GLORY HOLE, by Stewart Edward White, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50 net.

## MARIAN SPITZER

Marian Spitzer, anthor of *WHO WOULD BE FREE* (Boni & Live-right) is a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker. She was born in New York, educated in a New York High School, and received a diploma (which she subsequently mislaid and lost) from New York University in 1920. While still in college she worked for the *Braaklyn Times* and after her graduation she was on the staff of the *New York Globe*. She has dane a good deal of theatrical publicity, had a number of stories published in *Smart Set*, and is at present devoting herself to the writing of magazine articles. Miss Spitzer claims the unique distinction of having had articles appear in the *American Mercury* and in the *Saturday Evening Post* simultaneously!

## THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT

(Continued from page 132)

STATES—Founded upon a mutual compromise of the interests of each—may any attempt to violate it be regarded as treason against the liberties of the people. (Three cheers.)

Mr. Going adds: "The toast was perhaps merely a conventional phrasing of a seasonable patriotic sentiment; but reread nearly a century later, it seems almost to suggest the spirit of prophesy."

There are different parts through the biography which have, to me, the same import as a preparatory school has to a college. We wonder what Mr. Going will do next! We are rather sure it will be in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment—just which side will remain for our personal decision.

DAVID WILMONT, FREE SOILER, by Charles Buxton Going. Appleton. \$6.00

## PIERROT

WHO SHALL say what is poetry? Surely not the makers of books of verse, whose number is legion. Yet occasionally in the rack of volumes labelled as poetry comes one which unmistakably deserves the title. There is about "The Loves and Losses of Pierrot" by William Griffith that delicate sureness of touch which bespeaks the artist. In his lines is found something more than meter and rhyme framing ideas. There is always just that last light touch which raises the lyric to the level of poetry. Witness this "Song of Pierrot." A light thing, delicate as a cobweb—yet poetry.

I am sick at heart and hollow  
As a reed.

Void of music. Let us follow,  
And love lead.

Let me follow love, and listen  
For a word.

I would glisten as leaves glisten  
For a bird.

I would polish me of error—  
And be green,

So that beauty in the mirror  
Still be seen.

I would make my life a singing  
Thing to fly,

And my love a green leaf clinging  
To the sky.

LOVES AND LOSSES OF PIERROT, by William Griffith. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

## THE THIRD ROMANCE

THE author with this volume completes a trilogy dealing with the great periods of the Anglo-Saxon struggle for freedom. Laid in the America of Revolutionary days, the young hero is carried through the war from its beginning to its triumphant end. There is a hint of the occult, there is a mystery carried consistently through to its solution. And there is a thread of love story, although the author is not at his best in dealing with this theme.

Careful in dealing with historical setting and incident, Mr. Marshall has here added a book to the list of historical juveniles which will prove more than a "seasonal" volume. Like the others of the trilogy, "Cedric the Forester," and "The Torch Bearers," this story will find steady and increasing sale.

REDCOAT AND MINUTE MAN, by Bernard Marshall. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.



## DURABLE SATISFACTION

ASSUMING that book is worth reading, what are its durable satisfactions? (I use Professor Sherman's statement, substituting *book* and *reading* for his words *Life* and *Living*.) In life, he tells us, a bare 25% of our activities yield durable satisfactions while the 75% remaining yield fatigue and regret. I still wish to use Book in place of Life, for to me a book is similar to life. Some do not yield 25% durable satisfactions! Not so with "Points of View." I believe it yields very nearly 100% durable satisfaction.

It is a volume of spirited and illuminating discussions of vital literary topics of the generation. While Professor Sherman gives us points of view which are "borrowed" he does give us his own. (We are glad!) He says in effect, "here is the way some one looks at it, I see it this way!" You are at liberty to choose for yourself. His courage of his conviction registers a mental kick as we read of an American Type. We agree with him and we see ourselves in a ridiculous light, yet we still remain egotists. The second chapter in the volume is on the study of American Literature. Others are *Sinclair Lewis, American Style, Unprintable, On Falling in Love, On Falling in Hate, Farly and Upwards*, all of which discuss various points of view upon the questions of literature and society. There are also chapters on W. C. Brownell, Samuel Butler, Disraeli, George Sand and Gustave Flaubert and yes, Gertrude Steibe and Mr. Tarkington.

POINTS OF VIEW, *Stuart P. Sherman.*  
*Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.*

## TRAVEL

SYMPATHY JANE just "brcezed in" after two weeks' absence and calmly informed us she had been traveling. "If you want to see Italy save your money; read a book called *Tuscan Cities*. It's perfectly wonderful and the drawings—! Really I'd like to cut evry one out and have it framed. I know more about what's in those cities than Mrs. Harvey and she's just come back from over there."

We have the book on our desk and it is all that Sympathy Jane says of it. A book of travel by Ada M. Harrison and R. S. Austin. It is most interesting and profusely illustrated. I dare say most any one could feel they had taken a trip through the Tuscan Cities after reading this book.

SOME TUSCAN CITIES, by *Ada M. Harrison*  
and *R. S. Austin.* *A. & C. Black, Ltd.*  
(*Macmillan*). Our copy gives no price.

## ON JOY STREET

ANOTHER joyous book, a "Medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls." But why limit it to boys and girls? Some folk never outgrow their love of fairy tales, and a well written children's tale is always a delight to any adult lover of boys and girls. While as for verse—well, if it is poetry with an appeal to childhood it will have appeal to grownup lovers of verse as well. I challenge any grown-up who sees on the title page of "Number Two Joy Street" such names as G. K. Chesterton, Walter De La Mare, Hugh Walpole—to mention only a few—I challenge any of them, I say, to turn away without looking further. And once they have read a page or two of, say, Chesterton's "Dragon at Hide and Seek," or Walpole's "A Stranger," I defy them to pass on until they have sat them down and absorbed the entire tale.

As an example of beautiful typography the book is a delight. Of quarto size and in unusual cloth binding, the volume has eight full page colored plates—works of art in themselves—beside a hundred or so intriguing illustrations in black and white. It is a book to delight a child of any age, one which he will treasure.

NUMBER TWO JOY STREET, by *Chesterton, Walpole, Madeleine Nightingale, and others.* *D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.*

## A PORTRAIT!

A PORTRAIT of a girl—of a woman, of a SHOWMAN all in one. Ipsie Wilson, Mary Wilson and the Showman are all one. Her thoughts are only other people's thoughts, her tongue loosened only by other people's memory. She talks like Balzac, Stella Benson, she takes a little from everyone she comes in contact with. She has a way of remembering only the good, the dramatically good acts of people. It is a study which seems uncanny. The plot is not so much—that is, you are not conscious of the plot at all until you are all through the book, so engrossed in the character study of Ipsie do you become. Jacob Hemming, whom Ipsie comes to China to marry, she never sees alive, but we see so much of him that we are glad she does not. Jacob is the kind of a man who feels nothing has ever been equal to his own value. He underestimates God's creation, he is a creature with no imagination whatever while Ipsie lives on her dreams, her imagination. Then there is Rodd. We rather hoped she would marry him, but she doesn't. Her showman takes possession of her and she flits back, or is about to flit back, to Arizona with Pauline, Jacob's sister. It is a book which, if it hit any way below the mark of perfection, would be unreadable. On the contrary it is the most fascinating picture of human nature I have read in some time.

PIPERS AND A DANCER by *Stella Benson.*  
*Macmillan. \$2.00.*

## REMEMBER?

DO you remember Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"? If you love poetry you will remember—and now comes a supplement. *The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*—selected by Laurence Binyon. The old treasury barred poets living at the time of publication, this new edition takes up poetry where the other left off and the result is an anthology through the Victorian age to the present day. Poems by the Brownings, the Rossettis, Tennyson, and Swinburne, George Meredith, Stevenson, Masfield, Yeats, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Rupert Brooke and many other British poets of the past hundred years—recalling ones we know and giving us ones we have not heard. One we all remember with a certain thrill is

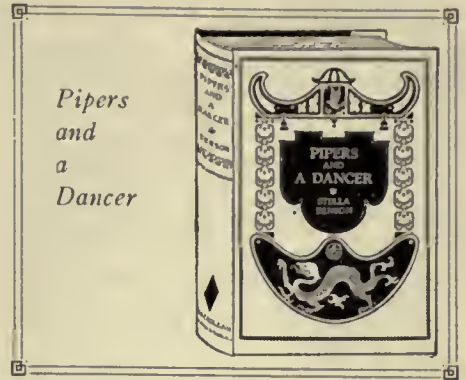
THE NIGHT HAS A  
THOUSAND EYES

*The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.*

*The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.*

—FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF MODERN LYRICS,  
selected by *Laurence Binyon.* *Macmillan*  
*Co. \$1.75.*



## AVIATION AND COMMERCE

IT's all here in a "nut-shell!" Maps, plates of illustrations as well as schedules and data from government statistics are included. Aviation is a subject little known about and yet one of those very important steps in civilization which is bound to effect the entire world—the defeat of time! That means commercial advantage. In his book, Mr. Kennedy strives to point out the need of co-operation in furthering this great movement which is yet so young—to make the air transportation business a profitable venture. Not only does he deal with the economics of transportation but he traces clearly the history of air-devices of movement. His facts are based on an extensive research in the economics of aviation and a personal study of air transportation conditions in Europe as well as America. Californians will find an added delight in the proposed air route for passengers from Los Angeles to San Francisco. If you want a thing ready for you in a nut-shell you should read this absorbingly interesting study.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ECONOMICS OF  
AIR TRANSPORTATION by *Thomas Hart*  
*Kennedy.* *Macmillan, \$2.00.*

## A BOOK OF PLAYS

WE LIKE to claim Colin Campbell Clements here in the West, and in spite of his present residence on the Atlantic coast it is possible that Mr. Clements is not averse to the claim. OVERLAND particularly would emphasize the placing of this rising writer of plays as a Westerner, for Mr. Clements—like so many others who later found fame—made his early appearance in the pages of OVERLAND MONTHLY. Indeed, one of the plays in this latest volume of his is based on an OVERLAND story. Mr. Clements says: "Yesterday" which the author has made into a play in one act was first published in OVERLAND MONTHLY as a short story. The play was first acted by Henrietta Crosman and Tom Wise."

The volume, to which the author has given the title "Plays for Pagans," contains five plays, *The Haiduc, Harlequin, Yesterday, Spring!, and Four Who Were Blind.* The introduction is by Robert Hillyer, who in his closing paragraph says: "This expression of universal ideas and emotions through a single character is art itself. A writer must not only transport us to distant lands of the imagination, no matter how far he takes us, but he must also bring us face to face with ourselves, our own thoughts, our own feelings, revealed in their true grandeur, mediocrity, or absurdity. In realizing this theory, Mr. Clements has shaped his material into enduring form."

PLAYS FOR PAGANS, by *Colin Campbell Clements,* author of *Plays for a Folding Theatre.* *D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.*



## DIAMOND DICK OUTDONE

A tale which finds itself an outlaw when bound in the lurid paper covers of the old time Nick Carter or Diamond Dick series, takes on respectability when bound in cloth and put forth by a standard house. John Masefield has written literature, and his presentation of the story of Sard Harker is splendidly written—its one redeeming feature. For certainly Masefield takes his hero through a series of astounding adventures never equalled since the days of the aforementioned boyhood thrillers.

The start of the story is promising, opening with all the material for a splendidly strong novel. And then Masefield's imagination runs riot, to the spoiling of the story for one who cares for a well-constructed tale. Yet it is interesting, keenly so; full of color and with an over-plus of action. It is doubtful if you will lay the book down before it is finished. Those Nick Carter stories were fascinating, you know!

SARD HARKER, by John Masefield. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

## AFTERWAR YOUTH!

WHAT is what one gets in "The White Monkey," and we feel that England's youth isn't so different from our own—restless, with the strong, true pulse beneath the surface of rippling affectations. Sir Lawrence said Fleur had the collecting habit and Michael must look out—"in a collector's house there's always a lumber-room for old junk, and husbands are liable to get into it." Well, Fleur did collect people. She really didn't know why—that was the ripple on the surface but underneath was the real true woman—and all that Michael thought she was. Then there is Wilfred the poet, who loved Fleur and told Michael. What a man! Can you imagine it, and a husband meeting the situation; manly, without a reaction to the beast? Well, you have it in "The White Monkey." And you have more—you have the story of Bicket, the packer for Michael. I like, personally, Mr. Galsworthy in his novels, better than his plays. He seems to get to the personality and heart of his characters as well as his readers.

THE WHITE MONKEY by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner and Son. \$2.00.

## CHINA

HERE is an interesting crowded volume of 356 pages, superbly illustrated. The author has spent years in China, living among the Chinese and taking part in their upheavals. He is an expert journalist and a born traveler who knows the inmost heart of the people of whom he writes—as nearly as West can know the East. The exact title of the book is, "In The Land of the Laughing Buddah," with the subtitle, "The Adventure of an American Barbarian in China."

Upton Close, whose real name is Josef Washington Hall, tells the strange incident which made him choose Upton Close to write under and gives us a touch of the strong hand of the Japanese in China. It is a story of political China, dealing rather largely with the activities of the Japanese and mingled between data is a strong current of humor and courage. One can not help but enjoy it, if they are interested in China of yesterday, of today, and of tomorrow.

IN THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDAH by Upton Close. Putnam and Sons. (Our copy gives no price.)

## ODDS AND ENDS

PAPER, progress and prosperity; reforestation and magazines; denuding forests and books; forest fires and newspapers; unprincipled lumbermen and dainty letter paper, pulp mills and calling cards; how often we are warned that retrenchment is necessary, if we would not have the supply of paper fail!

No more in this generation need we worry over the supply failing, or even growing less? December *Review of Reviews* assures us that: "that national forests of Alaska can yield two million tons of print paper each year perpetually." *Perpetually*. That is a long time. The writer of the article, E. A. Sherman, Associate Forester, United States Forest Service, adds to the statement: "so long as the sun shines, rain falls, and her land stands above the sea."

As if that were not sufficiently encouraging, the January number of the same magazine tells us that redwood trees are now being raised in much the same way that a farmer raises a crop of hay, and that four million young redwoods were raised during the past season, in California. I do not know if the redwood is available for books and papers, but if it is we have the assurance from S. R. Black, secretary of the California Forest Protective Association, that the supply will be unlimited at home even if Alaska should drop out of sight.

A splendid tribute is given to "Seelye of Smith" by Vida D. Scudder, in *The New Republic* January 14th. To quote: "It is a great story, that of Smith College, and Dr. Seelye was a great educator." It is refreshing to read of an educator being given praise. Publishers for the past few years have given much space to flaws in our educational systems, and writers generally have seemed happiest when they are paid for sarcastic ridicule.

February *Century* gives the conclusion of Donn Byrne's: "An Untitled Story." Reminds one forcibly of Robert Dickens' story of some years ago. A reader can understand the attitude of the woman, for she had little foundation for any but the life she persisted in returning to, a form of selfishness that can be brutally cruel. However one regrets that the author did not make of his hero the splendid man that life and his endowments intended he should be. The real love of a man for a real woman should help him overcome and not be overcome. If it were not the real love so much the more reason he should overcome. It is so difficult to realize that an episode in life is *only* an episode, so real does it seem at the time of experience.

*Harper's* gives Part One, January number, of reminiscences by Jesse R. Grant: "A Boy in the White House." Plentifully illustrated, it makes interesting reading of those stirring times.

"Sons" by B. H. Lehman—unusual, fine. Typifies the 'co-operativeness' that should exist among humans, and which would make such a wonderful world to live in if it were more universally practiced.

"Wavering Gold," a second prize story, is printed in this number. It was written by Edwin S. Babcock. Deals with primitive conditions and peoples. It rouses a query in my mind. We are constantly admonished concerning illiteracy. We are urged to speak correct English. We are advised to remember the "g" in words ending with that letter and told to eschew numerous other provincialisms. Then why pay large sums to perpetuate the atrocities?

IF I were the editor of the New York Herald-Tribune, Herbert Asbury would get his pink envelope of dismissal the first morning after I read "Up From Methodism" written by the employe of that newspaper, for, and published in the American Mercury for February. Any person who will so flout his progenitors, is scarcely worthy the confidence that should be placed in a servant of the people; those for whom he is supposed to obtain truthful reports of occurrences.

Musical emotionalism is no new subject, as witness the prescribed Kreuter Sonata of some years ago, but most authors have too much pride to drag in their own parents to "point a moral." The story is a boomerang, and recoils upon the writer. Of the Mencken-Nathan combination which fosters (and festers) such copy . . .!

An editorial in the same number by one of the Jean-Henry hyphenate, begins, "What ails this world mainly." Possibly too much Mercury.

A fine number—*Scribner's* for February. John Hays Hammond's: "Strong Men of the Wild West," leads the way to a series of thoroughly enjoyable articles and stories, with diversification of subject matter, with Gamaliel Bradford, Thomas Boyd and H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, "among those present" in the list of writers of contents.

GRANT OVERTON in the February *Bookman* discusses in his department, among other topics, "Provincialisms of the Mind." He regrets the lack of ancient lore in contemporary literature, calling the output "thin and dull." True it is that "thin must be the imagination, and restricted the area of readers who browse only among the works of writers whose universe is bounded by the edge of the passing moment." However, does it never occur to the critic that readers sometimes resent the attitude taken by many such writers that their readers are not informed upon the "ancient lore with which they are steeped," and who seem to say it is they only, who "are the people"! Why not insist that writers give samples of tables of addition, multiplication, and division, lest some reader might fear that the author were uninformed upon the subject? Libraries are filled with books of information, schools give "foundational" instruction in literature of all ages, and lessons are be-spattered with references for further study. The writer who in this age feels called upon to fill page after page with pedantry, is rightfully dubbed an egotist. Write of this day and age, tell every wonderful event, that posterity may browse and be satisfied; but do not think it necessary to re-write what has been so well done in the past, and that has been preserved for us and for posterity. Because one does not air all the languages in conversation is no sign that he may not be well versed in them. Because one does not quote Homer, and reel off Shakespeare's plays and sonnets, does not mean that he is not well informed upon the literature of the ages. Anyone may go to an encyclopedia and prepare a learned treatise, but it takes a wide-awake, up-to-date typewriter presided over by a wide-awake, up-to-date set of digits to catch and preserve for posterity the wonders of this glorious Today of the Here and Now. It needs little embellishment of "ancient lore" to make it absorbing and informative.

—Ada Kyle Lynch.



# Naming the Northwest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110)

Rosalia, but Spanish names did not stick, apparently.

Meares got a view of this mighty landmark from the ocean, and declaring that it was "fit to be the home of the gods," called it Olympus, the name it now bears and will carry always, without dispute, because of its convincing poetic value.

The first sight of Mount Baker moved Vancouver to an extended mention of it, but the discovery of the most magnificent of all mountains, the great white dome, which is the most conspicuous natural object, in its solitary grandeur and dazzling purity of color, on the continent, was recorded in his journal in an amazingly indifferent and commonplace manner.

This was the evening of Monday, May 7, 1792, and he wrote:

"The horizon was occupied by islands, or land appearing much broken. The weather was serene and pleasant, and the country continued to exhibit, between us and the eastern snowy

range (The Cascades) the same luxuriant appearance. At its northern extremity, Mount Baker, bore by compass N. 22 E; the round snowy mountain, now forming its southern extremity, and which, after my friend Rear Admiral Rainier, I distinguished by the name of MOUNT Rainier, bore S. 42E."

That was all. The "round snowy mountain"—what a description for the God of all mountains, the lordliest landmark, that lifts its crown above all the inspiring region over which it is undisputed monarch!

So Rainier it is upon all the maps and charts, and Rainier it will no doubt remain, for neither geographic boards nor congresses of the United States seem disposed to alter Vancouver's work in Northwest nomenclature.

Joseph Whidbey sailed around the largest island in Puget Sound proving it to be an island. In honor of the fact, Vancouver wrote June 10, "and in consequence of Mr. Whidbey's cir-

cumnavigation, I distinguish by the name of WHIDBEY'S ISLAND."

A simple and somewhat primitive, a wholly commonplace and unimaginative method of supplying geographic names to an interesting and picturesque region.

So Vancouver sailed away, but the mountains, the islands and the natives, the siwashes, remained.

For nearly half a century the land slept, visited now and then, by a chance, roving trader, a lone fur hunter, attached to some one of the successive and rival fur companies, occasionally invaded the peacefulness of the scene. Then came the Hudson Bay Company to plant a great establishment where the plains of the Nisqually meet the waters of Whulge. It prospered for a number of years, but Puget Sound was part of the Oregon Country, and the Oregon Country had seized the imagination and fired

(Continued on page 138)

## Music and Musicians

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, M.M.

THAT there may be American opera it is not necessary that the subjects be indigenous to our country. To use our language is sufficient, yet if our opera is to serve—as all art should—as history, then the more intimate idea given of our race and customs the more valuable the opera will be as a document. And, after all, why should not our librettists use the material which lies ready to their hand? The themes of the European librettists are worn threadbare. In our folk-lore, in the legends and stories of the countryside, in our history of pioneering and exploration—yes, in the life of today—lies treasure for those who will delve.

That the document may be valuable it must be authentic, and so the writer must be willing to undergo the toil of research, and this most of them are eager and anxious to do. Already our libraries hold half a score and more of operas which are American in every sense of the word. Is there any reason, then, why the ten or more opera companies formed or forming should not open their season with an American opera? Each might choose a different score, thus presenting a greater variety of subject, arousing wider interest and giving deserved expression to more of our native composers.

Among the operas of American legendary theme ready for use are these:

The Sun God.....Hugo  
Shanewis.....Cadman  
Alglala.....De Leone  
Natoma.....Herbert  
Last of the Aztecs.....Kerrison  
Poia.....Nevin

Mona.....Parker  
Indian Legend.....Lieurance  
The Snake Woman.....Seymour  
Winona.....Bimboni  
The White Buffalo Woman.....Grubb-Farners  
The White Bird.....Carter  
The Witch of Salem.....Cadman  
Rip Van Winkle.....de Koven

But these are not all which might be included legitimately under the head of American opera. There are, in all, about eighty of recognized merit. Suppose from them a program were to be arranged for an American Music-Drama Week, as is suggested below. The operas listed may have substituted for them any other twelve American scores of merit. Think what it would mean to our native composers and librettists to have a week of opera, American composed and sung in our own tongue.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR AN AMERICAN MUSIC-DRAMA WEEK

Monday  
The Temple Dancer.....Hugo  
The Snow Bird.....Stearns  
Legend of the Piper.....Freer  
Tuesday  
Castle Agrazant.....Lyford  
Wednesday  
The Echo.....Patterson  
The Witch of Salem.....Cadman  
Thursday  
Yolando of Cyprus.....C. Loomis  
Friday  
Cleopatra's Night.....Hadley  
The White Bird.....Carter  
Saturday Matinee  
Madeleine.....Herbert

Shanewis.....Cadman  
Saturday Evening

Rip Van Winkle.....de Koven

And there is an occasional ray of light. The New York *Morning Telegraph* has commissioned its music critic, Theodore Stearns, to finish at the paper's expense his grand opera "Atlantis." This seems to be an unprecedented act on the part of a newspaper. Surely if a newspaper will thus financially back an American composer of opera, there must be wealthy patrons whose patriotism will impel them to do likewise.

The Pennsylvania Federation of Music Clubs is sponsoring a production of Cadman's "Shanewis." The San Carlo Opera Company is planning to give on tour the DeLeon-Fanning American opera "Alglala." "Sahkara," an American opera by Simon Bucharoff, the libretto by Isabel Buckingham of Chicago, has received a successful premiere in Frankfurt. (Why should it not be given here?) In Lincoln, Nebraska, a charming American operetta by the conductor-composer Howard Kirkpatrick, libretto by H. B. Alexander, has had production. And soon to receive premiere are these American operas: "Castle Agrazant," by Ralph Lyford of Cincinnati; "The Echo," by Frank Patterson of Portland, Oregon.

This is encouraging as indicating an awakening recognition of the value of our own art. With united action this country might soon have a music-drama of its own equal to any. The United States of America would then take its place in the international music world.



the hearts of the westward moving American pioneers.

One day, between the trappers and the settlers, there came a poet who dreamed by camp fires at night, and by day wrote notes in a journal as he drifted from horizon to horizon.

But the book which that poet wrote was left behind to become an imperishable part of the literature of the Northwest, a protest in fanciful imagery against the drabness of Vancouver's unimaginative naming of the Northwest, a single lone voice, it was, unheard for years; but a voice that in time found an echo.

Theodore Winthrop journeyed to California in '52, and while there felt the lure of the Beyond. It was the Oregon Trail and the Far Northwest that tugged at the strings of his imagination.

One day in 1853 he landed at Victoria and crossed Juan De Fuca Straits to Port Townsend, called Kahl-tai by the Clallams, or S'klallams, who lived there, rechristened Port Townsend by Vancouver, as he says, Page 76 of his journal, "in honor of the noble Marquis of that name."

Winthrop took exception at once to Vancouver's geographical nomenclature, duly recording his protest in a record of his journeyings from Port Townsend to Nisqually by canoe and from Nisqually through the Cascades, over the ancient Indian highways by pony to the Dalles, where he joined a party eastbound over the Oregon Trail.

The author was killed June 10, 1861, with a bullet through the heart on the battle field of Great Bethel, but the record of his travels was given to the world in a poetic volume, *Canoe and Saddle*, a book that has subsequently passed through many editions.

The word Tacoma was used by the author in this record, full seventeen years before that city was founded.

It was in 1884 that the Northern Pacific Railway, then under the control of the brilliant, spectacular and visionary Villard, saw the use that could be made of this narrative in advertising its far western terminus, Tacoma, the City of Destiny.

The birth of the Rainier-Tacoma controversy occurred then and there.

Winthrop's first sight of the magnificent mountain from the opening of Commencement or Puyallup Bay is given a beautiful and poetic description in his journal. It was probably written by the light of a campfire that night, or else as he journeyed leisurely on to Nisqually that day.

"We had rounded a point, and opened Puyallup Bay," he wrote, "a breadth

of sheltered calmness, when I, lifting sleepy eyelids for a dreamy stare about, was suddenly aware of a vast white shadow in the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, as my stare, no longer dreamy, presently discovered,—no cloud but a cloud compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of white snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deep of tranquil water. The smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lesser ridges, and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear blue noonday sky. The shore drew a cincture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the mist. The same girth separated the peak from its reflection over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it.

Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and the south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms, each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine-darkened sierra of the Cascade Mountains,—above the lovely vales of the Willamette and Umpqua. Of all the peaks from California to Fraser River, this one before me was royalist. Mount Regnier (Winthrop's mistake) Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the siwash call it Tacoma,—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks. Whatever keen crests and crags there may be in its rock anatomy of basalt, snow covers softly with its bends and sweeping curves. Tacoma, under its ermine, is a crushed volcanic dome, or an ancient volcano fallen in, and perhaps as yet not wholly lifeless. The domes of snow are stateliest. There may be more of feminine beauty in the cones, and of masculine force and hardihood in the rough pyramids, but the great domes are calmer and more divine; and, even if they have failed to attain absolute dignified grace of finish, and are riven and broken down, they still demand our sympathy for giant power, if only partially victor. Each form—the dome, the cone, and the pyramid—has its type among the great snow peaks of the Cascades.

"And now let the Duke of York drowse, the Duchess cease awhile longer her choking chant, and the rest nap it on their paddles, floating on the image of Tacoma. \* \* \* \* \*

"Exaltation such as the presence of the sublime and the solemn heights arouse, we dwellers eastward cannot have as an abiding influence. Other things we may have, for Nature will not let herself anywhere be scorned; but only mountains, and chiefest the giants of snow, can teach whatever lessons there may be in vaster distances and deeper depths of palpable ether in lonely grandeur without desolation, and in the illimitable, bounded within an outline. Therefore, needing all these emotions at their maximum, we were compelled to make pilgrimages back to the mountains of the Old World,—

commodiously as may be when we consider sea-sickness, passports, Murray's redcovers, and li-less Britons everywhere. Yes, back to the Old World we went, and patronized the Alps, and nobly satisfying we found them. But we were forced to inspect also the heritage of human institutions, and such a mankind as they had made after centuries of opportunity, and very sadly depressing we found the work, so that, notwithstanding many romantic joys and artistic pleasures, we came back malcontent. Let us, therefore, develop our own world. It has taken us two centuries to discover our proper West across the Mississippi, and to know by definite hearsay that among the groups of the Rockies are heights worth notice.

"Farthest away in the West, as near the western sea as mountains can stand, are the Cascades. Sailors can decry their landmark summits firmer than cloud, a hundred miles away. Kulshan, misnamed Mount Baker by the vulgar, is their northernmost buttress, up at 49° and Fraser River. Kulshan is an irregular, massive mound-shaped peak, worthy to stand a white emblem of perpetual peace between us and our brother Britons. The northern regions of Whulge and Vancouver Island have Kulshan upon their horizon. They saw it blaze the winter before this journey of mine; for there is fire beneath the Cascades, red war suppressed where the peaks, symbols of truce, stand in resplendant quiet. Kulshan is best seen, as I saw it one afternoon on that same August, from an upland of Vancouver Island, across the glimmering waters of the Georgian Sound and far above its belt of misty gray pine-ridges. The snow line here is at 5000 feet and Kulshan has as much height in snow as in forest and vegetation. Its name I got from the Lummi tribe at its base, after I had dipped in their pot at a boiled-salmon feast. As to Baker, that name should be forgotten. Mountains should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds, nor by the prefix Mt. Mt. Climborazo, or Mr. Dhawalaghiri seems as feeble as Mr. Julius Caesar, or Signor Dante."

None can read that protest without a feeling of regret that Vancouver was so solemnly unimaginative when he gave to the charts, maps, and geographies of the world such names as he applied to the noble mountains, bays, islands, inlets and promontories of Puget Sound and its envioning region.

But whatever the regret, or whatever the effort to undo his work, Vancouver's naming of the Northwest still stands, a monument to painstaking effort and honest industry in the work of exploration which gave to the world the first hint of the extent, topography, climate, resources, and charm of this region, known to the world today as the Pacific Northwest of North America; for what is now the British Northwest was included in the wilderness explored and charted by him.



## OVERLAND'S BEST STORY OF 1924

THE OVERLAND PRIZE for the best short story published in its columns during 1924 has been awarded to "THE DRUMS," by Grace Jones Morgan; second place being given to "The FRIENDLY HOUSE," by Torrey Connor; and third place to "THE DREAM HOUSE," by Marcia Hume.

The judges to whom the stories of the year were first submitted, Mrs. W. C. Morrow of San Francisco, and Lucy Lockwood Hazard of Mills College, were widely at variance in their choice, each selecting an entirely different list of five. The ten stories thus selected were then submitted to Mrs. Camilla Kenyon, novelist and short story writer of Berkeley, who made the final decision.

The judges, in each instance, were requested to give the greater weight in formulating their decision to the literary excellence of the stories. Those considered by the judges, in addition to those named above, were—not as given place—"The Truth About Dan Kirtley," by Ralph Andrews; "The Man Who Went Back," by Paul Adams; "The Surgeon's Fry," by Jay G. Sigmund; "Corbiestanes," by Nora Archibald Smith; "Revenge," by Miriam Allen deFord; "Wrapped Death," and "The Avenging Joss," by James Frederick Kronenberg.

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## CASUAL MURDER

(Continued from page 112)

Genevieve—back to the pantry window—"Can't find her."—"Been to the brook?" "No'm"—gallop away.—Along the path and peek through the bushes because someone was talking. Genevieve. But who else.

"How big Ella has grown, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—and Ella knows how to pretend—don't you Ella? You and the baby sit under the tree while Ella and me pretend, Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—there—now let's pretend I'm going up to Halifax with you—"

But the bushes were laughing, the bushes were tittering, the bushes said, "GEN-vieve"! A blonde head appeared—"You're a silly—Genevieve's a silly—nuts—bugs—bats—in the-belfry,—that's what—NUTS!—Where are they?—Who you talking to?—"

"Oh—they're-gone—"

Again that night the call went up to Halifax—"Mrs. Jardy-Wolf"—and the black corners seemed to echo "Mrs. Jardy".—"I have a secret—I want to tell—please come—"—but though she waited with her eyes wide open for a very long time, and the katydids were most insistent, Mrs. Jardy did not come! She did not come.

Right after breakfast the next morning away sped Genevieve to the brookside. The katydids were not talking but everything felt as though they were. "Mrs. Jardy-Wolf—I love you—come down from Halifax to hear my secret—" But she waited until the sun beat its warm way through the trees and Mrs. Jardy in her purple had not come.

And that night—and the next—and in the fall—and when ice covered the brook—the word went forth to Halifax and returned unto her void. Mrs. Jardy-Wolf never came again.

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# A House Divided

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122)

"Sh!" said the girl mysteriously. "Yer ma's comin'. I don't want her t' see me!"

Julia, intuitively certain that serious matters were thrusting themselves upon an already darkened scene, drew Virginia, cloak, mud and all, up the stairs, and into her own room.

"Whisper!" she commanded. "What is it all about?"

"I don't know what it means, but there was a boy from Perry Township way came t' see Adam this mornin', I saw him over the line fence close t' our house. I was in the shed near to the field. I couldn't hear 'em, but Adam purty nigh fit with him."

"Fought!" corrected Julia mechanically.

"Yes," said Virginia. "And I think it was about some—girl," she added.

Julia's heart stopped, then went on beating, wildly and more wildly.

"What did the boy look like?" she asked.

"He was tall, and red haired, and he had a shot gun, and—"

"That's enough, Virginia," said Julia in a low tone. "I was afraid it was—" She broke off here, and felt suddenly fearful that she had said too much; but Virginia seemed not to have caught any subtler indications of her story.

"And the man said he was comin' back tomorrow to see Adam again. He said Adam would have to be makin' up his mind awful quick or—"

"Or what?" demanded Julia.

"He said something about tar and feathers."

"Oh!" cried the girl. She hid her face a moment in her hands. Adam's desperate situation now fully dawned upon her. What was she to do?

Sounds from below warned her of the entrance of the other members of her family. There was the clank of milk pails, the hum of the cream separator in the milk house, the tramping to and fro of heavy feet. Outside the frogs and katydids filled the night with their ceaseless and monotonous medley of treble cadences, while the mournful diapason of the night-wind moaned softly underneath. A round moon, hurtling through a scudding drift of low-lying clouds, cast a pale light upon the now otherwise darkened room, for by now the last pale light of sunset had faded from the sky.

There was a creaking of the stair-door, and her mother cried shrilly.

"Julia!"

The daughter made a sign of silence, there was a pause, a ringing stillness, and the door closed with an echoing slam.

"Was there any more, Virginia?" she asked anxiously. "You are a good girl to tell me this."

"That's all, Miss Brock. I thought you'd like to know."

"Like to know!" echoed Julia with an unhappy little laugh.

"But I can't stay any longer. Pa'll be gettin' scared," said Virginia.

## ONE MOMENT

IF life is so very short for love.  
My heart, denied,  
Upon a silver cross of years  
Is crucified.

—Margaret Skavlan.

"You can go out by the front door, —they can't hear you when the separator is going. Come!"

Stealthily they made their way out. Virginia sped home, down the rainy road. Julia took a detour around the corner of the house and came in at the kitchen door with a bunch of snowballs off the tree at the corner by the rain-barrel.

Mrs. Brock confronted her peevishly.

"Now where can you have been, and me callin' you all over the house?" she expostulated. "Here you get home near bedtime, and not a dish touched. Ain't it enough that I slave and slave all day without havin' t' take on half of your share? She gathered the plates in one hand, knives and forks in the other, and moved toward the sink.

Rather than answer in her present frame of mind Julia escaped to the milk house. Adam was pouring the last pailful into the separator, the ratchet clicking a loud accompaniment to the singing of the whirling bowl. He set the pail down, grasped the handle again and gave a strong push upon it to regain proper speed. There was a pathetic droop to his shoulders as they rose and fell to the motion of the crank; and a pallor as of physical sickness shone on his haggard, boyish face as the light from a swinging tin lantern fell upon it. An odor of burning kerosene, warm milk and clover hay prevailed in the milk room, and

the separator droned steadily. Adam eyed her apathetically.

"Where's Phil?" Julia asked.

"Beddin' down the horses."

"Are you all through?"

"Yeah."

"Tired?"

"Dead." And Adam grinned at his own humor. He had no intention, apparently, of confiding in her.

"When you are finished, I want to talk to you, Adam," she said.

For a moment he forgot to turn the separator, but stood there, the ratchet clicking, while the machine sang a lower and lower tune.

"What for?" he demanded, and his jaw hung gaping.

"It's about you," she said quietly. "I'll be in the summer house."

Returning to the kitchen and her mother's incessant complaining, she assisted in righting the place for the night. Mrs. Brock then sought her own chamber on the ground floor, in the southeast corner of the ell. She did not say goodnight, that being a ceremonial unheard of in a family given wholly for decades to the most completely matter-of-fact interpretation of life. Julia caught up a light shawl and let herself quietly out of doors.

THE summer house, an octagonal structure with a peaked roof, composed of laths diagonally nailed in a lattice work around a narrow eight-sided bench, stood to the west of the house, and was surrounded by a dense clump of lilacs. As Julia entered the shadowy place, the musty odor of rotting boards came to her nostrils, mingled with a composite of sweet scents from the syringa and the tea-rose bushes that dripped nearby in the intermittent, windy rain. The moon, when not concealed by headlong troops of cloud, cast a complex system of parallelograms upon the yielding planking. A constant swishing of ivy about the eaves gave the final element of desolation to an atmosphere surcharged with tragedy.

In less than a minute, there was a stumbling step without, and Adam appeared, outlined in the doorway against the luminous night.

"You there, Jule?" he asked in a low, husky tone.

"Yes, here," she whispered. "Now don't let mother hear us."

Something confiding in her speech reassured Adam, for he sat down and asked, in the same voice:



"Well, Jule, what's the—what's on your mind?"

Julia hesitated a moment, but, resolving that there was no use beating about the bush, she drove directly into the subject.

"What did Bud Neith want today?"

Adam sprang to his feet. "Well, what's it to you?"

"A good deal, Adam," she replied steadily. "Do sit down."

Adam sat. In that instant all pretense went out of him.

"It's all up with me, Jule," he answered in a low tone, leaning forward to rest his elbow on his knees and hiding his face in his calloused young hands. Reaching forth, Julia felt his arm. The boy was trembling violently.

"Why do you say that?"

"Bud was after me—to marry—Madge."

There was a full minute of utter silence in the summer house. The rising wind whipped the vines about the fragile structure. The pines and spruces in the front yard moaned in the prolonged gusts. The cottonwoods uttered a throaty chorus in their tops, their lower leaves rattling briskly against each other. From the barn came the incessant bleating of a newly weaned calf. From the O'Hara place could be heard the yapping of a newly acquired shepherd pup—not yet appreciative of the perhaps too tender ministrations of Virginia. And over all and through all sounded the patter of the rain, played upon by distant flashes of lightning. Dimly conscious of the melancholy night about her, Julia caught mentally at the steadying forces of her will, that she might not cry out.

She saw the situation in one flash of cruel intuition. But she also that this was no time for rebuke. Adam, his drooping figure dimly visible, was the personification of melancholy despair. He seemed dazed.

"I was goin' t' light out, Jule, this very night."

"You aren't that sort, Adam," said the sister.

"What?" he demanded, straightening up and peering into her face.

"We Brocks aren't the kind to run."

"We Brocks!" Adam exclaimed, half incredulous, half sneering.

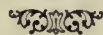
"What there are left of us," she said, and instantly felt a sense of disloyalty to her father.

"What there are left," repeated Adam. "No, I—we—oughtn't to run. But it's in the family," and he laughed bitterly.

"You will see Madge tomorrow won't you?" asked the girl.

"She'll very likely see me."

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"No, don't leave it to her. She's—she's the woman in the case."

There was another silence. Adam sat whipping his cap abstractedly against his boot-leg.

"Jule," he asked at last, "ain't there goin' t' be some kind of a lecture or somethin'?"

"No—no lecture."

"Well, Jule, you are a brick," exclaimed Adam. "But what'll ma say?"

"You needn't bother about that. Just you get your license and marry Madge

before noon tomorrow. Then ma can have her say."

"And bring her home, here?"

"There is plenty of room in my chamber," said the girl. "I'll go back to my own little place under the eaves." And suddenly she felt the hot tears in her eyes and on her cheeks.

In his clumsy way the distraught Adam now attempted to calm the weeping girl. She pulled in an instant.

"Go on in now, Adam. There's a good deal to be done—tomorrow."

(Continued next month)



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## OUR MARCH CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 97)

the public library staff. Her poems have found place in various publications.

**ADA HILTON DAVIES** is a Southern girl who has found a home in California. She conducts a page in the *Berkeley Gazette*.

**E. LESLIE SPAULDING** has an adventurous background. He says: "You ask for biographical data. I hardly know what to give you. I am 35 years of age, born in Iowa but lived all over—Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Mexico, South America. Have been salesman, steward, stevedore, insurance agent, lawyer and embalmer. . . . The idea for "Driftwood" came to me one night on the beach in Calla Bay. I was working at the time on a little Norwegian tramp boat." He is at present at McGregor, Iowa.

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**FIELDS OF FAITH**, by Chrichton Clarke. Macoy Publishing Co., N. Y. \$1.00 net.



## BENEATH HAT PEAK

(Continued from page 116)

"That's all," he added gravely, as he crept into McCabe's arms.

Five minutes later he was asleep, his chubby body pressed close to McCabe, his damp curls clinging to his white forehead. Carefully McCabe shifted the warm weight to his other arm and going to the wagon dragged out a ragged quilt and spreading it on the grass laid the child on it. Then gathering up his few camp utensils, he packed them together as usual. For more than an hour he paced back and forth waiting for the moon to rise. As the edge of the gleaming disc appeared, he whistled to his horse. His hands shook, as he threw on the saddle and tightened the girths. As he was about to mount, some wild creature prowling about in the ravine, uttered a long drawn cry, full of challenging savagery.

"I can't do it," declared McCabe thickly. "I thought I could but I can't! There ain't nobody liable to come through here for years. They ain't my kids but I can't leave 'em to starve."

Dismounting, he pulled the saddle from his horse and set him free again.

"I could take Billy with me," he

thought. "He's a smart little kid and big enough to git along someway, but I can't take a baby. I've shirked responsibility all my life and done as I pleased, but I guess I'm tied this time. If 'twas grown ups, I'd let 'em shift for themselves, but a couple of kids—" He paused expressively.

When the moon had fully risen, he made a trip to the ravine and brought back all that was left of Billy's "Daddy." Before he could finish digging a shallow double grave, the baby awoke and set up a plaintive demand for nourishment, and he warmed milk and fed it.

"There ain't enough for but one more feed," he announced grimly. "Before noon tomorrow you'll have to suck your thumbs; there won't be nothin' else left for you."

Slowly the night wore away and a faint gray blur showed in the East. Slouching against the wagon wheel, McCabe opened his eyes and stared about him. Ruthlessly he awoke Billy and gave him his breakfast.

"Are we goin' to ride?" asked Billy delightedly, as McCabe once more bridled and saddled his handsome brown horse. "Are you goin' to harness Jerry and old Whitey, too?"

"I guess we'll leave Jerry and



Whitey here for a spell," said McCabe patiently, as he tucked the sleeping baby into one of the saddle bags and swung Billy up in front of him.

Stepping lightly, the brown horse passed the patch of fresh earth by the wagon and went on into the ravine.

Five hours later, when the rays of the sun had become like javelin points and the heat waves were beginning to shimmer in the canons, a squat thick-set man with a stubble of gray beard covering his heavy jaw, rode along the Hat Peak trail. Several times he got down from his horse and peered at the ground. Climbing stiffly into the saddle after one of these periods of investigation, he gave a hoarse grunt of surprise. Not ten yards away from him stood a brown horse as motionless as if it had been carved from the rock behind it. Cradled in the arms of its rider, was a sleeping child while from one of the saddle bags issued a penetrating wail.

"I 'lowed you'd be along pretty soon, Syd," said McCabe cheerfully. "I've been settin' here waitin' for you."

The bewhiskered man tried to speak and failed. "I hope you ain't goin' to faint away, or anything," continued McCabe, "because I've got two kids and twenty thousand dollars I want to turn into your keepin'."

Old Syd looked from the tiny red face of the baby to the sleeping Billy. Taking out a huge bandana handkerchief, he blew his nose with a noise like a fog horn.

"Well, you're sure a white man, Dan McCabe, to risk your liberty for a couple of kids," he declared gruffly.

"Shucks, no," said McCabe. "I got tired of playin' nurse maid; that's all."

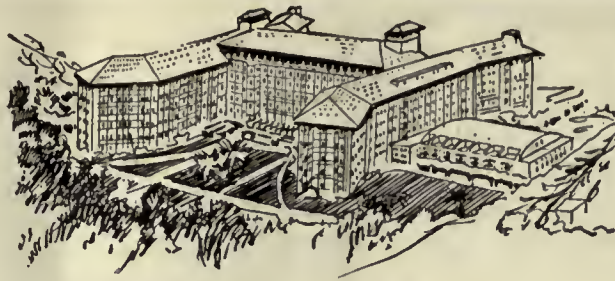
## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 125)

lost to the world. They were all sad, dealing chiefly with dying cowboys out on the lone prairie, coyotes howling in the background, a riderless horse standing steadfast by his master's side, head bowed to the fierce blizzard that swept moaningly across the desolate plains.

But, alas, I did not sell a single one! Finally, feeling that I had been deceived in thinking there was money in poetry—the fifteen cents must have been a heaven-sent accident—I burned the book with the glorious red rose on the cover page, and turned my attention to other affairs.

(Continued Next Month)



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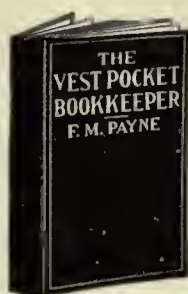
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Overland Monthly and  
Out West Magazine

### RICH

(Continued from page 130)

patch of gravel.' With his brown hand the boy indicated a rocky bed from which sprang a few straggling shrubs. "Now watch me," he continued, and drawing a green hazel nut from his pocket he sent it sailing across the space. Suddenly there was a flutter of wings then a gray and white checkered bird arose from the bed of rocks. "Night hawk, it's 'bout due to hatch. A feller has a hard time findin' the eggs, they're speckled almost exactly like the rocks. It's great to listen to 'em nights when they come swooping through the air.

"Now I went and did it, scared my cotton tail. Every morning he comes and sits at the edge of that there bush, all you have to do is to whistle and he pricks up his ears, then if I sit very still he gets sort of curious and comes towards me.

"It's queer, this game of life, ain't it, mister? I can't figure it out; ma says all a feller is got to do is to play it square. It sort of chokes me at times, makes me feel shivery inside. Sometimes I wish I was rich like you city guys, nothin' to worry about; when I grow up I will be, see if I don't."

Just then a mongrel pup came nosing through the underbrush. Here, purp!" the boy called, and closing his knife with a snap he leaped from the rail fence.

"Come down to the house and I'll show you my pet coon," the boy flung over his shoulder as he started down the path. "Had a exciting time catching him. Purp treed him and when I got there he was in the tip-top limb, hangin' on for dear life. He was only a baby so I dropped my twenty-two and climbed up after him. I tell you, Mister, he gave me a hard tussle, scratched me up some before I got him home; 'course pa gets mad every time he gets loose and kills a chicken, but ma says he's so cute pa dasn't dare kill it."

The man's faded eyes wistfully followed the vanishing boy and there was a new expression in his care-worn face. "Rich, lad!" He spoke softly under his breath. "Oh, boy, if you only knew how rich you are, far richer than any man can ever hope to be."

### OREGON

(Continued from page 113)

gathering places of literary celebrities distinguished actors and artists, political leaders, and it is estimated that over three thousand of them were in existence within a period of fifty years after the first was begun. There is no doubt that the opportunity for fellowship among kindred spirits must have been a marked blessing to them. Who can measure the influence on the literature which is our heritage from this close acquaintance? Who can measure the influence on history itself, from the mingling of these eager minds? Just as such institutions have a large and important place in the history of English literature, so today they have their counterparts, in such associations as Writers' Leagues, like those organized in Oregon and a few other states. Oregon is proud to have supplied a definite home for writers of literature—is anxious to establish a name for authors, not only for Oregon writers alone, but by arousing local interest be able to establish an ever-widening influence for culture.

Oregon is peculiarly fruitful soil for literary development. It has emerged from the primitive times of pioneer and fur-trader, but those days furnish an inexhaustible wellspring of romantic incident; of precious tradition. The writers of the state, no longer an unrecognized few, are drinking deep of the fount of inspiration that is theirs, and are doing good work in many fields of literary endeavor.

Mr. Hotchkiss, when questioned regarding results of the wide interest aroused by what his state is doing for her literary folk, said that while it was perhaps too early to speak of what he hoped for and expected in this regard, there was already a deeper interest displayed in Oregon's geniuses; a more manifest intention to recognize and encourage the struggling writers.

"While it is true," he continued, "as John B. Horner says in his book 'Oregon, Her History, Her Literature, Her Great Men,' that Oregon in the first half century of her statehood produced more literature than the original thirteen colonies combined, in the first fifty years of their existence, and while it is true that some of Oregon's early writers have been geniuses of the first water, yet I predict that the next fifty years will be an even more brilliant period of literary production."





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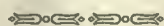
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VOLUME LXXXIII

APRIL, 1925

NUMBER 4

EDITORIAL STAFF  
HARRY NOYES PRATT  
EDITOR

FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN  
J. WILLIAM TERRY  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

MABEL MOFFITT  
MANAGER

## A PERSONAL NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

With the May issue of OVERLAND the magazine passes into the hands of new owners, new management, new editors. During the year and a half that I have been OVERLAND's editor the magazine has consistently endeavored to be representative of today's West, without forgetting the story and romance of the West which has passed. Particularly has OVERLAND endeavored to advance the interest of the Western artists, the painters and etchers and writers who so greatly deserve an encouragement sadly lacking here at home. In the measure that OVERLAND has accomplished this, in that measure I feel that the effort has been worth while.

And to those who have given so liberally of their time and talent to the re-building of Bret Harte's magazine I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation, bespeaking their support for the new management.

HARRY NOYES PRATT.

## OUR APRIL CONTRIBUTORS

ROCKWELL D. HUNT needs no introduction to those interested in California history, or in touch with California schools. A native Californian, Dr. Hunt has been for many years connected with the schools and colleges of his state. He is now a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California.

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# Lyman Dillon and His Plow

BY

MACKINLAY KANTOR

LYMAN DILLON is plowing tonight,  
And he bends  
Far out into the ridgy silence  
Where the known world ends;  
Far out into the weary wash  
Of broken winds, he goes plowing  
A black, long furrow—  
Over the hill, past the thicket  
Or the burrow of foxes or wolves.  
The prairie is bowing before the sight  
Of Lyman Dillon.

Thin hands that never felt the air  
Since they were buried there  
Before the Civil War,  
Are parting the sod in front of the plow:  
Like ghostly knives they cut.  
They have been reaping  
For their God until now. . .  
Someone else is weeping—but  
Dillon goes on ahead  
Cleaving the prairie, instead,  
On to the place where the dark river shows.

Now one can ever tell  
What wheat was sown in the country  
Where the old highway runs,  
Down to Iowa City . . .  
There were crops in the ground  
Which Dillon turned up with his prow:  
With never a sound or a shadow of pity  
He turned them up and under,  
While his bright blade slit the meadow asunder.

Forms as light as the wet stars  
That stare above, are running  
Ahead of the plow, and there is the brush  
Of feathers and jingle of metal—  
And the sweet hush of a bruised petal  
Turned toward the velvet sky.  
Things that live on the long ridges  
Are waiting at all the crossings,  
At all the bridges;  
People who dwell on a farm just beyond,  
Sleep through the night  
And no harm can come to them . . .  
They slumber silently,  
Not knowing a plowshare will pass  
Through the grass of their fields—  
Or that red men run swiftly  
Down to Anamosa, and leathery feet  
Beat and beat on the primary road.

What of the hates they had,  
And the hearts that were sad  
And the joys which were bursting?  
Forgotten, they are—and people lie  
Sleeping, sleeping and never thirsting.

High  
Out on a road that was made for the soldiers,  
Lyman Dillon goes plowing.  
With a sway of his shoulders  
And shadowy hips . . .  
The wind sings above, and the breath  
Of its unnoticed lips  
Is sighing and soughing.

NOTE—"Lyman Dillon and His Plow" is based on fact. With the beginning of the Westward movement from the more or less settled country bordering the Atlantic states, and the consequent flow of emigration on to the fertile plains of the Great Valley, the Government employed Lyman Dillon to plow a furrow from Dubuque to Iowa City as a guide for the surveyors who were to open up the country with a road.—EDITOR.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

AND

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Volume LXXXIII

APRIL, 1925

Number 4

### California and the Japanese Question

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

mention of one of the earliest known attempts to penetrate the "hermetically sealed Empire of Japan." It is as follows:

"As the reading world is not likely for some time to come, to be favored with an account of the conquest of opening of Japan by the naval forces of England, France or the United States, our readers on ship or shore may not be uninterested in the following facts and documents relating to the adventure of a sailor belonging to the

**C**ALIFORNIA and the Japanese Question" is a chapter from Dr. Hunt's forthcoming volume on the American Period of California History, to be published by the Lewis Publishing Company of Chicago in the series "California and Californians," planned to be in five large volumes. The volume on the Spanish and Mexican Period is being written by Nellie Vondegriest Sanchez of Oakland. Dr. Hunt is Editor in Chief of the series.—EDITOR.

American whaleship 'Plymouth' of Sag Harbor, Captain Edwards.

"If his plans were not upon so gigantic a scale, as those which might emanate from a 'Board of Admiralty' or a 'Naval Bureau', yet to answer his purpose, they certainly indicate some 'head work'.

"It appears that a man by the name of Ronald McDonald shipped on board the 'Plymouth' when she sailed from the United States. After remaining in the vessel two years, while at Lahaina in the fall of 1847, he requested his discharge, unless Captain Edwards would consent to leave him the next season somewhere upon the coast of Japan. Young McDonald is the son of Archibald McDonald, Esq., formerly in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Colville, Columbia. On application to the Agent of the Company in Honolulu, we learn that the young man received a good education, but instead of pursuing a mercantile life on shore, betook himself to the sea.

"Soon after the 'Plymouth' left Lahaina, he began to make arrangements and preparations for penetrating the hermetically sealed Empire of Japan. Captain Edwards allowed him to make choice of the best boat belonging to the ship. The carpenter partially decked her over. Having gathered his all together, he embarked upon his perilous and adventurous enterprise."

**I**N 1850 several members of the crew of a Japanese vessel that suffered shipwreck were rescued and brought to America; and there is little doubt that during the fifteen years following there were numerous cases of Japanese cast-offs being rescued and brought to our shores. Official reports indicate that between 1861 and 1870, 218 Japanese came to the United States. There is evidence of the beginnings of Japanese migration from Hawaii to the continent as early as 1870.

It was not until 1891 that the number of Japanese immigrants for one year exceeded one thousand. For the six years following the numbers were virtually constant; but for 1900 the astonishing number of 12,626 was recorded,—a number never exceeded in a single year. The United States Census figures, which are admittedly incomplete, state the number of Japanese residents in this country as follows:

|      |         |
|------|---------|
| 1870 | 55      |
| 1880 | 148     |
| 1890 | 2,039   |
| 1900 | 24,326  |
| 1910 | 72,157  |
| 1920 | 111,010 |

The first man said to have raised the cry "Japs must go" was Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, well known politician of San Francisco, who thus inveighed against the Japanese in 1886 when there were only about 400 in the entire State. Generally speaking, the treatment accorded the Japanese by the United States continued for half a century to be above reproach, in marked contrast to that of other nations, calling forth, in the words of Dr. S. L. Gulick, "a gratitude toward, friendship for, and confidence in, America that Americans cannot easily realize."

The first real opposition to Japanese immigration was voiced at a mass meeting held in San Francisco in 1900, when the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law was under consideration. The California Commissioner of Labor had found, after investigation, that the same objections that were

**T**HE history of the Japanese question in the United States, and particularly in California, has from the first been colored by the facts and feelings regarding the Chinese question. The Japanese in this country—fortunately or unfortunately—inherited much of the prejudice against the Chinese. But whereas the Chinese were good losers, the more aggressive Japanese have by no means proved so meek and docile. The average American was slow to discern the striking divergences between the two Oriental immigrant races.

From the early seventeenth century till the organization of the Imperial Government in 1868 emigration from Japan was prohibited. Indeed, the emigration of laborers was not definitely legalized till 1885. As is well known, Commodore M. C. Perry organized and commanded the memorable expedition to Japan in 1853, and by establishing treaty relations during the following year was instrumental in opening the country to Western influences. By this first treaty it was provided that

There shall be a perfect, permanent and universal peace and a sincere and cordial amity between the United States of America on the one part, and the Empire of Japan on the other and between their people respectively, without exception of persons and place.

As a token of the grateful appreciation of his distinguished service, there stands at Kurihama, Japan, a monument to Commodore Perry, on the very site where he landed and opened negotiations for the treaty. Within a few years Japan was open to trade and residence of the citizens of five world powers. Nevertheless she did not for a number of years alter the firm, age-long policy of emigration of Japanese.

Brief reference to the antecedents of any real immigration of Japanese into the United States reveals the fact that as early as 1841 three fishermen, having been blown to sea, had drifted to the American coast. An extract from *The Seamen's Friend*, dated at Honolulu, December 1, 1848, makes



being so vigorously declared against the Chinese might be applied to the Japanese. Moreover, it is to be noted that as a direct result of the acquisition of Hawaii by the United States (1898) there was a large influx of Japanese from the islands. Two years later an unprecedented total entered this country.

During the early spring of 1905 the Japanese problem was brought sharply before the people of California by a series of articles appearing in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Quickly following this successful newspaper campaign came the organization of the Asiatic Exclusion League, largely brought about by the initiative of the trades unions, which had long been so hostile to the Chinese. At the first Japanese exclusion meeting, held Sunday, May 7, 1905, a resolution was adopted protesting against "the national policy, laws and treaties which allow Japanese to enter our ports, to the great detriment of our citizenship, our standard of living and the progress of American citizenship."

#### *San Francisco School Controversy*

IN THE MEANTIME the San Francisco school controversy had arisen, and this was destined speedily to bring the question of Japanese immigration into California into international prominence. The Board of Education adopted a resolution declaring for the establishment of separate schools for Chinese and Japanese pupils. Before final action was taken in the matter, however, San Francisco experienced the great disaster of 1906. When the "separate school order" was at length passed, requiring the transfer of a majority of the ninety-three Japanese pupils in the public schools to the Oriental School,—difficult of access at the time,—the greatest indignation was aroused in Japan, and protests were promptly made to the Federal Government by the government of Japan.

With characteristic vigor President Roosevelt put himself in touch with the California authorities. The national government, he contended, was definitely concerned with two points involved in the controversy:

To meet every reasonable wish and every real need of the people of California or any other state in dealing with the people of a foreign power; and in the second place, itself exclusively and fully to exercise the right of dealing with this foreign power.

As soon as legislative or any other action in any state affects a foreign nation, then the affair becomes one for the Nation, and the State should deal with the foreign power purely through the Nation.

In accordance with the President's views and expressed wishes, the order

of the San Francisco School Board was rescinded, never having been carried into actual effect. But the anti-Japanese sentiment was not to be easily appeased. The newly organized Japanese and Korean Exclusion League urged the establishment of separate schools for Japanese children; and on October 11, 1906, the board of education passed a second resolution to the effect that after the fifteenth of that month Japanese children would be received only at the Oriental Public School. While this order involved only about 90 children, it was regarded as an affront to the honor of the Japanese race which could by no means pass unnoticed.

However, Elihu Root, Secretary of State, expressed the national view, namely, that the United States Government "would not allow any treatment of the Japanese people other than that accorded the people of other nations"; and President Roosevelt brought the question of the alarming agitation before Congress, declaring that he had authorized Secretary Metcalf of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to state to the San Francisco officials that—

The entire power of the Federal Government within the limits of the Constitution would be used promptly and vigorously to enforce the observance of our treaty, the supreme law of the land, which treaty guaranteed to Japanese residents everywhere in the Union full and perfect protection for their persons and property—and all the forces of the United States, both civil and military, which I could employ, would be employed.

The Japanese contended that under the treaty of 1894 their rights were being violated, and that their children of school age should be permitted to attend the schools on the same basis as children of other aliens.

IN JANUARY 1907 the Attorney-General of the United States brought two actions in California for the purpose of enforcing the treaty with Japan: by the first the members of the San Francisco Board of Education were cited to show cause why an injunction should not issue to compel the reinstatement of certain Japanese students who had been excluded from the schools; in the second Keickicki Aoki asked, through the Supreme Court of the State of California, that the principal of Redding Primary School be directed to admit him "on the ground that otherwise the rights guaranteed to him by the Treaty . . . were infringed."

The "schoolboy incident" was rapidly developing into an international issue. Mayor E. E. Schmitz of San Francisco and members of the school board journeyed to Washington for

conference with President Roosevelt, and a little later (March 14, 1907) the suits were dismissed, the Board of Education having rescinded the objectionable resolution and adopted a modified resolution that proved acceptable.

Notwithstanding the serious aspect of the school question, it was not a question of war,—such talk was pronounced by Secretary Root as "purely sensational and imaginative." Asserting that there was never even friction between the two governments, he added:

"The question was, What state of feeling would be created between the great body of the people of Japan as a result of the treatment given to the Japanese in this country?"

The time had come for our Government to take a comprehensive statesman-like view of all the questions of policy relating to immigration, to substitute a world view for local and temporary expedients. The inadequate policies of short-sighted and self-seeking politicians must be condemned, while at the same time the liberties and the happiness of the American people must be sedulously safeguarded. By the prompt and decisive action of President Roosevelt a diplomatic crisis was happily averted.

At the very time when the agitation over the San Francisco school question was at its height and during the months immediately following, Japanese laborers were arriving in California in such numbers as to bring alarm to the white laboring men, who were not slow in demanding some measure that would effectively restrict their unwelcome competitors. The hostile demonstrations—amounting at times to exhibitions of mob spirit—were such as to cause Ambassador Aoki to bring the agitation to the attention of President Roosevelt, who telegraphed Governor Gillett that the restrictive measures in the Legislature would strain the friendly relations with Japan, with which country he was negotiating for the exclusion of labor immigrants. Finally, upon this assurance, the troublesome bills were withdrawn from the Legislature.

#### *Enter the "Gentlemen's Agreement"*

THE RESULT of the negotiations with Japan was the famous "Gentlemen's Agreement," which became effective in 1908. Not being a signed document or a formal treaty, this was not published. On March 14, the President issued a proclamation which excluded from continental United States "Japanese or Korean laborers to Mexico, Canada, or Hawaii and come therefrom."

(Continued on page 172)



# Haiti

By ANNICE CALLAND

**H**AITI! Land of mystery, land of romance, evil, beautiful, secretive. Haiti! The Black Republic! A land where the black has strutted as king for over a hundred years; where he has had the opportunity of working out his own destiny and has achieved only a grotesque and pathetic farce. Haiti, the land of politeness, for the Haitians are nothing if not polite, never inflicting an unpalatable truth upon anyone.

About two years ago when our little steamer entered the Bay of Port au Prince and I saw the city of Port au Prince, a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, in the distance, nestled at the foot of towering mountains, shining white in the sun and fringing the deep purple bay, I thought it was all very beautiful. After traveling through the island from one end to the other, and visiting every part of it, I still think it one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. Even the deserts, for there are deserts in Haiti, have a beauty all their own, clothed in growths of giant cacti, mesquite and other vegetable growth peculiar to desert places.

Where the land has sufficient moisture luxuriant vegetation is found. Tropical fruits in abundance that thrive with little or no cultivation. Tropical flowers and birds that make the land a veritable paradise with its soft yellow penetrating sunshine and cooling sea breezes. Inland the climate is much warmer but not insufferable.

The Island of Haiti is very mountainous. Everywhere along the coast are high green mountains that frown upon the sea. A certain French nobleman is said to have described Haiti by crumpling a piece of stiff paper in his hand and throwing it upon a table. Indeed, the high mountains and the many subsidiary ridges cause a bird's-eye view of the greater part of the island to resemble a stiff paper when crumpled.

Several large rivers flow through these mountain valleys. The plains are very fertile. The Artibonite and Cul de Sac, being the largest. The rainfall is very heavy, but there is a wet and a dry season that varies greatly. One part of the island may be suffering for want of water while another part is in the middle of a rainy season.

The lake region of the island lies about twenty miles east of Port au Prince. The largest lake, Azuey, or Etang-Saumtre, is about fifteen miles

long and five miles wide. The boundary line of Haiti and Santo Domingo, Haiti's sister Republic, passes through this lake. The water is salty and not fit for irrigation.

There are many ruins of old French irrigation systems in many parts of the island, particularly in the plains of the Cul de Sac where they were elaborated upon and restored by the Americans. There are plans now being made to irrigate the plains of the Artibonite; should these plans materialize, hundreds of acres of rich land will receive water for cultivation.

Since the coming of the American occupation in 1915 there has been approximately seven hundred miles of road made suitable for traffic. The highway from Port au Prince to Cap-Haitien via San-Marc and Gonaives is one hundred and seventy miles long and was completed late in 1917. Last year, 1923, another highway from Port au Prince to San-Marc via Los Cahobus, Hinch, San Michael, Ennery and Plaisance, was completed. There are many ruins of old French roads throughout the island.

Road building and irrigation projects are in charge of American engineers with the aid of Haitian assistant engineers. It is hoped that in the years to come these Haitian assistant engineers will be able to carry on

intelligently without the aid of the American engineers.

Roads, irrigation systems and plantations of the French were destroyed by the blacks after they had driven the French from the island and had never been rebuilt until the coming of the American Occupation. The inhabitants too, are taking on a veneer of civilization, but scratch one and you still find the savage to which they so quickly revert when left to work out their own destiny.

Many of the better class of Haitians are educated in France and are cultured and refined, but they are greatly in the minority. All of them know the last word in intrigue. And there are over two and a half million of them and the Republic of Haiti has an area of ten thousand two hundred and four miles. Many native Haitians have but little colored blood, and could pass for white easily. Some of the women are very beautiful, even among the mulattoes.

The native Haitians are very quiet and peace loving. They are generous and sympathetic and at the same time treacherous and cruel. Such cruelty to animals, especially to the patient little burros I have never before seen.

The women are active, industrious and perform a goodly portion of the manual labor of the country; women and even the children are adept at sale and barter.



"THE CITADEL"

built by Christophe on a mountain top. This was one of the most massive fortresses of the time, built by a "Nigger Emperor" on this small island. 1806-1811. Near Cap-Haitien.





"CHRISTOPHE'S PALACE" (Sans Souci), 1806-1811.

I shall never forget the interesting and picturesque sight of the long lines of market women constantly coming and going on the main highways leading to Port au Prince. The market produce is either carried on the heads of the women or on burros. As pedestrians the women are unequaled, walking miles and miles without apparent fatigue. News travels quickly from one end of the island to the other owing to the large number of these voyagers and their habits of visiting and gossiping. Visiting, dancing and cock-fighting form the principal amusements of the country. The people of the country are very religious, owing to the tireless endeavors of the Catholics, which is practically the only religion in Haiti, and before the American Occupation the greatest influence to prevent absolute barbarism. Voodoo worship is still found in different parts of the island and Voodooism is still practiced in spite of the religious influence and the efforts of the American Occupation to stamp it out.

Often while far out in the country when the night shuts suddenly in like a closing hand and fireflies begin to spangle the darkness while all about sound the chirping of crickets and the croaking of frogs, from the mysterious forest would come a low, weird throbbing note, which, once heard is never forgotten. It would rise and fall, appearing to come at intervals from different parts of the forest, now here, now there. It was the beating of the black goat skin drum, summoning the voodoo followers to worship. The instrument can be heard for miles yet close at hand the same sound may be almost inaudible, most difficult to trace to its source. It is mysterious and in-

explicable, but unquestionably there is here displayed some trick in acoustics, which the white man has not yet learned. Whites are sometimes privileged to attend these dances, but then only goats, kids, etc., are offered as sacrifice. The real voodoo dance and ceremonials has never been seen by a white man unless he has been the main object of sacrifice as was a young lieutenant in the Gendarmerie of Haiti several years ago. Summer before last while in the hills I viewed the bones of a number of children said to have been offered as sacrifices. Charlatans, humbugs, yes, but possessing a sinister and tremendous power over the superstitious black and mulatto; and immune from punishment until the coming of the Americans, for only some obscure votary would be dealt with for some particularly atrocious incident, never the Paploi or Mamaloi; it was too dangerous to trouble them, one might be stricken with a strange illness.

The Black Republic from the time it sprung from the French Revolution and the society, "Les Amis des Noirs" has been too busy revolting to pay much attention to Voodooism and its sinister power.

The blacks' idea of universal liberty did not appeal to the French Colonists, who, they say, treated the slaves badly. Therefore the slaves rose in rebellion and there was a long and terrible struggle, massacres, and reprisals. Then the English interfered as they do the world over, and tried to get the island for themselves. It was worth getting. But for once they failed because of Toussaint Louverture, one of the few great blacks, who

won the island. He would have been friendly to the whites and glad of their help in opening up the country, but he was captured treacherously and died in France. Then came Dessalines and Christophe, emperors in turn, and the independence of the island was acknowledged. Followed a huge massacre of the mulattoes. Yes, a land steeped in blood, from the days of the Spanish and the first settlements, La Navidad by Columbus who discovered the island on the twelfth day of December 1492, and named it Hispanola. At that date it was estimated the population of aboriginals was from eight hundred thousand to two million. By 1514 the population of aboriginals had dwindled to not more than fourteen thousand souls, of these inhabitants there is now no trace whatever.

The present inhabitants, the negroes, were being imported as long ago as 1510, when the French first began establishing themselves on the island of Hispanola, whose name they changed to Haiti.

In the one hundred and fifteen years the negroes have known independence, twenty-seven constituted rulers have governed the Haitian people; fourteen of these rulers did not live to serve over a year each.

The last before the American Occupation, Guillaume Vilbrun Sam, elected to the Presidency in March, 1915, was assassinated by a mob after a turbulent rule of a little over four months. On July 27th Sam was driven from his palace and took refuge in the French Legation. On the same day he ordered the murder of over one hundred and sixty political prisoners. On July 28th, infuriated by this wanton killing, the populace, led by some of the most prominent men in Haiti, dragged Sam from the French Legation and literally tore him to pieces.

On the afternoon of July 28th a detachment of the First Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, was landed and guards placed at the French and American Legations and the Caserne. The following day patrols were established throughout the city and Marine guards took possession of Bureau d'Arrondissement and the Arsenal.

On August 8th, under the protection of the Marines, the Senate elected to the Presidency Philip Sudre Dartigue, for a term of seven years ending May 1st, 1922, when the present President Borno was elected.

Martial law was declared on August 20th and on the 16th of September



# A Holiday in the Land of the Monks

By ANDREW R. BOONE

**M**ONDAY being a holiday I accepted the invitation of a Russian friend to leave Moscow for two days to breathe the saintly atmosphere of Troitse-Sergiev Monastery some forty miles distant. Though better than a year ago, train service in Russia is still bad. One has to wait in line half an hour or more for a ticket, stand or sit in unheated and unlighted third-class cars—on most of the lines there is only this class—with boarded windows—except at the very top where there are bits of ice-covered glass through which daylight penetrates with difficulty—and inhale poisonous air.

These passenger wagons are filled with bags and baskets and crowded with coughing, nose-blowing, and vile tobacco-smoking passengers. The smoke, combined with the hot breath of the human mass, forms a thick, foggy cloud which mounts to the frozen ceiling and causes a precipitation of icy water. In any other country than Russia there would be a loud outcry against this inhuman treatment of humans but here the people are good natured and think how much better off they are today than three years ago when they had to travel in open box cars at the rate of speed of a snail. But good nature can not keep the feet warm and first one and then another of the travelers begins thumping his feet on the floor in the effort to keep them warm until it sounds, especially to one dozing, like a company of new recruits on the march. When the train comes to a standstill, which is every few minutes, there is a hasty rush outside to run up and down the platform and a hasty rush back because the air outside is beastly cold.

At last after three hours of train bumping and feet thumping some passenger shouted "Troitse" and we stepped out into a better world than the one we came from. The clean snow and green forests of this religious community are a refreshing change from the dirty and noisy streets of the irreligious capital. Before the revolution the monks had a guest house where they made visitors welcome, but as this is now gone, we secured a clean room in the house of a Russian workman.

**W**HEN I had had a bite to eat I went to call on Madame X whom I have known off and on for some time. She and her husband are teaching school and doing with a right good

(Being the account of a winter trip by an American college professor, one-time investigator for the now extant American Relief Administration, into the solitary atmosphere of a Russian monastery forty miles distant from Moscow.)

will what they can to keep the lamp of science and religion burning. I had heard from various Russians, especially the emigres, that in Russia there was a great religious movement, with Troitse as its center, which promised to have much influence in the immediate future. When I questioned my friends about this movement they told me that in an hermitage, off the main beaten path, dwelt an old monk, Starets Alexei, greatly beloved and venerated by all those who came in contact with him.

He listens to the troubles of all those who come to see him, gives them sound advice, takes a personal interest in them, and sends them home with peace in their hearts. If this purely personal influence over a small circle may be called a movement then he is the leader of it. The other clergyman who attracts some attention is Father Florenski, a scholarly priest, deeply interested in metaphysical questions too deep for the average educated man. At one time when he was professor of the theological academy he had a large following, but now he touches only the few with whom he comes in daily contact. He has an even smaller circle than Starets Alexei. When it

is all sifted down it is evident that the Troitse movement offers neither encouragement to the whites nor discouragement to the reds.

While it is true that there is nothing to be hoped or feared, in a political way, from these movements, they may have some significance when taken together with the deep spiritual awakening which, my friends claim, is now taking place, especially among the young intelligentsia, the very class that before the war fought for revolution and against faith and tradition. According to some, these young men and women are disillusioned by the results of the revolution and its teachings and are now turning to religion in search for the ideal. These statements were not new to me for I had heard them from some of my student friends, who a few years back were ardent disciples of Voltaire and Marx and wrote philosophic essays to prove the non-existence of God.

Since then many doubts and questions have come to them which they are unable to answer. Why has the Church, which they were told was built on lies, stood the shock of the war better than Nihilism, which its adherents claimed, was founded on truth? Why do the families of the nobles and the cultured, both trained in social tradition, support their trials and tribulations more manfully than the masses? Whatever the philosophic answer may be it is for the philosophers to say, but the emotional answer among many is to turn to the Church. At least that is what my

(Continued on page 176)





# The Broken Cross

By EPHRAIM A. ANDERSON

THE NEWS had shocked Bruell unaccountably. The same thing had happened before, he reflected; and he had been disappointed, but that was all—just disappointed. Now he was depressed, deeply perturbed over what he had heard. As he mushed his dogs out of the village and struck the trail, he encountered a neighbor just coming in. Bruell stopped him.

"No mail," he said. "A freeze-up at Port Yakutat keepin' the boat out o' the bay. Supplies 'll have to come in overland; and yuh know what that means—days, weeks . . . God, it may even be months!"

Curses greeted this news. Then the man shrugged. "Reckon we'll be all the gladder when the mail does come," he observed philosophically, and with a crack of his whip, sped on into town.

Bruell watched him for a moment, and into his eyes crept a look almost of envy. The fact that the mail had failed to come in at the expected time meant little to his neighbor, Bruell reflected. Why could he not be like that? Why should every disagreeable thing that happened seem to have occurred for the express purpose of worrying him? He pondered that, but even as he pondered the anxiety which lurked somewhere far back within the soul of the man increased steadily. Then, quite suddenly, as if he were just emerging from a stupor, his anxiety took definite form; and for the first time since he had heard the news of the freeze-up of Port Yakutat, Bruell linked effect with cause. He knew now why he was anxious; and into his dark eyes crept a strange expression—an expression of intense yearning that was not unmixed with hatred. And as if his thoughts had suddenly aroused him to a realization that haste was necessary, he cracked his whip, urging the dogs to greater speed.

Soundlessly the sled sped along over the hard-packed trail; and soundlessly the grim, bleak night stole swiftly across the gleaming wastes of white. The silence seemed to press upon the soul of Bruell—that strained, maddening silence of unmeasured spaces. Into a mind already gloomy crept a greater gloom—that and a hint of fear.

TO BRUELL, a veteran of the Northland, the judgment-devastating powers of the great loneliness were well known. He had seen men, great, strong men, turned into gibbering im-

beciles and savage lunatics; and he had known of women who had fled out upon the great barrens—senselessly throw themselves upon the mercy of a merciless land—seemingly obsessed with the single desire to get away from familiar surroundings. And all because of the great loneliness. As for himself, Bruell cared nothing for the sternness of the North. He had long ago become reconciled to its domineering ways. But there was Loma—

## THE INSULT

A CHURL came limping through the dust,  
And knocked upon my cottage door.  
He had the lean pale face of Lust,  
And he a tattered mantle wore.

I set him out a crust of bread  
And poured for him a glass of wine.  
He looked at me with scorn, and said:  
"Sir, once you asked me in to dine."

—Charles G. Blanden.

Loma waiting over there in the little hut at Point Logan.

Daughter of a warmer clime, Loma had at first given in its fullness, her love and devotion to the man of her choice. At the very beginning, on their journey out from Dawson, she had showed a splendid fortitude, insisting on sharing the burden of travel, even to the carrying of a pack. Bruell would never forget how she had struggled frantically to save him when he had broken through the rotten spring ice on the Stewart River. And then, when the severe cold, resulting from the icy plunge, had compelled them to make a temporary camp, Loma had given whole nights to a thoughtful, tender care of him. That was nearly two years ago; and in the weeks and months that followed—months of loneliness for her—Loma had changed, seeming to pine always for companionship of her own sex, or bemoaning the fate which deprived her of neighborly visits and parties. She was waiting for letters from home. And he had no letters! And the spell of the great loneliness was stronger than he. Nothing he could say or do would matter once Loma knew of the freeze-up.

It was at these thoughts that the strange expression of mingled yearning and hatred had crept into Bruell's eyes. For with the thought of Loma's loneliness, her despair at receiving no mail, the image of Crille had stalked

suddenly into his mind. It was as if Loma's loneliness and the man Crille were one and the same—an insidious force working stealthily to undermine and eventually shatter his happiness.

Then came a momentary revulsion of feeling, during which he tried to convince himself that his suspicions had no actual foundation. He had encountered Crille several hours earlier, and because of this chance meeting thoughts of Crille were still in his mind. Crille had been leaving town as he, Bruell, had entered. They had not spoken, for somehow a barrier had sprung up between the two men who had once been friends. Just why their friendship for each other had ceased, Bruell would have been at a loss to explain with anything resembling definiteness. Nor could he have explained, even to himself, why now he hated Crille with a hatred deep-rooted and irrevocable. All these things passed through Bruell's mind as he sped along over the frozen trail.

Point Logan, a small trading post, lay on the upper reaches of the Stewart River, a tributary of the Yukon. It was here old Jacques kept supplies for those who dared as far east as the source of the river, extending eastward toward the great Mackenzie. And it was here Bruell had built a small structure of logs a quarter of a mile from the square building which housed store, post-office and saloon. During the long winters the greater number of gold-diggers left, returning when the frost was out of the ground. But not so Bruell. He knew that Loma would not remain at Point Logan another winter. He had been warned by Jacques that he had better seek his gold while there was time. The warning had been no insult to Bruell, for the old trader was known to have a deep affection for Loma.

Coming to a halt in front of Jacques' place, Bruell hastened inside. Old Jacques was alone.

"Thought I'd stop and tell yuh there'll be no mail out here tomorrow. Didn't want to wait till it got out here in the mornin', so I mushed in to git the mail for Loma. But there ain't none. Frozen up over Yakutat. Don't know what I'll do with Loma. She counted on some mail." Bruell turned to leave.

"Wait a minit," Jacques commanded. His tone was one almost of sharpness. "What's that yuh say about no mail? Who tol' yuh that?"

"Why, Cantrell, the post-master." Bruell was obviously surprised.



"That's funny." There was a strange look in old Jacques' eyes. "Jules and Francois was in a couple o' hours ago, an' they says the boat's late, but due in this evenin'. Fact is, she's in by now."

Bruell gazed at the old man, dumfounded.

Jacques nodded. "Yes, sir, that's what she is—due in this evenin'. An' Crille jest went over to your place about noon. Tol' me the same thing, he did." The old man pondered a moment. "Mighty funny that Cantrell 'ud lie to yuh that way. He's a good friend o' Crille's though, ain't he? An' mebbe he allowed as yuh might beat him home, an' he didn't want yuh spillin' the beans to Loma."

"Yeah, I suppose so." Bruell's voice was harsh.

"He knew Loma was countin' pretty heavy on some mail," Jacques went on. "He's clever, that Crille. It mightn't be bad fir yuh to mush on."

WITHOUT another word, Bruell went out, and lashing his dogs savagely, sped over the quarter of a mile of trail that intervened between him and his cabin. From a distance he saw that there was no light coming from the south window; and that which had been a vague fear before became now a gripping, sickening thing. He swung into the yard, and leaping from the sled, ran madly into the house. It was too dark to see anything; but he stood there with bated breath, every sense alert. Nothing stirred, not a sound. The silence was so intense that it seemed to hurt him. He called—"Loma!" The sound of his voice sounded shrill, unnatural. Searching in his clothes, he found a match and struck it. Clearly, there was no one in the house. While he was lighting the lamp a momentary resurgence of hope came. Lamp in hand, he examined the room. It was in disorder. Certain articles of feminine apparel which had always hung in a corner of the room were missing. His heavy mittens also were gone from the customary place. A sudden gust of wind caused the lamp to flicker wildly. He turned then to see if the door had blown open and his eyes fell on a broken window-pane. Thence they traveled to the floor, and he saw a small object lying there. Half dazed, he set the lamp on a table and picked up the object. It was a bag of gold dust. He understood. She had started away with it, then changed her mind and threw it back into the house at the moment of her departure. For a long interval Bruell stood there, gazing at the bag of dust, yet gazing

with unseeing eyes. Then he strode to the end of the room and dropped upon the edge of the bed. His head seemed suddenly to have been filled with an inert mass. He wanted to think, but he could not. He realized in a vague way that he was cold—that he was becoming steadily colder because of the broken window-pane. Yet it did not occur to him to replenish the fire or to place something in that yawning aperture through which the cold air of the out-of-doors was entering. The only thing which he knew with any degree of certainty was that he was alone—that Loma had gone, run away—with Crille. "God!" He sprang to his feet and went over to the broken pane, where he stood gazing out into the night. A wilderness of snow, white and measureless as the cold blue of the arctic sky, struck a chill to his heart. From somewhere out upon the bleak expanse came the howl of a lone wolf. Bruell started. "He's lonesome," he muttered; "but his mate'll probably come back to him when she hears his call." Quite abruptly then his mind began to function, but his thoughts were those of primal man—thoughts inspired by hatred and aimed only at revenge. He had been wronged, wronged such as no man deserved to be. She whom he had trusted, whom he loved above all else in the world, had done him the greatest possible injury that could befall him. He turned to the bed, groping his way across the room like a man gone blind.

Again, out there on the grim barrens, the lone wolf was howling. Bruell sprang up from where he had been sitting several minutes, staring stupidly at the floor. His gaze traveled unconsciously to something above the rudely constructed dresser near the bed. He strode across the room, and took down a portrait of Loma, framed in mahogany. He gazed at it, beholding a girlish face in the flush of youth. The eyes looked clearly out from beneath a high forehead, the lips parted in a faint smile. Reverently, he touched the picture with his lips; and then, deliberating a moment, he placed it in the bottom of a drawer, as if to safeguard it from spying, desecrating eyes. A great change had come over him. He remembered the power of the North, the influence of the great loneliness; and into his heart had crept a great longing for Loma. False to her promise she had been, cruel to the man who had trusted her; but she was not to blame. She was merely another victim, a victim of the great loneliness, which had been rendered doubly strong by the insidious Crille. That explained her action.

Thus he arose, purged of all bitterness toward Loma.

Though the hour was late, Bruell aroused old Jacques and procured from him enough provisions to last a week and packed them in his sled.

"You're on a hell of a mission, Bruell," Jacques told him; "but you'll win. You'll overtake 'em I'm thinkin'."

"An' then?" Bruell questioned without passion.

"Let the wolves eat Crille's dam carcass," the old trader said.

BRUELL smiled there in the dark—smiled a little grimly, a little bitterly. Jacques patted him on the shoulder; he cracked his whip, and with a wave of his hand, was off. For a time the old trader remained standing before his door, watching the man until he was swallowed up in the white silence, over which the stars gleamed brilliant and cold.

The direction which the fugitives had taken was problematical, considering their two-fold purpose of evading pursuit and striving for a southern destination. Bruell, knowing the ways of travel in the North as well as the tricks of those who sought hiding, believed, however, that the pair had gone direct to Dawson, which although directly out of their path, would afford them an opportunity of connecting with freighting outfits that would help them over the pass. Thus Bruell selected Dawson as his first objective.

To one as accustomed to the hardships of the North as Bruell, traveling was comparatively easy. Had there not been the gnawing something in his heart, he might have made the trip with but little discomfort.

Once he met a man returning to the Selkirk country. The fellow's be-whiskered, frost-mantled face peered into Bruell's. Neither recognized the other, but each dropped his pack, glad for the momentary rest and the chance to exchange a few words with a fellow man.

"Seen anything of a man and woman moving toward Dawson?" Bruell asked.

"Yeah. Yesterday mornin' I crossed their trail. Didn't know them, though."

"Going to Dawson, eh?"

"Yeah. Guess that was their point. They was headed that way."

"Light packs?"

"Yeah. An' the woman, she seemed to be about all in—saw her fall once right after I passed."

Bruell went on with renewed hope. Yet, while the knowledge that Loma was weakening was in a way encouraging to Bruell, it gave him also a pang

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# Edward Rowland Sill

## Poet-Teacher

By EMELY L. BAKER

THEY think me daft, who nightly meet  
My face turned starward, while my feet  
Stumble along the unseen street."

Thus wrote the poet, Edward Rowland Sill. The words bring before my eyes again the familiar figure we used to see on the streets of Oakland. The tall, slight frame and thin face, suggestive of physical delicacy rather than ill-health, were evidence of his New England birth and ancestry. In his movements there was, as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps observed, a bird-like quickness and lightness. Without being particularly graceful, he was never awkward. By day or night he had the habit of walking with his face turned starward.

His eyes were large, dark blue, deep-set and thoughtful. The mouth was shaded by a dark brown, almost black moustache. Towards the last he always wore a scanty beard. There was a kindly, earnest, decisive expression on his face. His manner was sincere, kind, gentle, thoughtful, considerate.

In 1880 Professor Sill wrote from Berkeley, where he was then Professor of English Literature, to a friend, "I am not and have not been trying to make myself known. I have been trying to educate, in some high sense, successive classes of young people, and meanwhile to know more about education, and especially literature as a means of it, and about education in its relation to society and life."

These high purposes and his poetic imagination, filling all departments of knowledge with life, made him an ideal teacher. "From this earth no gods have taken wing," the poet wrote, the teacher proved.

Of his pupils Professor Sill required one thing; they must *think*. A student who was unable to give a perfect answer to a question could always save himself from utter failure by showing that he had thought about the subject. Often a timidly hazarded suggestion would be pounced upon by Professor Sill before it was formulated and in his hands it would be so elaborated that in the end the surprised student would find himself credited with a brilliant idea which belonged wholly to his instructor.

He once asked me in class, how the Angles, the weaker race numerically, gave their name to a land peopled

largely by Saxons. This question had come up in the class a few days previous and been dismissed as one to which there was no satisfactory answer, so that I was entirely unprepared for its revival. I was indignant at him for asking such a question; still more incensed at the smile with which he passed it on to others. No one had an answer. I think I know now why he asked the question which I had labeled "Unanswerable" and thrown aside. In all my reading of English history since that time I have never lost sight of that question nor given up trying to find an answer for it, and now after twenty years I believe I could answer it. Professor Sill made me *think* about it.

### THE POET

HE sits alone on a cold grey stone,  
And sings his madrigal  
To his dulcimer, till the wolf-packs purr  
In a weird antiphonal.

Till wind turns north  
That south would go,  
Till worms fly high  
And stars swing low;

Till listening mountains  
Nod their heads,  
And dead men stir  
In their grassy beds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, he sits alone on a cold grey stone  
And his song becomes a cry;  
For the sun is a crust of blood-red rust  
And the ghost of a wind sweeps by.

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

HE called himself a "smatterer"—a modest way of saying that he was interested in many things. Fortunately the pupil who has such a "smatterer" for a teacher. Would not Burns who loved the wild flowers and "wee beasties" of the field be a better teacher of poetry than a more learned instructor who knew only meters and accents? In the Oakland High School Mr. Sill taught composition, history, Latin and Greek, literature and physical geography, but as he taught them their incongruity vanished and they all seemed threads in the one fabric of human knowledge. Studying with such a teacher is like walking in the woods with a guide who knows his way by the trees themselves, who knows all the trees and their habits, all

the birds and their calls, where the four-footed creatures hide, where the wild bees store their honey, where the wild grape grows, where the great river begins its life as a bubbling spring. An hour spent with such a guide is worth days with one who can only tell you to turn to the right here and the left there, because it is so on the map.

When the Junior class of the High School began the study of general history, Mr. Sill himself prepared lectures or talks on the world's earliest history, because of the lack of a suitable text-book. To most teachers it would have been impossible to make such a subject interesting to crude, grammar-school graduates. My recollections of those hours are pleasant. To the poet who could write of the stars,

"My only amaranths! blossoming bright  
As over Eden's cloudless night.

The same vast belt, and square and crown  
That on the deluge glittered down,  
And lit the roofs of Bethlehem town"—

to such a poet ancient history was as real and vivid as the making of the German empire.

For illustrations we were taken to the Mercantile Library in San Francisco where treasures of illuminated plates were unlocked for us, showing Egyptian and Assyrian art, cuneiform inscriptions, the pyramids and the sphinx.

Into the discussion of the pyramids came naturally some elementary astronomy, the rise and growth of nations and their languages, the effects of climate, and many kindred topics usually reserved for a separate place in the curriculum.

In physical geography we were obliged to use our eyes and ears and think. We would be asked such unexpected questions as, "What makes the 'warm belt' in the California foothills?" or, "What kind of a sunset did we have last evening?" We were led to notice the clouds, the wild flowers, the growth of trees and a thousand interesting things which only a lover of nature sees. One needs only to read the poet's *Humming Birds and Clouds* to understand how fond he was of nature-study. A quotation often on his lips was,

"He worketh best who loveth best  
All things both great and small."



With our first lessons in Latin and Greek were united the study of languages in general. It was made plain to us that the classical languages were closely related to our own and that all languages were different developments of the same faculty—though comparative philology was not included in the High School course.

Mr. Sill was given to flinging off-hand questions at his classes. Some thought would come to him apropos of the lesson and he would say, "By the way, here is something I have noticed. Have any of you ever thought of it?" If the idea seemed new to the class, it was left for future discussion. Not that he was always trying to cram miscellaneous information into our heads. He could no more help giving out thought than a blazing fire can help giving out light and heat.

In his literature classes he was punctilious about the pronunciation of words, and especially the careful enunciation of unaccented vowels. For instance, the word 'gentleman' went the round of the class one day to make sure that we pronounced *a* as *a* and not *uh*. We were also required to know the exact meaning of every word, metaphor and allusion, and the study of any work of Milton's meant hours with Anthon's Classical Mythology, and even Tennyson's melodious verse, studied in this way, is full of pitfalls of historical and scientific allusions. This digging was only a means to an end, however, for the mythology might be dismissed when once we had a clear conception of the author's meaning. Mr. Sill believed as Ruskin did, that when the reader slips by syllables, he is guessing at the meaning of the words and consequently does not get the author's full thought.

In connection with this matter of reading and pronunciation it was suggested to us that we notice voices as indices of the speakers' education, culture and even character.

Mr. Sill's ways of stimulating interest were various and not always enjoyable to the student. One day in the Latin class he remarked that the class seemed to fall naturally into two sections, one quite a little in advance of the other; as it was not fair that those who were anxious to get on should be held back by the laggards, he should for the rest of the term hear the class recite in two sections, and he named the members of the two divisions. The writer was included in the first section, but at the very first recitation one of Caesar's indirect discourses fell to her to translate and she muddled it. "You may recite here-

after in the second section," was Mr. Sill's only comment. Argument or excuse would be useless, the only way to remove the stigma of disgrace was to study and retrieve herself at the final examination.

During a study hour I remember seeing him stand behind the old square piano with its gloomy, lead-colored cover, the report-book open before him. He motioned me to him and said, "You are not doing your best?" No, I was not. "The report shows that. If you want to go on with the class at the end of the year, you must work a little harder." That was enough. He seemed to feel this personal interest in all his pupils and he expected us to do our best for him as he was doing his best for us. The rest was left to ourselves.

THE only approach to anger that he ever showed in the class-room was a biting sarcasm and that was rare. Even that was sometimes a shield to his own feelings. His classes were orderly. In the first place he interested his pupils. In the second, they respected him. I remember the case of a thoughtless girl who gave him a saucy answer to which he gave

a short, sharp reproof. That was not the end of the matter for him. He went home from school and gave way to his feelings. He arraigned himself as a failure, blamed himself for inability to compel the respect of his pupils. When the young lady had time to reflect, she heartily regretted her pertness and came back to Mr. Sill the next day with a sincere apology.

Any inattention on the part of his students would call for an appeal on his part, firmly and quietly, to their sense of honor, and I never knew the appeal to fail. Mr. Sill did not patronize us or "talk down" to us. His manners with his students were as respectful and considerate as if we had been his own age.

He attended the Congregational church, whether from religious conviction or because most of his friends belonged there, I could not say. So far as his utterances in the class-room would indicate, he might have been Baptist, Jew or Mahometan.

Spiritualism had quite a following in Oakland at that time. There were some enthusiastic believers among our number. The subject was also under discussion by the Berkeley Club, of

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SAN FERNANDO

## THE OLD MISSION

By EUNICE TIETJENS

THIS house of hope is very old. The rain and the wind have battered it. Suns and centuries have looked down upon it. Its circling walls still stand, thick walls, laid down with reverence, conceived with courage. To such walls time is kind.

Spaniards built it—Spaniards and monks—before we came. Ten such they set in the wilderness, ten jewels, ten points of light. Far apart they set them, a long day's march apart, on the great chain of the coast.

Sometimes at evening one would come, with high keen face, un-

quenched by age and weariness.

Loins girt he would come, for hills behind him, dropping down at dusk into peace and the sound of bells.

And the people with hearts of children gathered 'round him in the firelight, to hear far tales of Christ and Spain, While silver and throbbing the bell-tones sailed and sank.

We have other bells now.

Yet the house still stands. The rain and the wind batter it. Suns and centuries look down upon it.

It was a house of hope, and hope . . .



# War In Red Stone Hollow

By S. OMAR BARKER

**R**ED Stone Hollow, where old René Binet and his lank, pock-marked partner, "Heinrich the Dutchman," burrowed and tunneled in a scantily rewarded search for gold, was as far out of the world, almost, as if it had been on the moon. That the Mexican village of Petaca was but fifteen miles away didn't affect the isolation of the prospectors at Red Stone Hollow, for few men ever passed over the crest of Jarita Mesa, and those who did never paused to clamber down into the round pothole hidden in a red cliffed canyon where the old miners lived—if indeed, they even knew such a place was there.

The ominous rumble of war clouds in Europe had brought their promised storm of destruction. Belgium lay in ruins, Antwerp was besieged and the blood of the first battle of the Marne had dried to crust before the echoes of the conflict reached the ears of the two old men digging for gold in the sun-warmed peace of pine clad, New Mexican hills. It was when they went down to Petaca for winter supplies that they heard the news, and then the generalities of the native village postmaster, himself meagerly informed, gave them no real conception of the conflict now raging between their old home countries,—countries with which they no longer seemed to have any connection.

The old Frenchman's grizzle-bearded face gave no hint of feeling when he heard the news, and in Petaca he made no comment. Trudging back up the trail behind their pack burros he broke the silence:

"War, war, war!" he said. "Over there it is always war, Heinrich. Your people and my people!" He shook his head sadly.

"Dot's bad, Rainy! Dot's too bad!" answered Heinrich. His lean, pock-marked face with its straggles of reddish beard showed none of the sadness of his partner. "But look; Rainy, you shouldn't to say *my* people and *your* peoples. Ve got no peoples, Rainy. French and Chermans! *Nein!* Ve're chust coupla prospectors—Americans!"

"*Mais, oui!* Sure I know, Heinrich—no peoples—any more. But in Amiens was a brother, in Cantigny a sister—years ago. And now it is war there!"

"Dot's bad, Rainy," repeated Heinrich, then added with a little laugh: "Cherman soldiers is good fighters. They shouldn't be stopped!"

"France will drive them out!" exclaimed his partner vehemently.

"Nefer! Nefer! Vat is a French soldier? A burro!" He whacked one of the pack animals for emphasis.

"Stop!" René Binet's beard quivered with anger and emotion as he straightened, stepped in front of the larger man and grasped him by his shirt front. "You know what you say, Heinrich, to your partner? Look—you 'ave no people—I 'ave no people—you want the war here too? *Non?* Partners, yes? You speak like a German! You want me to make fight like a *Francais?*

**T**HE tall man looked down at his partner, flushed in anger and then, controlling himself, forced a smile.

"*Ach!* Rainy!" he exclaimed. "Dot's bad! I speak too quick. I am not mean to make my olt Rainy mad! You don't forget such friends ve been, Rainy? Vy should ve fight ofer a var?"

There was an unmistakable note of affection in his conciliatory words, and Binet, suddenly flooded with memories of their many years together in the lonely hills, felt shamed at his sudden anger, and dropping his threatening hand, turned up the trail. "*Ah, mon Dieu!*" he sighed. "Good old Heinrich! Never again we speak of the war, eh? Always good friends, eh?"

"Dot's right!" responded Heinrich soberly; and the two grizzled old men went on up the trail together.

So it was agreed, and the peaceful routine of their rude camp went on from day to day as before, and there came to them no echoing hint of the great guns thundering on into the land that had once been home to Binet. And if their evening hour, smoking their pipes on the rude cabin porch and looking off down the hollow to where their former, ruder cabin had stood, brought a silent restraint upon their hearts as each thought inevitably of the great struggle beyond the seas, they let no word betray them.

Yet loyal as they were to each other, something of bitterness crept into the heart of Binet in his wakeful hours before the dawn, thinking, thinking inevitably of the probable fate of those whom he had once called his dear ones back in France, and of

the hated Germans—*les Boches*—who were responsible. As for Heinrich, strange aloofness and restlessness seemed to possess him, and it was this feeling, undoubtedly, which told him, one chill autumn day to Petaca alone—to get some liniment, he said—for his aching arms.

As he swung down the trail into Red Stone Hollow on his return Binet could not but note a certain air of elation and satisfaction in his bearing. From a pocket protruded what could not be other than a newspaper. The old Frenchman felt a surge of bitterness almost hatred, come over him as Heinrich approached. To his surprise Heinrich broached the forbidden subject as he reached the porch.

"Vell, Rainy, olt boy, the var nearly ofer! The Kaiser will eat him self and the army Christmas dinner in Paris!"

Binet looked away and said nothing. Heinrich, still smiling, handed him a letter, a blue-gray envelope much stamped and soiled.

"The first ve get in years," he remarked.

The old Frenchman's fingers trembled as he opened it, and as he read the ruddy skin beneath his gray black beard whitened like dying ash. His face became a motionless series of hard lines. He finished, and as he turned and saw his partner eagerly almost gloatingly reading a newspaper with great scare headlines publishing forth the success of the German armies, he arose, grim but trembling to his feet.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You look happy, Heinrich!"

Hardly looking up, Heinrich nodded.

"*Ja!* The Cherman army is vinning. The Chermans are—"

A hand suddenly grasping his coat interrupted him.

"You Germans," said the tense hard voice of René Binet. "*You* Germans are murderers! My brother—my sister—a refugee with a bayonet thrust in the arm! Her daughters—dead—outrages! War? German soldiers? *Non, non! Boches! Des grands bêtes!* And you are pleased Zah! You are a dog!"

Heinrich, rendered cheerful by the stimulating news of Germany's success was slow to anger.

"*Ach, Rainy!*" he said, "Because v are vinning and you is losing should you get mad? In the next month the Kaiser takes Paris! Think of dot!"



His assurance was oil upon the fire of bitterness, anger—unnamed patriotism—of the old Frenchman.

"So? You say *we* are winning! *Nom d'un nom!* You dam' Boche!" He pointed dramatically to the trail. "Out! *Va-t'en! Marche!*"

For answer Heinrich, his face suddenly flushed, rose and struck Binet across the eyes with his newspaper, and in a moment the two old pals were struggling in a wild, rough and tumble battle that would have been comical had it not been fought in such dead earnest.

The war at Red Stone Hollow was on, as bitter if not as bloody as the gigantic conflict overseas. But at Red Stone it was France who gained the first victory. Sitting astride his prostrate enemy a hundred feet from the cabin where they had rolled in the struggle, René Binet, in a moment of weakness saw Heinrich not as the champion of victorious Germany, but as a poor, battered old man, his pal—and instead of killing him as he had intended, he released him, stood erect and laid down his terms.

"Go!" he cried. "Out! *Marche!*" Turning to the cabin he tossed Heinrich's few personal effects and a share of their supplies out on the ground toward his vanquished ex-partner, now painfully rising, angry but too thoroughly beaten to attempt any further resistance.

And the upshot of it all was that Heinrich moved into the old cabin across the hollow, and the mining trenches became virtually lines of siege, of battle imminent at any moment, for neither prospector would abandon his diggings. The old German delivered his parting shot in words as he dragged away a straggling armful of bedding.

"Vait!" he threatened. "Chust vait! This is America. Neutrality is it here! You got no rights making a var chust because this is a free country and I got my American rights to get glad by Chermany vinning! *Ja!* I go now, but not far! Over there I vait and vatch! Someday I come back and then—chust vait!"

Months passed. Winter came and went and the bitterness of heart that they nursed in their solitude reacted strangely upon these two old men. First there appeared one day, waving from Binet's cabin, an improvised French tricolor, and within a week Heinrich answered with a patched rag vaguely resembling the German standard. With the coming of Spring Heinrich's cabin one day boasted the Stars and Stripes at the side of his Germanic banner. Binet's heart sank when he

saw it. Heinrich had been to the village. Did this mean that America had joined hands with Germany?

Leaving a fire smoking and a door open to deceive the enemy, Binet slipped off to the village, returning half reassured, half despondent. America was still neutral, but Germany was deep in the heart of France and her submarines were terrorizing the seas. Not to be outdone in Americanism, Binet also hoisted an American flag, not beside but just above his tricolor.

As the summer months dragged by, both men, fearful of treachery, dug trenches about their cabins. The prospecting holes became fortifications and neither ventured forth except by stealth. And so through another winter, two little glimmers of hostile light shone across the snow that lay deep in Red Stone Hollow.

#### THE INCAPAH TRAIL

OVER the trail our horses time their stride  
To the chant of a cowboy song upon your lips  
And you rein your pinto pony to my side  
Where the sandy coulee widens out and dips  
To the mesa where the yerba santa spills  
A lilac stain, on the feet of the paint-hill.

—Regina Kaufman.

A Forest Ranger, happening by the next summer, carried out the tale of the "two damned old fools" as he called them, and described in the villages the unbelievable yet unmistakable signs of warfare he had seen. But even so, no one visited the Hollow, and the only break in the bitter, watchful monotony of the two former pals was an occasional skirmish of stone throwing and cursing when they chanced to come too near each other in their diggings.

Once in the winter of 1916-17 the Frenchman failed to see smoke from Heinrich's chimney for three whole days and he became uneasy. He was half tempted to carry a white flag and go to see if his old partner were not in distress, but a dark figure approaching his cabin through the snow that night changed his mind. Instead he fired a couple of shots into the cliffs, making the bullets whine, and the dark figure floundered rapidly away.

In the dusk of an evening in May, 1917, Binet chanced to glance through

the window as he sat drinking a cup of steaming coffee. What he saw brought him to his feet. The lank figure of Heinrich was approaching the cabin, not stealthily nor yet belligerently. In one hand he carried a grayish white rag.

Binet had not read of German treachery for nothing. Silently he concealed himself by the side of a door and waited. Heinrich's step sounded on the porch. Then came a knock and a call: "Rainy, Rainy, olt boy!" But the old Frenchman, thrilled though he was at the friendly tone of the voice, still doubted, and made no response.

The gaunt old prospector, his reddish beard all white now, opened the door and entered cautiously. His apparent caution spoke ill intent to Binet, and so when the back of the visitor's tall, stooped shoulders were opposite him, he leaped upon them, and in one swing bore his surprised adversary to the floor, where, strangely enough he made no move to strike him. Heinrich, frightened out of his poor old wits, struggled and cried out in unintelligible German until Binet muzzled him with a hairy hand. Whereupon Heinrich struggled all the more frantically. His renewed resistance brought his partial freedom, and the two rolled on the floor in battle again, both weak with age and with the strain of bitter, nerve-wracking months.

"Vait!" exclaimed Heinrich, but Binet was afraid to "vait." Ultimately the tables were turned, however, and the leaner, larger man sat astride his erstwhile victor.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, breathing hard. "For vun cents I would punch dot face! Vot makes you vant to fight? *Mein Gott*, Rainy, vait! I chust vant to tell you somethings!"

With one free hand he pulled forth a tiny American flag, a tricolor and a newspaper from his pocket.

"Look! Now ve is partners again! America is joined dot damn France to fip dot Chermany! Vell, who gifs a damn for Chermany and France anyvay? *Ve* is Americans!"

"*Gran Dieu*, Heinrich! You mean —"

"Vot I mean is ve is going to help lick Chermany—not for France, not for England, not for Rainy—chust for America!"

He released his captive and stood erect, the little American flag in his hands. In an instant Binet was on his feet and the two were again grappled together—not in a battle this time, but an affectionate embrace.

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# Early Oakland Memories

By ETHEL BRODT WILSON

**M**Y MOTHER'S frightened face looking down over the top of the bank—that is all of the picture my mental retina retains, but I know now I had taken my little brother down on the beach among the rocks and the tide was coming in. But I remember I was put to bed and there were fried potatoes for supper, and I was in an agony of grief and disappointment for I had only experienced fried potatoes once or twice in my life, and to miss them was a tragedy. To this day the smell of fried potatoes brings back that earliest recollection of my childhood. I was about four years old.

Proserpine, picking flowers in the fields and snatched away in Pluto's car, for a long time was associated in my childish brain with the distance traversed between our house and the beach. There was much of similarity in the setting, the beach and the fields, the child, the mother, although it must have been many years later that my mother read to me the Tanglewood Tales. West Oakland at that time had many wide spaces and I can remember that between our house and the beach were open fields. There were lupine and grasses and low shrubs, but the larger trees and woods were in the background. I remember the sandy fields and my mother's protests as she emptied the sand from our shoes and stockings, and her complaining that sand was in my hair.

Our house had a green-latticed porch. In our yard grew a castor-bean plant. The big leaves and rank growth made an exotic showing that must have had an appeal, for every yard grew a castor-bean.

There were many nice homes in West Oakland in the late sixties and early seventies. I remember the lovely gardens, the fountains and green lawns, and the beautiful flowers. There were jasmine and great beds of light blue violets—and such heliotrope! In those days a real garden must have heliotrope and jasmine, tea-roses and violets. Roses were tight buds, never partly open or full-blown. I remember Grandma Pine's bouquets—they were something to be desired! There was always a rosebud in the center and around that a color-scheme of some flower, with feathery sprays of something heavenly smelling—perfectly symmetrical and as hard as a cabbage—a real old-fashioned, new-fashioned formal bouquet of today. I remember Grandma Pine's bouquets at a funeral

and my mortification at my mother's loose arrangement of flowers.

**S**OME of the gardens were behind exclusive high hedges; one hedge so high and deep that the entrance was a narrow aperture offering a tantalizing glimpse of a cypress-walled garden inside, and an atmosphere so enchanting that I am sure I had a forevision of other gardens. Now I pore over pictures of "Gardens in Spain" and "Shalimer," and *know* I saw small portions of them in West Oakland when I was a child.

West Oakland—usually spoken of as "The Point"—was a mere village on that extreme western limit of the continent bordering the bay, although it rambled along the sandy roads with a few scattering houses as far as Center Street where there were more nice homes with gardens and exclusive high hedges. There were few real streets, mostly roads with woods on either side. I remember being sent on an errand with some money and something prompted me to bury it in the sand, then to retrace my steps and find it. I did not find it.

Even in those days Oakland spread over a wide territory. It was often a huge mud-puddle in winter. The frogs sang gaily from all sides. They croaked loudly from a water-hole at Fourteenth and Broadway.

After our home near the beach we lived on Eighth and Campbell Streets. Our house was alone, almost completely surrounded by woods—real woods that were full of delight for happy adventurous children. Well I remember the coming of spring in those woods for we lived there two or three years. We chased butterflies and hunted birds' nests; there were wildflowers, and giant thistles and lupine above our heads, and great oak trees in which we climbed and swung, and all the tangle of blackberry and spicy smelling shrubs—and pussy-willows—and yerba buena. There were open spaces with baby-blue-eyes and creamcups. In the woods was a gypsy camp. We went through the woods past the camp to the store and post office. I can shut my eyes and see the road with the great oaks on either side and the rank undergrowth crowding close, and smell the woodsy smell.

Here at this time I remember the stars "over the wide spaces"—drooping down to meet the trees. There are no wide spaces now; and no tree-

line stretching low and far to meet the sky. Coming home from church and prayer meeting, from "up-town," I learned to know the Dipper and the Pleiades, and Orion—good old guard! They are the only stars I really know now. I often awaken to find Orion standing close beside me, or looking down upon me—he has not forgotten me—or see him striding over the nearby mountain stringing an aerial of stars.

Once I was lifted from bed to see a torchlight procession. It probably numbered not more than a couple of dozen men, but like a meteor from the blackness it was swallowed in the darkness of the unlighted road.

Eighth Street was cut through and macadamized while we lived there. We watched to see the lamp-lighter as he came down the street on his horse, looking like a knight-errant with his flaming torch. The lights came out one by one up the street, and as the lamp-lighter came nearer, the lip, lip, lip, lip of his horse's hoofs, and then the break in the hoofbeats as he clattered onto the sidewalk to make our light with his torch, and then off lip, lip, lip, lip-e-ty lip, down the street to the next lamp.

It was here that we used to hear the "Chin du Wand," the steamboat with a calliope that passed along the Creek route. That sudden burst of music through the trees! Two children running frantically through the woods—too late to find the elusive source!—Once or twice, only, reaching the open to see a steamer like a wooden bird slowly sweeping by on the water—with jets of steam emitting from the strange bird's throat as the mysterious melody poured forth!

Sometime during those early years Emperor Norton, with all his grand air, took a rosebud from his button-hole and presented it to me. Alas that I have not kept the faded flower to show as proof!

When I was eight years old we were the first tenants in a block of new houses on the corner of Thirteenth and Washington Streets. Nearly all of Washington Street had residences, some occupying a whole block, with wide lawns and gardens. The first Congregational church and Oakland Library were on this street. The library was moved to a new site now occupied by the City Hall and went past our house on rollers drawn by oxen, the librarian staying inside. A big oak tree grew in the sidewalk at Tenth and Broadway. Opposite our

(Continued on page 189)



# Syrup Creek and the Old Trail

By

FRANCIS ALFRED PHELPS

THE Old Emigrant Trail for the most part has ceased to be; only here and there a portion remains in the form of a washed-out gulley, and even this is very rare. But a halo hangs over it which casts a magic spell and colors history, romance and screen to this hour. The wild is passing—has passed. Only Alaska is left, and none of its broad wastes remain to be discovered; and that character-builder and greatest inheritance of any people will come no more. So as the years pass and carry us farther from the West our fathers knew and loved, virgin nature, unfenced horizons, dim trails and the rapture of first explorations and thrilling adventure, the Old Trail takes on new interest; and we live again the days of the emigrant and pioneer in heart and story.

There was scarcely a mile of the Old Trail not associated with historic events, and none lacking in stirring interest and thrilling romance; but some spots more than others. First the adventurous trapper passed over it or blazed the way, followed by the long trains of emigrants, stagecoach and pony express; and after that the vast herds of half wild cattle. It was not without its tragedy and the way was marked with rude stones hidden among the prairie grass or black sagebrush, marking the place of lowly sleepers. Nevertheless we who live in a tamer age envy the early trailers their experience; for it was a life replete with romance and adventure. Nature was unmarred, the streams swarmed with fish, the hills teemed with game; and mountains, deserts and valleys were as though fresh from the hands of the Creator. He who felt its wild thrill was usually a captive forever, for Nature is a sweetheart that never lost a lover.

The Emigrant Crossing of Syrup Creek is one of the places where the trail remains exactly as it was when the early stagecoach crowded with passengers, used to rock over it on its leather springs, except that it has been gullied by the melting snows of many years and made impassable. Years have passed since the toll road was made, around fifty or more, and since then only a few adventurous emigrants and an old settler, has ever trailed a wagon over it; and both these have long since been absent.

It is largely a country of broken red lava hills, huge cliffs, steep canyons and bunchgrass draws. In these sheltered coves hundreds of deer wintered to the late eighties; but now

they remain in the mountains, and the hills lie desolate. A melancholy dream-drench is over all that defies expression; once seen and felt it can never be forgotten. The stream is a thread of green winding among the solitary hills, and the Old Trail stretches away still deserted and time-scarred.

EMIGRANT Crossing lies at the western foot of Emigrant Hill. The hill is rugged, steep and difficult to cross, and was famous in its day as a

## FLIGHT

I WOULD pass swiftly as the light  
is fading  
Into the curtained mystery of the  
dusk,  
Beyond the magic portals of the  
shadows,  
One with the winds' breath fragrant  
as new musk.

Merged with the twilight into cosmic  
being,  
With the infinitude of time and  
tide,  
Hushed with the perfect rapture born  
of silence  
Cloud-wraith with cloud my spirit  
fain would ride.

Now, with the rain dispelled in leafy  
forest,  
I would go drifting down some  
sylvan stream,  
A seed perchance transmuted into  
blossom,  
A blade of grass, or, an immortal  
dream.

—Mabel W. Phillips.

place of hold-ups. Just at its summit is "Robber Rocks" where the stage was held up quite frequently—if we are to believe tradition. The rocks are not large for sixty years have weathered them sadly; but the way is narrow between, and there is no chance to turn out.

In an early day a cabin roadhouse stood beside the trail at the Crossing, and did a thriving business. Often the flat above was covered with emigrant trains, the stage passed on its regular trips loaded with passengers to capacity; and trailers on saddle horses and long pack trains went by. It thronged with life, and was the scene of inspiring human activity. But after the toll road was built around skirting the foothills, the Old Trail became deserted and the roadhouse was abandoned.

For many years the cabin stood tenantless and practically unvisited, and Syrup Creek's eleven or twelve miles of length was without inhabitant except the trapper, and later the prospector, who there made their winter home. Below Emigrant Crossing the snowfall was light, and the sunny coves sheltered by the wall rock, full of excellent bunchgrass. There were many fur animals, the creek was full of trout and the hills of game; and the place ideal to spend the winter months. In the lower three miles of the creek before it flowed into Longtom forming Canyon Creek, there were six dugouts which were inhabited every winter; but usually by different parties from those of the winter before. These are caved in now, but if they had tongues to speak what tales they might tell!

At length came Jesse Hayes, a grizzled old relic of other days, and the Campbell boys, who built themselves rude but permanent homes near the mouth of the stream. These sometimes passed the old cabin standing in the edge of the willows at Emigrant Crossing, on their hunting trips in summer and early fall. Then one day there came some barefoot boys and looked upon it curiously, and with intense feeling; for it had a history which thrilled them unspeakably. An old trailer who had crossed the plains in Fifty, fleeing from encroaching civilization had found his way to the hidden stream; and his cabin was the farthest up and nearest to the crossing of any. After that from time to time a boy would suddenly materialize along the dim trail which led up the canyon with a gun on his shoulder, pass the cabin, cross the Old Trail; and disappear in the wilderness beyond.

The boys found much to interest them, for the place had been a favorite camping ground of the redman before the paleface came, and there were many relics of a pre-historic age. Of these they gathered a great store, among them arrow and spear heads and rude mills of stone consisting of mortar and pestle. The caches in the sliderock where the Indians had stored their food, appeared as though they might have been made but yesterday—the ryegrass lining still being in place. They had come and gone like shadows that pass in the night, and only these mute records remained. The old trailer certainly could not have come to a wilder or more isolated spot. One with an atmosphere of its own, and a



wierd, seemingly almost tangible presence which hangs over it still.

One with modern ideas visiting that double log cabin with its twelve-foot entry, dirt roof and puncheon floor, forty miles from the nearest school, would probably have blamed the parents, pitied the children; and entertained little hope for them. But some of the books one of the boys has written are read from America to Australia and on the Continent, one at least having been translated into several languages; and most of the boys, six in number, have made something of a name for themselves. They had the right kind of parents, good books; and an ideal environment. Every winter the entry hung full of fat deer, and the blazing hearth with the spreading antlers above the mantel and about the walls of the cabin serving as gun racks, the stately white-haired old man and his poet wife, the dream-drenched wild and the romantic history of the stream, was enough to inspire any soul capable of feeling. And not the least among these was the Old Trail and the deserted cabin at Emigrant Crossing four miles above.

Such was the Old Trail when the deed was perpetrated that caused the creek to become known among the credulous as the "Haunted Stream." The cabin had long stood empty and through the open door and down the rude chimney the hollow winds' whistle, the sob and sigh among the willows, the soft pad of a prowling lynx, wildcat, shambling bear, or the light tread of a deer alone broke the haunt still that enfolded it like a shroud. And then the thing happened.

IN THE early twilight of a tranquil evening two horsemen galloped down the steep towards the cabin from the west. They rode in haste, and their horses' feet struck fire from the flinty roadbed. From time to time they glanced back anxiously, and then urged their tired mounts to fresh exertion. They had evidently ridden fast and far, for their horses were exhausted; and it was only on the point of the spurs they lifted them to the steady gallop they still maintained. At the Crossing they held a short parley, ever lifting their faces toward the back trail.

They saw that their horses had reached the limit of their endurance, and at length decided to camp in the deserted cabin. They turned their horses in a grassy cove below, hidden from the trail by a point of rocks; and building a slight fire made a cup of coffee and cooked a rude meal, for they had brought a few provisions with them tied behind their saddles.

They talked in guarded tones, and when the meal was done let the fire die out and sat in the gathering dusk of the slowly falling night; and as they sat they conversed in low, broken sentences, and *listened*.

Miles in the rear three men drove their spurs cruelly into the quivering flanks of their horses. They were hot on the trail of the fugitives, and in eager pursuit; and there was something peculiar about them for the leader led a packhorse, and those behind lashed it into a mad gallop which caused a tumultuous rattling of tools and cooking utensils. Some time before reaching the cabin they slowed down and let their horses cool off, and even rumbled their plastered hair. Night fell, the stars came out; and the solitary hills stood spectral in the uncertain light. Their approach was noisy, for they were talking loudly; and to this was added the rattle of their pack, which appeared to have been put on in haste and not securely.

The two fugitives had heard the thud of their horses' feet in the distance and decided that if these men were after them the cabin would be as good a place as any to fight it out. So they barred the door and waited, watching through a crack where the chink had fallen out. As the men rode up and those in the cabin saw their packhorse and the handles of picks and shovels protruding they were reassured and much relieved; for it might afford them some protection, and at least there would be no danger. In the light of the stars they could make out bearded men dressed as prospectors, and with the appearance of having been out some time. They talked and laughed as they dismounted and began to unpack—or pretended to, for the first thing was to learn if their men were in the cabin.

"Only a bunch of prospectors just in from the hills," whispered the leader in the cabin turning in the dark to his companion with a smile or relief on his face.

The leader of those outside, a tall, coarse man with a bristly light brown beard that curved causing the ends to point forward, heavy, brutish lips and a bull voice of unusual volume, approached the cabin and shoved on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the leader from inside.

"Geewillikins, boys, somebody's ahead of us!" he exclaimed turning to his companions. And then to the man inside, "Just a lousy bunch uv prospectors hittin' the trail for civilization to rest up a spell. Can we come in and cook a bite, pardner?"

"Certainly!" said the man inside, and opened the door.

"Tie the cayuses to a willow till we get somethin' inside uv us, boys, then we'll hunt some grass," said the prospector who had first spoken. This was promptly done, and the other two came in bringing the food part of the pack. Genial and hearty greetings were passed, and the prospectors set about getting a belated meal. When it was cooked they ate heartily, all the time carrying on a lively conversation with the other two and asking many questions about what had taken place in their absence in the hills.

"Now we'll have to look up some feed for the horses, boys," said the first speaker. "Reckon it'll be some job in the night."

"My partner will show you where he turned ours," said the leader of the fugitives; and this was accepted with hearty thanks. But the horses were never turned loose, and the man did not return.

An hour later the three men mounted and rode into the night. They went silently, even furtively, passing like unsubstantial shadows into the obscurity of the starlight; but they left two ghastly things behind. Down in the willows under the rocky point the form of what so recently had been a man swung from a limb. It still swayed to and fro with its distorted face lifted to the stars. And from a protruding roof log of the cabin the other slowly turned this way and that with a face as ghastly. It was Updyke, the sheriff of Ada County, and his deputy.

Some one asks the reason. *Politics*, say some, for it was the time when men's hearts were bitter over the differences of the North and South. *Vigilance committee* say others. Updyke is accused of having been at the head of a robber band operating in the country. *Robbery* others affirm—Updyke had eighteen hundred dollars on his person, and this was the object.

Personally we believe the last to be true. An early settler, a reputable merchant by the name of Jules Hagar, gave us the story with such minuteness of detail and assurance of knowledge we have never doubted he was in possession of the inside facts.

SINCE the night the mysterious three rode into the starlight the countryside has greatly changed. A railroad plows through its center, and the famous Arrowrock dam has converted the western part into a paradise, while many smaller reservoirs irrigate other parts. Sadly changed says the Oldtimer; for however much he approves of its homes it is with a feel-

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# Sheik Selim, Ltd.

**A** DEVOUT Mahometan dwelling by the Nile had three sons, Selim, Abdallah and Mahmoud.

Selim was a student and a visionary, whose time was passed in memorizing the Koran and meditating upon it, and in observing strictly the five daily calls to prayer. Abdallah was a diligent worker in his father's fields and cared for the donkey and the camel, of which last he was inordinately proud. Not every family of fellahen is lucky enough to possess a camel, and this one was as strong as he was ill-tempered. Because of Abdallah's labors, his father overlooked his passion for gambling and the rumor that he sometimes transgressed the Prophet's law anent drinking. The farm would have fared ill without him, for Mahmoud was much away. He loved the markets and bazaars where he had an uncanny skill at bargaining. He also seized every opportunity to learn the ways of the locust swarm of tourists. His father once reproved him.

"My son, why dost thou waste hours listening to Achmet's tales of the unbelievers whose women go shamelessly unveiled?"

"Oh, my father, a wise man profits by all he hears. While Achmet talks to me, he teaches me to make images like this."

He showed some rude imitations of scarabs and Bast, the cat-headed goddess, made in Nile mud and baked in the sun.

"How many such, think you, can he make in an hour? Well, for such images the unbelievers pay him two or three piasters apiece."

"Said I not that they were mad? Who is Achmet that they should pay him money for his clay images?"

"It is not as his images that he sells them. He tells the strange people that he finds them in the Valley of the Kings. I would fain go to Luxor with Achmet next fall, father."

"Go, my son, and may Allah prosper thee."

When Mahmoud returned, he found that his brother Selim had left home. Going to seek him, he found him seated on the river bank, stark naked, engaged in prayer. Mahmoud prostrated himself and then sat down by his brother waiting till Selim should deign to notice him. At last Selim sat up and turned his eyes on Mahmoud, who spoke:

"Oh, my brother, why art thou here—thus?"

"Mahmoud, thou hast ever shown me affection, and I will tell thee what

By  
**MARGARET WENTWORTH**

I have never yet confided to anyone. To me was vouchsafed a vision of one of the holy she-camels of the Prophet—blessed be his name! Think of it, Mahmoud! What an honor for one so unworthy!"

"Truly I have a great saint for a brother."

"Alas no, Mahmoud, rather a great sinner; for I lost sight of this most precious beast. Now am I the prisoner of the Prophet. He hath revealed to me that here and thus I must remain till death releases me."

Mahmoud kissed his brother's feet humbly, laid his head in the dust before him and departed meditatively.

## THE DESERT NIGHT

**T**HE full moon rises. Beyond the trees

Its river flows silver along the sands. The palms sway gently, rocked by the breeze.

Far out on the desert the Arab bands Light fires that twinkle and then—go out—

We are the Arabs, each life a light; Eternity the Desert Night.

*Elsa Nye Meriwether.*

**T**HE fruits of his meditation appeared later. That summer his father died, leaving an acre of land, the donkey and the camel. The judge of the district summoned the three brothers before him to divide the inheritance among them. Selim, already called Sheik Selim—for somehow, though he had only confided in Mahmoud, the story of his vision had become known—was called on, as the eldest, to speak first. He shook his head.

"Let my brothers share. I want nothing."

Abdallah, smarting from the memory of many childish bargains with Mahmoud in which the latter had always overreached him, proposed that all his father had left be sold and divided equally between them.

Mahmoud spoke last.

"Oh, cad, what is worse than divisions among kinsmen? Or why should brethren scatter the little patrimony received from a kind father? Hear my proposal. Let the land, the donkey and the camel be put into one lot and in the other let us put this my brother, Sheik Selim. Let us throw

the dice and let him who wins choose which lot he will take."

Abdallah's face brightened. Had he not in the folds of his robe his own trusted, trusty dice? He did not stop to reflect that Mahmoud knew about those dice, did not consider that Mahmoud was never so full of guile as when he appeared most frank and open. When the judge turned to him, "I accept," he said.

Mahmoud threw first. Eight. Abdallah had plenty of time to get out his dice and scrutinized the result with eagerness. Ten. He moistened his dry lips.

"I choose the lot with the land, the donkey and the camel."

He had been too clever for Mahmoud for once! But Mahmoud, unperturbed, bowed gracefully to destiny and to the judge, and turning to Selim who, standing apart, was unconscious of everything around him, took him by the arm, saying:

"Come, brother. Of all my father's possessions I have inherited—you."

"Me? But what will you do with me, brother?"

That simple-minded question was never answered. It was not necessary that Selim lend himself to Mahmoud's scheme at all. The more absorbed he sat, the more unconscious he was of what passed on around him, the more evident it was to all that he was a great saint and that to bring him offerings and have his prayers was a privilege. From mere tributes of food and copper coins, the gifts progressed at such a rate that the mosque could be re-decorated and became, in some sense, Sheik Selim's personal and private mosque. The imam was not slow to see the advantage of having a living saint connected with the mosque; of having a saint's shrine and miracle-working tomb there when Sheik Selim should be called to his reward. I do not know exactly what division Mahmoud made with him when the Sheik Selim game may be said to have become Sheik Selim, Ltd.; but I can confidently assert that Mahmoud did not get the worst of it. Nor should he have done so; he was a born financier. His greatest achievement was to lay the Nile boats under contribution.

As you pass, a felucca darts out from shore and from it is tossed a few stalks of corn bound together with a bit of red cloth. A collection is made, tied in a cloth knotted to this frail raft and it drifts back to him—literal bread upon the waters. It is nothing un-

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# The Makings of a National Poet

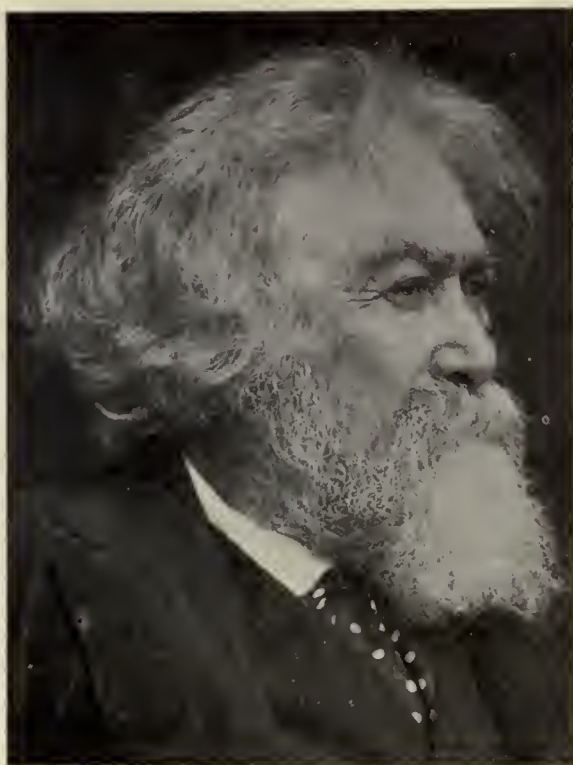
By COL. E. HOFER

**W**HEN shall America have a national poet? When shall he come forth? When we shall unitedly demand a national Poet Laureate. Not before. He shall be a man who has great qualities by nature, noble inherited traditions, uniting the cultural achievements of the older Eastern states; a pioneer and active participant in the throes of a continent that gave birth to the newer Western commonwealths.

The nation is finding and recognizing

human rights, is it any wonder Colonel Wood always volunteered to fight with the under dog and cast his lot with the toilers or those who battled for better human conditions?

Could we have a national poet better schooled than as a boy in the public schools of Pennsylvania, his native state, then in the Baltimore high school, graduating at West Point and finishing his degrees at Columbia in



Colonel  
Charles  
Erskine  
Scott  
Wood

Explorer,  
Pioneer,  
Soldier,  
Artist,  
Poet—

ing such a man in Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood of San Francisco. His life is an epic. His father was first Surgeon General of the Navy During the Civil War. His mother was an Erskine, a family immortalized by their fight for religious liberty and freedom of thought in founding the New Kirk or Free Church of Scotland and suffering persecution by the government for their daring progressivism.

Two Erskine cousins sat at the same time on the bench as Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Scotland. Imprisoned for fearless liberalism, those of Erskine blood as champions of liberalism were sung by Robert Burns as heroes. With ancestors cradled in

law, philosophy and history? Of Scotch, Irish and English ancestry, could he do otherwise than try his fortunes in the great expanding, throbbing battle for the conquest of the newer West?

He saw life and military service on the frontier and on great plains, at the army posts in the earlier days in Washington Territory, Oregon, California and all the country that later became Montana, Idaho and Utah. He assisted in the exploration of Alaska. He was one of the first white men to go down the Yukon. He took part with his regiment in the Indian Wars until the surrender of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés at Bear Paw mountain.

**H**E SERVED under General Howard in the Bannock and Piute Indian Wars, was sent twice to Washington as special envoy to personally arrange terms of peace for the Indians with President Hayes; and in conclusion conducted Chief Joseph to his last home on the reservation. He witnessed the retirement of the powerful native races and witnessed the oncoming tides of settlers and empire builders take their places. With a notable career in the regular army, and organizer of the Oregon State Militia, and having seen service on real battlefields, he is opposed to war on principle, having opposed entrance of the United States into the war until the passage of the laws that forbade discussion of the subject.

He had great achievements in the practice of law. He became head of the largest law firm in the Northwest, building a reputation that made him counsel for the Hill railroad system, for the largest banking institutions in the West, and attorney for Lazard Freres of Paris in disposing of their land grant across the state of Oregon. As an after dinner speaker and humorist; as a pleader of grave causes involving millions, this pioneer Indian fighter was without a peer. Statements could be made to his credit in every field of intellectual achievement.

He earned princely fees in his profession and spent his income with lavish hand, finding his recreations writing poetry and painting in water color the amethyst skies of the sage-covered plains, paintings that adorn the galleries of the largest cities in our country.

He has published: "Book of Tales," and "Indian Myths," "A Masque of Love," "Maia, the Poet in the Desert," and lyrics in many magazines. He has a number of dramas not published but which have had presentation.

Colonel Wood first married Nannie Moale Smith of Washington who bore him six children, four of them living. He met his present wife, Sara Bard Field, about twelve years ago, while writing his great poem, "The Poet in the Desert," in the heart of the Great American Desert in Harney County, Oregon. This union has been of the greatest inspiration to him as a writer and he has established his retreat as a poet at The Cats, Los Gatos, where winter is continuous spring and perfumed summer airs prevail.

No proper estimate or criticism of Colonel Wood's work is possible in so brief a sketch. He is a master of free



verse and blank verse. With his trained mind of dynamic power, with a heart brimming over with love, justice and gentleness, an artistic instinct, backed by a life of action and achievement for honors in all the great fields where real men love to battle, his are the makings of a national genius in the world of letters.

It was a more than local event—February 20th, 1925,—when a bohemian group of friends crowded his San Francisco home on Russian Hill to celebrate with music, song, verse and drama, his seventy-third birthday. It was a cosmopolitan crowd such as only the Bay City can supply, poets, writers, actors, singers, players, dramatists, and producers, with Big Bill Hanley, of Harney County, Oregon, plainsman, and lifelong friend of the host.

Introducing the reading of some of his unpublished poems, Colonel Wood defined poetry as an art, the highest form of expression, the immortal soul of literature. Bearing the dignity of the classical forms, with the deep and serious music of a cathedral choir, his verse unites the charms of culture and the elemental power of a man who loves the great western plains.

His voice and life are a protest against economic injustice, and he labors for all practical steps to solve the riddle which places the palaces of Fifth Avenue alongside the slums of a great city. Without any publicity or propaganda, never writing for popular causes or catering to majorities, Colonel Wood has seen his greatest work, "The Poet in the Desert," republished in England and translated by the German publishers of Walt Whitman, making him a world poet.

This incomplete sketch of the greatest life of activity of which the West has any record, would fail of its object, were there not a generous reference to his volume of verse, the latest revised London edition. It is Whitmanesque. Following excerpts are from

his descriptions of the desert, and a concluding passage revealing him as the great Lover of Nature. They are more beautiful and the entire volume has deeper revelations of cosmic truth than can be found in any similar writings of any American poet. Let some of Colonel Wood's lines speak for the man and poet:—

#### From THE POET IN THE DESERT

I know the Desert is beautiful.  
I have lain in her arms.  
She has kissed me.  
I have come to lie on her breast  
And breathe the virginal air  
Of primal conditions.  
I have come out from the haunts of men;  
From the struggle of wolves upon a carcass,  
To be melted in Creation's crucible  
And be made clean.

From her mysterious chamber  
I hear her whisper:  
"Only Man has defied his Mother  
"And set up the idols of his ignorance."  
The Desert, sitting scornful, apart,  
An unwooded Princess, careless, indifferent;  
Spreading her garments wonderful beyond  
estimation,  
And embroidering continually her mantle.  
She is a queen, seated on a throne of gold  
In the Hall of Silence.  
She insists upon humility.  
She insists upon meditation.  
She insists that the soul be free.  
She requires an answer.  
She demands the final reply to thoughts  
Which cannot be answered.  
She lights the Sun for a torch  
And sets up the great cliffs as sentinels.  
The morning and the evening are curtains  
Before her chamber.

Her body is tawny with the eagerness of  
the Sun  
And her eyes are pools which shine in deep  
canyons.  
She is a beautiful swart woman,  
With opals at her throat,  
Rubies on her wrists  
And topaz about her ankles.  
Her breasts are like the evening and the  
day stars.  
She sits upon her throne of light, proud  
and silent,  
Indifferent to wooers.  
The Sun is her servitor, the Stars her at-  
tendants;  
Running before her.  
She sings a song unto her own ears,

Solitary, but sufficient;  
The song of her being.  
She is a naked dancer, dancing upon  
A pavement of porphyry and pearl,  
Dazzling, so that the eyes must be shaded.  
She wears the stars upon her bosom  
And braids her hair with the constellations.  
Her brown breasts flash with opals.  
She slays those who fear her,  
But runs her hand lovingly over the brow  
Of those who dare,  
Soothing with a voluptuous caress.  
She is a courtesan, wearing jewels,  
Enticing, smiling a bold smile;  
Adjusting her brilliant raiment negligently,  
Lying brooding upon her floor, richly car-  
peted;  
Her brown thighs beautiful and naked.  
She toys with the dazzlry of her diadems,  
And displays the stars as her coronet,  
Smilingly inscrutably.  
She is a nun, withdrawing behind her veil;  
Grey, mysterious, meditative, unapproach-  
able.

I know what Nature is and her largesse.  
I know her beauty is infinite;  
Her freedom perfect and her tenderness  
everlasting.  
My throat yearns to sing a song of beauty,  
For my soul keeps in its secret chamber  
The madness of a wind-swept hill-top  
Where, from under a shading laurel,  
We watched the white clouds lure the  
winds,  
Their lovers,  
Down into the caverns of the sky.  
Little birds fluttered in and out the leafy  
covers;  
Hawks skilfully slanted to the breeze  
And squirrels ran about, sitting erect,  
Suddenly questioning.  
Flowers blossomed without a governor,  
And the beautiful madrona-trees,  
With limbs smooth as the limbs of nymphs,  
Whispered to the roving Winds.  
There are hills for all and oaks for all,  
And the airy blue covers the world.

From the hill-top we saw the skyey threads  
Which are the rivers.  
I may go down to them and lie by them,  
Refilling the vessels of my soul;  
Listening to the secret conversations of the  
waters  
Which carry me afar, enchanted and en-  
thralled;  
Like half-heard, mystic, murmured incan-  
tations  
Of soft-shod, hushed magicians  
Who lift me sleeping, and in Lethean  
languor  
Bear me unto the perfect meadows  
Where the white-handed nymphs await my  
coming.

## THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

*An unpublished poem written by Kate Douglas Wiggin in San Francisco in 1890. The words were intended for a musical setting.*

THE sunshine of thine eyes,  
Oh still, celestial beam,  
Whatever it touches it fills  
With the life of its lambent gleam.  
The sunshine of thine eyes,  
Oh, let it fall on me!  
Though I be but a mote of the air,  
I could turn to gold for thee!

The sunshine of thine eyes,  
Oh, warm, enchanting ray!  
It chases with tender grace  
The gloom in my heart away!  
The sunshine of thine eyes!  
Oh, let it fall on me!  
'Twill fan to a glowing heat  
My burning love for thee!

The sunshine of thine eyes,  
Oh, sweet caressing light,  
Fall tenderly into my soul,  
With thy radiance soft and bright—  
The sunshine of thine eyes,  
Oh, let it fall on me!  
Though I were asleep, yea, dead!  
I should wake at a smile from thee!



# A Home in the Desert

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH)

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

## CHAPTER IV

MOTHER early endeavored to give us a proper conception of God. She was dismayed and surprised one day when in questioning us she found we held absurd and distorted ideas of the Deity.

The boys had not given the matter any thought. I pictured a splendid young king, wearing a golden crown and flowing robes of crimson velvet, standing on a glittering throne, directing with a jeweled staff long lines of advancing spirits to the right or left, as the case might merit, the roads leading to heaven and hell.

Ella visioned God as a gentle, kindly old man with white hair and beard, a loving father who smiled with joy when his earthly children were good, and sorrowed when sin overtook them.

Mother hastened to explain as clearly as possible that God did not have a physical body, but was purely spirit, the life force; that goodness, truth and beauty were His attributes. Even though spirit could not be seen, He was fully as real as the air that we drew into our lungs with each breath. This, too, was invisible to the naked eye.

At dinner that day we had soup, and it was not as thick as we children liked it. Fred surveyed it gravely, letting it run slowly down his spoon.

"This soup is thin," he observed with a sigh, "Awfully thin, 'bout as thin as God, I think."

Mother told us to always say our prayers before we went to sleep, and I used mine as a sort of talisman to keep me from harm and gain my heart's desire. I said the Lord's prayer first, then finished with a long list of things that varied from day to day, as my needs asserted themselves.

"Faith can remove mountains," ran the minister's text one day, then followed an intellectual discussion of the power of mind over matter.

Of this I caught but little, for the text had engraved itself on my mind and I was off on a wonderful flight of fancy.

When my prayers were not answered I laid the fault at my own door. I had not felt sufficient faith in making my request. I knew that often I asked dubiously, wondering meantime if by any possible miracle this thing could be brought to pass.

Sometimes, watching the mighty mountains in the west, I wondered if they could be laid low, and waving crops grow where the mighty peaks lifted themselves so proudly.

I knew that the desert had been subdued by the power of man and the magic of irrigation. I decided to ask the minister about it the next time he came to our house, for he was one I particularly liked.

As a rule our ministers came and went at the end of a year. Usually pale, scholarly men from the East who traveled to Greeley and served our little church, hoping that the dry Colorado air would improve their health. But now, to our great satisfaction, the pulpit was filled by a robust man with a keen sense of humor.

He came to see us often. He walked out from town one afternoon about four o'clock and mother urged him to stay for supper, so that father could visit with him in the evening.

It was a year when hail had taken much of the crop, and the wool clip had been sold for a low figure, on a depressed market. Therefore strict economy was necessary. We did not mind this very much so long as no one knew about it. But to confess aloud the fact was, especially to Ella and me, a deep disgrace.

We were a loyal family, and presented a brave and united front to the world, no matter what troubles might occur among the individual members.

I often endeavored to give the impression casually that we were careful in expenditures, not from any lack of ready cash—the family was simply rolling in money—but because that was considered the proper thing by intellectual people, such as constituted our home circle.

After conversing with the minister for a time, mother came into the kitchen to get supper ready, leaving him reading a new copy of the Youth's Companion, which had just come. How I envied him! I was simply aching to get it into my hands.

She hurried about, making hot biscuit which all visitors seemed to like, drenching cottage cheese with thick yellow cream. We girls set the table with the best china, a dinner set decorated with rose buds, which father had won as a prize at the County Fair, for the best pen of pure-bred Angora goats.

We brought up preserved strawberries from the cellar, decorated a platter of cold meat with parsley, to make it look like more, placed comb honey at

either end of the long table. At the right hand of the plate reserved for the minister we set the butter dish, a heavy glass affair, with a rest at the side for the butter knife.

Mother had baked sponge cake that very morning. She congratulated herself on this fact as she watched over a large iron skillet containing fresh fried potatoes, a dish of which our family was particularly fond.

Tea was made for the elders, a blue pitcher filled with milk for the children, glasses and napkins placed at each plate, and all was ready.

Father came, we washed our face and hands hastily, and the boys passed a wet brush over their turbulent locks. We had a new hired man whom father introduced to the minister. He grasped him cordially by the hand and greeted him as courteously as if he were a college president.

Merrily the supper went on. The hot biscuit were good, yes, very good, the minister said, as he helped himself to a liberal supply of butter. Each time the plate was passed he cut off a large chunk of the golden substance.

Guy looked at him frowningly, and when for the fourth time he depleted the supply on hand, voiced an anxious protest:

"Be careful, Mr. Ellison, butter's forty cents a pound."

We girls flushed to the eyebrows with deep mortification. Father made a joke at which the minister and the hired man laughed heartily, and the incident was passed over.

But later we took our brother to task, and explained the family code.

"You must not ever say a thing like that again even if some visitor takes the whole plate of butter. Why, he'll think we're poor!"

And when Guy expostulated, "Well, we are, this year anyway, for I heard father tell mother so with my own ears," we further elucidated:

"That's all right, just so nobody outside the family knows. It's no disgrace to be hard up so long as you don't let folks know you are."

Bewildered and somewhat mystified he retired into a far corner under the square piano. Seating himself in the exact center of one of the red roses that decorated the Brussels carpet, he proceeded to re-arrange his thoughts, that he might not again offend the family honor.

Among the guests who came was one woman I especially disliked. She was from Boston, an intellectual lady



of middle age who had never married. She wore glittering eyeglasses attached to her dress by a gold chain. When she looked at us children she had something of the air of one surveying a pen of interesting animals, desirable so long as one did not come in direct contact with them.

She had lived in Concord, and knew personally many writers whom our parents admired and loved. She was welcomed gladly by them, and they listened with interest to anecdotes of Emerson, Louise M. Alcott, and other authors of note.

One afternoon I found her unusually obnoxious. At the supper table I stuck out my little finger in imitation of her, causing a giggle to run among the rest of the children, and a sharp look of reproof from mother.

When I asked to have anything passed my accent was that of a true Bostonian, and my voice clear and high. Mother hastened the meal and passed into the sitting room with a look of relief on her face.

Between the dining room and the sitting room were double doors; these were closed while we washed the dishes and cleared the table.

As soon as the doors were safely shut I said:

"Let's find the Lost Chord for the old smarty-cat"—my favorite term for those who deeply displeased me—"that'll make her madder than a wet hen."

Ella demurred, she felt this might cause mother embarrassment. And father—well—it was hard to predict just how he would take it!

It was not until I danced round and round her, chanting derisively:

"'Fraidy-cat, 'fraidy-cat, worse than a smarty-cat!" that she reluctantly consented to become one of the gang.

Presently we filed sedately into the sitting room and seated ourselves in a row on the lounge.

A pause came in the conversation and Miss Ainsworth looked at us almost kindly, saying graciously:

"What a fine, robust row of children! This must be a healthy climate for they look quite perfect physically."

FATHER and mother beamed, for praise of their offspring touched them in a tender spot, doubly sweet, perhaps, because of its scarcity.

Father responded proudly: "Yes, they are a healthy lot. Not a weak one in the bunch. This Colorado air is great. Just see what chests those children have developed!"

As Miss Ainsworth surveyed us through her glittering glasses I said, in my best company manner:

"Wouldn't you like to have us find

the Lost Chord for you? We can do it nicely, for we often find it for ourselves."

Our parents looked dubious. I could feel them thinking:

"Heavens, what is coming now!"

"Yes, indeed," Miss Ainsworth responded, smiling, and showing her false teeth. "I should be greatly interested. I have heard of the Lost Chord but did not know that it had been found."

"We'll soon show you," I marshaled my forces. "Come on, let's all stand

#### SHADOWS

IN the morning they lie lightly  
On the grass  
They are twinkling, dancing, laughing,  
As we pass,  
But at noon they're bold and strong,  
Mingling with the surging throng  
All unnoticed, save where wrong  
Needs a mask.  
Beckoning shadows creep and gather—  
Nightly task!—  
All the little ones together  
In one place.  
Drowsy shadows lose their mirth,  
Close enfolding Mother Earth  
To await a day's new birth,  
In night's embrace.

—Eleanor G. Fox.

up in a row. We do it better that way."

We sang together:

"The miller's black dog lay on the barn floor,

And Bango was his name."

We repeated twice, following with the chorus that spelled the dog's name one letter after another. "B", "A", "N", "G", came rapidly from four different throats, "O"! we all sang loudly, each in a different key, making as great a discord as possible, then we finished with, "And Bango was his name."

Very politely I turned to Miss Ainsworth, smiling brightly.

"That's it, that place where we all sing, O! each in a different key. The Lost Chord, found by us after being gone for hundreds of years! Do you like it?"

Father did not wait for her answer. He opened the door.

"That will do for this evening. March to bed, every one of you. I'm ashamed of such rude children." In an aside to me as I passed:

"I'll see you about this in the morning, Rene, you're the culprit!"

My heart thumped wildly at the complete success of the coup de main. I did not worry at all about the morning. Father was such a busy man that he usually conveniently forgot such things over night.

His chagrin on this occasion was equalled, if not surpassed, later in the same week. But this time there was no malice of forethought on the part of any of his children. We were quite innocent of intent to displease anyone. Rather, we made a gallant effort to delight every one concerned, but out of our audience of three only one gave voice to pleasure in our performance.

A friend of father's whom he had not seen in many years, a physician from the town where he had once practiced medicine, wrote that he would stop between trains to view the farm, and see the children of whom so much had been written.

If we children had been told of his coming we did not remember it. Nor, having remembered, would we have given it any thought, for friends of our father's pre-Greeley days meant but little in our young lives.

We watched father drive away in the new buggy, while we prepared the outfit for an Indian dance that was a great favorite of ours. We took chicken feathers saved from tails and wings, and tied them at various intervals along a wide string. This made a fine war-bonnet.

We dyed our face and hands with blackberry juice, flattened our hair, tied the war-bonnet about our head, the long line of feathers reaching almost to the ground. We improvised a tom-tom out of a piece of tanned hide stretched tightly across a hoop. When pounded with a padded stick it gave forth a highly satisfactory dull drumming sound.

We had been told of these dances by people who had actually seen them among the Indians in Southern Colorado and New Mexico. We knew how the thing was done.

We formed a circle, chanting a shrill and monotonous "Hi-ki-yi-yi" to the accompaniment of the tom-tom. We danced round and round, now bending low, now leaping high in the air.

We had paused for rest, lying idly on the soft green grass that covered the ditch bank, when we heard father call in the distance:

"Come, children, all of you, come here at once."

From the pleasant tone of his voice we jumped to the conclusion that he had brought home a big bag of candy from town, as he often did.

In gratitude for his generosity we resolved to give him the benefit of our Indian dance, of which we were very proud.

We hastily stained our face and hands anew with a liberal supply of blackberry juice.



Feathers waving wildly in the breeze, tom-tom sounding with dull, monotonous roar, voices chanting shrill and high, "Hi-ki-yi-yi", we burst upon his horrified sight.

At his look of dismay we halted suddenly, staring at the dignified gentleman who stood beside him, astonishment written in capital letters on his face. He wore a beard, and carried a stiff hat in his hand, very different from the soft-brimmed Stetson father wore.

We hesitated, undecided whether to remain, or flee swiftly back from whence we came. Then he smiled, he laughed out loud, his brown eyes twinkling with merriment. He was delightfully human, after all.

He chatted with us for a few moments, then requested that we give him the Indian dance, as he was much interested in such things, coming from a country where Indians were scarce indeed.

Thrilling with gratitude at his approval, we gave an exhibition long remembered by our embarrassed parents. We went low, almost to the ground, then leaped far up in the air, and we surprised all previous records in our vocal exertions.

Presently father waved us away with an expression of hopeless resignation to the inevitable.

Mother told us afterward of this friend's two children, as she remembered them. As nearly as we could decide they were a sort of Gold-Elsie and little Lord Fauntleroy, two characters in fiction that we affected to especially despise. Although I must have found Elsie Dinsmore of interest, for I read the entire series of books concerning her.

Guy doubled up his fist and surveyed it longingly.

"Gee," he remarked, "wouldn't I like to meet that little Lord Fauntleroy out in the road when his mamma was about a mile away. What I'd do to those curls of his, and that velvet suit would be a plenty!"

The boys fought often at this stage of the game, not from any sense of anger, sheer effervescence of animal spirits like puppies at play. One or the other would double up a fist and chant:

"Here stands a fist,  
Who put it there?

A better man than you are,  
Come touch it if you dare!"

Then followed the scuffle.

This practice gave mother much distress; she sadly remarked that we were like wild children, bearing little resemblance to the well behaved youth of her own day.

There was doubtless great truth in

this, for mother had been reared in a home where the parents were kind and stern, firmly believing that children should be seen and not heard.

We told mother frankly that we were mighty glad we were not on earth at that time, and that we much preferred her way of bringing up children.

We added that she was the nicest mother ever, and we wouldn't trade her for a million dollars, and that from now on we were going to be like angels from heaven, just to please her.

At this she smiled and sighed and kissed us every one.

## CHAPTER V

DIRECTLY across the road that ran by our farm rose the tall six-foot high fence that surrounded the grounds devoted to the Weld County Fair, which was held every fall.

Father was one of the stockholders, and their wives and children were admitted free of charge to the grounds and the grandstand, also.

Each member of the family wore a badge pinned on the breast, that proclaimed to all the wide world that he or she was entitled to full privileges of the Fair, without the customary charges.

Never had we children felt more important than when we strolled idly about, outside the high board fence, displaying our badge to friends of less fortunate fathers, and finally, after some time, entering the grounds with a nonchalant air.

The Fair was held one year for three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. There was much discussion as to whether the schools should dismiss on Wednesday, or remain in session. It was finally decided that Saturday should be a special children's day, and school go on as usual.

Since we children would have but one entire day to spend at the Fair, we coaxed mother to let us take our lunch, so we need not return home at noon. To this she finally gave a reluctant consent.

The entrance to the Fair was on the farther side of the fence, distant almost one-half mile from the house. Mother, accompanied by the twins, drove there with father, taking the big lunch-basket.

The boys scaled the high fence by means of a convenient board. Ella and I walked sedately to the entrance, and stood there for a time, chatting with a group of girls, watching the stream of buggies pass through the wide gates.

Inside the band was playing madly, the hum of many voices rose, sheep

were blating, the cattle lowing, pigs grunting, and horses neighing one to another. A bedlam of sounds that delighted our ears.

Shortly after 10 o'clock we slipped in behind a big double-buggy, displayed our badges to the gate-keeper, and were a part of the big show that surged about us.

First of all we rode on the merry-go-round. I selected a bird with a spreading tail, and Ella a prancing horse. We were off to the resounding music that thrilled us with joy. It seemed a veritable poetry of motion, so enticing that again, and yet again, we rode at top speed round and round the circle. We paused at last, slightly dizzy, our pocketbooks depleted by the sum of fifteen cents. But it was worth it, we said in a tone of deep conviction.

Next we made a round of the pens containing the sheep, for father had on display some pure-bred Merino rams, and Cotswold ewes.

The former were sheep having a fine, rather short wool, and the latter, a fleece coarser in texture, and heavier in weight. By crossing the two breeds he secured a wool combining the best features of both, and commanding a good price.

When we found the blue ribbon, denoting a first prize, attached to each pen, our hearts grew big with pride.

Slowly, pen by pen, we examined the entire array of animals, with the exception of the horses. They were in a long line of stables that extended almost the entire length of the north fence.

The sleek cattle, the fat, contented-looking pigs, were all of interest to us. But we hurried at last, eager to see the poultry show.

The array of chickens was fairly bewildering. We had not dreamed there were so many varieties in existence, since the only bird at the farm was the sober Plymouth Rock.

Ella was passionately fond of horses, and here we lingered long, admiring the shining race horses most of all. Slender, with beautifully shaped heads, and large, intelligent eyes, they formed a sharp contrast to the heavy draft animals that were becoming very popular on the farms.

We never grew tired of stories that told of the wonderful Arabian horses, bred in the great desert. We wished—ah, so ardently—that we could trade our mustang pony for a steed so swift and light of foot that the very winds would stand still to watch it pass.

We could not find either father or mother in the crowd about us, so finally, growing lonely for our own, we



# A Fresh Air School of Pioneer Days

IN the late summer of 1872, a teacher was needed for a little group of children gathered from the ranches of Berros Creek, San Luis Obispo County. Between the old mission town of San Luis Obispo and the Santa Maria River there was but one school and that was the Arroyo Grande, taught by J. F. Beckett. Berros Creek is about half way between the last two places mentioned. Mr. Beckett was appealed to and wrote to the only normal school in the state at the time, the one at San Jose, asking that a teacher be sent to Berros Creek.

Edwin Markham, a mere stripling, had just been graduated from the San Jose Normal. The place was offered him and he accepted it. Let him tell the story of his maiden effort at teaching in his own words, which are taken from a letter to me dated December 16, 1916.

I have vivid memories of my days on Los Berros Creek in San Luis Obispo County [he says], for it was there that I taught my first school, and had my first adventures in the duties of responsible manhood.

I was graduated from the State Normal School at San Jose in 1872, and forthwith received a call to go south to teach the school in the highlands of Los Berros. I took train to Gilroy (the end of the railroad then) and there I mounted the six-horse stage for San Luis Obispo. It seems now that the trip took three days and nights of ceaseless riding. I shall never forget the rocking stage, and the owl faces of my companions. All through the night we heard the crack of the driver's whip, except for the hours when we caught a fitful sleep or paused for a meal at some wayside station.

Reaching Arroyo Grande I found a half wrecked carriage waiting to take me up the winding canons to Los

By ANNA LOUISE MORRISON

Berros. It was a joyful ride in the early fall. It was the dry of the year and the air was full of the scents of mints and sages; the hills were parched and tawny, patched in places by wild oats fallen in yellow heaps in the hollows. Cottontails flickered under the rail fences; crows gossiped in the boughs.

Arrived in Los Berros I found a hearty welcome from the sun-burnt mountaineers, but alas! no school house was ready. "Well, this need not disturb you," I said to my crestfallen patrons. "Let me have an ax and I will remedy your deficiency."

I WENT into the woods, selected a fine live oak, one with broad friendly branches, all woven so thickly that no rain could penetrate the leafy roof. Now cutting down some young saplings I built a rail fence around my chosen tree. Next I set up in the enclosure short sections of a tree trunk for seats and desks for my nine pupils. Finally I erected a high platform next the tree. It was a seat tall and commanding, a seat that had no parallel except that lofty seat on which Satan sat in "Paradise Lost." This was my Oak Tree College. So you see that I was a pioneer in the outdoor school movement. Here I led the children among the paths of wisdom. An inquisitive deer would wander down to survey us with soft, wondering eyes. Sometimes we saw tracks of foxes and bears that visited the college during the night. The wildcat set up his cry of hate on some neighboring cliff in the hours of darkness. The coyote, always at a safe distance, would come from the far cliffs to scoff at the man in the moon and the man on the earth.

Since those days in the first flush of manhood I have ruled over many schools in buildings fine and ornate, but never have I elsewhere felt the deep satisfaction, felt the lyric happiness I knew in that green kingdom on the hills of Los Berros in my Live Oak College of San Luis Obispo County. Here is a little poem that was written at the time and expressed my feelings perhaps more truly than anything I have said before.

## THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;  
I have found my life and am satisfied.  
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,  
Checking the fieldlark's rippling notes.

Lightly I sweep

From steep to steep;

Over my head through branches high  
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;  
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks,  
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;  
A bee booms out of the scented grass,  
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget.

Life's hoard of regret—

All the terror and pain

Of the chafing chain.

Grind on, O cities grind:

I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skys expand:  
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.

Let them weary and work in their narrow walls;

I ride with the voices of water-falls.

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing  
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing;  
The world is gone like an empty word:  
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart  
a bird.

I should like to return to the county again and retrace my old footsteps. In fact I expect to do this when I make my next visit to the Far West. I have not forgotten my friends of that early time and I trust they have not forgotten me altogether.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

## BLUE AND SILVER JAYS

By MARY AGNES KELLY

ALL day  
The pines  
Were robed in gray  
Soft veils of mist.  
All day  
Gnarled cypress  
By the bay  
Were ghosts  
By pale fog kissed—

Till suddenly  
A radiant jay  
With azure wings  
And breast of gray  
Flashed by  
To keep a tryst,  
And veils of fog  
Seemed rent away.  
I saw the turquoise

Of blue day  
Shine through the mist,  
And silver sheen  
Of cool sands gray  
Where spindrift stings  
And sea winds play—  
All in the wings  
And breast of jay—  
And daisies' amethyst.



# A House Divided

By  
RICHARD WARNER BORST

## CHAPTER VII

THE following morning dawned warm and bright. Julia rose at half past five and slipped into a dark blue calico. It was slightly faded, and the mildness of its color blent with the copper masses of her hair. She was a bit pale, she observed, as she stood before the walnut-framed mirror. The dark eyebrows, lifted slightly in the center; the firm-set, rather small mouth; the aquiline nose, and the delicately oval contour of her chin, all were features of a strong and scrupulous personality. If there were any imperfection in the lines of the face, it was the way the left corner of her mouth lifted slightly above the level of the other. Her eyes, dark blue and full of inner light, looked steadfastly back at her from the depths of the glass. With a shapely hand she pinned the gold and jet brooch at her high collar, smoothed a tangled lock of hair into place, and turned to look upon the morning.

Her window opened directly over the narrow gravel path that led to the front gate,—a path overgrown with the already tall blue grass, and bordered with clumps of bleeding-heart and tiger lily not yet in bloom. To the right of this path near the porch, was a broad and luxuriant bush of blush roses. On the left of it flaunted a brilliant growth of small yellow teas-roses—her special delight. Westward of the path were other growing things—syringa, snowball, lilac. The syringa and snowball were veritable clouds of bloom, and sparkled in the rain drops still adhering to leaf and petal. Underneath the grass was white with loosened and scattered blossoms. Further west, a long row of currant bushes marked the boundary of the yard. Along the entire frontage of the area a double row of tall soft maples hung their masses of somber green, dripping with moisture. Rows of pine, spruce and cedar ran down the center of the plantation. And along the east, a lane ran past the house northward to Lee French's place, — the farm adjoining on the north line of the Brock property. Into this mingling of flower, tree and shrub Julia gazed with her old sense of affection for the home of her girlhood. She had grown up with the lesser trees and they held for her an almost animate quality.

THE kitchen door slammed; she heard Adam go forth into the damp day, clanking his milk pails. There issued from the barn the sound of a horse pawing and stamping for

the approaching dole of oats and clover. And she could also hear the mistress of the household moving busily about on the floor below. With a sigh she turned away from the window and descended the stairs.

Mrs. Brock had a habit of talking to herself in an impatient undertone. Af-

### AFTERMATH OF ECSTASY

SHAKEN and hesitant, I stand  
Unwilling to mount the gold  
flecked steps  
That lead to Ecstasy.  
Drawn by her high and silver call,  
As winds warm with the scent of un-  
seen flowers  
Draw on the thirsty bee,  
I have run up her steeps, mad with  
delight—  
Drunk with the heady sweet of that  
rare air,  
Rapt in a rush of harmony—  
And still I pulse to stand,  
Trembling with power, weak with  
joy—  
But oh I know, the glory past,  
The empty aftermath of ecstasy.  
—Ruth Bernice Mead.

flicted with a chronic pessimism, she carried on endless monologues with herself as sole auditor. The burden of such discourses might be the prevailing famine in China, concerning which she read in *The Christian Herald*, which was always in the house; or she might be dramatizing in her mind an encounter with some neighbor of whom she disapproved. But usually her remarks had reference to the state of the family finances; the imminence of bankruptcy; the cruelty of money lenders; the carelessness of creditors; the low price of eggs; the cost of feed; the scanty flow of milk from their over-fed flock of cows; the signs of coming drouth. Inevitably at the end of every tirade came the asseveration in plaintive notes:

"I don't see what the world's comin' to!"

This morning Julia found her in her characteristic frame of mind. She turned a gloomy eye on her offspring and continued her remarks as if Julia had heard all.

"—and what with yer pa gone and signs of a dry summer, I don't see anything ahead but more debt than ever, for all our staving night and day."

Julia set about laying the red cloth over the oilcloth covered table. She wanted to hear as little as possible. Her main interest was so to manage matters that Adam might achieve his marriage before the real floods of maternal wrath should descend. The ceremony would give the two young sinners an inviolability against invective as invulnerable as the Rock of Ages, and around it the tempestuous ocean of family discord might rave and roar but without avail. She knew Adam was in no frame of mind for strategy; that what manœuvres were necessary must come from her.

"Ma," she began, "I'm going to town today."

"Now, child," expostulated that lady. "This is Saturday, and I have to do my trading. I was expecting you would feed the chicks. They're too young to go all day."

Julia made no reply just then. After she had stirred briskly at the pancake batter and set the griddle on the stove, she began again:

"I wonder what I'm going to do for house dresses this summer. This calico and that last year's gingham are all that I've got left fit to put on." She knew her mother scarcely dared refuse her the chance to select the goods, for she—Julia—had paid for her own clothes these last two years out of her school money. "As for the trading," she added, "I can manage Sawyer. He's one grocery man I never was afraid of. He likes me too well." She laughed.

A slight smile overspread the drooping-lined face of the capricious elder woman. One pride she did not conceal—that Julia took after her in business shrewdness.

"Well, I 'spose you might as well, Jule," she said relenting.

"I'll get my money out of Sawyer, don't you worry, ma," she responded; and the next instant became absorbed in her pancakes which now spread out on the smoking griddle in miraculously round and exquisitely savory discs, while the batter hissed cheerfully on the hot iron. For several minutes this process continued while a generous stack of cakes rose on a nearby plate. Adam, coming in with the milk, viewed with stolid satisfaction the prospect of ample feeding. To outward appearances there was no indication that he would be a married man before noon. Setting the foaming pails on the unpainted boards of the shanty floor, he rinsed his face and hands in the tin basin on a low bench, and



paused to part his hair at the little round-cornered mirror that hung by an eight-penny nail to a studding. He drew up a chair and, without further formality, fell to on the pancakes.

The two women, having brought coffee, bacon and fried eggs as additional fare, found their places. The formality of "returning thanks" had fallen entirely out of use since David's departure. For the same reason that Lydia Brock refrained from all discussion of the derelict husband, she encouraged this detail of "living him down". The meal thus summarily commenced, proceeded in silence. Adam poured immense quantities of syrup on his cakes. And he bolted his food,—this latter habit being ground into him through long training in that household where "eat and run" was the order of every day.

AS FOR Julia and her mother, accustomed to the fate of all females since the beginning of time, that of watching and serving while the male eats, they both hovered about the board, sitting occasionally for a mouthful, only to rise again for more coffee, more pancakes, more syrup, more salt, more butter. And through it all Adam consumed in silence the dishes placed before him. Evidently he was preparing himself for a strenuous day, though he was disposed to shift responsibility to other shoulders.

Mrs. Brock now began her morning chant of misery and forebodings. She predicted drouth; yet inconsequentially insisted on a project which she had harped upon for the past five years—the purchasing of a dozen head more of milk cows. She was a strong adherent of the idea that there was a virtue in hard work for its own sake. She acted on the principle that some reward should secure to all honest effort, however faultily it might be directed and executed. This at least seemed to be the reason for her insistence on Adam's setting forth as soon as possible in search of the proposed purchase. Up till today Adam had procrastinated. He abominated cows. It was disgraceful that he should milk,—a woman's job. But today when she spoke, he seemed ready to set out.

"Now, Adam," the woman began. "Today is just the one fer you t' go over t' Dan Delaney's t' look at his heifer he was tellin' about."

Adam was about to speak.

"Now Adam," she repeated, "don't you be puttin' this off any longer. Yer pa kept me back on this fer long enough, and many's the time I saw we was losin' money fer want of more stock. I—"

"Aw ma! 'do shut up fer once!" said Adam. "I am tryin' to tell ye that I'm ready to start any time you say. But ye set there blowin' on the same old strain till the last cat's hung, and a feller can't git in a word edge-wise!"

The abused and suffering mother leaned back in her chair and folded her red hands resignedly across her ample abdomen. Casting her eyes to one side in pensive contemplation of her insupportable burden, she replied in a sighing tone.

"I wish yer pa was here! He wouldn't allow you to speak so to yer own mother."

In a mood of black exasperation Adam rose from his place and kicked his chair into a corner, where it stood tilted against the wall.

"Well, can't ye be satisfied when I say I'm goin'?—*I'm goin'! I'm goin'!*" he shouted.

"I kin hear ye," responded the mother in a maddeningly melancholy tone. "I kin hear ye."

Adam leered at her, insanely angry for a moment. Julia, watching him tensely, feared he was about to break into one of his tempers—tempers celebrated throughout the community for the cadenced outpourings of mouth-filling profanity and terrific violence. She rose quietly and said:

"I guess Adam and I'll go together, ma."

"Yes. It'll save a horse," she replied as if from the depths of maternal disappointment.

"But—" began Julia.

"Don't argue, child," interposed the elder woman in a louder tone. "The other can go to pasture. The poor beasts need a rest."

"But which needs rest the most?"

Mrs. Brock rose and stared abjectly at Julia. She saw she was beaten. Long practice in the art of debate in that household had given the girl an almost uncanny power of relevant and disconcerting interrogation. The mother capitulated meekly.

"I s'pose they both do," she put up as a final shot, wildly aimed.

"Then we'd all best do nothing to-day," said Julia.

Adam burst into an explosion of laughter. He slapped his knee. He pitched about the room in recurrent paroxysms.

"Good fer you, Jule," he finally managed to articulate. "You got 'er that time."

Mrs. Brock turned and fled incontinently to her bedroom—her citadel and stronghold where she always sought refuge from enemies round about.

"Now Adam," said Julia calmly,

"you hitch the team to the surrey, and I'll dress. Then you get your good clothes on while I tell Phil what to do for the day. He'll be coming soon."

FOUR miles westward along the state road, there was situated the Neith establishment,—a dreary aggregation of sheds and stables, surrounded by rusting barb wire fences and tangled raspberry and plum thickets. The sway-backed barn had a distinct cant to eastward. The corner, through the slats of which a yellow triangle in one corner indicated the remaining pile of last year's corn crop, was roofed with broad boards. Since the roof was of slight steepness, there had been thrown upon it a collection of rusty old iron—the broken teeth of an old hayrake; the wobble-joint from a discarded mower; numerous cog-wheels from divers dismantled farm machines; coiled lengths of wornout sprocket chain; the hopper of an old sweep mill; the fly-wheel of a corn-sheller; together with boxes heaped with an agglomeration of twisted bolts, bent nails and old harness.

The house squatted obscenely in a tangle of wild-plum trees and berry bushes. The paint was almost entirely washed from the warped siding. The putty where it had not fallen from the sashes, gleamed white about the window-panes. Hens sprawled in their dust-baths on the south side of the porch. Parts of the limestone foundation had dropped from place, and beneath the house could be heard the grunting of a sow and the squealing of numerous progeny. A cat with a litter of kittens lay stretched on the front steps. Blue-bottle flies of amazing size and sound, buzzed about the unwashed windows and the sagging screen door. From within the house came forth the penetrating odor of boiled cabbage, a sour sink, and unwashed floors. A lean dog with her four pups sprawled at the threshold.

As Julia and Adam, accompanied by the Rev. Nehemiah Crane, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church at Manchester, drove in at the open gate of the Neith environs, and, alighting, came up to the front door, the ghastly significance of Adam's imminent alliance began to dawn on the girl. She was sickened, not merely at the actual filth and squalor, but at the idea of Madge Neith's acceding to the proprietorship and occupancy of her own spotless chamber in the upright at home. She looked at Adam; she beheld him in his best raiment, a not unpresentable young fellow; and sudden pity gripped her. Was she right in thus carrying matters so high-



handedly? But the license reposed in Adam's pocket; and, in a box in his hand, Adam bore a wedding-ring. There was the minister in his green-faded, shiny Prince Albert, a man of great pertinacity and enthusiasm when it came to such ceremonies; and her heart failed her. Finally, as an undercurrent to all her thoughts, was the knowledge that Madge's expected offspring must be summarily presented with its own father; for thus and thus only might the primordial law of humanity be satisfied, though mother, child and father be plunged into a mutual misery thereby. •

As Adam knocked on the door, there was heard within a slight scuttle of bare feet on the board floor; the rustling of hasty dressing; and a sharp command or two in a low tone. As the day was promising to be hot—and June days were hot indeed in Perry Township—the denizens of this habitation had evidently prepared themselves for it. But in about three minutes, after Adam's second knock on the screen door, Mrs. Neith, a heavy, florid woman with reddish gray hair and piercing suspicious brown eyes, came paddling to the door. Seeing the trio on the blazing boards of the hot piazza, she made haste to lead them in. She threw open the screen, and began an effusive welcome.

"Why how d' ye do, Adam!" she exclaimed in a loud but not unmusical voice. "Now, I said to dad only at breakfast, I'll bet Adam Brock shows up t'day. Once he knows how things be, and understands what it means, he's not the kind t' turn away from the path o' duty."

"This is my sister," said Adam, his face a murky red.

"Pleased t' meet ye, Miss Brock."

"And this is Rev. Crane," said Adam.

The lady proclaimed her pleasure at seeing the clergyman, though coyly confessing that such-like people didn't call often at her house. She led them into the parlor—a grimy apartment with the wall paper pasted over numerous spots on the bare lath where plaster had fallen off. She threw up the wrinkled and light-streaked shades, wiped three cane-bottom chairs and bade the guests be seated. Hastily excusing herself, she padded away, letting in at the door the omnipresent odor of the boiling cabbage.

Through the west window Julia now observed the approach of the formidable Bud. He was a handsome, strapping fellow with massive shoulders, a bulging chest, and a shock of unruly red hair that pushed in all directions, even through the crown of his slouch-

ing palmetto hat. Manifestly an addict to the least obvious method of using the weed, he spat copiously to the left as he advanced, a pitchfork like a weapon over his shoulder. Bud was closely followed by the elder Neith, a weazened man of fifty in sagging brown jeans and an ancient brown derby. This article, reminiscent of Mr. Neith's metropolitan origin, gave a peculiarly ludicrous but sinister atmosphere to the entire situation. Rumor had it that Mr. Neith had once been forced to leave Chicago. Having observed the elegant surrey and the well-appointed team tied near the barn, these twain had come in to investigate. The next minute father, mother and son entered the parlor. Their manner was one of assurance, even of subdued elation.

"MADGE ain't quite ready," announced Mrs. Neith. "But it won't take her more'n a minute."

"Howdy, Adam," said Bud, and leered at the minister, who crossed and uncrossed his legs nervously under Bud's irreverent scrutiny. "Old Neith" himself sat down in a corner and rubbed his stubbly chin with a cracked and calloused hand. Mrs. Neith, having disappeared without further introducing the group to its several members, an awkward silence ensued. The sound of hurried dressing, the swish of a skirt, the thud of a shoe, were audible through the thin partition. And presently, after a few seconds of utter stillness, during which the girl very likely took one last look at herself as an unmarried woman, the tense company was aware of her approach. She burst upon them like an apparition. Evidently aware of the dramatic significance of her appearing, she paused in the darksome door, smiling slightly and looking boldly out upon the four, her mother peering proudly over her shoulder. Clad in a flowing white dress of dotted mull, a white satin belt and sash, and a high satin collar—the acme of fashion then—and with her bright hair crimped and curled in a most elaborate coiffure, she seemed the incarnation of casual and gracious hospitality. Ignoring Bud and "dad," she passed directly to Adam, who rose awkwardly but with kindling eyes.

"Hello, Ad," she said, and turned to Julia.

"How dye do?" she added to the girl and to the parson. An instant of silence intervened. Then the parson cleared his throat. . . .

That night Julia wept herself to sleep in her sloping little room close under the roof of the ell.

#### CHAPTER XIV

THE marriage of Madge and Adam injected into a domestic situation never over-harmonious just that element necessary to carry the state of affairs past power of endurance for Julia. There was a certain forthrightness about her that would not be repressed. She was not perfect—far from it—and this she well knew, but Madge's unremitting malice meant one thing only for her, and this she came to see plainly. She must presently find a home under another roof.

Summer advanced, and with it came a period of drought. First there sprang up from the southwest a "hot wind." It seemed as if the air currents bore a literal though invisible fire. The lower leaves of the corn-stalks standing in luxuriant ranks over acres and acres of tillage, suddenly shriveled and began to blow loose from the stems and flutter like dead birds up and down the furnace-like aisle of the fields. The pastures dried up also, and the starving cattle, gnawing the very earth for provender, bellowed at the barbed-wire fences for fodder and water, their udders empty, and their eyes staring.

Every day Mrs. Brock stood at the back door, gazed despairingly over the arid acres, and prayed for rain. She had a childlike faith that the Almighty would certainly look after this hiatus in the nature of things if only he were properly reminded. Several ministers of Manchester, forgetting denominational differences and establishing a sort of *entente cordial* against the devil, who had succeeded so well in recreating his own hell on earth, set aside a certain sultry Sunday in late July for the purpose of summarily stampeding the powers of darkness, dearth and heat with one broadside of petition and entreaty to the God of suns and rains. The Sabbath came, registered 102° in the shade; the stentorian voices of six mighty men of God sent up prolonged and fervent praise and prayer to the ruler of the universal case; but somehow the sun went on shedding upon a tortured land an implacable and angry beam, and all nature, moaning, but helpless, continued to shrivel and die as before.

It became evident to Mrs. Brock that she must borrow money. Certain payments, long overdue, demanded settlement. She brought her claims timidly to one Stewart Cook by name, known thereabouts as "Forty percent," for reasons suggested by his title. To her surprise he loaned her the funds with a show of only slight reluctance, and she, in great relief, signed a first mortgage on a generous portion of her holdings.

(Continued on page 186)



# A Page of Verse

## FATA MORGANA

How oft returning Spring's sweet  
mockery  
Has seemed the promise of a bliss to  
be!  
Long have my arid days crept by un-  
fraught  
With any boon; the lean years bring  
me naught.  
But still at the first tender touch of  
Spring,  
Scent of wet earth, and young leaves  
whispering,  
As in the veins of some old gnarly  
tree  
The new sap climbs, so leaps my  
blood in me.  
Ah, how the heaviness of weary limbs  
Falls from me! Then my heart's a  
cup that brims  
With purple wine of youth. Remem-  
bered tears  
Like pearls dissolved enrich it, and  
the years,  
The empty, wasted years, seem but a  
debt  
That Joy, the bounteous, shall repay  
me yet.  
But still my arid days go by, un-  
fraught  
With any boon. The lean years bring  
me naught.  
—Camilla Kenyon.

## FROM A TRAIN AT NIGHT

The fog-wrapped trees marched  
starkly by  
Against a luminous, starless sky;  
With folded arms and silent tread,  
A ghostly company, they sped  
In never-ending formless lines  
Of shadowy firs, of somber pines—  
And suddenly they vanished quite  
Leaving but empty fields and night.  
—Clara Virginia Barton.

## THE VENAL MUSE

(After Baudelaire)

MUSE of my heart though wanton  
palace dame,  
Will you possess when winter's whirl-  
wind frets  
For your chilled feet; pale frozen  
violets;  
In evening snows, an ember of old  
flame?

Can you warm marble shoulders,  
bowed in shame,  
At portals closed against you or pay  
debts  
With empty purse? When famine  
pain besets,  
Will you—the fairy gold—still find  
and claim?

No. You, to earn a bitter daily crust,  
Like choristers fooling with censers,  
must  
Chant the Te Deums you no more be-  
lieve  
Or, starving mountebank, your tricks  
display  
Laughing to hide your tears and so  
deceive  
The rabble; wheedling till their vile  
coins pay.  
—Lillian White Spencer.

## GOLD COIN

GOLD Coin, Gold Coin,  
Tell me of the finding,  
Tell me of the silken shawls  
Hung against your door;  
Tell me of the bloody brawls  
Along the road awinding,  
And what the dark men sang  
Who brought me from Anoor.

Tell me of the coming  
Of the men with flaxen hair,  
A hundred of the King's men  
Who fought you in the night;  
Till the brewing of a caldron  
Brought a storm across the air  
And at the crimson dawning  
You escaped in hurried flight.

Tell me of the silver lace  
We found the spiders weaving  
Underneath the rank grass  
That flung across the moor;  
Call again the bird notes  
We startled in our leaving  
And all the cries of booted men  
Who fought you near Anoor!

Gold Coin, Gold Coin,  
Tell me of the riding,  
Tell me of the days we spent  
Within a stranger land;  
Tell me of the country-folk  
Who helped us in our hiding,  
And of the men who came to us  
And joined our gypsy band.

Tell me of the white roads  
That stretch out mile on mile,  
Hung against the purple clouds  
Where sunlight goes before;  
And after that the strange land  
Where women never smile  
That is many miles away from  
Those who hunt me in Anoor.

Show to me the lonely things  
That you have had in keeping,  
Lonely things and lovely things  
That hide behind your door;  
Give again that strange tale  
You started when my weeping  
Brought you all the ghosts of men  
Who fought you near Anoor!

—Don Farran.

## OLD APRIL

THE old nostalgia of spring  
Lay its accustomed fingers on  
this heart.  
Must I again, because green leaflets  
part  
For adolescent blossom, wanly sing  
A tune it took so many springs to  
know?  
I am too weary—let spring go.

Eternal rhythm of memory,  
Yearning for dreamt-of springs it  
never saw,  
When winds blow sweet and frigid  
waters thaw,—  
No buds will ripen on th' exhausted  
tree:  
The heart is numb with endless win-  
ters' snow.  
I am too weary—let spring go.

—Miriam Allen de Ford.

## THE STRANGER

IF you saw a man come down the  
street  
With only one arm and more than  
two feet,  
Would you give a penny to ask his  
name  
Or question the country from which  
he came?

Well, curiosity killed the cat,  
But the War Lords of a man made  
that:  
Wrinkled forehead and ruined frame,  
From No Man's Land this *stranger*  
came.

The crooked man from the crooked  
town  
With a crooked stick comes hob-  
bling down;  
Into a bush he never fell,  
But his eyes were lost "Somewhere  
—in Hell".

They scratched them in and they  
scratched them out,  
And they blew him over the Devil's  
Redoubt;  
And we found him there in No Man's  
Land,  
The hero they left where there was  
a man.

—B. S. Ivey.

## THE OLD ADOBE MUSES

HER garden all these years is over-  
grown,  
Except the roses of old Spain that  
flare  
Their scarlet beauty from my dream-  
ing walls,  
A call to little hands that put them  
there.

But winds that came a journey very  
far  
Have said her dancing feet will not  
come home,  
For now she dwells where fairer  
roses blow,  
Thus I must wait the empty years  
alone.

—Eleanor Scott Beverley.

## PLUM BLOSSOMS

I WAS wafted through vales with  
their orchards a-plume,  
Where like mists on the hills spread  
the blossoming trees;  
And I sped through their fragrance  
all day,  
Past far-reaching pearl-vaulted arches  
of bloom,  
Till I felt I was drifting away,  
Like a butterfly borne on the breeze.

Till my heart cried, "Alight! For too  
sweet and too vast  
Are the snow-fields of summer! Too  
fragile am I!  
Let me rest, for they sweep me  
away!"  
So I paused by the spray of a plum  
as I passed,  
And content in its beauty I lay,  
As it gleamed in the blue of the  
sky.

—Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.



# California and The Japanese Question

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148)

What then was the Gentlemen's Agreement, about which has raged such sharp and at times bitter controversy? It is composed of diplomatic correspondence between Secretary of State Elihu Root and the representatives of Japan,—President Roosevelt not wishing to discriminate against the subjects of a friendly nation,—and it contemplates

that the Japanese government shall issue passports to the continental United States only to such of its subjects as are non-laborers or are laborers who, in coming to the continent, seek to resume a formerly acquired domicile, to join a parent, wife, or children residing there, or to assume active control of an already possessed interest in supreme law of the land, which treaty a farming enterprise in this country . . .

The President was given power to forbid the entrance of laborers if found detrimental to American labor conditions; and, on the other hand, the Japanese government might still issue passports to "former residents," "parents, wives, or children or residents," and "settled agriculturists." Thus Japanese immigration was regulated—not without almost constant protest in California—during the period culminating in the renewed agitation which led up to the California Land Alien Law of 1913, and, in most respects, to the national exclusion measure of 1924.

In the meantime President Taft negotiated a treaty of commerce and navigation with Japan which was based on the informal agreement of 1907 and which superseded the treaty of 1894. In this new treaty Taft waived the right to exclude, thus relying more completely on Japan's expressed intention of living up to the Gentlemen's Agreement.

## *Bryan Fails to Stem the Tide*

THE BILL OF 1913 in the California Legislature was aimed to prevent aliens, particularly such as were ineligible to United States citizenship, from holding land. When this measure,—known as the Webb Act,—was introduced, there arose a storm of protest of great magnitude. Nevertheless the Anti-Japanese feeling ran so high that the bill seemed about to be enacted into law, when Ambassador Chinda obtained an interview with the Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, who undertook to explain the difficulties arising from our theory of state's rights, heightened by the fact that while the national administration was Democratic, the state authorities in

California represented Progressive-Republicanism. So pressing did the issue become that President Wilson, having first received the consent of the State Legislature, dispatched Secretary Bryan to Sacramento,

. . . for the purpose of counseling with the members of the Legislature and co-operating with them in the framing of a law which would meet the views of the people of the State, and yet leave untouched the international obligations of the United States.

President Wilson, thrust into a most embarrassing situation, felt the necessity of exerting all the authority of his great office as well as his personal influence in an attempt "to harmonize the legislative acts of the State of California with the United States treaty obligations." It was seen that the assertion of a state right in direct contravention of a treaty of the nation created an utterly untenable situation.

While the communications from the President and his Secretary of State had the effect of removing from the bill some of its more drastic clauses, the bill as a whole passed by overwhelming vote and received Governor Hiram Johnson's approval May 19, 1913, becoming effective in August. This law provides that "Aliens not eligible to citizenship may inherit or devise real estate only as prescribed by treaty," that real property acquired by aliens not eligible to citizenship will escheat to the State, and that agricultural lands may not be leased to such aliens for periods to exceed three years. Governor Johnson defended the Act by stating that it was sought to deal not with land in general but only with agricultural lands. But the Japanese government was far from satisfied. It lodged a series of formal protests against the measure with the Secretary of State, contending that the Alien Land legislation in California was irreconcilable with the accepted principles set forth in the treaty, embodying indeed unjust and obnoxious discrimination.

That California was not alone in the feelings of antagonism to Japanese immigration is made clear by reference to alien land measures which were introduced in the Oregon and Idaho legislatures in 1917. The Department of State at Washington appealed to the United States senators from these states to use their influence in preventing action which might result in embarrassment to the Federal Government.

The general Immigration Act of

1917 was especially aimed at southern European immigrants; but to the Pacific Coast was of particular significance the clause establishing an "Asiatic Barred Zone", by which all natives, not in the exempted classes, of India, Indo-China, Siam, Arabia, and other defined areas were excluded from the United States. The Japanese, already excluded by the Gentlemen's Agreement, were embraced in the geographical area defined to include "islands not owned by the United States adjacent to the coast of Asia."

## *Japan at the Versailles Conference*

THE Japanese question again loomed large in international significance during the progress of the Peace Conference at Versailles. In March, 1919, Viscount Ishii delivered a speech in New York, serving notice that unless discrimination against Japanese immigration ceased his nation would not enter the League of Nations. This scarcely veiled threat attracted wide attention; and finally Secretary Lansing from Paris notified the Senate of California "that any anti-Japanese legislation would seriously affect a settlement of peace terms". Thus again was California led to desist,—but not to abate one jot in the uncompromising attitude of opposition to Japanese immigration. Indeed, the pressure exerted by the Federal Government seemed to render even more intense the feeling in California and yet to impress the importance of educating the nation to the perils of Japanese immigration and the necessity of a final solution by unequivocal national enactment.

Governor William D. Stephens was repeatedly urged to call a special session of the California Legislature to take further measures against the Japanese, but he steadfastly refused, choosing rather to order an investigation of the entire Japanese question for the purpose of gaining more enlightenment as a basis for state and national legislation. As a result we have the Report of the State Board of Control on "California and the Oriental", which was transmitted to Secretary Bainbridge Colby, June 19, 1920. Thus the Governor brought the subject, which he deemed of "transcendent importance", to the attention of the Federal Government. His own conclusions were clearly suggested in his letter of transmissal, in which he said:



"Inasmuch as I am seeking on behalf of the people of California to deal with this problem in a broad and final way, I deem it proper to advise you further that we feel the full solution of this question can not be had short of an exclusion act passed by Congress.

"It is my purpose, after transmitting this report to you, to communicate the information to our various Representatives and Senators in Congress that they may then be equipped to take up the cause of California and urge the passage of an exclusion act effectively disposing of this difficulty."

The findings of the State Board of Control, to which further reference will soon be made, had the effect of still further stimulating the local agitation in favor of the 1920 Anti-alien Initiative Measure. Also, a distinct echo was heard in Washington in the appointment of a Congressional subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization. This committee held hearings in California and Washington for a period of three weeks.

#### *Alien Land Law of 1920*

THE Initiative Measure to amend the California Alien Land Law was submitted to the voters November 2, 1920, receiving a majority vote of more than three to one. It is summarized by Rosalie Jones as follows:

(a) It prohibits owning of land by Japanese or leasing of farm land by them.

(b) It prohibits acquisition of real property by American-born Japanese minors who are citizens of the United States, although under the guardianship of their parents. Also, it deprives Japanese parents of their right to be guardians of their minor children who own real property.

(c) It allows of escheat of real property to the state upon certain *prima facie* presumptions.

(d) It forbids Japanese from having any interest in any company owning real property.

The sweeping measure went into effect December 10, Governor Stephens announcing that he would employ all of his constitutional power in securing its enforcement. But there was repeated protest on the part of Japan. Doctor Iyenaga deplored the Act, stating that it would result in a higher cost of living in California and "would lead to a further straining of relations between the two governments." At a meeting held in Tokyo December 11, the following resolution was adopted:

The Anti-Japanese Land Law of California is contrary to the dictates of international justice, and is calculated to impair the friendly relations between Japan and America. We therefore claim its abrogation. We are opposed to all negotiations which may culminate in the giving of a promise absolutely prohibiting Japanese emigration into America.

It may be added that the Act of 1920 has been made the object of attack on constitutional grounds at vir-

tually every point. A practical effect is "that an alien Japanese father may purchase agricultural land as a gift to his child and he may then be appointed guardian of the person and property of said child."

#### *California's Deliberate Attitude*

NOTHING can be clearer, as a matter of pure historical record, than that—as in the case of Chinese immigration—there has developed in California a deep-seated, persistent and apparently unalterable opposition to Japanese immigration into the State. And where the Japanese were most numerous, there the hostility to them has been strongest,—it is a very real feeling, based upon a very concrete situation, and not an abstract or preconceived race antipathy.

Whence arose this opposition? What were the sources of this antagonism to the presence of a Japanese population in our midst? To attempt any complete analysis and adequate discussion of the situation in all its phases would carry us far beyond the limits of this paper. Yet so significant is the historical question involved, and so fraught with potentialities for the future, that at least in bold outline we must attempt to discover the main causes for the facts that have become history.

First of all, there must have been powerful reasons impelling multitudes of Japanese citizens to leave their homes in the island Empire,—reasons operating with particular force to draw them to the Pacific Coast of North America. Well then, with a population of 57,000,000,—a density of nearly 400 per square mile,—increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million annually, on a territory of less area than California, only one-sixth of which is arable, what must inevitably happen when the doors are once opened outward to the world? Japan can never be put back "into the shell of the old hermit nation." The one compelling reason urging the Japanese outward, and particularly California-ward, was economic betterment. And if economic reasons explain the emigration of the Japanese, we have but to reverse the picture to discover the first fundamental ground of objection to Japanese immigrants in California. It is plainly economic.

The few score of Japanese who founded a colony at Gold Hill in California in 1869 for the purpose of growing silk had been received "with great favor." But as increasing numbers entered the Golden Gate and distributed themselves in certain of the industries of the State—the anti-Chi-

nese feeling meanwhile having reached fever heat—there developed unmistakable and growing dissatisfaction. Perhaps the most common ground of complaint was that based on the living standard. This has been expressed by United States Senator James D. Phelan in these words:

... because they work unremittingly,—man, woman and child,—maintain a low standard of living, and participate in none of the activities of the community, they are capable of crowding out, and do crowd out the white population, until today (1917) the greatest production of potatoes, garden truck, beans and berries is controlled by them.

Governor Stephens expressed the same sentiment:

These Japanese, by the very reason of their use of economic standards impossible to our white ideals—that is to say, the employment of their wives and their very children in the arduous toil of the soil, are providing crushing competition to our white rural population.

The ground of complaint was not so much that the Japanese laborers continued to work for low wages as that they tended to supplant the whites by maintaining their "impossible" standards, and especially by their very disinclination to work for wages at all and their pronounced proclivity to bargain for a share of crop or a cash rent. They displayed much aptitude and initiative in adapting themselves to varied industries and seemed to possess in a remarkable degree a land hunger that brought down upon their heads an ever-increasing feeling of hostility and resentment. Investigation in 1909 showed that they owned 10,791 acres of farm land, assessed, with improvements, at nearly \$400,000. The later investigation by the State Board of Control in 1920 showed that they then owned, or had bought on contract, 74,769 acres and 1,036 city lots, and that on their own admission they occupied a total of over 427,000 acres, which represented more than a four-fold increase in a single decade. It was also pointed out that in some of the richest farming districts in the State, Orientals occupied "a total acreage ranging from 50 to 75 per cent of the total irrigated area." The Orientals had become strongly entrenched in five important districts: (1) the rice district of Glenn, Colusa, and Butte counties; (2) asparagus, berry, vegetable, fruit and vineyard sections of the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and Sutter and Placer counties; (3) grape, raisin and fruit districts of Los Angeles and Orange counties; and (5) canteloupe and vegetable districts of Imperial.



# The Broken Cross

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153)

of fear. He realized that if he was to overtake the pair in time he must hurry. But he had been going now for two nights and a day, and the dogs were nearly exhausted. They would have to rest. But he was loath to call a halt, and for the remainder of that day he pushed steadily onward.

When night came, however, he made camp in a sheltered valley; and so exhausted was he that the moment he had finished eating he fell into a sound sleep in the cleared space he had made for himself.

He had no knowledge of how long he had slept, but he opened his eyes with a strange sense of misfortune weighing upon him. He looked about him, then sprang to his feet, a cry on his lips. His dogs were gone; sled and provisions also had vanished. Nothing was left him but his blankets and gun. Like a man suddenly bereft of his senses, he stood there beneath the cold, glittering stars, staring stupidly across the illimitable stretch of snow. Then, choking with half articulated rage, he rolled his blankets, grabbed up his gun, and started out afoot. He had no difficulty in following the trail left by his dogs—a trail which led in the direction of Dawson. He had gone only a short distance when he came upon a strange thing, a pyramid of canned food beside the trail. Astonished, Bruell picked up a can. But the next instant his eyes beheld something which brought curses to his lips. Impressed in the snow, with sure, deep marks, was a small cross, broken in the middle. "Crille, dam him!" he cursed. "Took my dogs, and wants me to turn back!" To Bruell it was inevitable logic that this was the work of Crille, designed to contribute toward his, Bruell's, downfall.

Bruell did not turn back. Taking with him as much of the food as he could carry, he plodded on, an intense hatred searing his heart. The trail was now broken with deep canyons, steep hillsides with narrow ledges, making it dangerous to climb them. Miniature plateaus, snow-covered and riven here and there with deep fissures, barred Bruell from taking a straight course. He no longer tried to follow the trail left by Crille, but ever and anon he encountered it, which caused him to wonder if Crille had lost his way and was wandering in a criss-cross manner in the general direction of Dawson.

As if to add to Bruell's difficulties, a storm came into evidence on the northern horizon—fleece white clouds

at first appeared, clouds that scudded rapidly toward the south. Quickly they grew heavier, and the sky was covered. Bruell did not want to stop, but he was weary and hungry, and, moreover, he knew that his life depended on his making camp before the storm broke.

IT STRUCK that night, a whirling wall of blinding snow, a chaos of elements, seemingly bent on destroying the warm spark of life in the man who had sought shelter under an overhanging ledge. Because of the protection afforded by the ledge against the wind he was able to keep his fire burning.

## WHEN HAWS ARE RIPE

It's hard, I know, to watch one's first love die,  
To see rose petals seared with streaks of rust;  
Drifting indifferently down, they lie  
Upon the pathway, tumbled in the dust.

And yet . . . be wise, O mourner of your dead!

The stem is left; touch it with careful hand  
And when the later rose fruit flushes red

Think well, and you will smile and understand.

—Dorothy Page.

He had dragged in a quantity of dry wood, and throughout the night he kept piling it on to the fire. Thus he managed to keep comparatively warm. After midnight he lay down beside the blaze, having heaped a great supply of wood upon it, and tried to secure some sleep. But for a time his tumultuous thoughts refused to grant him that mental relaxation for which his weary, worn body was clamoring. Nor was he thinking of Crille—Crille who had stolen his most precious possession. In the seething cauldron of his mind there was no thought of vengeance now—only concern. Where was Loma? Would she survive the storm? He recalled the months of their married life, the little kindnesses she had rendered him. She had stood by him when he needed her. She needed him now, even though her running away with Crille was of her own choosing. Then he remembered that a great loneliness had been a large factor in that choice. At last, resolved that when morning came he would resume his journey regardless of the weather, he fell asleep.

Bruell awoke with the sun shining in his face. All about him was silence, and the cold whiteness of the great spaces. But there was no wind; and, after all, the quantity of snow that had fallen was not so great as he had feared. He had very little food left now, and for a moment he hesitated about eating any of it. Should he find Loma she would probably need it. But he was hungry, and he knew that if he was to continue on he must have strength. The going would be hard at the best. So he ate sparingly of the contents of a can.

He started out then, walking slowly, for the snow came almost to his waist in places where the wind had caused it to drift. Besides, he was weak. All through that day he kept going. He must reach Dawson, and reach it soon. The snow on the higher plateau was wind-driven and lay in great drifts, making his progress almost imperceptible in places. As much as possible he circled the drifts, but often they were long, and sometimes hemmed in by precipitous water cuts or steep hillsides.

Suddenly Bruell paused and stood staring dumbly at the snow. There in front of him were the prints of moccasined feet—deep, fresh, and going eastward. He could not tell whether they were man's or woman's, for their size was impossible to guess, owing to the dry, flaky snow having sifted down from the top as each foot had been lifted. But the tracks were so fresh that Bruell knew the person who had made them could not be far distant. His heart began beating violently. Why, he did not know. Then he turned and followed the tracks, half running, stumbling in the drifts. When he had gone a little distance he shifted his course, no longer heeding the tracks. They had served their purpose. He saw where they led, a rocky wall facing toward the south, and not very far away.

Making directly for the wall of rock, he tried to increase his speed. Several times he fell, burying himself completely in the soft, deep snow. But each time he rose and pushed on again as rapidly as possible. Tired with the effort of forcing his way through the impeding snow for hours without food, weary of soul, fearful and anxious, yet never letting go, never surrendering his will, he pushed on and came at last to the foot of the wall.

And there he found her—the woman he was seeking—a small, fur-clad



figure, lying in the snow, one rigid arm covering her forehead, the other extended toward the south, as if pointing the way. And then quite suddenly it seemed to Bruell that he had known all along that he would find her thus, a victim of the Northland.

He fell prostrate over the inert figure of Loma, clenching and unclenching his hands. Then with a groan he rose to his knees, and with bared hands strove to warm the ivory face. He moaned. He wanted to cry out his anguish, but his breath came in gasps. Though knowing she was lifeless, he must extract a grain of comfort by striving to revive the frozen body. Yet now he knew that there had never been any chance to save her, never any real hope of rescue. A strange expression crept over his face. He bent lower over the body of his wife, and grasped the extended hand. Then, suddenly, he straightened. In Loma's stiff, frozen fingers he had caught a glint of something bright and yellow. Carefully, he loosened the fingers, disclosing a golden locket. The lines on his face softened. He remembered; it was his gift to Loma before their marriage. And she had clasped it! With cold and shaking fingers he opened it. It contained a small picture of himself. He breathed deeply. She had thought of him in that last hour when alone with her thoughts. "But how did she come here—how had she become separated from Crille?" was his next thought. "She left him. God Almighty, she was comin' back to me!" In his voice there was a choking sound, betraying a deep feeling. Then a disturbing thought grazed his mind.

"Where was Crille—Crille who was responsible for all his sufferings?" The thought, though momentary, was a subject he would have to consider later. That last appeal to him, the locket, was too much for his spent energies. Great tears streamed down his frost-blackened cheeks. His hands, stiff with cold, tried to caress her face. He kissed her icy lips passionately. At last the gray stillness heard his low moans. "Loma! Loma! I—came too late! My love . . . Oh, God, I'm too late!"

Gradually his grief silenced him, and he came to a realization of his chilling body. Then he rose and viewed the quiet, sweet face, seeming to read there the forgiveness her voice could never utter.

He turned, conscious that time was fleeting, and he must set about getting a fire started or he would freeze. But in the moment that he turned a startling thing happened. The sharp report of a gun rang out on the still air.

WITH suddenness Bruell flung out an arm, then in the next instant he dropped down flat. "Ha!" he muttered. "Thought you'd git me!" He lay motionless. After a moment he noticed the discolored snow, revealing the fact that his left arm was bleeding, yet he felt no pain. He moved it. It was all right. For a full minute he lay still. Then he squirmed his body toward his gun, ten feet away. Cautiously then, he raised his head. He saw no one. He decided it was a trick. He tested the mechanism of his gun, saw that it was loaded. His fin-

gers were cold, but he could still depend on his trigger finger.

His position near the ledge of rock gave him an advantage. He might watch without being seen, if he were careful. With slow movements he raised himself to a crouching position. Presently a tall, furclad figure rose stealthily seventy yards away. Bruell raised his rifle carefully and covered the slowly approaching man. He must not miss. The bark of a dog sounded faintly in the distance. A smile came to his lips. "My dogs!" Then as he breathed deeply, and his hands steadied, he pressed the trigger.

The stealthily moving figure out there in the snow plunged forward, and with a cry disappeared.

Bruell laughed. "That cross was fir you, Crille—Guess Jacques figured right." He waited five minutes, then rose and assured himself with a quick survey that the man was done for.

Then taking one of his blankets, Bruell wrapped Loma's body in it, and carried it close to the rock wall, where there was little snow, and laid it down tenderly. The next thing to do was to find firewood. After a few minutes' search he found in a crevice in an angle of the wall a dry, broken-off pine. He soon had a fire going and warmed his half-frozen body.

An hour later he stood viewing the remains of Crille, lying face downward in the blood-dyed snow, his hands still gripping his rifle. Evidently, death had been instantaneous. Then came the yelp of a dog again. "Yeah, I'm coming," he said. And he hurried, following Crille's tracks, through the deep, soft snow.

## Edward Rowland Sill

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155)

which Mr. Sill was a member. For a week or more he used the time between classes for an informal debating-club with the manifestations of Spiritualism as the subject of debate. The enthusiasts were required to detail what they had seen and under what circumstances. His whole object in this was shown in his answer to the charge of prejudice made by a pupil who was vexed by his apparent incredulity. This was his answer, given without any expression of resentment: "I don't care what you believe, if it's true, but I do want you to learn to weigh the evidence on which you accept the truth."

A new class was once asked by him

to give a complete list of all the magazines and papers each member was in the habit of reading or had access to. For a justifiable piece of detective work that request stands alone. There is no surer method of determining a student's home influence than by finding out what the family reads. That knowledge is a great help to a teacher in making plain to what extent his work is being advanced or hindered in the hours when the pupil is away from his control.

Some hint of his editorial experience may be conveyed in his plea for good penmanship. (It was before the day of the type-writer.) We can all remember hearing him say, "We may

not all be able to write a beautiful hand. That is a gift. But there is no reason why everybody should not write legibly." The same idea was carried into all our work—not to rest till we had done our best.

"We may not all be elocutionists, but every person who pretends to be educated ought to be able to read understandingly and intelligibly," is a well-remembered bit of advice that deserves a wide circulation.

Another hint of the editorial room came in the way of proof-reading and valuable advice about judging the merit of a book from the title-page.

The physical culture fad had not come in then but our poet-teacher by



precept and example taught the beauty of the simple, natural life out doors. To one who commented on his absence from church on a certain Sunday he replied, "I did my worshipping on the hills!"

Dates were never insisted upon in Mr. Sill's classes except in a general way. He used to say that he wanted us to make pegs to hang our facts on and then find our way from one to another as people find their way in the dark by groping from one familiar piece of furniture to another. If we could tell in whose reign Shakespeare flourished and who were Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors, our data were sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. The mistake of placing Shakespeare and Dryden in the same era would have been a blunder, and for blunders he had no mercy. Do you remember *The Fool's Prayer*?

"But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall!"

Among Mr. Sill's prose writings will be found an article in his clear and simple style which explains the use of 'shall' and 'will.' It is the same that was given to his classes and will safely pilot the doubtful sailor over those shoals of English grammar.

If it is true that the writer puts the best of himself into his writings, then Mr. Sill was an exception or else he put more of his personality into his writings than most authors. To read his *Prose Writings* is to step back into the class-room in Oakland or Berkeley and hear again the familiar voice. This is the teacher whom we knew and loved. As Thomas Bailey Aldrich so beautifully wrote of Sill's last letter,

"I held his letter in my hand,  
And even as I read  
The lightning flashed across the land  
The word that he was dead.

I wondered what it was that died!  
The man himself was here,  
His modesty, his scholar's pride,  
His soul serene and clear.

These neither death nor time shall dim,  
Still this sad thing must be—  
Henceforth I may not speak to him,  
Though he can speak to me!"

In the prosaic surroundings of the school-room Sill the teacher was still the poet, and his poetic gifts did not mar but gild his teaching. He had the saving sense of humor which curbs romantic flights of the imagination. His religion, not compressed into a creed, permeated and illumined every thought.

It is difficult to measure a teacher's

achievements, but there can be no doubt that few students ever left Edward Rowland Sill's class-room without a broader, higher, clearer understanding of the prose and poetry of life.

"Your zenith for no other man is true:  
Your beam from the sun comes to you  
alone."

We are quite apt to expect a poet, especially a minor poet, to be a weak character. Such expectation meets disappointment in Mr. Sill's case, for he was a man of strong character, decisive opinions and good judgment. He kept all channels of his mind open for the reception of truth, met opposition without bitterness, tolerated others' opinions as he wished tolerance for his own and willingly yielded, if convinced that he was in the wrong. The man who wrote, "Oh, Lord, be merciful to me a fool," could not be dogmatic. No trifler wrote,

"Make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a  
prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown  
is won."

These poems are only a fuller expression of the strong, gentle, earnest soul that looked out of the teacher's eyes.

## Holiday in the Land of the Monks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151)

Troitsa and student friends say and if they are right Russia need not despair; for these young disciples will carry the gospel of the new spirit into every factory and village with the same fervent zeal that their fathers carried the revolutionary ideals. In view of the hounding of the non-communist intelligentsia which is now going on I shake my head at this optimism but my friends say that I am a man of little faith. They claim that the worst is over and they are now facing the sun.

A year ago they and their friends were wholly occupied with the questions of wood and food and now they are concerned with the higher things. Interestingly enough they give the American Relief Administration much more credit for this renaissance than I thought it deserved. They insist that the A. A. A. food packages, which some received from their friends and others as general relief, were just enough to pull them across from the material into the spiritual world. But that is not all. The A. R. A. they

say, opened for them the window to the outside world, it put them once more in touch with their friends, it put new hope and courage into their souls. It was the first sign of spring and of a better day.

When I returned to the room that night I found the master of the house and my friend around the samovar. Our host is a tailor and works in his own home to avoid the heavy tax laid on shopkeepers. He talked very quietly of the early days of the revolution, of the idle hours he spent as a mobilized tailor in the government workshops, and the busy hours after that in trying to earn enough to make the ends meet. When one of us said something about the present miserable condition of the peasants he flared up in an astonishing manner.

"Let the rascals be miserable! It is their turn now!" he shouted. "They deserve to suffer as they made us suffer. Two and three years ago they rode into town with a sack of flour or a can of milk and behaved as if they owned the world. In exchange for

their bit of food they picked out the finest furniture, the costliest jewels, the best clothing. They got my warm overcoat. I used to wander from village to village in search of something to do and in payment for several days of hard labor to fit them into their finery they gave me a few pounds of flour. Don't waste any pity on them. Go to the bazar and note who buys sugar and expensive cloth and you will see it is the peasants. Let them suffer, the scoundrels. They got my overcoat."

EARLY Monday morning I struck across the open country in the direction of the steeples of the monastic churches in the distance. After a brisk walk I entered a beautiful lonely forest of evergreen trees, the same kind of forest in which, the legends say, St. Sergius wandered and prayed and made friends with the wild beasts. It was still and peaceful and as I followed the snow path and passed the deserted monasteries I thought of castles, knights, and witches. After a



time I came out into the open road and saw before me an old, long-haired, long-robed monk at work. He returned my greeting in a friendly manner and we entered into conversation. At first he was a bit shy but when I told him I was from America he burst out into a laugh and became somewhat more confidential. He laughed, he said, because he had a friend who went to America where he earned good money but returned when he heard of the Bolshevik Utopia and now he is cursing the day that he left New York. After this he became more friendly and offered to lead me to the hermitage where he and his brothers were living. On the way we met several of them with axes and other tools on their way to the deep forest to work. We came to a high wall and as we entered through a gate we saw a number of churches and other monastic buildings. The churches were closed and sealed, except one old wooden chapel of quite primitive architecture, the original building of the hermitage. My guide took me there and handed me over to the good care of a middle aged peasant and pleasant looking monk who guided me about. We chatted as we moved along and when we came to a bench we sat down to have a good talk. The kindly father when he realized that he had nothing to fear from me was only too glad to open his heart and pour out his woes.

He and the other monks, he said, were organized according to the Soviet decrees, into a workmen's "artel" for the purpose of cultivating the bit of land in connection with their hermitage. Last year they raised enough food for their own needs and had a carload to spare for the famine area. They paid their tax, they conformed to all the laws and regulations, they kept out of politics but all this did not save them from the hands of the local soviet, which had it in for them just because they were monks.

Now the local authorities demand that the artel should pay a high rent for the use of the land and a heavy insurance, both of which amount to billions of rubles and beyond their ability to pay. This demand is a pretext to force them out and break up the organization. "Formerly," continued my companion, "we were accused of idleness but now we are not given a chance to work. All we ask is to be let alone. In the days before the revolution when we read the lives of our saints and their loneliness in the deep forest we used to pity them, but now there is not one of us who would not gladly retire into the wilderness in order to get away from this everlasting hounding. The persecu-

tion of the so-called Red Churchman is worse than that of the Bolsheviks, for the latter touch mostly the body and the former torture the soul. Why can't they see that the Communists are using them as tools to destroy the Church and when they no longer have need of them will cast them out."

"Father," I asked, "how do you explain this persecution of God's servants?"

"My son," he replied, "we have put to ourselves the same question. Most of our old men (Startsi) see in these persecutions signs that the world is coming to an end. But whether the end come tomorrow or after tomorrow who can say; for to God a thousand years are as one day. Some of us do not think it is the coming of the anti-christ for if that were so the Church would be persecuted everywhere in the world and not only in Russia. If it is not the end of the world then this

#### REFLECTIONS

I KNELT to drink from a pool  
Under quiet trees,  
And touched my lips  
To a golden bowl,  
There on my knees;  
But when I arose,  
Out on the waters blue  
A young moon drifted wanly—  
Broken in two. . . .

—Grace E. Hall.

present persecution is one of the many in history, after each of which the Church comes out regenerated. Whatever the explanation may be we know it is God's will, it is in expiation for our sins, and for our good."

After this the conversation turned on the Soviet government. "If the Bolsheviks did not oppress the Church and rob the peasant," said the monk, "they might continue in power indefinitely. But their present actions cause discontent everywhere and if there is no revolt it is because the people are crushed and the Bolsheviks have the bayonets. This fall I visited my native village in Tula and saw my three brothers and their families, ten persons in all. Last year they had a crop of thirty puds of grain, twenty of which were taken away as tax. Now they have little to live on, no seed for the spring and no animals for plowing.

"There is suffering everywhere, but it is not as intense as two and three years ago or even four. It was no uncommon sight to see men and women, formerly in high standing, dressed in

rags trudging through mud and snow from the outlying villages and carrying sacks of frozen and rotten potatoes from which the black water ran. My son, there is nothing like religion to help a man in time of trouble. I have watched them saint and sinner, as they passed by me during those hard times. The believer knew that he was doing penance for his sins and for those of Russia and that Heaven held a reward for him and a better future for Russia; the unbeliever suffered and rebelled like a dumb beast. The one became softened and the other hardened. You have no idea how many of the intelligentsia who formerly reviled God are now turning to Him with the prayer 'Have mercy on me a sinner'."

Our conversation, or rather his conversation, was interrupted by the ringing of a church bell summoning him to service. He excused himself and I wandered out of the enclosure, passing the different brothers, one of them totally blind, engaged in their various tasks.

In the afternoon we called on the monks of the Troitse-Sergiev Lavra, the mother of all the other monasteries in this part of the world, and found the brothers in great trouble. Several of their members were lying in the cold prison and no one knew what would be done to them. From time immemorial the monks of this monastery were in the habit of taking their holy image of the Mother of God to the different villages for service. The villagers in return for the honor and the blessings, contributed to the larder and storehouses of the monastery.

A few months ago the monks decided to make another religious procession and asked the local powers for permission, which was granted. Before holding service in the different villages the assent of the local Soviet was obtained. When the brothers had made their circuit and had returned with a cart load of food, the Cheka pounced on them, took not only what was in the cart, but also everything else they found in their storehouses and in addition threw the monks in prison on the charge of carrying on counter revolutionary propaganda. They were put in the same cell with thieves who took from these old men their warm coats and left them to freeze. "They put them with even worse company," added one of the brothers, and I can merely guess who that might be. There is no redress, no trial, and the poor men will lie there until the Lett, the head of the local Cheka, sees fit to let them out.



# A Tragical Joke

CAMPTONVILLE was, in 1854, a busy forty-niner mining camp, the center of an extensive gold producing area. Like other mining camps of that day, its population was a conglomeration of all sorts of peoples and races. Most of them came in search of that one irradant goal—gold.

The buildings were primitive; rough but substantial, but they seemed home-like, and gave forth a hearty welcome to the husky prospectors who had been out among the creeks and ravines for a month or more.

The most popular of all the town buildings were the saloons; not only for the townspeople, but for the prospectors and travelers as well. It was there that they sat and talked over the interesting events of the day, with their glass of beer, or the rougher characters gulping their whisky; their rough voices penetrating the air. And so they lived from day to day, never worrying about tomorrow; living only for that one day.

One day, early in 1854, as the sun shone down upon this busy little camp, a stranger came up the main street. The weather was warm, the traveler had had a long dusty trip, and before resuming his journey entered a saloon to rest and refresh himself.

By

ACTON MEEK CLEVELAND

THE INMATES of the saloon began to talk to the stranger, and in the course of conversation started an argument, a dispute which led to a quarrel. The quarrel was a sham on the part of the villagers but seemed a reality to the traveler. Finally a duel was arranged. Two seconds were appointed and Dr. Farley and Dr. Weber were named as surgeons. V. C. McMurry, the same McMurry who witnessed the stabbing of the Scotchman by Juanita at Downieville, had a prominent part in the joke.

News of the joke about to be played spread about the town and a large crowd assembled at the saloon to witness the duel. They proceeded to a level green spot southeast of Camptonville, and after the necessary preliminaries, the two stood ready with up-lifted guns, waiting for the signal.

The guns were loaded only with blanks, a circumstance unknown to the stranger.

"Fire!"

As the stranger fired his opponent fell. His seconds rushed forward and, under the pretext of examining his wound, sprinkled his shirt with beet or berry juice ready for the purpose. Seeing that he had fallen,

and aghast at the spreading crimson, the stranger thought his opponent killed and for a moment stood, gun in hand, unable to move.

"Lynch him!" The cry rang out from the crowd.

As the mob surged forward the terrified stranger dropped the weapon and sped wildly into the hills, the delighted crowd following a brief space with fiercely shouted threats.

The crowd returned to the saloon and all had a drink "on the victor," boisterously expressing their delight over the bit of fun.

A few months later a man named Blackburn murdered a boy, George W. Carothers, and fled in the direction the stranger had taken. While hunting for the murderer, Ed Brooks, with other citizens, discovered the remains of the unfortunate victim of their practical joke in the top of an oak tree at the bottom of a precipice over which he had fallen in his fright.

Thus the miners' practical joke had led to such a tragical death, and was reflected on with horror by those who participated in it. They all liked a joke, but did not want them to terminate fatally. Those old miners had hearts as big as barrels, and this incident gave them much grief. They knew neither name or whereabouts of their poor victim and could only remember him as,—*"the stranger."*

## THE YODEL IN THE STREET

(To A. M.)

By MAC KINLAY KANTOR

THE fool went fluting over the town—  
God, but his song was sweet!  
Over and under the houses of chalk,  
Far through the shadowy street;  
Wrong he was and crooked he walked  
And elfin-faced he had grown,  
But the rollicking carol he always sang  
Rose in a silver tone:

It was whistle me up and whistle me on  
And toodle-ee-oh at dawn,  
Cherries are ripe and birds are bright  
And age is a purple faun!

The fool went whistling past our door,  
Singing and light as could be;  
Nothing he feathered but wind in the air  
And frozen breath you could see.  
But oh, the gleam of an icy day,  
And oh, the gold of his cry!

Down the alley and into the park  
And up to the lavender sky . . .

It was far and ringing and lead me on,  
And reedle-ee-oh at noon:  
Sun is heaven and snow is white,  
And years are a lilting tune.

(This is the ballad of Mallory Brown—  
The fool who gambles all day!  
He can't be trusted to shovel the walk—  
And would rather whistle than play.)  
But I had a dream—and I saw a town  
On a sweet and beckoning shore,  
Where crazy Mallory sat as a king  
And welcomed me at his door.

Is it only toodle and eedle and call  
And yodel a cry in the dark?  
Still is the music of amethyst song  
Echoing as I hark. . .



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## FOR LOVERS OF DRAMA

Books, like human minds, are absorbing, intriguing, not so much for what we expect to find in our intercourse with them, but because of those unexpected turns of fancy, fact, or reason, to which we find our minds stimulative reactive. The book we pick up with sole intent of reading romance, perchance gives us a single living thought in a well chosen or admirably inspired prefaced verse. The story fades from our memory, the thought of the verse our lives. Or perchance an illustration demands our admiration and stands out in our memory as the sole legacy of a well written book. Perhaps it is even the binding—done by the adept hands of an artisan.

So in reading Burns Mantle's always interesting collection we are not so impressed by his comprehensive discussion of the New York season nor yet by his thoroughly enjoyable and well chosen selections in spite of the decidedly small print of his interpolations of the script of the plays, which our somewhat presbyopic eyes found difficulty with in spite of our glaring mazdas, as by the asthmatic wheezes of Frederick Donaghey, dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune, to whom was entrusted the discussion of the season in Chicago. Surely this man is not a Chicagoan, and if he is, would certainly not admit it publicly. His discussions remind one of one's trip to the rural home of some college chum, who is quite willing and anxious to display his native soil and its tillers, but by his sardonic expletives concerning the same reveals the fact that he is totally and thoroughly ashamed of all that he has to offer, and is wishing that Allah or the devil or some such will pick him up bodily and remove him from his lowly environment and place him among those worthy of one of his mark. Yes, the only thing that has to do with the stage that he did not thoroughly razz was the movies. No doubt such a gouty outlook on life from a Chicagoan will bring a good many complacent smiles to the lips of New Yorkers who chance to read his review.

We thoroughly enjoyed the book, and henceforth for the next twelve months will look forward to his next volume. Truly, his book is unique and has found and is making a great place for itself in the hearts of lovers of drama. (Dr. R. M. Nesbit.)

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1923-1924, *Burns Mantle*. Small, Maynard and Co. \$2.50,

## MOTHERS

EVERY small book in size but great in contents! Such is our estimate of *The Babe in Your Arms* by A. W. Baily, M. D. It is not a scientific treatise on how to raise your baby, but it is a heartfelt common sense talk to young mothers. It answers a lot of questions and builds up an ideal in a mother and opens the way for the fulfillment of her dreams.

THE BABE IN YOUR ARMS, by A. W. Baily, M. D. Dorrance & Co. \$1.00.

## SOMETHING MORE!

YES, there is something more than just animals in *Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything* by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Mr.

Cooper needs no introduction. "Under the Big Top" places him in the memory of men. But his last book certainly needs mention. It is a series of stories occurring in the circus menagerie and yet it is not limited to the Big Tent. It is a glimpse into the animal kingdom through the eyes of a man whose heart makes him understand. It is of tramp steamers, of jungles, of tents, of kids of the tent—of "Everything." One should read it and I venture to say he would enjoy the circus, yes, he would go, just to see those animals that after all are really so human. He will think of the tragedies and comedies in the animal world. It is a book everyone will enjoy, for all of us have sometime seen a circus and wondered about the animals behind bars—but we did not know!

LIONS 'N' TIGERS 'N' EVERYTHING, Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.00.

## STORY OF POST-WAR GERMANY ON THE SCREEN

D. W. GRIFFITH is producing the film version of *Isn't Life Wonderful?* by Major Geoffrey Moss, author of *Red Pepper*. The story is one of a collection depicting post-war Germany, entitled *Defeat*, and published by Boni & Liveright.

Curiosity as to the author of that striking revelation of the methods of criminals of all kinds, "Keys to Crookdom," makes interesting the following brief biographical sketch. George C. Henderson was born October 20, 1891, at Burnetts Creek, sometimes called Burnettsville, Indiana. He has been a newspaper reporter since 1910, having worked on the Portland Oregonian, Portland Evening Telegram, Los Angeles Times, New York Times, New York World, Philadelphia Public Ledger, New York Herald, Boston Post, Kansas City Star, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Buffalo Courier and other papers—mostly as correspondent. He is now on the staff of the Oakland Tribune.

Negotiations for motion picture rights of Percy Mark's "Martha" have begun before publication of that novel, which is scheduled, as The Century Co., announces, for February 27. The dramatic possibilities are declared to be unusual, as the setting is largely Californian and Indian, and includes Indian rites and dances. "Martha," the heroine, we are told, is a half-breed Indian, daughter of an English remittance-man of gentle birth.

The Dutch translation of Emerson Hough's novel, "The Covered Wagon" is in process of completion by the Leidsche Vitgeversmaatschappij of Leiden, Holland. One wonders what the familiar pages of Mr. Hough's famous story will look like in ten-syllable words.

Harry Harvey having departed to the jungles of French Indo-Chino, bound for certain regions white men are said not to have penetrated, carries with him his copy of a signed contract for "Drums at Dusk," which will be a companion volume, says The Century Co., to his "Where Strange Gods Call."



## REELING 'M OFF

### "I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD"

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,  
But just come home from sea, sir.  
Of all the lives I ever led,  
A sailor's life for me, sir.

Ye, ye, ye,  
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,  
With a ye, ye, ye.

What girl but loves the merry tar,  
We o'er the ocean roam, sir,  
In every clime we find a port,  
In every port a home, sir.

Ye, ye, ye,  
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,  
With a ye, ye, ye.

—From McFee's "Iron Men and Wooden Ships." Doubleday, Page & Co.

## THE SOUTH SEAS

SOUTH Sea Islands, romance, native women and white men. What is it that attracts a white man to a Native woman? One who has lived in the islands will tell you it is the absolute unquestioning of the woman. She accepts everything, good and bad alike, as destiny; it is her sameness! Their master is their lord—but there are times when this lethargy of mind creates something more in the mind of man. Such is the case of George to whom Ouela Kohkon goes as his Woman; such is perhaps the case of Gordon and Ouela Kilukilu, at least arguments are raised in our minds, answered—yes! It is a striking pic-



ture of the result of a union between a white man and a Native woman, the mental and moral degradation and the final conclusion. Fatherly love plays a great part in the story, which brings out the characteristics of man. There are other thrilling and powerful discussions of the evils of miscegenation. There are fine descriptions of native life, habits and it is written in a style most convincing.

GONE NATIVE, *Asterisk*. Small, Maynard and Co. \$2.00.

#### GET ONE!

YES, if you haven't one, get one—a hobby! "Happy is he who has a hobby, something with which to occupy the mind and to take it away from the necessary worries of the work-a-day world," thus reason Charles William Taussig and Theodore Arthur Meyer in their book of hobbies. It is a book which deals with hobbies in general, pointing out the essentials of a hobby, teaching distinction in the hobbies classified under the heading "collecting"; showing the necessity of perfection in skill if you choose a hobby under the classification of creative hobbies. One doesn't have to be rich to have a hobby; although the hobby of collecting seems to run hand in hand with a full purse, yet there are things to be collected which will cost you little and yet serve the purpose of mind diversion.

Not only is this book a guide to forming hobbies but there is much information as to how certain "things" which one collects are made: etching and prints for instance. And can you imagine paying \$12,000 for one stamp? Well, that is what has been done!

It is a book, we should say, which is a guide to happiness. "Ev'ry man should have a hobby—if he divides his time properly between his work and his hobby, I don't see why he should not live to be a hundred." (Chauncey M. Depew.) If you haven't one, get one and the best direction is the book mentioned.

THE BOOK OF HOBBIES, by Charles William Taussig and Theodore Arthur Meyer. Minton, Balch and Co. \$3.00.

#### READ BEFORE YOU BUY?

SUCH is the slogan of *The Trinity of Civilization*. There is sound common sense between the two blue covers and perhaps much that the average person will object to. After all we are a bit narrow minded, in the sense "yours truly" classes the "narrow-minded." It is a treatise on Love, Divorce and Religion. The Love is idealistic and much sound reasoning is found in the following passage: "Love is such a tender flower that it requires daily watering and attention to keep up its full beauty and fragrance; it withers quickly without such attention, and the admiration for it on both sides must be of such nature that it becomes a pleasure to give it the attention it daily requires."

There has been much controversy, we understand, as to whether this book is an attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. We should say no—we are remembering a very wise Chinese proverb: "Religions are many and different, but reason is one. Humanity is the heart of man and justice is the path of man. The broad-minded see the truth in different religions, the narrow-minded see only the differences."

The book costs you nothing. Read it, and if you like it buy it; if not send it back.

THE TRINITY OF CIVILIZATION, by Yours Truly. 417-418 Earl Bldg., New York, N. Y. \$2.00.



JOSEPH CONRAD

#### NO ONE ELSE WILL

NO ONE ELSE WILL is always prefaced in our minds with, "if you don't have a good opinion of yourself." But even so, we rebel against the person who is too egotistical. Such is the impression the reader receives almost immediately upon opening *Joseph Conrad, A Personal Remembrance*, by Ford Madox Ford. We allow our minds to become prejudiced. We say, "He's taken Conrad as an excuse to exploit himself!" Because of this mind, we see nothing but Ford Madox Ford throughout the pages; but if we follow "Judge not, that we be not judged," we might see much in the book which would be beneficial. But our minds must certainly be unprejudiced when we read it—else we will not read past the first three pages.

JOSEPH CONRAD, A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE, Ford Madox Ford. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50.

#### SMOKERS!

FOR a good many years Alfred Dunhill has been known to a discriminating group of pipe smokers as a maker of most excellent pipes. It has been said that an Englishman could prove his nativity, were he to lose his papers in a foreign land, by producing his Dunhill pipe.

Alfred Dunhill has written a book, *The Pipe Book*. The first chapter gives us a pretty picture of the solace of tobacco, without looking like an advertisement of the American Tobacco Company. The question, "Why men smoke," is given several answers. Those who use tobacco will find that at least one of the answers strikes a responsive chord; those who do not use it, unless they be militant "anti's," will find food for thought.

We are given a narrative of the customs of tobacco users from the earliest known time that men used tobacco to the present time. Our geographical memory is poor, but our recollection is that Dunhill's narrative covers every country on the globe, and the various races of many lands. We are told of the quaint, primitive pipes made by people from such materials as were at hand, and of the make-shifts employed when necessity compelled.

When Dunhill leads us to the Orient we encounter the beautiful, elaborate and delicate workmanship in pipes that is found in

pottery, rugs and pictures which originate in the Far East. Apparently, there was a tendency among the people of Japan to obtain utility, as well as pleasure, from their pipes. We are told that the earliest Japanese pipes were of great size, and were stuck in the belt like a sword; if this was so it lends point to the foremost of the "Disadvantages of Smoking" alleged by an old Japanese author, to-wit: "There is a natural tendency to hit people over the head with one's pipe in a fit of anger" but on the contrary side he sets down among the "Advantages": "It is a companion in solitude; it is a storehouse for reflection, and gives time for the fumes of wrath to disperse."

This book will be found interesting to the man who has an academic interest in the historical use of tobacco, or in pipes for consuming tobacco. The illustrations are excellent and copious. The general reader seeking entertaining diversion from between the covers of a book will find *The Pipe Book* rather dull going.

We trust Alfred Dunhill will long continue a maker of briar pipes. (E. N. Hicks.)

THE PIPE BOOK, Alfred Dunhill. The Macmillan Co. \$7.50.

#### TOPOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

THESE UNITED STATES is a work of literary value, motivated by love and understanding, based upon a deep knowledge and brilliant analysis of each state individually, thus making a collective work of glorification of the whole United States. Not only does the work show us how young are these United States of ours, but just how much has been accomplished in such a short time, and the telling is animated by an active, searching intelligence.

The work is divided into two volumes, edited by Ernest Gruening, with viewpoints of such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Douglas Freeman, Theodore Dreiser, Clayton Hamilton. Of those writing in the first volume are to be found among others Sherwood Anderson on Ohio; Dorothy Camfield Fisher on Vermont; Robert Herrick on Maine, and Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina. All of these viewpoints are stimulating with emotion which has a reaction in the individual reader. If we love our United States collectively, no matter what state we are a native of, we will enjoy each one individually. The work has an uncanny effect upon the emotions of its readers, soaring them on wings of greater appreciation.

THESE UNITED STATES (Second Series). Boni and Liveright. \$3.00. Two volumes \$5.50. Edited by Ernest Gruening.

#### FOR OUR DISCRETION

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY, by Ernest Boyd, is most interesting. We have found much to ponder over in the first part of his book, dealing with the imaginary. Whether or not we agree or disagree is only a personal discretion. We will at least be amused and entertained by that delightfully satirized group of imaginary portraits, as we will enjoy the second part of the volume given over to the collection of impressions of living personalities . . . clever, vivid pen-pictures of well known people, among whom appear H. L. Mencken, Scott Fitzgerald, Bernard Shaw and many others.

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY, Ernest Boyd. George H. Doran. \$2.50.



## LYRICS FOR HOME FOLKS

FEW of our modern poets are writing so close to the hearts of the people as the author of "Patchwork." There are versifiers, of course, who speak in rhyme the gooey sentimentalities which appeal to the heart of the average man and woman. But then, the average man or woman is notoriously averse to thinking, and an appeal to the heart is so much easier to "put over" than an appeal to mentality.

But here is this Oregon poet, Grace E. Hall of Portland, who happily manages to combine heart interest with something more. Hidden within the lines of her lyrics is a bit of philosophy, a hint of humor—and if one does not care to delve enough to find it, why then take the sentiment and let the rest go. For those who do care to seek for an inner meaning—and unless it's there it may not be classed as poetry—Miss Hall's lyrics must appeal.

This is a simple little thing, and brief, but the poet has given a life story—some-one's.

## PUSSYWILLOW

We used to go the meadow trail—

A narrow path for two—

When pussywillows in the swale

Were softly bulging through;

And sometimes in your crinkly hair

I'd twist a furry bough;

The spring is here, but I can't bear

The pussywillows—now.

And if, you country dwellers, there is something in the quiet of dusk which moves you, which grips you and tightens your throat, see if this Oregon poet has not known your emotion.

## SUNSET BY THE CREEK

'Tis very quiet by the creek,

The stubble field is bare,

And yellow haze is hanging like

A guaze veil in the air;

The shadows gather in the pool

Where all the ripples run

To merge in silence, calm and cool,

When their brief race is done.

A slim fish, like a silver bar,

Lies at the water's rim;

A bob-white trills his note afar,

Another answers him;

A lone bird, hidden in the brush,

Darts out and wings away,

And something in the evening hush

Moves my dumb lips to pray.

PATCHWORK, by Grace E. Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

## WHAT IS THE CHARM?

WHAT is the charm of Cabell's works? What can you individually see in them? There are few people who speak these questions, even though they may feel them. There is something in the mind of men which will not admit ignorance! And ignorance of *what* in reference to Mr. Cabell's work? It is his individual mind, a mind which is a little egotistical and therefore selfish but it is a very interesting mind to observe. His "Straws and Prayer-books," is merely an autobiography of that mind. Perhaps his digressions are a bit annoying but it is the mind of the man, so crowded that it is hard to centralize. One gets intimate impressions of the authors of today through Mr. Cabell's own mind, sometimes he becomes mocking in his expounding of whys and wherefores and always analytic.

STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS, by James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride. \$2.50.



Reproduction of "The Stiegel Cup" from N. Hudson Moore's "Old Glass."

## COLLECTORS

IT is surprising to see how closely glass making follows history—how the industry is affected in different coun-

tries by conquests. Mrs. Moore has done a charming piece of work in *Old Glass*. Not only does she make clear the different styles of each country, but she traces carefully, by references to her elaborate illustrations, the influence of one country upon the other. Instantly we pride ourselves in distinguishing the winged stems of Venetian glass from Bohemian ware, and we know immediately the influence one has upon the other.

It might be of interest to state here, that though the woman of today, through her desire for beautiful glassware, creates the demand for production, it was man who made possible the advancement of the industry; the men who collected at taverns to drink ale, their wines—and yes, later their cocktails. But this is of course not the only kind of glass Mrs. Moore speaks of; she touches on everything from vases, looking-glasses to rolling-pins and window-panes. She leaves no half-way opinion that she believes glass work to be a great art and she makes it an art in the telling, combinations of color, composition and workmanship in the different countries is minutely described. The markings and methods of distinguishing genuine old glass are not forgotten, nor is there any doubt left so clearly does she put forth her subject, which she knows so perfectly.

OLD GLASS, N. Hudson Moore. Stokes. \$10.

## PIRATES!

DON'T you just love Pirates!" Thus came Samantha Jane to us this month. "I slipped a book from your desk—and you'll fall in love with Peter when you read it. He's perfectly wonderful—such a gentleman, and such a pirate, and it is all about colonial days and pirates of the highseas. Of course Alice Hull has to fall in love with Peter, and there's no way out of it anyway!"

Alice Hull does fall in love with Peter Burling and there is much more connected with that love affair. Mr. Bagby has a good knowledge of history and his digressions, or should we not call them explanative chapters, do not bore us. He has a nice way of giving us the information on which he has built his delightful story.

PETER BURLING, PIRATE, by Arthur P. Bagby. Dorrance. \$2.00.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IF I were a young man again, I should do as I did before, choose for myself the profession of teaching." Mr. S. D. Meads, a grand old man of the teaching profession, after forty years in Oakland High and grammar schools has told modestly in a little book of a hundred pages the story of his life. His influence for good on the young people, an influence wholesome as a sunny morning, deserves a volume compiled by his former students. Jack London said of him:

"So many things have come crowding into my life that my recollection of my school days in Oakland has grown a bit hazy. Things don't stand out as they should, and most of the memories are blurred. Two or three teachers I remember distinctly enough, and my association with one of them at least, formed one of the most vital contacts of my early life. That one was the science professor at the Oakland High School."

A Greek scholar and the writer of an introduction to chemistry that ran through five editions and was for years the standard for entrance to the University of California, Mr. Meads brought his scholarship from Bowdoin College, Maine, where he and Doctor Sidney Gulick were classmates. It is not, however, the writer of the textbooks in chemistry and physics, excellent though they were, that attracts the reader of the unpretentious autobiography. It is the life of a man avowedly affected by two percepts. The reader is interested in the reactions of the little boy to the events of the Civil War and Mr. Meads' later lecture on the Battle of Gettysburg; one reads of his fight for better moral sanitation, when he stood fast by General Neal Dow's demand: "The grogshop must be made an outlaw in these United States;" and of his running for governor on the Prohibition ticket.

And one reads again in the story—not unlike that of Herbert Hoover in childhood surroundings—of the well-balanced useful life squared to two principles:

"I want to stand in my own lot and place" and "If it is anything good, count me in."

L. B. E.

IN MY OWN LOT AND PLACE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY by S. D. Meads.

## TRAVEL BURLESQUE!

IN MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD, one will find much real genuine laughter; one will unwillingly recall incidents in his own life similar, or remember having encountered such in others. From Mrs. Haddock's note book to the last period of the book, is one performance for the long-lived muscles (namely the muscles with which one laughs). And Mildred—so self-important, placed on a pedestal by her parents—the trip in the elevator in New York. There isn't much plot to the story, but the manner in which it is written, the



quick wit, and understanding make it a work which is a pleasure to read.

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD, *Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran. \$2.00.*

### GUIDE BOOK

**W**ANDERER AMONG PICTURES by E. V. Lucas could aptly be titled "The Guide Book." For that is what it amounts to. For one contemplating visiting galleries of the world, this book should be valuable. Perhaps there are others who may be visualistic enough to place themselves at the elbow of Mr. Lucas as he wanders from floor to floor of the different museums of Art. To such people, there will be much material between the covers of this book. It contains more than seventy beautiful reproductions and it covers the art collections of London, Paris, Madrid, Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp and Brussels.

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES, *E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Company. \$5.00.*



COURTNEY RYLER COOPER

## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

*Selections from*

### "CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ"

**I**F She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are sealed,  
And the brand of the dog is upon him by whom the secret is revealed.  
If she has written a letter, delay not an instant, but burn it,  
Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate shall return it!  
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,  
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

—Kipling.

The man of genius is, in the composition of his works, and in the best moments of his social life, a burning torch shedding light on all around, an inspired prophet and preacher bringing forth with radiant feature and beaming eyes things new and old for the edification and dedication of mankind.

—Ex.

The thing that goes the farthest  
Toward making life worth while—  
That costs the least and does the most,  
Is just a pleasant smile.  
The smile that bubbles from a heart  
That loves its fellow men  
Will drive away the cloud of gloom  
And coax the sun again.  
It's full of worth and goodness, too,  
With manly kindness blent;  
It's worth a million dollars,  
And it doesn't cost a cent.

Happiness is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value! But when grouped together and judiciously combined, and set they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel.

Did it ever occur to you that there may be something a girl wants more than money?

Ignorance is the more sin than vice.

—Dr. J. S. Foote.

### SAY SOMETHING GOOD

Pick out the folks you like the least and and watch them for a while;  
They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile.  
They criticize their fellow man at every chance they get,  
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.

From them I guess you'd learn some things if they were pointed out—  
Some things that everyone of us should know a lot about.  
When some one "knocks" a brother, pass 'round the loving cup,  
Say something good about him, if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made has trace of good  
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could.  
The kindly deeds of many a soul lie hibernating there,  
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare.

To show the best that's in them, and a universal move  
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.  
Say something sweet to paralyze the knocker on the spot  
Speak kindly of his victim, if you know the man or not.

There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavor of life until he has known poetry, love and war. —John Hopkins.

Genius consists not as a creator of beginnings or fancying what does not exist, but consists in discerning more truth than ordinary minds.

The undercurrent of the river of life is

stronger than the eddies and whirlpools on the surface and it knows whither it is speeding, and the purpose behind it is strong and true and good.

(Extracts from the Rubaiyat)

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears  
Today of past Regret and future Fears:  
Tomorrow!—Why, tomorrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

Yesterday this Day's Madness did prepare;  
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
Drink; for you know not whence you came,  
or why:

Drink! For you know not why you go, nor where.

### STANDARD SAYINGS

When the wine is in wit is out.

What we call time enough often proves little enough.

Errors in religion may claim our pity but should excite no anger.

Recreation should not be our business but fit us for it.

Riches cannot purchase mental endowment.

Ill got, ill spent.

Whatsoever is well resolved on, should be quickly performed.

True virtue knows no stain.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Wine, women and song; enough said.

Ease and honors are seldom found together.

SOMETIMES WORDS WOUND MORE THAN SWORDS.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
(From a manuscript collection made by Eugene Field.)

### A CASTAWAY

**A** CASTAWAY on this great earth,  
A sickly child of humble birth  
And homely feature,  
Before me rushed the swift and strong;  
I thought to perish in the throng,  
Poor puny creature.  
Then crying in my loneliness,  
I prayed that Heaven in my distress  
Some aid would bring.  
And pitying my misery,  
My guardian angel said he,  
Sing, poet, sing!  
Since then my grief is not so sharp,  
I know my lot and tune my harp,  
And chant my ditty,  
And kindly voices cheer the bard,  
And gentle hearts his song reward  
With love and pity.

### TO THYSELF

A solemn proverb haunts my mind  
With meaning deep and vast,  
The mill will never grind again  
With waters that are past.

Take the lesson to thyself  
Loving hearts and true;  
Golden years are passing by,  
Life is ebbing, too.

Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no happy day,  
Time can never bring thee back  
Chances swept away.



Leave no tender word unsaid,  
Love while life shall last.  
The mill will never grind again  
With waters that are past.

Work eight hours and sleep eight hours  
and you will make a living; but the way  
you live the other eight will determine the  
kind of a living you make.

Religions are many and different, but  
reason is one. Humanity is the heart of  
man and justice is the path of man. The  
broad-minded see the truth in different re-  
gions, the narrow-minded see only the  
differences.

Time is a File that wears and makes no  
noise.

(Given Kay by the author, with the no-  
tation on the manuscript, "Memory, fond  
Memory.")

#### AT TWILIGHT

Be near to me at morn, when sage reflec-  
tion

Is lost in youth's impulsive ardent glow;  
When only lingers one sweet recollection

Through all my days, one thought: I love  
you so!

Be near to me at eve, when day is waning  
And when the softer dusk is looming  
slow;

Be near to me—I am so tired of feigning:  
Dear heart, I love you so—I love you so!

Be near to me when Age and Time, en-  
folding,

Have left the Lamp of Life bedimmed  
and low;

Ah, come to me that I, your lost youth  
holding,

May give it back again—I love you so!  
—D. Bedford Jones.

#### DESCRIPTION FROM

#### THE FIGHTING CHANCE

The sun hung low over the pines, all the  
scrubby, foreland ran molten golden in  
every tufted furrow; flock after flock of  
whispering little birds whirled into the briars  
and out again, scattering inland into undu-  
ating flight. The Zenith turned shell pink;  
through dotted shoals of clouds spread  
spaces of palest green like calm lakes in  
the sky. The sweet sea breeze softly  
hummed its good night melody that told  
all nature that the shades of night would  
soon be upon them.

—Robert W. Chambers.

Pleasure is a human creation, a delicate  
art, to which, as for music or painting,  
only a few are apt.

Many people are not stupid but are stup-  
id.

Either be good or bad, but don't belong  
to the mediocrity class.

—C. F. Crowley, M. D. A. M.  
To err is human; to forgive divine.

—Alexander Pope.

An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of  
cleverness.

—J. H. Lyon.

A setting sun  
Should leave a path of glory in the skies  
of all.  
—John Dryden.

Forgetting everything which is past and  
stretching forward to what lies in front of  
me, with my eyes fixed upon a goal I push  
on to secure the prize of God's heaven-  
ward call in Christ.

Love's always selfish, always cruel to  
others, always means trouble and sorrow,  
and disappointment. But it is worth it,  
even when it brings complete disaster. Life  
isn't life without it.

That which seems romantic in retrospect  
is only too often unpleasantly realistic in  
its actual experience.

## ODDS AND ENDS

### ODDS AND ENDS

DOES Elinor Wylie picture the eternal  
warring between good and evil in her  
new novel: "The Venetian Glass Nephew,"  
in Century Magazine for March? Cynicism  
seems to tread on the heels of spiritualism,  
and wealth of description beautifully word-  
rounded is there. Book One concludes in  
this number. "Crime and Punishment"  
with arguments pro and con anent capital  
punishment, are clearly and humanely dealt  
with by H. J. Bridges; and Clarence Dar-  
row gives his beliefs with the evasion of  
many essential points due to his training in  
evasion when evasion will work for ac-  
quittal of the clients in his professional  
care. Those in favor of capital punishment  
will find difficulty in accepting the re-  
mainder of Darrow's arguments, and those  
not in favor of meting out that punishment  
will sense the feeling of surprise that one  
so fair in other arguments, should be will-  
ing to see the horror that is called capital  
punishment, seemingly approved by the  
worker in humanity betterment.

E. Alexander Powell, always intensely  
interesting, takes his readers "into the blue"  
—a trek into the African hinterland. And,  
although told and retold, the thrill is again  
experienced when he tells of standing be-  
fore the block of cement bearing the in-  
scription: "Livingstone-Stanley, 1871." Al-  
most one can hear the now historic brief  
sentences: "My name is Stanley. And you  
are Doctor Livingstone, I presume."  
"Drums on the Lualaba" titles Mr. Powell's  
story, and the part the drums play in com-  
munication of happenings in that country,  
lead us to believe they run a close second  
to our radio and telegraph. Mexico invites  
our interest in this number, by a series of  
drawings by George Wharton Edwards,  
and an article by Ernest Gruening "The  
New Era in Mexico."

Is there a "fad" in titles, as well as in  
music, and did Arlen start it when he  
wrote "The Green Hat?" Louise Townsend  
Nicholl gives a story with the title: "Green  
Ice." NEXT.

These are only a part of the good things  
in Century.

March "Popular Science Monthly," gives  
a scientific and mechanical quirk to the  
cross-word puzzle craze. Asked by one if  
I had the fad I answered: "No, I have  
been solving 'word puzzles' ever since I  
began to write, studying Webster's dic-  
tionary and Roget's Thesaurus," "The-  
saurus, what's that?" asked the one who  
had taken me to task for my lack of in-  
terest in the subject. Right then and there,  
I saw the educational value of the craze.

### SUCCESS

He achieves success who lives well,  
laughs often, and loves much; who gains  
the respect of intelligent men, and the love  
of little children; who fills his niche and  
accomplishes his task; who leaves the world  
better than he found it, whether by an im-  
proved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued  
soul; who never lacks appreciation of  
earth's beauty, or fails to express it; who  
always looks for the best in others and  
gives the best he has—whose life is an in-  
spiration, whose memory is a benediction.

But to return to the magazine—after read-  
ing fiction and being thrilled with the  
word-pictures of imaginary happenings,  
read of the "realities" that man's brain has  
fathered, and take off your hat in sincere  
admiration. It seems it must be magic,  
sorcery, enchantment!

Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the world-  
famous scientist has been writing a series  
of articles entitled: "America Re-Visited,"  
and March Current Opinion quotes liberally  
from them as published in London Spec-  
tator. Among other things, he is quoted  
as saying: "The West is not troubled with  
the New England conscience or any Eastern  
high-brow intellectuality." All this anent  
"Fundamentalism" and Evolution.

Contemporary Verse will discontinue with  
the close of 1925; at least that is the an-  
nouncement of its editor, Charles Wharton  
Stork. This will be a matter of regret to  
the many friends it has made during the  
decade in which it has appeared. Conserva-  
tive, without being narrow, this is one of  
the few poetry magazines which would seem  
to have a real reason for existence. Mr.  
Stork gives as his reason that there are  
"too many poetry magazines today."

Yet in almost the same mail comes a new  
Western magazine of verse, *The Mesa*,  
published by The Colorado Springs Poetry  
Society. I'm afraid this first number might  
serve as an argument in support of Mr.  
Stork's pronouncement, yet it is, of course,  
altogether unfair to judge by the initial  
number of any publication. There is in the  
issue, Volume I, Number I, some verse of  
real quality—Margaret Tod Ritter, Belle  
Turnbull and Lilian White Spencer have  
verse which, if not of their best, is at least  
not open to severe criticism—but there is  
much which might better be omitted. *The  
Mesa* is a quarterly, with subscription at  
\$1.00. Its address is 1106 North Nevada  
Avenue, Colorado Springs.

Re-referring to "The Green Hat" and  
"Green Ice" I note that William Rose Benet  
in his poem "Whale" in New Republic,  
February 18, says "He cried with a purple  
voice." Shades of Webster, Roget, Cross-  
word Puzzles!! AND the "Purple Cow" of  
literary history!

Ada Kyle Lynch.

Larry Barretto, author of "A Conqueror  
Passes," having finished reading the final  
proofs of his new novel of New York, "To  
Babylon," which Little, Brown and Com-  
pany will publish this spring, has joined  
the seasonal flight of American authors,  
and sailed for Europe.



## BUSH ADVENTURERS

The Australian bush yields material for this intensely interesting book by Charles J. Finger. The author takes for his material the exploits of half a dozen famous characters of the Australian wilds, and sets forth vividly their adventuring. There is Popjoy, product of Londonderry who forced a king to the back streets, a Sydney exile, outlaw, hero; there is the story of Captain Moonlight, minister who turned robber; and there are others. It is a book for those who know the wilds and their peoples; it is a book for the stay-at-home adventurers.

BUSHRANGERS, by Charles J. Finger. Robert McBride & Co. \$3.00 net.

The Dutch translation of Emerson Hough's novel, "The Covered Wagon," is in process of completion by the Leidsche Vitgeversmaatschappij of Leiden, Holland. One wonders what the familiar pages of Mr. Hough's story of the pioneers will look like in ten-syllable words.

Major Vivian Gilbert, author of "The Romance of the Last Crusade," is the fortunate possessor of a thatched cottage in an English village where nothing can disturb him while writing.

## Music and Musicians

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, M. M.

ON August last OVERLAND gave a short biographical sketch of Frank Patterson, whose opera, *The Echo*, is to be given in Portland, Oregon, this coming Spring under the auspices of the National Federation of Music Clubs, a fitting tribute to this composer-librettist.

Germany places high value on its composer-poet, Wagner. We realize Wagner's value as an artistic asset to Germany, yet we overlook and ignore our own composers. We, too, have composer-poets—Patterson, Lyford, Stearns, and others—yet give them slight encouragement, and so this tribute to a former resident of the West Coast is doubly pleasing.

The scene of *The Echo* is laid in a huge cave. Through a small opening at the left, the sea is shimmering in the moonlight. The cave is dark, lit only by a faint ruddy glow from the fire, before which Acantha lies, sleeping. A boat is drawn upon the shore where Acantha was cast, and where, for many years, she has led a lonely life. She dreams of hope above the cliffs, where she thinks warm hearts are throbbing, children laugh and sing, and there is love

and life. She seems almost to face madness in the dreadful surrounding silence.

Suddenly there comes a call; Theudas is floating and sobbing his torment out upon the waves. His rescue, now, becomes her only thought. This meeting results in riotous, bacchanalian, but unsatisfactory life. Hopes of a higher, more perfect love which can only be attained by freedom from this bedeviled isle, far from passion's unholy flame; freedom from grief and pain, where only a purer, eternal love exists, fill their souls.

Together, they seek the shore, enter the boat, push it quickly out. It disappears, reappears, and finally moves from sight, carrying the lovers to the real land of their dreams.

American artists who have proved their ability by the fire of experience, will form the cast, and as far as advance information goes, this meeting in Portland is to be a festival which will mark a new era for Art in our land. Members of the Federation from every State will meet in Portland, and those fortunate enough to go, will have a new bit of history for their records.

## A Home in the Desert

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166)

went to the Industrial Hall, referred to as the Round-house because of its shape, searching for them.

We wandered from booth to booth, admiring, and exclaiming in delight, at the wonders unfolded to our eager gaze.

One booth, in particular, caught and held our attention. Golden butter lay in glass cases placed on blocks of ice. Fruit and flowers of all kinds had been moulded to decorate the countless rolls. Here and there some soul, more daring than the rest, had attempted a child or an animal. Yellow as a dandelion, of satin smoothness in grain, the butter gave mute testimony to the careful, loving hands of many a busy farm woman.

Mother had not entered any butter, but a loaf of her bread had taken first prize. And again our hearts were big with pride. We considered our parents shining examples for all the world to copy.

In the booth devoted to fancy-work, quilts of marvelous designs and a multitude of colors, hung on long lines. A crazy patchwork quilt, made entirely of silk and velvet pieces, joined together by a chain-stitch of embroidery silk, filled us with deep admiration.

We came at last to the exhibit of farm produce. Here were golden pumpkins, so huge and round that one easily comprehended how Cinderella

rode in a coach carved from one. We could close our eyes and see her on the way to the party.

There was a splendid display of yellow grains, wheat as high as one's head, the heads heavy with long row upon row of plump kernels. The bearded barley and oats drooped on their stems like small plumes.

A farmer was standing by the heap of potatoes that had the coveted blue ribbon, explaining to an interested group his exact method of seed selection and cultivation.

We listened a moment, then wandered on. The booth where preserved fruits were displayed fairly made our mouths water. Big red strawberries, our favorite fruit, shone through the glass as natural as if just picked.

In the distance we caught sight of mother, holding a twin firmly by each hand, chatting with a group of friends. A big clock said it was ten minutes of twelve. At the noon hour we were all to meet in a section of the hall where tables and chair had been provided for those who brought their lunch.

We hastened toward her, murmuring that we were so hungry we could not wait another minute. We selected our table, placed the chairs about it, and got out the big lunch basket. Presently father and Fred and Guy came in together. Father had taken the boys to see all the livestock, explaining

carefully the different breeds, their virtues or failings.

Fred and Guy were wise with a great wisdom that they promptly spilled over us in a rush of talk. We listened idly, while we laid out the lunch and paper plates, cups and napkins.

At one o'clock occurred what we considered the crowning event of the day, a balloon ascension. The fearless occupant was to perform on a trapeze high up in the blue, and finally descend to the earth by means of a parachute. This event had been scheduled a number of times for the Fair, but on account of winds had never been performed. As this day was hot and still, with no sign of wind, our hopes rose high.

We consumed in haste large quantities of fried chicken, cold boiled eggs, sandwiches, doughnuts rolled in sugar, and caraway-seed cookies, washing it down with lemonade. Mother had put the juice and sugar in a big earthen jar, so all that remained was pouring in the water.

It was slightly warm, yet so refreshing that we drank cup after cup, until father said we would splash as we walked. We giggled our appreciation of his joke. The boys rose as the last crumb vanished, and made their way rapidly through the crowd, slipping in and out like eels.

Father left to see a man who want-



ed to purchase one of his pure-bred Merino rams. I grasped a twin by each hand and said to mother:

"I'll take brother and sister with me. I won't let them out of my sight, really, truly," in response to a questioning look in her eyes.

I was very proud of our twins, and today they were looking their best in new, white belted dresses, and white hats bound with blue velvet ribbon. They had passed their third birthday some weeks before, and in answer to questions concerning their age responded proudly:

"Way past three, and 'most four!"

They clung to me tightly, their warm, soft little hands in mine, and their faces wreathed in smiles, chattering gaily of the balloon.

We could see it plainly, a big red ball held on a smooth piece of ground by a number of boys and men who stood on the edge, one crowded close against another. Fred and Guy were among them, their eyes large with suspense. They were wedged in between two big fat men, but they were there with both feet, nothing else mattered.

As the gas heated, the big red ball grew round and taut. Behind it the trapeze and parachute lay upon the ground. At last came the thrilling cry, "Let 'er go!" The men and boys sprang off, the balloon rose slowly, until at last it floated high above us, with a man in tights performing on the trapeze. It was thrilling beyond all words to watch him swing by one hand, whirl round and round, stand on his head on the swaying bar.

I heard a voice near me say gravely: "There's goin' to be a right smart lot o' sunburned tonsils by night, in this section of the country."

A burst of laughter greeted his words, and the drawling voice continued:

"There's one bad case I can see right from here. Ain't it a shame, boys! And she looks like such a nice girl, too."

I squirmed about to see who was speaking, when a great cry arose, and my eyes went swiftly back to the balloon. The man had pulled the trip rope and clinging to his parachute was falling like a shot toward the earth.

Horror! would that parachute never open! A woman beside me groaned in anguish: "He'll be killed, sure! He's going to smash right down in front of us!"

Suddenly the parachute opened, and slowly and gradually floated down and landed on the race track. The man bowed smilingly to the ringing cheers, and disappeared in the crowd.

Our eyes again watched the balloon still floating idly above in the blue. It

was slowly turning over, describing a great arc, black smoke pouring out in a cloud. It descended gracefully, and finally lighted on the racetrack with a dull thud, a mass of canvas and ropes, shorn of all glory.

I put my hand to my throat, for such had been my excitement that sobs were straining hard at the chords. Deeply ashamed of my emotions I turned to slip away in the crowd. In the tense moments that preceded I had lost my grasp on the hands of the twins. I could not see them anywhere. I was not frightened for a few moments, feeling such each new step they would come in sight.

In and out of the crowd I went, on seeing a friendly, familiar face I asked anxiously: "Have you seen our twins?" I grew frantic finally, fearing unnumbered terrors, and enlisted the aid of friends in my search.

I came at last to Mother and Ella, and hastily, in broken words, told them of the great trouble that had come upon me. Their anxious faces struck new terror in my heart.

Ella reproached me vehemently. Mother did not speak except to ask a few rapid questions, where had I seen them last, who was near me, how long they had been gone? I led her to the place where they had vanished, and with a trembling finger pointed out the exact spot.

People joined in the search, until at last a big crowd was hunting with us, here and there, inside the big Roundhouse, under the grandstand filled with people waiting for the races, even in the far stables and pens they searched to no avail.

At last a man strolling by said carelessly: "Sav, there's a couple o' kids asleep in a big box turned on its side, in the shade of the Roundhouse. Maybe they're yours. Gosh, they did look cute! Come on, I'll lead you to them."

He led the way, mother close at his heels, Ella and I behind, and after trailed the motley array of searchers. We knelt down and looked into the box. There they were, hand in hand, their heads resting together and eyes closed in slumber, rosy lips half smiling, as if their dreams were happy ones.

The procession passed slowly by, peeking in one at a time, whispering as they laughingly rose, and slipping away softly.

Mother seated herself on the box, her face flushed. She was hot, tired and exasperated. "Go away," she said to me softly, "and don't you dare to come near these twins until we get home again. I thought I could trust you, Rene."

The reproach in her last words

stung me to deep resentment, and bitter grief. With one arm bent across my face to hide the tears that would come, despite all efforts, I stumbled away hastily.

Presently an arm slipped around my waist, and Ella said consolingly: "Don't cry, Rene. You didn't mean to lose them. We all know that you love little brother and sister dearly."

At the kindly words a storm of sobs shook me. Ella led me to the shade of a tree and brought a cup of water. I dipped my handkerchief in it and washed away the tears, and gained control of myself. My sobs ceased. I straightened my hat and said eagerly:

"Let's hurry to the grandstand, so we can see the races."

The band was crashing out a mighty tune, that put wings on our feet. We fairly flew up the steep stairway, past seats packed solid with a cheering mass of humanity, until we came to the back of the open stand. Behind us rose the railing. We mounted it cautiously, and clasped a convenient post tightly, not daring to look behind us, where a fleeting glance had showed the solid earth, spread out as if waiting to catch us as we fell.

Ah, now let joy be unconfined! We could see the racetrack clearly, its full half-mile of length wound away beneath our eyes.

The space before the stand, erected for the judges of the day, was filled with thoroughbred running horses, trim and clean of limb, tossing their heads and champing their bits, eager to be off and away. Broad and white the smooth race course stretched out before them.

They started—the judge called them back again—and yet again the false start was made. But at last the word "Go" rang out like a clarion call, and they were off.

A beautiful black, ridden by a slender jockey wearing a pink silk shirt, caught and held my attention.

A few seats below us a group of men were making wagers on the race.

"Ten to one on Midnight, the black filly," called a voice.

"Taken!" a gruff responded.

I turned to Ella and said breathlessly: "Ten to one on Midnight, the black filly. I'll bet you my dime against a penny."

She nodded, without taking her eyes from the race. I felt thrillingly wicked. I was gambling on a horse race, well known as a sin of deepest dye.

The black filly was running so smoothly and swiftly that she seemed like a bird skimming just above the earth. Now she gained until she was



second, inch by inch she approached the bright bay that led the race.

"Midnight, Midnight!" the crowd shrieked in encouragement. Evidently she was a favorite with the odds against her.

At last, down the homestretch, neck by neck thundered the black filly and the bright bay.

With a sudden spurt of speed the bay drew ahead and passed under the wire, winner by a few feet.

With a quick change of allegiance the crowd yelled itself hoarse with praise of the boy. "All the world loves a winner," I heard a voice near me say laughingly. There was a pause, then it continued:

"Curious thing, isn't it, the psychology of a crowd?"

I did not hear the reply for Ella demanded her dime, speaking in firm tones that brooked not of a refusal.

Sullenly I handed it over. The joy of gambling had suddenly lost its lure. Bitterly I reflected that I had to wash the dishes for a whole week, in order to earn the sum I had carelessly tossed away.

Also the task had to be done without a word of complaint, otherwise there was no reward forthcoming. I had been a fool, indeed.

A group of cowboys in chaps and gay silk shirts paused near us, wide sombreros decorated with carved leather bands, bright silk handkerchiefs tied about their necks, deeply tanned by sun and wind.

Their high-heeled boots were decorated with silver spurs that clanked musically as they walked. Close behind them followed a group of small boys, their eyes wide with admiration of the heroes from cattle-land.

A slow, drawling voice sounded, vaguely familiar, then clearly came the words:

"Well, well, see who's here, boys! The maiden with the sunburned tonsils, I do declare!"

One of the cowboys paused before me and questioned anxiously:

"Throat hurt much, little one?" Like a flash I caught his joke and my cheeks flamed hot with indignant anger.

I could not find words with which to retort. Lacking the stinging sarcasm I longed to voice I contented myself with sticking out my tongue at him. Mute evidence of my contempt.

He looked at his friends, winked, and said sorrowfully:

"And she looks like such a nice girl, too! Yet she is lost to all sense of reverence for age. Let's go before our morals are te-totally contaminated."

They clattered away, the small boys close at their heels.

A race between trotters was called.

A number of light racing vehicles, drawn by shining horses, drew up before the judges' stand, awaiting instructions.

One race succeeded another in swift succession. Ella wished to wager with me on each and every race, having tasted the sweetness of easy money.

I had learned my lesson well, and shook my head in a firm negative. Even her taunt, "Well, I must say, Rene, you are a poor sport," failed to move me. I knew, and she knew, that five cents still reposed in the pocket of my gingham dress. She wished to add it to the ten she had obtained so easily. I was equally desirous of keeping the sum. It was not much, certainly, but even at that it was far better than an empty pocket.

The hours sped by on winged feet. The last race was run, and the big crowd swarmed down the stairs. The shadows were growing long. It was time to start for home.

When we reached the house mother and the twins greeted us gaily from the back porch. Evidently I had been completely forgiven for losing my charges. I basked in the sunshine of their smiles, and felt after all, the world was a fine place.

Fred and Guy had gone to bring home the cows. Father was busy at the barn with the evening chores. The busy, work-a-day existence engulfed us once more. Gone now, until another year had rolled away, the glory of the Weld County Fair.

Dim in the misty distance it lured and beckoned with its manifold joys.

(To be continued)

## A House Divided

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170)

Economic jeopardy, wearing as it did on the spirits of these four people, together with their mutual antagonisms, brought matters to a crisis in the Brock household one afternoon late in July. Adam had lain snoring all the afternoon on a sofa in the sitting room, having declared himself on the verge of sunstroke. Meantime, the starving herd of milk cows, through persistent straining and rubbing at the barbed-wire fence, had made a breach and charged ravenously into the delicious forage alongside the pasture, stuffing themselves to repletion. An hour elapsed before the disaster was discovered by Virginia O'Hara, who came breathless to report.

"Mrs. Brock, yer cows are all in the corn."

Such tidings, always provocative of extreme excitement, roused Julia, who had been seeking a cool spot in the summer house.

"Where, Virginia?" she demanded.

"North side the field," said the barefoot wisp. "Come and I'll help you."

"Adam!" cried Mrs. Brock. "The cows are out!"

"Supposin' they are! I'm too sick to be chasin' any cattle," Adam replied in muffled tones, and thrust his face into the corner of the sofa, next the wall.

JULIA, setting out with Virginia,—a tough weed, absolutely impervious, apparently, to all weather,—managed to round up the herd and reinstate them in the dry pasture before they had foundered themselves. She came back to the house, still wondering at Adam's non-appearance. Utterly exhausted, she sank again into her seat in the summer house. She could hear her mother within, upbraiding Adam for his indifference in her weak and ineffective argumentation. Occasionally Adam emitted an almost inaudible reply.

"Adam, we're goin' to ruin, as yer pa said," said the mother.

"'Taint my fault, is it?" growled Adam.

"No, Adam, I don't mean *that*, but you might be more willing to lift and push things along."

There was a thud as if Adam had put his feet to the floor and were sitting upright.

"There you go again," he roared. "Here I am, used up with the heat, and havin' to stand this! I don't blame pa fer pullin' stakes and gettin' out o' here. I've a mind to do it myself!"

There was now the sound of feet descending the narrow staircase. Julia knew now that Madge, who had been asleep above-stairs, was bringing up reinforcements. Quarrel tho' she and Adam did from one week to the next, Madge always stood with Adam in crises like this. The stair door opened and closed.

"But think of Julia!" querulously



entreated the mother. "She can't be running about in this heat either."

"That's right, ma!" This time the voice was shrill and bitter. "Pick on Adam all the time. It's Adam, Adam, Adam all day. A man who's goin' t' be a father in less'n a month has got to guard against leaving his wife when she needs him most."

The cheap speciousness of this interpolation filled Julia with disgust. She wanted to pull the minx's hair. But a deeper feeling of self-respect, and an instinctive regard for Madge's approaching motherhood held her aloof from the fray waging within.

Indeed, she was growing used to this infantile bickering. Sometimes it fell on deaf ears. She now sought her own chamber, bathed her dusty hands and face, and put on another gown. As she did so, a plan long dormant in her mind came forth for more serious consideration. She was resolved that after the birth of the expected child, she would go elsewhere,—where she did not know. She was sure that she would not take the district school in "No. 2." She yearned for a wider outlook. As a child she had gone once with her father to the World's Fair at Chicago. Ever since that day a longing had been hers to go there again. She could find employment, perhaps in a store, perhaps even as a "hired girl." She could be earning enough at least to meet that terrific interest.

Not for an instant did she seek to evade responsibility. Her one aim was to find some place in the world where she could help her struggling mother with burdens under which she was manifestly sinking hourly. She sought also to eliminate herself from the family circle, for she felt that her presence bred hostilities that would partially die down in her absence.

She had a little over a hundred dollars in the bank, which she resolved for the present to retain for emergencies. Calmness of resolve fell about her while the storm below stairs spent its fury and receded also into the past, to be utterly forgotten, as most such disagreements usually are, by the immediate participants.

The drought broke as suddenly as it had come. That night, as she lay awake in the stifling silence of the little room she now called her own, she heard the first, faint whisper of rain in the leaves of the apple tree outside her window, and a fairy pattering on the shingles just above her head. A peal of distant thunder was answered by a lightning flash that illuminated every corner of the tiny whitewashed apartment and was followed by a gigantic crackling, rending and crashing of repeated thunders in the heavens

just over the staunch little farmhouse. Utterly without warning, a great gust of wind swept in at the window, bearing with it a rushing torrent of heavy rain. A chill as of oceans of cold water made her hastily rise to close the sash and to throw a wrap about her. She sat looking out into the pandemonium, fascinated by the alternate inky blackness and dazzling embroidery of raindrops against the panes as the lightning flared and waned. Trees groaned in the gale, tossing their branches wildly in the silver green of the wet flashes. The sound of water running in the lower levels and ditches now stole on her senses, and again peace in the midst of turmoil came over her spirit.

Yet this mood remained but a moment. A loud knocking at the door called her back to immediate problems. She sprang up and threw it open. Adam stood there. He was fully dressed.

"It—it's Madge," he said. "I'm goin' for the doctor."

Before daybreak he returned with the physician. But Madge had already given birth to a stillborn child.

"Heat and excitement," said the doctor.

## CHAPTER IX

MADGE'S period of recovery from the illness incident to the birth of her child was of miraculously short duration. In ten days she was up and around the house. She began to take a new interest in life. A short season of grief for the lost infant, and her repining ceased. Even in the most emphatic moments of her lamentations, there had been a trace of the histrionic. And now she sought frequent opportunity to go to town to see what might be for sale at the New York store; to try on shoes at Littlejohn's; to eat ice cream—a most extravagantly priced luxury to Mrs. Brock, who considered a nickel spent for peppermints a financial exploit of profound significance.

This tendency to spend money was due to the young lady's false notion of the Brock economics. She was convinced that Adam was a sort of a Klondike. In the First National Bank of Manchester, according to her mental picture, reposed generous balances for all sorts of purposes. She had been the pampered daughter of a family whose other members asked little if only this flower of the hearth might bud and blossom gloriously. Gifts from Bud had been hers since before she could remember. Though sunk in penury and debt, Dad Neith had always managed about her clothes money. And as for Mrs. Neith, she

"went without" through the years, knowing the uselessness of her own trying to "look like anything," as she put it.

However, as the summer advanced, it became more and more apparent to Julia that no good thing could possibly come out of this situation. Her mother, the irritant on every possible occasion, continued from week to week her inevitable function of heating up the gears of the family routine. The eldest of these three unhappy women, she presented a mental attitude worthy of an ill-natured two-year-old. From the first day of the entrance of Madge into that family circle, she had taken firm grasp of the notion that she was the innocent victim of enormous catastrophies too great for any ordinary mortal to bear.

The last of Julia's school money had been used to purchase the new cows. As soon as these additional members of the herd had been introduced into the north pasture, drought had fallen, and the milk receipts had correspondingly suffered. Feeling herself superfluous at home, for by now Madge had recovered sufficiently to assume her role as housekeeper, Julia determined on action.

One day when she had gone to Manchester for an errand, she determined on seeking work. To her surprise she found what she sought at the New York store. And Mrs. Brock, after a half-hour of objection and refusal, saw her daughter rise to defy parental authority.

"I'm going anyhow, ma."

"But how can I run this place alone?"

"You have three."

"Madge can't keep house."

"She must learn."

"I forbid you to go."

"You forbade me teaching. You were always forbidding father doing things. He went. I'm going too. Then you can have everything your own way." In her voice was the ring of finality. Mrs. Brock said no more to her daughter, though, for the next few days, she did not cease to bewail to herself her unhappy lot. . . .

Crossing the iron bridge, at Manchester, one found himself on Main Street. Already Manchester, though a town of only four thousand people, was feeling the influence of Dubuque and even the magnificently distant but far-famed Chicago. Plate glass windows had been put in by the furniture and drug stores; and, behind these vast expanses of shining glass, gleamed many a bedroom suite of golden oak, or, if it were the drug store, shone many a newly equipped "fountain" at whose ambrosial board the wide-eyed



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and solemn rusticity of the region quaffed the ineffable strawberry soda or dipped cautiously into inverted cones of vanilla ice cream.

There was quite a considerable aggregation of business houses, all of dull red brick, all of two stories and with mustily odorous stairs leading up to the doctors' and lawyers' offices above. Two notable places of business were "The New York Store," where were sold dry goods and notions, and "Cook's Emporium," a wide-entranced establishment, where were kept a great variety of farm machines and equipment. These two places of business, with "Tidball's Racket Store," composed the mercantile nucleus of the city. The New York Store occupied the central position, with the Racket Store one door up street and the Emporium one door down. Directly opposite the New York Store was MacEwen's Pharmacy, a resplendent place, reeking with mysterious essences and drugs, and gleaming with rows of sinister bottles, and with huge globes full of amber, green and red liquids in the show windows.

Julia at her counter sold ribbons and dress goods. There were two rows of glass show cases mounted on intricate cast iron legs of a disconcertingly fragile appearance. The floor was oily and worn with countless passages of the more or less assiduous clerks whom the store had employed in times past. Journeying up and down the narrow aisles, Julia tripped often on the hummocks round nail heads and knots in the boarding. She was deft with her hands, and soon learned just how to throw out a bolt of percale on the counter, how to measure yardage, how to tie a parcel while holding an animated conversation with the customer. A. O. Sweat, the proprietor, a taciturn man, said little, left her much to herself, and paid her weekly her slight wages. She had much time to watch the street and to ponder the events of her life, especially that of the past few months. She went home Saturday nights and spent her Sundays in seeking to unravel such tangled family affairs as she could; but, for the most part, she self-consciously sought, while helping at home financially, to keep her mind free of anxiety over personal relations in the family circle. But her money came in very handy to pay Stewart Cook's interest.

Neighbors from Perry Township and nearer home constantly came to buy at her counter. They seemed to feel a certain proprietorship in the place, with her there. A. O. Sweat, hands in pockets, ruminatively chewed

tobacco behind his gray lambrequin mustache and watched proceedings from his small, railed office in the corner. His manner, at first distant, grew somewhat pleasanter before Julia's first week was out. At the end of September he made it worth while for her to give up the school in District No. 2, an opportunity she was glad to make use of for more reasons than one. Thus, as the splendor of October fell on the autumn world, and the first premonitory winds of winter began to wail at corners and whistle at the keyholes, Julia had her trunk brought into town and left in her room at Mrs. Trask's. She had decided that the New York Store would be her base of action henceforth. On the fourth of October she became twenty-one. She was her own mistress. The old bondage was over, though she still kept her feeling of responsibility for the three people on the old farm. . . .

Stewart Cook, the owner of the Emporium, was a young bachelor of considerable consequence in Manchester. In appearance he was striking, even almost dignified. His clothes were of the extreme fashion of the period—a braided "cut-away" of excellent black worsted; a silk hat; sharp-pointed shoes; a stiff-bosomed white shirt having immaculate round cuffs adorned with elegant links; a white vest with small black squares on it; and a broad, black-satin tie with a gold pin—horse-shoe design—stuck carefully into its correctly arranged folds. In this finery he wielded power from a rather elegantly glassed-in office in a front corner of his establishment. Not only was he interested in farm machinery,—a business inherited from his father who had died early,—but he sold insurance, lent money and practiced law. All in all, he was doing well.

Stewart Cook lost no time in appreciating the fact that an interesting young lady with a serious though appealing face framed in copper colored hair, was presiding over Sweat's ribbon counter.

"I see you have a new clerk," he observed later in the day, when A. O. Sweat stopped a moment at his office to borrow a stamp.

"Take you to see that," said Sweat. "Who is she?" asked Stewart, unabashed.

"Julia Brock."

The two men exchanged vacant stares charged with profound meaning.

"The Julia Brock?" said Cook.

Sweat nodded sagely.

"Leetle frost last night," he vouchsafed and moved away.

(Continued Next Month)



## OAKLAND MEMORIES

(Continued from page 158)

house on Thirteenth and Washington was a vacant lot where a traveling photographer had set his small wheeled gallery. Many times I stood by his side watching him print pictures in the sun. He was a patriarchal looking old man and he had one or two half-grown boys with him who kept a flock of goats on the vacant lot. This man and these boys were the father and brothers of Joe Strong who was associated with Stevenson.

The site of the present University buildings along Strawberry Creek was a lovely spot for picnics. The only way of reaching Berkeley was by a little one-horse bob-tailed street car, entered by a step from the back. This car went as far as Temescal, afterwards called Alden, a rough place of a few houses and many saloons, and then turned around on a turn-table to go back to Oakland. Another car made the remainder of the trip to Berkeley through the wheat fields to the University grounds. We children would stand on the steps—if our mothers would let us—or reach from the windows, and grab handfuls of wheat and poppies. I can still hear the swish of the wheat against the car as we went swinging through the fields and I can smell the bay and wild currant that scented the air before the car stopped at the end of the line.

Wild currant, sometimes called incense shrub, grew along Strawberry Creek on the campus. It is one of my earliest associations of over fifty years ago. As I was passing along a street in Berkeley after many years' absence, I recognized the old, well-remembered delicious fragrance and retracing my steps found wild currant growing behind a fence—*incense in a yard!*

Across Strawberry Creek, the present Sather Gate, was a narrow foot-bridge with the bay trees so close on either side we could reach them with our hands. We played on the lumber and bricks that went into old North Hall. The old building that I saw being torn down a few years ago is now replaced with another. We played under the campus oaks and climbed into them.

My mother made a small oil painting of the campus-oaks nearly fifty-five years ago. Under the trees are children's figures and two girls on one of the branches. One of these girls is the granddaughter of Grandma Pine, and I am one of the others.

Some old letters written by my father have come into my possession that verify my early memories of West

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Oakland. The home near the beach was in that section of the east bay shore, very near the edge, below Sixteenth Street Station, between Tenth and Twelfth, now occupied by canneries and factories.

Extract from letter dated September, 1868: "We occupy a neat cottage of six rooms standing near the shore of this magnificent Bay. We are about 20 rods from the water and can plainly hear and see the white-capped waves as they beat upon the sloping beach.

Numerous seashells, crabs, jellyfish and seaweeds of rare and curious form often drift upon the beach and excite not a little wonder. We have a fine view of the Bay islands, Golden Gate, San Francisco and the beautiful hills and mountains that surround the Bay."

The beach was clean and sweet—so I remember it. Here Grandma Pine gathered the delicate sea-mosses for her pictures, and the pink and white shells that were a part of the composition.



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### APRIL CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 145)

*COLONEL E. HOFER* is editor of the famous *Lariat*, published in Portland, Oregon. He is keenly interested both in the West and in its writers.

*CAMILLA KENYON* is a Californian, resident in the Berkeley hills. Better known as a novelist, she has also a gift of verse.

*ANNA LOUISE MORRISON* is a Californian who has done much to preserve the history of the state. She is resident at San Luis Obispo.

*EPHRAIM A. ANDERSON* writes us from the Dakotas on a letterhead bearing the legend "Teacher."

*EMELY L. BAKER* is a descendant of pioneer stock, her father being one of the gold seekers of the '50's. Born in "the states," Mrs. Baker came to California about the close of the Civil War and has seen much of the history of the state in its making. Perhaps some time she will tell OVERLAND readers of her early experiences.

*MARGARET WENTWORTH* and *B. S. IVEY* are both from New York; *FRANCIS A. PHELPS*, lecturer and writer, spends most of his time in the wilds of Idaho; *ELEANOR SCOTT BEVERLEY* and *RUTH BERNICE MEAD* are both of Southern California; *ELEANOR G. FOX* and *ELSA NYE MERIWETHER* are both "East Bay" residents, living where they can look out on San Francisco bay; *ANDREW R. BOONE* is at Stanford University, a member of the faculty.

### HAITI

(Continued from page 150)

ber the present treaty between the United States and Haiti was signed at Port au Prince. On May 3, 1916, the treaty was proclaimed at Washington by the President of the United States.

The present constitution was ratified by the popular vote on June 12, 1918.

In the States we imagine Haiti as a subject State, the Marines riding rough shod over the inhabitants. The Marines, we know, are the policemen of the world, but just how that policing is done was always more or less a mystery to me. Here it is done through the organization of the Gendarmerie of Haiti.

"The Gendarmerie d'Haiti was organized in accordance with Article X of the Convention of September 16, 1915, between the Governments of the

United States and the Republic of Haiti, quoted as follows:

"The Haitien Government obligates itself for the preservation of domestic peace, the security of individual rights and the full observance of the provision of this treaty; to create without delay an efficient constabulary (gendarmerie), urban and rural, composed of native Haitians. This constabulary (gendarmerie) shall be organized and officered by Americans, appointed by the United States. The Haitien Government shall clothe these officers with the necessary and proper authority and uphold them in the performance of their functions. These officers shall be replaced by Haitians as they, by examination conducted under direction of a board to be selected by the Senior American officer of this constabulary (gendarmerie), in the presence of a representative of the Haitien Government are found to be qualified to assume such duties. This constabulary (gendarmerie), herein provided for, shall, under the direction of the Haitien Government, have supervision and control of arms and ammunition, military supplies, and traffic therein, throughout the country. The high contracting parties agree that the stipulations in this article are neces-

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ary to prevent factional strife and disturbances."

Prior to the organization of the present Sanitary Service of Haiti, the gendarmerie performed such functions as the establishment of outlying hospitals the general cleaning up of cities and towns occupied by the gendarmerie, sanitary inspections, quarantine and the like. All of which there was great need.

The gendarmerie functions as a military police force or constabulary corresponding closely to the "Texas Rangers," "Northwest Mounted Police," etc. It executes the laws of the country, it is responsible for the administration of prisons. Every section of Haiti, even the most remote, is visited at intervals by the officer personnel of the gendarmerie. Its influence extends into every town and hamlet, and individual home in the Republic.

Invaluable services have been rendered by the gendarmerie toward the pacification of the country. The gendarmes have proven dependable in times of stress and hardship, and there are many instances of bravery, valor and devotion worthy of the greatest praise, and which redound to the credit of the organization.

Now, that is that and let it be known that I am in no way connected with the Army of Occupation, but I am here as a civilian.

I had thought to find health conditions in Haiti very poor owing to the abundant vegetation, lack of drainage, etc. But by the use of mosquito nets on our beds and careful attention to personal hygiene one can maintain average good health. There are very few water born diseases, perhaps due to the high elevations of the streams which provide water for drinking purposes. The rate of flow leads to rapid emptying of infectious material into the sea. Malaria is the most prevalent and is the principle febrile disease of Haiti. The abundant vegetation, the lack of drainage, etc., that leads to the accumulation of stale water which forms ideal breeding places for mosquitoes. The bite of the infected mosquito transmits the disease.

From malaria to Witter Bynner, but I cannot close this short article without mentioning a quotation from a poem of his, a beautiful poem, but—

"A traitorous race,  
Enslaving Haiti, casting out truth  
From Santo Domingo, fouling its  
youth."

I am sorry Witter Bynner wrote that, I am sure he must have written it before he had informed himself of the facts, which, while not so poetical, are at least more sanitary.



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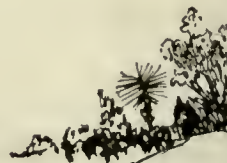
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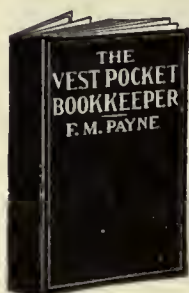
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After almost two years spent on the island, I can conscientiously say that the influence of the Americans in Haiti and Santo Domingo has been for the good of the natives. It is to be hoped that for the sake of humanity the Americans remain in Haiti a long, long time.

If there has been any fouling done it has been the other way about, for the very atmosphere of Haiti is the essence of evil and fear. Once one has known the smell that is Haiti it can never be forgotten. A black horror polluting the very air we breathe, a thing of evil and slime, fouling a most beautiful land and any white who is not sufficiently well balanced to withstand the vampire wiles of the tropics, and Haiti.

### CALIFORNIA AND THE JAPANESE

(Continued from page 173)

In December, 1919, Senator J. M. Inman, then president of the California Oriental Exclusion League, said:

The Japanese today control almost 92 per cent of the bean crop of California . . . 90 per cent of the celery, 82 per cent of the asparagus crop, 79 per cent of the seed crop, 66 per cent of the onions, 63 per cent of the canteloupes, and 50 per cent of the beet sugar crop.

The fishing industry rapidly fell into the hands of the Japanese—it is claimed that the numbers engaged in this business increased 168 per cent during the four-year period preceding 1920.

In 1909 the Immigration Commission estimated the number of Japanese in the United States employed in city trades and business at from 22,000 to 26,000; in agriculture, as farm laborers and farmers, at a maximum of 40,000; in railroad work at 10,000; and in salmon canneries at 3,600. Organized labor has been consistently opposed to the Oriental laborer, on economic rather than racial grounds. The Japanese laborers, mostly unskilled, were willing, at least for a time, to work longer hours for less pay, thus tending directly to break down trade union rules and lower the standard of living.

(Concluded Next Month)

### SYRUP CREEK

(Continued from page 160)

ing of regret and hungry longing he remembers the romance, freedom and wild beauty of other days. It is of these things he speaks, and his heart is still with the comrades of camp and trail. The present to him is tame, and he sighs to gallop once more through an unfenced country toward boundless horizons with the breath of the wild in his face.

But midst it all one thing unchang-

ing still, the Old Trail at Emigrant Crossing is the same as when the first trailer felt the wild thrill of its nameless charm. The cabin has fallen to decay, but the red lava hills still shimmer in the sun, and lie quiet and remote under the stars.

There are not so many settlers on Syrup Creek as in the old days, and even the trail which used to lead to the Crossing is brush-grown and largely obliterated. The road the last settler made up the creek to the Old Trail is washed out, and interlacing willows bend above it. His homestead is little changed, and is still the highest on the creek. The old man has long since taken the Lone Trail over the Last Divide, and the solitary hills are around him—a fitting resting place.

Should one visit the Emigrant Crossing he would at once be in the grip of that nameless something which has cast its spell over it. And if the spirits of murdered Updyke and his deputy haunt the place, as some credulous souls profess to believe, there are no offended ghosts; for from year's end to year's end scarcely a passing horseman awakes the echoes asleep on the bosom of its dead calm.

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(Continued from page 161)

usual for him to take in four or five dollars at a time in this way. The guide told me the tale, a twinkle in his eyes, despite his respect for religion and the saint.

"And Abdallah?" I asked.

"Abdallah came to love his dice too well and they betrayed him. First the donkey went, then the land, last of all the camel; he lives on the crumbs from Mahmoud's table and, if he ventures to complain, is silenced with the unanswerable, 'You had your choice.'"

"Who can doubt the secret hid

Under Cheops' pyramid  
Is that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
To King Pharaoh's swart civilians?"

### THE WAR IN RED STONE HOLLOW

(Continued from page 157)

"Eh, bien," said Binet a few moments later over a hot coffee he had brewed, "Maybe we better go down to Santa Fe and see maybe they would need some good miners to help dig trenches, eh?"

"Ja!" responded Heinrich, the American, "Ve got to help, because—" he paused, shaking his head darkly—"Dot damn Chermanny—she sure be hard to lick!"





This is a pretty nice party. First we are to have some Baker's Cocoa and sandwiches, and then-ice-cream! Mother says Baker's Cocoa is good for everybody, 'specially children. Wouldn't you like to have some too?



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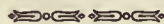
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# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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The coming June "Overland" will feature a notable contribution from George St. Clair, a new and masterful student of the complex engendered by the intrusion of the American personality into the social order of the Philippine Islands. His story, "The Come Back," is not only an extremely gripping narrative of Manila and the Islands, but, between the paragraphs, one may discern a deep "study" of a situation of grave import to Americans having had to do with life across the Pacific. George St. Clair, Ph. D., Department of English, State University, Albuquerque, New Mexico, spent twenty years "in the Islands." His knowledge of everything in the life found there is definite and intimate. He writes with authority, charming style, with an effective arrangement of dramatic episode. His "Come Back" is a "story-study" of rare quality, destined to attract no end of attention during the next few months.

A new contributor in the current "Overland" is John R. Thornby, whose character delineations of well known Americans of affairs and parts, from James John Corbett to Charles Evans Hughes, are well known to readers of our weeklies of extensive circulation. Thornby's "Happiness in the Simplifications of Life" reflects in a novel style of interview just the underlying qualities of mind and heart "Charlie" Chaplin possesses and exercises in a life career, outstripping fictional romance itself. It is Thornby's best since "California Charlie McCarthy."

Something of which all our readers should know about is the wonderful work along practical lines of the oft discussed new science of "Rejuvenation." The scientific attempt to defer old age through glandular treatment received its first impetus here in California, after, of course, the early research discoveries of Steinach at Vienna. Dr. Clayton E. Wheeler, of San Francisco, and his work is entertainingly discussed in this issue by "Ned" J. Nicholson.

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# *Drift-wood*

By M. W. CORY

 sit by my open fire.  
It burns blue and gold  
Licked by tongues of green.  
A violet candle flares suddenly  
Then dissolves in a caldron of amber.  
I burn to-night  
Drift-wood from the high seas,  
Culled on a white beach.  
Fire on my hearth  
You have brought home to me  
Tropical topaz isles,  
And great green seas  
With waving white plumes  
That ride high  
Onto the soft sands,  
Strewing the coves  
With trophies of mad sallies.  
But whence have come  
The fairy colors in the wood?  
Brides of adventure, mayhap,  
By black enchantment held captive  
Until the pure liberation flame  
Should clothe them in royal beauty  
And set them free  
In the chill, pale dusk.  
Little dancing flames  
Of radiant adventure  
Bred in far times and lands,  
Lulled on the breast of tides,  
Cherished and fed by Years  
Sun, Moon and Wintry-wave,  
Starlight, and Wraiths of Fog,  
Coming from all the world  
To warm my cold room  
And lonely heart to-night.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

AND

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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### California and the Japanese Question

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

(Concluded)

#### Political Phases

BRIEF reference may be made to the political ground for opposition to Japanese immigration. According to our early naturalization laws, only those aliens who are "free white persons" may become citizens of the United States. In 1870 the law was amended to include aliens of African nativity and persons of African descent. In the case of Saito vs. United States the Circuit Court for the district of Massachusetts set forth the theory that Japanese do not come within the meaning of the term "white persons," as used in our naturalization laws:

The court rules that the statute must be taken in the ordinary sense, and that the application of Shebato Saito must be denied upon the ground that he was of the Mongolian race and that the term "white person", excluded the Mongolian race, and therefore the application is denied.

The fact that at least a score of Japanese have been actually admitted to American citizenship has not been permitted to vitiate the general dictum that the Japanese are as a race ineligible to citizenship, being excluded from naturalization by court interpretation. The Chinese, on the other hand, are specifically excluded by the statute.

Just as certain Californians had professed to believe that a conspiracy existed in the Chinese Government to gain California, then the Pacific Coast, for China, so, a generation later, there were not lacking those who claimed that the Japanese immigrants, aided by their home government and white sympathizers here, were "determined to win California for the Yamato race." Thus the Grizzly Bear Magazine, official organ of the Native Sons of the Golden



ROCKWELL D. HUNT

West, said editorially, February, 1921:

The Japs have "future race plans for a hundred years," and those plans, which include the acquisition of California and the west coast of the United States for Japan, the Japs in this state have resolved to "defend to the death at whatever sacrifice!" And the Japs will succeed, unless the United States, led by California, which has seen the hand-writing on the wall, turns a deaf ear to the "equality" and "justice" pleas of the Jap propagandists and not only makes it impossible for them to get a stronger foothold here, but forces them back where God Almighty intended they should be kept—in Asia.

Similar sentiment was expressed by the Fresno Republican, published in one of the leading strongholds of the Japanese in California:

The right to penetration is the only thing that will satisfy Japan, because it wishes to find foreign territory for its surplus population and is willing to take chances on keeping the loyalty and support of such emigrants, even though they may acquire or be granted citizenship in the United States.

On political as well as economic and social grounds the order of Native Sons of the Golden West has been unceasing in its vigorous opposition to Japanese immigration. In April, 1920, ringing resolutions were adopted opposing the admission of the Japanese to citizenship and protesting against the presence of bodies of people ineligible to citizenship in our country. It was declared to be the "highest duty of every Native Son to use his utmost efforts to further a movement to provide a remedy for the evil set forth": all were exhorted to use every exertion to secure the passage of the "Initiative Alien Land Bill" of that year.

#### Race Question Fundamental

We come now to the third broad ground of opposition to Japanese immigration,—namely, social. This is the most fundamental and far-reaching of all. Economic competition, however sharp, might be met, if it did not involve social considerations; political assimilation might conceivably be attained, if there were no question of race amalgamation. That is the crux of the matter. If race amalgamation, that is the inter-marriage of Americans and Japanese, is impracticable, then the presence of a large population of the latter in the United States must inevitably constitute a race problem as surely as has the African negro, and possibly even more difficult of solution.

The birth rate of the Japanese in California has recently been so much higher than that of the whites as, in the opinion of many, to constitute a real menace. Thus it is pointed out that in Los Angeles County, in May, 1919, outside of the incorporated cities, the number of Japanese births was one-third of the aggregate births



among all white races; while in Sacramento County, outside of Sacramento City, in 1918, the Japanese births actually exceeded the white births.

In explanation of the high birth rate among Japanese in recent years it must be noted that the percentage of women rose from 3.9 per cent among the immigrants of 1886 to 63.1 per cent for 1914. Moreover about 90 per cent of the immigrants were from 14 to 44 years of age. Thousands of these women were given passports on the ground that they were coming to the United States to join their husbands, since the arrangement contemplated that "where a Japanese laborer is migrating for the purpose of joining a member of his immediate family the passport may be issued."

### The "Picture Bride"

Here we introduce the "picture bride." The laborer in America who was unable to go home and get married sent for a wife. A Japanese writer offers this description:

Exchange of photographs through a go-between enables a man in Santa Barbara and a maid in Hiroshima to get acquainted. They agree to become man and wife. The wedding ceremony is largely a matter of legal documents, the whole expanse of the Pacific standing between the bride and the bridegroom. The couple continue to reside on the opposite shores for a period of six months prescribed by law, at the end of which the bride comes over the ocean to join her husband, whom she knows by his photograph. The Japanese call it "picture marriage." The lady is dubbed a "picture bride" gratuitously by American journalists.

It has been explained that the law of Japan sanctioned this practice, which was not there regarded as immoral.

The total number of "picture brides" sent out from Japan to the United States and Hawaii from July 1, 1914, to August 30, 1919, is given as 20,323, of whom all but 6,864 came to the Pacific Coast. It may be that these figures are exaggerated; but it is sufficient to know that within a short period of time thousands of "picture brides" entered the port of San Francisco.

The opposition to the practice by Americans was natural and was based on several grounds. In the first place, it shocked American sensibilities; secondly, it came to be regarded, in large part, as a subterfuge and method of evasion of the spirit of the Gentlemen's

Agreement; thirdly, the most of the "picture brides" were in reality laborers, promptly joining their husbands in field and farm, sometimes even referred to as "unfortunate chattels"; fourthly, it brought within our borders a numerous body of potential mothers for an unwelcome element of population; and lastly, and perhaps chiefly, it provided for establishing homes and rearing families in their midst with little prospect of being an integral part of American communities.

Some prominent Japanese joined in the condemnation of the practice as "a degrading utilitarianism," recognizing the cheapening and lowering of the standard of marriage qualification. A cheap marriage, they said, is not a blessing to the individual nor to society. In October, 1919, the Japanese Association of America, keenly aware of the current criticism, passed a resolution proposing to abolish the picture marriage; two months later it was officially announced that after February, 1920, passports to "picture brides" would cease to be issued.

The Gentlemen's Agreement was designed "to meet the actual requirements of the situation as perceived by the American Government concerning Japanese immigration," and to provide against the possible necessity of statutory exclusion that would be offensive to the sensibilities of the Japanese people.

There is little room to doubt the efficacy of the arrangement during the first years of its operation. The Commissioner-General of Immigration said in his Annual Report for the year ending June 30, 1909:

The experiment . . . has certainly, with the cooperation of the Japanese Government, much more completely accomplished the exclusion of Japanese laborers, as defined in the regulations putting the agreement into effect, than have the Chinese Exclusion laws ever operated to prevent the immigration of Chinese laborers, as defined in such laws, and is working at this moment with a greater degree of relative success.

That President Roosevelt foresaw the possibility of a failure of this plan is revealed by a long telegram to Speaker Philip Stanton of the California Assembly, sent February 9, 1909, after conference with United States Senator Frank P. Flint, Representative Julius Kahn, and Franklin K. Lane of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This message is in part as follows:

I trust there will be no misunderstanding of the Federal Government's attitude. We are zealously endeavoring to guard the interests of California and of the entire West in accordance with the desires of our western people. By friendly agreement with Japan, we are now carrying out a policy which, while meeting the interests and desires of the Pacific Slope, is yet compatible not merely with mutual self-respect, but with mutual esteem and admiration between the Americans and Japanese.

The Japanese Government is loyally and in good faith doing its part to carry out this policy, precisely as the American Government is doing. The policy aims at mutuality of obligation and harmony.

In accordance with it, the purpose is that the Japanese shall come here exactly as Americans go to Japan, which is in effect that travelers, students, persons engaged in international business, men who sojourn for pleasure or study and the like, shall have the freest access from one country to the other, and shall be sure of the best treatment; but that there shall be no settlement, en masse, by the people of either community in the other.

Let me repeat that at present we are actually doing the very thing which the people of California wish to have done, and to upset the arrangement under which this is being accomplished can do no good and may do harm. If, in the next year or two, the figures of immigration prove that the arrangement which has worked so successfully during the past six months is working no longer successfully, then there would be good ground for grievance, and for the reversal by the National Government of its policy. But at present the policy is working well, and until it works badly it would be a grave misfortune to change it—and when changed, it can only be changed effectually by the National Government.

It now seems clear that in the nature of the case the Gentlemen's Agreement could not be looked upon as a final solution to the international problem. Moreover, it cannot be doubted that there was opportunity for surreptitious entry into the United States, by land across the long and inadequately patrolled Mexican border, and to a less extent across the Canadian border, and by fishermen's boats along the Mexican coast to California harbors. Certain it is that the Japanese population in California rapidly increased during the decade 1910-20. Information of apparently unquestionable authenticity pointed to the conclusion that

(Continued on Page 206)



# Armenian Music

By CARRIE JACOBS BOND

THE Armenians, called by Lamar-tine the "Swiss of the East," need no introduction. Their music does.

For ages they have maintained a civilization under such oppressive circumstances as would have crushed any but the most courageous and determined. Lord Carnarvon has remarked that the "Armenians in intellectual power are equal to the Greeks." We rarely see their literature or music in this country unless we happen to read French or Armenian, as there are few translations into English. Lord Byron, who studied at the famous Armenian Mekhitarist convent at St. Lazare, Venice, recommended it as "a rich language that would amply repay anyone the trouble of learning it." If more Englishmen had seized upon this bit of admonition, we might today have a more complete understanding of the music of this people.

Surveying the movement of Armenia's musical history, one notices two distinct "fade-outs."

We find the people during pagan times with superstitions and worship—forms in which music played a predominant part. Nymphs—never referred to by them as nymphs, but always called "our betters"—were named "Parik" (dancers). Other nymphs were called "Hushka Parik" (dancers to a melody in a minor key). Ancient songs celebrated the gods and goddesses of their pantheon. One song of Astghik, or "Little Star," the goddess of beauty, extolled the moon. This goddess corresponds to the Phoenician "Astarte." Astghik's husband, Vaghn, was supposed in ancient songs to have stolen corn from the barns of King Barsham of Assyria. He ran away to hide in heaven. The dropping ears formed the Milky Way, which to this day is called in Armenian the "Track of the Corn Stealer."

The first "fade-out" now blurs the view. The Armenians rose from paganism and in doing so the records of the peculiarly fascinating history of their nation, records which ethnologists would give almost anything to have, were sternly destroyed. Only fragments of their pagan songs have been preserved in the historical works of that Herodotus of Armenia, Moses Khorenatzi.

Contemporaneous with Christianity's influence we find inspiration

coming to Armenia from Omar Khayam's Persian and from Arabic poetry. Because the Armenians are on the highway between Asia and Europe their literature and music have fluctuated between Oriental and Occidental influences. The Bible was the inspiration for the greater bulk of the literary and musical forms that followed the introduction of Christianity. After the "Queen of All Versions" was translated in 433 A.D., the Church would have nothing of the past that smacked of paganism, so hymns became the form of the new expression, but the Armenian peasants clung to their old ballads and folk-lore.

It was well for music students that they did, for there began at that time to be a system of notation, somewhat like the neume, from which we have obtained what little we know of their type of music. These characters stood for phrases, inflections and modulations, and can be reduced to our staff notation. Cantors who sang these "Tsains" or tones in declaiming the Gospels, could move the devout Armenian to tears by singing the simple dirge, "Soorp" ("Holy, Holy"), when, judged by our ears, the sound would produce a weird reaction. The mode is major but the effect is minor.

However, their native beauty is not entirely lost even to the un-

trained listener, if we take to heart the proverb that the Armenians give us—"The wise man will hear music in the buzzing of a gnat; the fool will understand nothing even if he hear a band." There is no rhyming of lines, but the listener gathers much of richness from the alliteration of first or initial letters as well as of the first letter of the second and third syllables.

Much of the joy of the Armenians was expressed in music and song sung by the *ashaugh*s or minstrels. They were invited to all wedding feasts and sang at square, courtyard or bridge, accompanied by their instruments, the *sax*, *tar* or *kamancha*. Many *ashaugh*s were blind. It was considered a high attainment to be one, as there must first be observed a fast of seven weeks with a final pilgrimage to that Parnassus of Armenian musicians, the monastery of Sourb Karapet or John the Baptist, the patron saint of Armenian minstrels. Some *ashaugh*s sang their own songs and verses but many were composed by a special, very high class verse-maker. One *ashaugh*, Sayat Nova, born in 1712, was a special favorite at the court of a Georgian king. He and his *sax*, or lyre, became champions over all contestants in that neighborhood. Nova retired to a monastery but had to come forth later, disguised as a layman, to secure the title which was in danger of going to a rival locality.



Blind musicians— orphan boys trained by N. E. R. These boys are assured of a livelihood when they leave the orphanage because they are in demand (as "sighted" musicians are not) to play before Moslem ladies.





Blind orphan boys playing their hearts out. These blind musicians have a life-long occupation open to them as they are allowed to play before Moslem women.

With the coming of the twelfth century the poetic spirit of Armenia burst the ecclesiastical bonds imposed upon it and the people sang with more spontaneity and buoyancy. Another impetus to music was given when, in 1488, some Armenians who had emigrated to Europe constructed printed characters which aided production.

Meanwhile, in her own territory, Armenia was suffering invasion which made her subservient to a Mussulman master, and music became a surreptitious expression of longings, of hope, of dawn, of sunrise—never of sunset. Looking forward, as they have for so long, to a national regeneration, they have gathered force from this second "fade-out" and produced some fine national songs. An especial favorite is one in praise of their Robin Hood, General Antranik.

My recent trip to the Near East brought me in touch with the peoples of Armenia. Their greeting, "Your coming is joy," with its reply, "I have found joy," puts you in tune with their souls. They sing at all times. They sing while unloading the life-giving supplies sent them by our earnest organization, chartered by Congress, the Near East Relief. Jean Ingelow's "Joy is the grace we say to God," comes to mind while watching them thus express it.

In the orphanages of the Near East Relief, I saw boys and girls playing on instruments patched up from everything that could be turned into making a tune—surgical ligatures used for violin strings; a drum made by stretch-

ing skin over the ends of a broken pitcher. Music was written from dictation, and they played from these sheets which were propped up by smaller children sitting on the floor. Others had made their own music stands. They like to play on the *audh*, a mandolin-like instrument, with a long neck and a small body, the counterpart of which is seen in old Hittite carvings of three thousand years ago,

These children I found to be apt absorbers of the music of the Occident. In chorus and unison singing they catch strongly at rhythmic tunes, one of their favorites being "Rig-a-jig-jig," for the "heigh-ho" sounds exactly like their own word for yes. I listened to one of their Friday night musical gatherings. We all sat on the floor in lieu of chairs, the one lamp was piled atop of some books, and there, with no music before them, they played from memory Mozart, in sonata and minuet form for violins.

At one lull in the music, a very "tiny tad" was brought in. No one had been able to understand through his sobs what he wanted. He had been brought into the orphanage that day, frightened and hungry. My hostess had gathered him in, rags and all, feeding him and singing him to sleep ("Though goodness knows I have no voice," she said). But here he was, awake and crying again. His glance fell upon my hostess and he forgot his tears to lisp with outstretched hands for "The Lady who sang"; the hunger in his soul finding its Nirvana.

## Community Arts Association

SANTA BARBARA

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

THE visitor to Santa Barbara will first of all relax to a grateful lassitude induced by the luxuriant sun and the cordial of the air. He will react to the brilliant hued flowers that climb over the white Spanish walls, the plum-colored shadows that creep over the mountains with the setting sun. Then when he has begun to savor his environment, he will discover that he is in an unusual city, clean, fresh, with abundance of sun and air and space, yet with a high level of artistic life, which includes plays, concerts, exhibitions, an Art School, and various architectural and landscape excellencies.

Not the least among the influences to which this standard is due, is the Community Arts Association. This is a four-headed organization whose activities divide into Drama, Music, Plans and Planting, and School of the Arts. The Drama Branch gives monthly plays which are produced in the beautiful new Lobero theatre by the Community Arts Players under the direction of Nina Moise,—with David Imboden as technical director. During the last half year, such well-known plays have been produced as "Beggar on Horseback," "The Circle," "The Torchbearers," "Fanny's First Play" and "Liliom." A recent voting contest on the popularity of the plays places "Liliom" at the head of the list, with "Beggar on Horseback" a close second. The players draw from a large list of available actors and actresses in Santa Barbara and use also many talented visitors. A very high quality of acting has been attained, and many of the productions have a distinct professional finish.

The music branch has now as its director Arthur Bliss, a young composer who has already made a name for himself in England and in this country, and whose symphony was recently played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in that city. Mr. Bliss has a joyous and dynamic personality and under his enthusiastic leadership, fortnightly Pop concerts have been given, which maintained a very delightful atmosphere of informal

(Continued on Page 220)



# It's All In Knowing How

By WILLARD WILSON

MUG JEFFLIN crashed the glass down on the bar with an oath. "Boys," he said, stretching out his great arms and glaring around blearily, "I want a fight."

He looked around the circle of leathery faces, but none of them seemed to show any excessive pleasure at the desire. Mug's fat, lubberly lip curled derisively, and he began to flail his hands about under the faces of those standing about him.

"I tell you. I want a fight!" He puffed out his chest and began to strut about like a young cockerel. "Ain't any of you big, fat—fat buzzards—" he stopped to laugh at his well chosen epithet—"ain't any of you got the nerve to have a little friendly scrap?"

He beat his enormous chest and grinned with seeming good-will; but none of the men in the stuffy room mistook his grin for a smile. It was merely the bullying facial expression of a brute animal seeking something on which to wreak its lustful desire for blood, and none of the men cared to face him when he looked that way. The tough little fighter from the Bar-U had come over and tried it once—and Mug had almost killed him.

Grabbing the other man with his long, gorilla-like arm, Mug had swung his free fist with the force of a sledgehammer and smashed the lucky little fellow's face to jelly. Nobody had even tried to fight him after that, so that now, when he made his proposal of a little scrap, none of the men hastened to grasp the opportunity for fistic glory.

Mug still waved his arms about, and grinned enticingly. Suddenly he leaned over toward a tall, lean westerner who was standing near him, and chucked him under the chin.

"What's the matter with your fists, buddy?"—he clucked with calculated insult in his tone.

Warily the man eyed him, then backed slowly away. Mug sneered at him and waved his hand contemptuously toward the whole bunch of men who had sidled over to the other side of the room.

"The wild, woolly west!"—he snorted. "W-w-wild, woolly west! The only things that is wild is the black rabbits and the only things that is woolly is the sheep!"

He paused to gather his mental

forces for a fresh spurt of vituperation.

"Why, a fresh dropped calf has got more kick than you fellers. One of these here city dudes could take one of you weaklin's and—"

The door suddenly opened and a dapper young man stepped in, dusting his hands together. Mug stopped, and stood gazing at him with the stupid interest of the half-intoxicated. One of the city dudes to whom he had just been referring had evidently arrived. The new-comer paid no attention whatever to the notice which he was attracting, but walked straight up to the bar.

"I would like a glass of buttermilk, please," he said quietly, in a low, well-bred voice.

The man stared at him—then hastily recovered himself.

"We ain't got any buttermilk," he said, "but if you'll wait a minute I'll get you a glass of sweet milk."

The young man nodded pleasantly.

"I'll wait," he said.

Suddenly the room shook with Mug's huge, bellowing laugh.

"Haw-haw!" he whooped. "Look what the cat drug in!"

The young man turned about slowly and looked at Mug, then wheeled easily back to the bar. The big ruffian gazed at him in surprise, then stepped lumberingly up to his side and leaned his elbows familiarly against the bar.

"And what did you say your name was, little one?"—he enquired insinuatingly.

The other took a blue bordered handkerchief from his pocket and daintily touched it to the tip of his nose.

"I didn't say," he remarked softly, "but down home they call me 'Babe'."

Mug glared at him with sudden suspicion, but, at the expression of placid amiability on the face of the youngster, he relaxed into another guffaw.

"Haw-haw-haw!" He paused to wipe the greasy perspiration from his face. "Now that's the deuce of a name, ain't it?"

A strange glint flickered for a second in the eye of the stranger, but when he turned his face to Mug it was perfectly blank again.

"I—I don't know. Down home—" he paused to take a sip from the glass of milk which the bartender had just brought in—"down home they seem to have gotten used to it."

There was something hard in his voice which irritated Mug and he began to wave his hands about again.

"Look here, young feller," he said threateningly, "don't you try to git fresh with me. I'm just spoilin' for a fight. If I hear another word out of your mouth, as sure as you're the son of a brayin' jackass, I'll—"

At this point the young man, having finished his glass of milk, set it down with a click.

"As for that," he said quietly, "as sure as you're a great big runt of an undomesticated puppy, if you will step out there into the middle of the room, I'll try to give you a little preliminary exercise for your funeral march."

He slipped off his coat and laid it gently on the bar, then rolled up each sleeve on his silk shirt just two turns. Mug stood staring awkwardly at him, his jaw fallen in astonishment.

"You—you—wh-what did you say?" He spluttered inarticulately in his rage.

Delicately the young man flicked a speck of dust from his cravat, gently tapping one finger on the bar to emphasize his words.

"I said—" his voice became incisive, cutting through the room like the crackle of an electric spark—"I said that if you would step out into the center of the room, I would be pleased to knock the sap out of your yellow carcass."

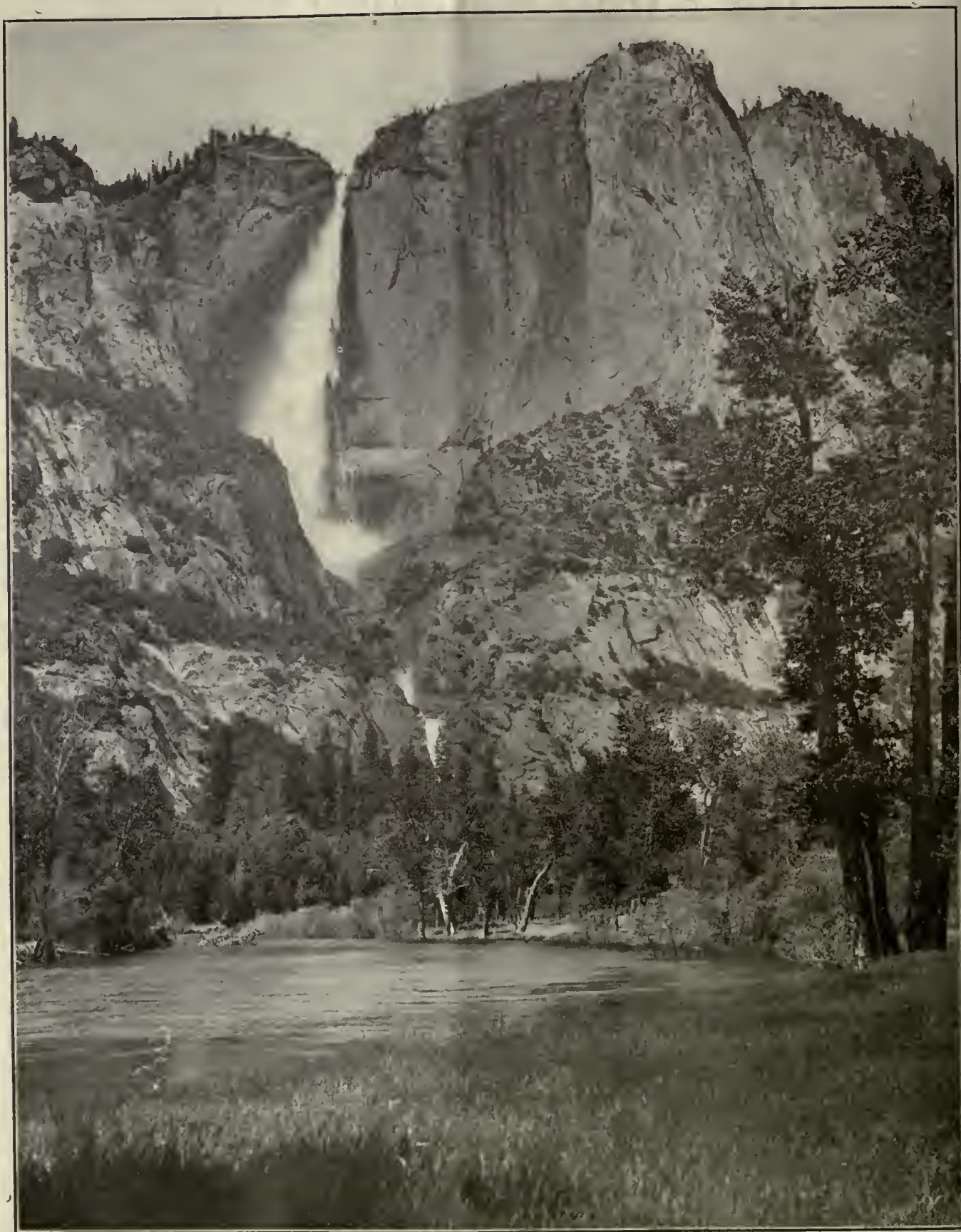
With a gurgling roar Mug doubled up his ham-like fist and lunged forward, cutting the atmosphere like a piledriver. His fist encountered air throughout its circuit, but the force of the blow was so great that his body was carried forward and his stomach brought up against the bar with a mushy thud.

"I beg your pardon." The self-styled Babe spoke reprovingly from the center of the room. "I thought I said that the fight was to occur in the middle of the arena."

Mug clutched convulsively at his stomach, the pain from the unex-

(Continued on Page 216)





Bridal Veil Falls, in the Yosemite Valley—an Outdoor Paradise



# A House Divided

(Continued from Last Month)

## CHAPTER X

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

Gene Palmer was plowing north of the house. It was a gray afternoon in late October, one of those days when the contrasts and ironies of life seemed most inscrutable. The cause of his suffering was, of course, Julia Brock.

The rapid succession of events directly preceding and succeeding Adam's spectacular marriage had been, certainly, sufficient reason for Julia's inability to accept his advances. He was sure that she had not come back as teacher to District No. 2 largely to avoid meeting him. And this conviction was heavy upon him that afternoon as, beneath lowering skies over which flew the late wedges of southward-bound geese, he meditated his affairs in mournful dejection.

Rumors had come his way of late with respect to Julia's pleasant life in town. He was hourly oppressed with the knowledge that the debonair Stewart Cook moved and had his being in an office not thirty feet—if a straight line were drawn through brick and plaster—from the very spot where Julia sold dry goods and notions against a bewitching array of ribbon rolls in divers hues and patterns. Not that Julia needed a frame or a background, of course, to make her the most desirable woman on earth.

The Palmer place, situated on the highway, lay some four miles farther from town than the Brock homestead, and the school-house of District No. 2 was planted on a slight knoll, surrounded by tamarack trees and a board fence, a short half mile further on to the east. Those Friday evening drives into the sunsets of a year ago, though of infrequent occurrence, had left a sting of poignant memory in his heart. And one drive he particularly remembered, when the spring shower had drummed on the buggy top and the young mare had splashed valiantly through the puddles. He remembered this adventure since it was the last of his rides with Julia.

There had been, and still were, times when he felt she loved him. He felt that perhaps her pride and her determination to fight out her battle alone, were the prime mo-

tives for this coolness to which she now subjected him. An occasional caller at the store, he had asked her to go with him to various celebrations,—Fourth of July in Waterloo, County Fair, Tom Reed's speech at Dubuque, church suppers, and finally a dance at Sampson George's, but invariably she had found some plausible excuse graciously but firmly to refuse his invitation.

Today's melancholy was due to the news that Julia Brock had been seen at church the previous Sunday with Stewart Cook. That she should turn aside from him, Gene, was enough. That she should accept Cook's offers was inexplicable, not to say cruel. This was not the Julia Brock he had once known, loved, and, he felt, almost been loved by.

He pulled up at the end of the furrow where the dead and blackened stems of frost-bitten asters and goldenrod rustled in the roistering wind that swept the tawny knolls of pallid stubble fields and sang through the barbed wire fences. The weary horses drooped their heads and drew long sighing breaths of the damp air. Far to the west lay the home of his beloved,—a home divided, distraught by the disposition of a relentless shrew, confused through the introduction into it of the scandalous Madge, and gradually slipping into poverty through the inefficiency of Adam and the unwisdom of David's wife, who now had her own way. Beyond lay Manchester, where Julia sold ribbons.

And he could offer her a home—not much of one perhaps, but one that would make such drudgery unnecessary. He would hire help for her; there was nothing too good for her. They could build a little house out on the "west eighty," his own half of the home place, and live in comfort and joy. Why not? He cursed himself for a fool and a coward. Had he ever really asked her? It was yet early in the afternoon. He would do the deed that day. Hastily dropping the traces and leaving the plow standing in the furrow, he drove the surprised work-team toward the barn.

Julia was just putting away the stock in neat bolts on the shelves, when Gene Palmer quietly entered the store. He wore a peculiarly set expression; he was arrayed in his best; he smelled of the barber's; and there was a dangerous look in his eye. She knew immediately that she was on the brink of critical affairs; but smiled brightly and gave him her hand. She felt his trembling.

"How do you do?" she said in a small voice.

"How d'ye do?" said Gene, and paused awkwardly. He glanced up and down the dim store, then leaned across the counter.

"Got anythin' special to do when you're out?"

"No," said the girl. "Only—"

"Let's us go over to Burris's and have supper."

"Mrs. Trask is expecting me."

"Telephone."

"She hasn't any."

"But this ain't the first time you—"

She gave him one lightning flash of a glance, then lowered her lashes.

"Very well," she assented. "But we'll have to go round to the house and tell her. Mrs. Trask is too good to be treated that way."

George Burris's "Vienna Bakery," the one respectable eating-house in town beside the "Gedney Hotel Dining Room," was considered by all local patrons a proud and worthy institution. Cheerfully decorated, having an elaborate archway to shut off the white-clothed tables from the main shop; odorous with the fragrance of the celebrated "Vienna Bakery Pastry," and presided over by the curly black-haired George himself, the restaurant was a pleasant place to dine. Patterned strictly after the best Chicago ideas of a restaurant, it achieved a metropolitan atmosphere worthy of the windy city itself.

George put Julia into her chair. He himself spread a fresh cloth, brought the clinking glasses of ice water, and, with a wide gesture, laid before each a separate bill-of-fare.

"You order things, Gene," said Julia in a subdued voice.

When the enthusiastic George had gone to fill the order, Gene said:



"I've been thinkin' a good deal the last month, Jule.—I haven't seen much of you lately."

Julia crumpled the napkin in her lap.

"I have—been very busy," she said. "My work—"

"Do you like your work?"

The girl expressed an attitude in which it would seem that selling ribbons could make up the whole of life.

Gene lapsed into silence. Presently George brought in the entree. Some seconds of relief were afforded through his solicitous placing of the viands. Gene took a sip of ice water and coughed. So did Julia. The function was not successful so far. The meal progressed in silence, for some four or five minutes.

"How're the folks?" finally Gene asked.

"It seems that everybody knows more than I do," replied Julia tartly. "But Adam is busy with the fall plowing."

Gene lapsed again into silence for another interminable interval. Julia could not look him in the face; she must either laugh or cry, she could not tell which. A strange, perverse mood was upon her, due to the insistence Gene had put into his invitation that she dine with him. Freedom was dear to this girl newly escaped from bondage. She must keep it a while longer, no matter what the cost. She was not yet sure that Gene was worth the sacrifice of that independence of hers. Feeling this dimly, she pitied Gene the more, though her reserve remained unshaken.

"I've got the west eighty at last," said the young man presently. "Pa gave me the deed yesterday. I worked five years for it."

"I suppose you'll be getting rich soon," Julia managed to say.

"I'm goin' to build a little house," said Gene.

Julia felt suffocated. She rose suddenly. "It's close in here. Can't we go?"

On the way out they met Stewart Cook, who lifted his hat and held open the door. Gene, his face the color of brick, followed Julia into the street, where already the infrequent gas-lamps were shining through a cold drizzle.

"I think we had better go right home, Gene," she said.

They followed the board sidewalk down a cross street to Mrs. Trask's.

"Won't you come in, Gene?" she said.

"No, Jule, I think—considering all—I'd best not."

She remained silent, not pressing her invitation. Gene turned away with a brief good-night, cursing himself for a clumsy fool.

"After all," he said, "I couldn't expect to browbeat the girl into marrying me."

But a sense of defeat was heavy upon him.

#### CHAPTER XI

Philip O'Meara's work on the Brock place brought him frequently into contact with Madge. The girl-wife, shallow natured as she was, soon took on her former bloom of face and figure together with an old-time flippancy of manner and outlook. She made good use of her opportunities to deck herself in elaborate raiment. She took more pains with her person than formerly, even making shift to profit, though without admitting it, by certain lessons in the details of household care that Julia had proffered. Phil's natural chivalry rebelled at the surly manners and harsh treatment afforded by Adam's ungracious presence in the household, for Adam moved recklessly and gloomily through the days, occasionally breaking into a half-hour of rough and boisterous hilarity.

One thing, to Adam's credit be it said,—he did not visit Dougherty's. Apparently he had had enough of the mental and physical refreshment offered by that glittering and odoriferous establishment. Yet his general demeanor was depressing in the extreme, especially to the two women who lived under the same roof with him.

In the little things about the house he was churlish to an exasperating degree. He made no attempt to keep mud out of the kitchen, though Mrs. Brock constantly appealed to his better nature to take some pains. He either badgered and abused Madge, or else administered a rough affectionateness that embarrassed the girl,—who seemed to be slightly more sensitive than formerly in matters of ordinary decency. And upon all this, Phil, though untrained and ignorant from certain points of view, looked with a silent disfavor that soon grew to actual disgust.

The season advanced, and corn picking arrived. The crop was small, because of the midsummer drouth, but there was a scanty

harvest which must be made the most of.

Phil and Adam, each equipped with team and wagon, moved down the long brittle rows, stripping the yellow ears from their husks and throwing them into the wagon. While the sky was yet but rose pink with sunrise, the cornpickers were already afield, and there sounded, at exact intervals, the thud of the ears as they smote against the sideboards of the wagons. Frost gleamed on sloping pastures now sere and bare; on distant roofs cold and silent in the morning, from whose chimneys straight shafts of white smoke rose into the lambent morning sky; on leafless trees and bedraggled weeds. As the day advanced and the sun shone comfortably veils of Indian summer haze flooded the browning landscape, and south-bound geese swept overhead with a not unmusical whistling of many a rustling pinion. Crows cawed in the distance, sparrows twittered in the osage-orange hedges, and an infinite, intangible vocal sound, composite, saddening like the last notes of a dirge, swept rhythmically across the open spaces as if the waning year took melancholy leave of the stricken uplands in a symphony of small whisperings of hesitant wind, vibrating dead leaves still clinging to naked boughs, and sighing sedge in the sloughs and riverways. Through all and over all permeated the bitter yet sweet odor of fallen decaying leaves, and of smoking bonfires in remote dooryards.

There was a sheltered corner of the fence nearest the house where, by some chance, the frost had not yet penetrated. Long grasses grew here, and black-eyed Susans, pale asters and goldenrod. By contrast with the dreary outlook on all sides, this minutespot which the advancing autumn had overlooked, was a bit of paradise. Here it chanced one day Phil, as he came to the end of his row, discovered Madge, her brilliant hair wind-blown, seated on the ground and engaged in a strange ritual. She was intent on decorating the barbed-wire fence by means of the rank growing asters and goldenrod.

These she was thrusting into the open spaces of the twisted wires, and so far had she got that an entire panel between fence-posts was a mass of mingled smoke-blue asters and goldenrod bloom, yellow as virgin gold. The pale blue of



her simple house dress and the crimson of a knitted "nubia" she had thrown over her shoulders, the slanting autumn sunlight on her hair and her utter oblivion to all going on about her, brought him to silent attention.

"Whoa!" he said to his team. His voice roused her.

"Oh!" she cried. "I thought it was Adam."

"We changed teams today," explained Phil, and was about to turn his team about.

"What's your hurry?" asked Madge. There was that in her tone that set his heart beating and drove the blood to his cheeks and temples. She swept him with one inscrutable yet somehow infinitely significant glance out of her lambent brown eyes. Then she stood silent as if waiting for she scarcely knew what, herself. The boy found himself trembling and choking. He stood staring at the glorious creature, his eyes devouring the delicate curves of her small, almost childish figure. This was but for a moment; but it seemed, when it was past, like an age, when, the next instant, the girl started, looked about her, and then, without another word sped, light as a feather, into the rustling corn and vanished from his sight, leaving him vaguely disquieted; confused; conscious of strange new impulses within him.

As he worked steadily up and down the field that day and on days that followed, Phil O'Meara's thoughts were filled with the image of Adam's wife. There warred in him his native chivalry, which stayed his impulses, and a madness in his blood that he denied at first but which at last would not longer be suppressed. At night, on his way home to bed,—for he still lived with his father and Virginia on the renter's place,—he paused frequently in the midst of those quiet evenings, his head thrown back as he sought peace in the stars, his temples pounding with the full-blooded heart-beats of the fever within him. He avoided meeting the girl, for he openly acknowledged to himself that to encourage her in any manner must inevitably lead to things he dared not think about.

He even considered actually quitting the neighborhood altogether; yet the Brock family leaned upon him for assistance in a hundred ways, and his father, discouraged with the meager returns for the season's toil, looked to him for

financial aid. Matters rested thus for a time. By sedulously avoiding unnecessary meetings, the boy fought off a crisis. But he observed a change in Madge; she had become moody, silent and secretive in her demeanor. And many times he felt her eyes fastened upon him as he passed the windows of the house.

As the winter closed in, his help was required only occasionally on the Brock place; hence the strain of imminent and critical encounters was relieved. Thanksgiving passed uneventfully and the Christmas season drew near.

(Continued Next Month)

## A Cartoonist Who Broke The Rules

By CHARLES ABBOTT GODDARD

One can find a surprising number of nationally known cartoonists who got their start—and reputation—on the Pacific Coast, then moved to that Mecca of the syndicate cartoonists, New York City. Another rule that a check-up of the prominent cartoonists whose work is syndicated from New York is that practically all of them were born and raised and developed in smaller towns or cities. They went to New York when their work assumed nation-wide importance.

There is one exception to both these rules. He is Eugene Francis Byrnes, known hereinafter as Gene Byrnes, his "Reg'lar Fellers" cartoon signature. Mr. Byrnes was born and educated in New York City. He began his cartoon work there and established himself there, common rules to the contrary be what they may, for New York-made cartoonists are practically nil.

As soon as he reached the point where his boy life comic strip and Sunday page cartoon features were printed by over two hundred newspapers, incidentally, seeing it appear in seven foreign languages, well—when he "arrived" he left the city that is recognized as the Mecca of cartoonists and illustrators. He is one city-bred cartoonist who sought out a country home as soon as he could, a New Yorker turning to the country.

In Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, he quickly made a decision that has left him a lone exception to the rules mentioned.

Three years ago he bought one of the old houses in that little sample of Paradise, a sturdy veteran of stone with walls two feet thick. This he remodeled into a convenient home. Imagine a full-grown New Yorker selecting a plot 200 feet square where winding walks quickly lose one among pines, spruces, acacias, shrubbery, vines and flower plots!

rical brick and stone walls he now Raised in the midst of symmetrical looks out on a vista of the ocean, a wall of pine forest.

"This is my idea of the sort of place to really live," he says. "Probably the same trait that led me to break the usual rule and leave New York accounts for my joy in planning and drawing "Reg'lar Fellers" cartoons, three thousand miles away from the city where most of the syndicated cartoons are drawn."



"GENE" BYRNES  
Creator of "Reg'lar Fellers"

Probably that is true. Probably this turning to the country on the part of a city-reared man is an inheritance from some ancestor, a chance to make up for what he lacked in the usual rural sports of boyhood, for Mr. Byrnes—when not locked up in the cosy studio above his double garage—plays golf and handball, swims, boxes, and wrestles with skill and the fun of a boy. Furthermore, he has a pair, an odd pair, too, of dogs, "Beano," his great Dane and "Jimmie," a bulldog. Both appear frequently in his cartoons.



# A Home in the Desert

(Continued from Last Month)

## CHAPTER VI

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

The farm had increased until two hundred acres were under cultivation. The care of the land, together with the flock of sheep, kept father busy every day, and many times far into the night.

The band varied from two to three thousand head. They were left in charge of a herder on a ranch twenty-four miles from home. When a storm came up father usually started for the ranch in the midst of its fury, and mother worried about him with each wild gust of wind that shook the house.

He drove a bay team hitched to a light wagon, piled high with provisions for the ranch. The sheep were very vital in our life for on the price of wool and mutton depended many things.

Came a summer when the wool clip sold for the highest price since father had been in the business.

The long desired bay window was built on the dining room, and in September the entire family was clothed in glad new raiment from head to foot.

Little twin brother became a man over night. He laid aside forever his belted dress, and arrayed himself in a sailor suit of gray, that had black silk anchors embroidered on the wide collar. His golden curls were shorn and his close-cropped hair parted low on one side and brushed until it shown like satin.

He was so perfectly adorable in his new found importance, that each time we girls or mother passed near, we caught him up, struggling and protesting vehemently against the insult to his manhood, and hugged and kissed him.

But little twin sister, alas, crept in under the piano and lay there, face down, sobbing bitterly. What was a new red dress with a wide silk sash, compared to this garb that her brother wore? She wanted a sailor suit, too.

She would not be comforted until father picked her up, and cuddling her close whispered there were new twin calves down at the barn, and if she wouldn't cry she should be the first of all the children to see them.

Hand in hand they departed, and the thrilling sight dispelled all

thought of sorrow. She came running into the house to tell the wonderful news, eyes shining like stars, and smiles wreathing her face.

Mother had a beautiful black silk, of a quality so heavy it would stand alone. There was enough of the material to make a coat, also.

We were proud children when we followed her up the aisle in church the first time she wore the new garments. Her hair was crowned with a black velvet bonnet trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. Her shoes and gloves were quite correct. All was as it should be.

During the prayer, while heads were reverently bowed, I turned about in my seat and gave every woman in the audience a careful once-over. Satisfied that mother was as well dressed as any member present, I faced about and joined in the recital of the Lord's prayer, my head low over a happy heart.

I felt a deep and personal gratitude to the sheep that had made this thing possible.

When father started on the trip to the ranch we children teased to go with him, and he often took one of us during the summer.

The wide, lonely plains fascinated me with their limitless space stretching away to the far horizon.

On these drives father talked to me as if I were a woman grown and his intellectual equal. We were both very fond of Charles Dickens' tales, and we considered his characters carefully from every point of view. David Copperfield was our favorite, and his life was an interesting theme.

We liked poetry, and father sometimes quoted from Pope, Tennyson, or Lord Byron, whose works pleased him the best. I had committed to memory some of Longfellow's simple verses, and I repeated them to father. The ripple and murmur of the lines delighted me. I told father that poetry sounded like water running over the dam in the irrigating ditch, when the sun was shining and the sky was blue.

But many times we talked of the science of irrigation, that marvel that had drawn him to the West.

Often he would wave his hand out toward the great plains and tell me that a day was coming when they too, would be green and fair, and his sheep ranch a thing of the past.

He explained carefully the reservoir system necessary to water this vast tract of land. Together we visioned the change this would bring about. Farm houses would stand where the cactus plants covered the ground, fertile fields stretch away like a checkerboard of gold and green. Pretty towns rise here and there, all tributary to Greeley that would become a city, the center of the richest farm land in the state.

Father had a lease from the government for the many acres that comprised his range. Native grass grew on the plains, and as standing grass turned to hay, rich in flavor and very nutritious. We called it buffalo grass, which was not the scientific name.

On this grass lived the shaggy herds of buffalo that once roamed the plains. Here and there were hollows in the ground, worn by their clumsy wallowing in the mire. We called them buffalo wallows.

Sometimes there appeared, far out on the blazing plains, a limpid lake, or a river bordered with waving trees, the desert-born mirage that never failed to thrill me. Once we saw a city, with tall buildings and busy streets, loom on the skyline. It was so real that for an instant I thought our dreams of the future must have suddenly materialized by some strange miracle.

No song bird ever broke the silence with a burst of melody. The desolate prairie, treeless and vineless offered no shelter to lure them there. Overhead a solitary eagle, somber bird of prey, winged-tragedy ages old, circles round and round, searching the plain for a helpless victim.

We passed many cattle running at large, strange, wild creatures of the long-horned Texas breed. They were savage, unaccustomed to a man on foot, so that it was dangerous to venture among them unless on horseback or in a vehicle.

Their horns were long, running to tips that were of needle sharpness. Sometimes we picked up a pair of especially fine ones from a heap of bleached bones, and took



them home to polish and make in-to coat hangers.

The cattlemen resented the presence of the sheep owner, for they had long considered the great plains as their own particular property. Many clashes occurred between the cowboys and the sheep herders.

Father criticised the owners of the cattle for leaving them all winter on the open range. When the cold was unusually long and severe they died by hundreds, leaving their bones to dot the plains in pathetic white heaps.

When the deep snow covered the buffalo grass, a crust of ice often formed on the top, through which the cattle could not break. For this reason father brought the sheep to the farm for the winter, feeding them from huge stacks of alfalfa hay, and the land where they ranged produced heavy crops the following season.

The cattlemen left their stock to the fearful blizzards that swept the plains. Driven before the icy blast they drifted on and on, a moving mass of hungry creatures, wild with misery and pain. Many dropped by the way, and always only the strongest survived.

Father said this was not only cruel but wasteful, as well, and that as the irrigation district grew and expanded, the cattlemen would be compelled to run their stock on their own ranches.

He pictured vividly the change this would bring about, the fat, sleek herds, of distinct beef type, replacing the scrawny, long-horned Texas breed.

Now and then, along the road to the ranch, was the home of some family that had taken up land under the homestead act. They did what was called dry-farming, looking forward to some distant day when irrigation canals would be constructed to water the vast sweep of plains.

Their struggle with the elements was courageous in the extreme, and pathetic beyond words. In a year when rain was plentiful they fared quite well. But when one dry year followed another the effort to maintain their home was almost beyond human endurance.

Once as father and I were riding along, we idly watched a lonely house that was outlined against a lonely sky. Presently a woman appeared, a black spot in the distance to me, but father recognized her clearly.

"Some one sick again," he said anxiously, touching the team with the whip. As we drew near the house the woman ran down to the barbed-wire gate and opened it wide for us to enter, her face tear-stained and haggard with anxiety.

Father went into the house with her and the murmur of their voices, mingled with the crying of a child, floated out to where I sat holding the team.

The sobs ceased with a long-drawn sigh, after a little time laughter sounded faintly.

Presently father came out of the door followed by the woman who was smiling cheerfully. Father was saying:

"The little girl will be quite her usual happy self again within a few days. It is nothing serious. Give the medicine as directed until my return. I'll look in on the way home."

He always carried a small leather pocket-case of the drugs most necessary in an emergency, never knowing when they might be needed.

#### I THOUGHT I HAD FORGOTTEN

By BERYL V. THOMPSON

I thought I had forgotten  
And to prove it true,  
I sought a dear familiar place  
Where I had walked with you.

But April sang beside me  
And Oh but she was sweet!  
She had flowers in her hair  
And dancing in her feet,

And all the world was lovely,  
And Oh the day was fair!  
But sudden I was lonely  
There was only me to care.

I thought I had forgotten  
And wandered (overbold),  
To one glad trysting place we knew  
In the dear days of old,

And there beside the river  
Two dreaming lovers stood  
I thought I had forgotten  
I would not if I could!

The woman came to the side of the buggy and looked at me with eyes so intense and earnest that I drew back, half frightened. Her voice trembled as she said: "Your father is the best man in the world."

I pondered long over this statement, for we children, I regret to say, often found fault with our father. We considered him too stern, too prone to punish when one did not obey promptly. After that day I saw him in a new light, and through another's eyes. I was proud of him in a way that had

nothing to do with his beautiful mustache or the deep cleft in his chin.

It was ever an interesting occasion when father brought the sheep home for the winter. The Scotch Collie dog brought up the rear, with the black burro close beside him. Father and the herder were on either side of the flock, keeping them from running under the barbed-wire fence as best they could. Yet despite their efforts the lower wire was often decorated with a long line of white tufts of wool.

As the boys grew older they helped in the care of the sheep, but they were never kept out of school on this account. That was one thing on which both parents insisted sternly, unless we were ill enough to be sent to bed, we never missed a day of school. Education was the most vital thing in life, so they told us.

We were taught neither to worship money nor despise it. One must work hard and obtain it in order that the comforts of life might be provided, and to make secure a happy and independent old age.

But the mere possession of wealth alone was a poor and meager thing compared with the richness of a good education. This gave one a mind capable of assimilating the great thoughts of all the ages.

We children, however, were not half as much interested in securing this education as we were in our plans for becoming cattle kings and queens.

Many wealthy cattle owners lived in the town, and they were inclined to look down on the sheep men as inferior in calling. Their homes were more beautiful than ours, and their children had many things we lacked. Therefore we ardently wished our father ran cattle instead of sheep.

Sometimes father took us to a roundup, where thousands of cattle were gathered together from the surrounding plains. Cowboys by the score dashed to and fro among the great herd.

Calves were branded with the owner's mark, steers ready for the market cut out of the band and driven away to be loaded in cars and sent East.

Here, around a smouldering fire, a group of men were heating the branding irons red hot. Beyond, cowboys with chaps and jingling spurs were whirling lariats above

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# California and the Japanese Question

(Continued from Page 196)

smuggling across the Mexican border was carried on to a large extent; and while it would not be just to ascribe this to any design on the part of the Japanese Government, it may be pointed out that it nevertheless tended to prove that the Gentlemen's Agreement did not after a few years successfully serve the purposes intended. In 1920 the Commissioner-General of Immigration declared that Japanese surreptitiously entered this country from Mexico and South America.

Again, it has been pointed out in another place that the influx of "picture brides" in reality added materially to the population of Japanese laborers. Indeed, it was held that the practice was to no small extent a device for that very purpose and was as a national tradition within Japan of relatively slight importance. Since a Japanese in the United States had a right to send not only for his wife but for his children, he was permitted, in accordance with a native custom, to adopt a blood relative "to carry on family traditions." Thus there grew up in California the practice of adopting children in the home land, which children, after the lapse of a certain period of time, might enter the United States. Boys were called "Yoshi," and girls "Yojo." After arrival here it was possible for them, after having dissolved the relationship, to send to Japan for their own relatives. Still another method of evasion, it is said, was a practice of bringing relatives under the guise of dependents. It is obviously impossible to present reliable statistics on the subject of smuggling.

## Serious Evasions Charged

Some of the most serious evasions were charged against the Japanese already established in California. Thus Governor Stephens in his letter to Secretary Colby said:

Again, I deplore the necessity of stating that the spirit of the Anti-Alien Land Legislation passed in 1913 has been evaded and broken through the resort to certain legal subterfuges which have almost frustrated the very purpose of the enactment.

These evasions have been accomplished through the medium of corporations, trustee stock ow-

nership, and the device of having native infant children of Japanese parentage made grantees of agricultural lands controlled and operated exclusively by their non-eligible parents.

In some cases Japanese were charged with signing leases in which they had no interest in order to permit their return; in others corporations were formed to avoid the limitations of the Alien Land Law of 1913, which made the ownership of land by individual Orientals illegal. In these corporations a majority of the capital stock at first was held by American citizens to act as trustees; but in equity they were "owned, controlled and operated" exclusively by Orientals. Later the Japanese formed corporations with minor children, American born of Japanese parents, as principal stockholders.

The result of the various methods of evasion and forms of subterfuge—real and alleged—was to deepen the suspicion for the Japanese in California and so make their presence more undesirable and increase the clamor for legislative exclusion.

## The Latest Phase

In the spring of 1924 the whole immigration policy of the United States came up in Congress for final consideration. To the comprehensive measure was attached a section that aimed particularly at Japanese exclusion. The bill passed the House; but even then it was generally assumed it would not be acceptable to the Senate. The situation was quickly changed when, on April 10, Ambassador Hanihara made public a letter defining the "Gentlemen's Agreement" and pointing out how seriously Japanese public opinion would be affected if Congress should pass an act impugning the honor of his country. The use of the words "grave consequences" in this memorable letter had precisely the opposite effect of that evidently desired: this expression was at once regarded as a "veiled threat" to the United States, and the Senate promptly passed the obnoxious section by an overwhelming vote. It had been a strenuous campaign. Among the individuals prominently on the firing line for exclusion were V. S. McClatchy of Sacra-

mento and J. D. Phelan of San Francisco; while the organization most actively seeking the same end were the American Legion, the California State Grange, the American Federation of Labor, and the Order of the Native Sons of the Golden West. In approving the bill as a whole President Coolidge said, in a statement:

If the exclusion provision stood alone, I should disapprove it without hesitation, if sought in this way at this time. But this bill is a comprehensive measure dealing with the whole subject of immigration and setting up the necessary administrative machinery. The present quota of 1921 will terminate on June 30 next. It is of great importance that a comprehensive measure should take its place and that the arrangements for its administration should be provided at once in order to avoid hardship and confusion. I therefore consider the bill as a whole and the imperative need of the country for legislation of this general character. For this reason the bill is approved.

This act abruptly put an end to the Gentlemen's Agreement, and it provides that no aliens ineligible to citizenship, with the exception of exempted classes (government officials, tourists, professors, ministers of religion, students, etc.) shall be admitted into the United States. In incorporating the exclusion provision of the Immigration Act of 1924 Congress enacted into a general statute, with no specific mention of Japan or the Japanese, a long established and well understood policy of the United States—that of discouragement of the immigration of aliens ineligible to citizenship and hence definitely unassimilable. Of the population affected by this measure the Japanese constitute less than ten per cent. It has been pointed out, therefore, that to place the Japanese under the quota on the same basis as that which applies to peoples eligible to citizenship would itself be highly discriminatory.

"To place Japan under the quota," writes V. S. McClatchy, "cannot be done without violating the established policy of the nation, since such plan would give to certain aliens ineligible to citizenship, and excluded therefore as immigrants, the same rights in admission as are granted to aliens eligible to citizenship, and further

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# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## A JOY

CONFUCIUS once remarked "Who can know them, but he who is indeed quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence, and all embracing knowledge." And truly George Wharton Edwards, whom we have known for his exquisite pictures in oil, pastelle, and charcoal, and whom we must now regard as equally the artist in verbal pictures, measures up delightfully to those self same qualifications that the venerated Chinese philosopher laid down. Having lived for years in Paris and mingled with the French in Normandy, Brittany, Alsace, and elsewhere, not only before the Great War, but since, this American possesses not only a keen understanding of the country and its people, but has, moreover, grasped the very "soul" of France as well. This man talks of monuments as if they were living beings. He does not "see" merely, he "understands" Notre Dame; he "feels" the Latin quarter; he "senses" the Seine and its bridges; he "grasps" the Palais-Bourbon and the Luxembourg; "embraces" the Place de la Concorde, the Tuilleries and the Champs-Élysées. He understands the French women and pictures them in a sympathetic simplicity that not only commands our respect but our admiration. He distinguishes between the real life of Paris and that created largely by foreigners for foreigners there seeking the bizarre, the licentious and the lewd.

From his comprehensive and interesting discussion of the government told in his observant way, to his delightfully reminiscent observations of the common people themselves he takes his reader through the various phases of Paris life, picturing to him vividly the scenes that he so lucidly describes. Be it his dealings with the ragged bookseller along the Seine, or his café au lait with the taxi drivers in the early morning hours, we feel in reading the words of this artist that we are with him enjoying and understanding this much misunderstood people.

He who has not seen Paris will with the reading feel that he

knows the city, the people, its customs and as well those things concerning which it is so grossly misrepresented. Those who have visited that city will the more appreciate the book, finding in it delightful reminiscence of faces, places, and incidents, and will no doubt carry along with them on future trips there, that they may by reference more fully appreciate that great metropolis of art, romance and play.

Illustrated in color and monotone by the author, this book not only appeals to the sentiment and intellect of the reader, but to his artistic sense as well.

We can with assurance say this is the finest book of its type that we have ever been privileged to read, and only regret that such are so conspicuous by their absence.

PARIS (with 48 plates in color and monotone by the author).  
By George Wharton Edwards.  
The Penn Publishing Co. (Our copy gives no price.)

## LE NOM

By VIRGINIA SCOTT

God is the name of a light which gleams  
Thru the tears of time for the saving of  
dreams,  
The Soul, a refuge for dreams half  
known,  
Ecstasy, the frail core of the dream full  
blown.

## WOMAN TO MAN

Open Confession is something every woman should read. Here, without concealment, yet with dignity and tenderness, is the story of a great passion. It is really a book one will have to read oneself to derive the full benefit, but I will quote just one little thought which occurs very near the beginning, "Love, if it be love indeed, asks no permission as to where it shall seek vantage ground or gain its victory—it is of all powers the most unfettered and the one which takes the widest course and the largest liberty." Every word is of such sound reasoning, even to man's varying tendencies for variety.

OPEN CONFESSION, by Marie Corelli. Doran, \$2.00.

## RE-BIRTH

And what could be meant by Re-birth? It is all in the pages of Carmen Ariza, now in the 40th edition. The understanding of the Great Mind which governs all mankind, which Mr. Stocking has, is a help to his brothers, reflected through his very fine work which falls nothing short of being a divine idea in itself. It is a story of a girl, abandoned as a babe beside a South American river, who develops, by herself and saves herself from her chains of environment of bigotry and death. It is indeed a story of a soul re-born—or coming into the realization of its own possibilities as a reflection from the Great I AM. The treatment of "the future state," of death, of religion, evil and the origin of and destiny of man has been justly considered and most remarkably, appealing and instructive thought is embodied in this work of fiction.

CARMEN ARIZA, by C. F. Stocking E.M. The Maestro Company, \$3.50.

\* \* \*

## FRENCH CLASSIC

There is no doubt in our mind but that Thomas the Imposter will some day be a French Classic. It is a small book, but what it contains could not be estimated—poetry and intelligence, wit and grace, freshness and dignity and that indefinable something which makes it different! Every one will love Thomas. We might call him the Beloved Liar, for we do love him, although we know his entire life is a lie. Yet he never tells a lie which is malicious. It is a desire to be something which he isn't and which can so easily be accomplished by an assumed name, poise, history. Beneath it all is a pathos of this soul. Some time each of us has been tempted to be some one else, throw off our shortcomings and handicaps with a name. Further, it is a story of the war and the ambulance service in which Thomas becomes the hero, gallant, gay—the cheerful liar. There is nothing like it.

THOMAS THE IMPOSTER, by Jean Cocteau. Translated by Lewis Galantiere. Appleton, \$1.75.

(Continued on Page 207)



## BOOKS AND WRITERS--Continued

### TWENTY NATURES

There are many silly, useless books published each month. If laid end to end, there would surely be formed a line from here to "a long way off." "Beyond Paradise" is one of the worst. The impression is that the author has diligently studied Lewis' *Main Street*, Drieser's *Jennie Zerhardt* and a correspondence course in novel writing. Perhaps the teaching of the correspondence school has been followed. The only idea secured from Lewis or Drieser was that detail is sometimes desirable. Neither Drieser nor Lewis state specifically that detail may be relevant or irrelevant—and our author has not discovered it for himself.

The character drawing is so bad it is good. It would be a rare treat to meet Doctor Blake. Dr. Jekyll had two natures—Dr. Blake has twenty.

After reading "Beyond Paradise" and thus discovering what can actually be published, I am tempted to write a book.

BEYOND PARADISE, by C. R. Mullong. Dorrance Co. (Our copy gives no price.) Reviewed by E. N. Hicks.

\* \* \*

### ONE VIEWPOINT

You may say "It's only his viewpoint," which it is, but it is a viewpoint, formed after much thought, deliberation, study. And who is this person whose study has made his opinion valuable enough to give to the public? Under the pen name of James Priceman CHAOS AND A CREED is written, and Harper and Brothers say this name has been used only so the writer can speak his thoughts, which, if he used his name, that of a well known man, he would be criticized perhaps. At least he gives us something worthy of any name and in doing so he has made the name James Priceman, for one will remember the creed he expounds, the struggle through dark corridors of uncertainty; the tangible evidence he arrives at and the modesty in which he disproves of certain time-worn legends.

CHAOS AND A CREED, by James Priceman. Harper and Brothers. (Our copy gives no price.)

### WHERE YOUR HEART IS

Where your heart is, there is your paradise, and when your heart is in love, life is Paradise. Cosmo Hamilton has done something very good in Paradise, which perhaps gets its title from the island, "Paradise," which Tony's father left him and not from the underlying theme, which rings true to post-war conditions in England, especially as it hit demobilized officers.

We have been reading many books of this nature in the past two months and none has any better described that unrest, as does Paradise. To love, to protect, makes Hon. Anthony Stirling Forcscue a man. Oh, he was a man before, but one living on a false Paradise, something he had created out of dance halls, merry life, etc. But he was never satisfied! The touch of predestined lives, which Mr. Hamilton gives us, when Crisse, ready to quit life, finds something worth while through an influence coming from Tony, who so fated, comes into her life on that eventful night, is something to think about.

The characters are well drawn. Teddy Sherwood, who nurses an insane love for Crisse, and Lady George the "young" old lady, are individual personalities. It is an unusual and delightful love story, idealistic. Mr. Hamilton lives up to his laurels in his brilliancy and literary style. It is a story of truths.

PARADISE, by Cosmo Hamilton. Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.

\* \* \*

### WELL!

"Human life is so complicated and our abilities are so manifold and opportunities are so numerous that it is a physical impossibility for anyone to realize all of his desires!" Such is the statement appearing on page 157 of DYNAMIC PSYCHOLOGY. The entire book is most interesting and the writer has a power of keeping one interested by a series of arguments which is equivalent to a straw in a dark blue sea. He leads you out and to safety.

DYNAMIC PSYCHOLOGY, by Dom Thomas V. Moore, Ph.D., M.D. J. B. Lippincott. (Our copy gives no price.)

### LOOKING FORWARD

It is dreams, plans ahead, something to look forward to which makes happiness. Anthony Thoone was not happy the minute he sacrificed his dreams of becoming a great builder to Leidlow Seton's selfishness. True he makes money selling bonds, money to squander upon her. Perhaps there would have been a "tag-end" of a dream even in bond selling if he had not forgotten Judith in his mad infatuation for Leidlow. Leidlow's selfishness makes it impossible for comradeship on the basis of understanding and the two drift apart. We feel impatient at Anthony when he is about to have a taste of happiness with Judith, he makes the supreme sacrifice. Word comes that Leidlow has broken her back and will always remain a cripple. He goes to her and through his tenderness and her suffering, she learns to love him. We are a bit surprised when she takes the sleeping draught which liberates Anthony. We wonder about a lot of things in TO BABYLON—but we know Anthony's happiness was looking forward and we know surely as we close the book, he is going to get it and with Judith Gray.

TO BABYLON, by Larry Barretto. Little, Brown & Co., \$2.

\* \* \*

### CERTAIN COMPANIES

There are certain companies to which we turn for certain types of books which we enjoy. Year after year we have been drawn to Small, Maynard and Company; enjoying their plays, anthologies of all kinds—always have we enjoyed their collections of short stories. This year's collection of British stories seems to be most interesting. The choice, the substance matter of the choice, the authors, give us such a wide range for comparison of short story types. The exact title is THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924, edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. In it are to be found stories by new writers as well as old—fast moving stories to the heavy realistic. We are glad to recommend this volume.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924, edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournor. Small, Maynard & Co., \$2.50.

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# A Home in the Desert

(Continued from Page 205)

their sombreros, as they dashed back and forth among the wild-eyed cattle, that tossed their long horns and bellowed hoarsely with rage and fear. White clouds of dust rose thick from among the hurrying horsemen.

How we reveled in the scene, the plains became a mammoth stage, and the cowboys actors in a thrilling drama.

Ah, this was the life for us! Riding the range on a fleet black horse, racing the winds in the chase of the long-horned Texas steer! Here was romance to thrill the dullest soul. In contrast the sheep ranch was a tame and commonplace affair indeed.

Once, when we asked my brother Guy what he liked the best of anything in the world, he replied briefly, without pausing to give the matter any thought: "Just plain noise!"

We had it a plenty at the roundup, and gloried in the whirl of excitement. We liked stories of cowboys better than any others, they were romantic figures in chaps and spurs that fired our youthful imagination to the highest point.

We heard many tales of cattle queens that we listened to with delight. Ella and I early decided that we would not teach school as our parents had done in their youth. No! a thousand times, no! Why lead that dull and monotonous life when one might as well be a cattle queen?

The farm house seemed very quiet for many days after we saw the roundup, but gradually the regular routine calmed us down to normal.

Father brought home the motherless lambs, and Ella and I took charge of them, bringing them up on cow's milk. When a pet lamb died, which happened occasionally, since we were none too careful in regard to scalding the bottle and nipple after each feeding, we held an elaborate funeral in the orchard, to which we invited all our friends.

We had a minister, a group of mourners, the body of the lamb lying in state, and a choir that sang, "The Dying Cowboy." This was a great favorite with us all, and considered exceedingly appropriate for such occasions.

Mother did not approve of these mock funerals and told us we were

making light of sacred things. This sobered us for the moment, but nothing depressed our wild and joyous spirits for long.

There were many tasks mingled in with our play, and among them was the cleaning of the bunk house where the hired men slept. They came and went with the winds, good, bad and indifferent. We usually had from one to five, as the seasons changed from slack times to busy days.

Mother took a friendly interest in these wanderers, and had us put good books and magazines from the house on their table. She hoped they might read them carefully, and thereby improve their minds.

We girls told her often that they were never read. We showed "The Life of Jesse James," and lurid and vivid numbers of the "Police Gazette," that were thumb-marked and dog-eared from much perusal, as the favorite literature.

Mother still insisted that the chance for improvement be given them, even if they failed to avail themselves of it. Faithfully we carried out the magazines every month, after all in the house had read them.

When we children were little, and arriving quite regularly, mother kept a hired girl. But as we grew older she did not have extra help except at the busy harvest season.

Ella and I washed the breakfast dishes before we left for school, and Saturday was washday. We always called Washington's Birthday, "Birthing's Washday," as it was used exclusively for that purpose, leaving Saturday for other tasks.

Fred and Guy were good to help in the house as well as outdoors, and the twins, although small, did their share. So somehow, someway, the meals were on time and the house kept in order.

We had an open-fire stove in the sitting room. In the evening we children liked to sit in the firelight and build air castles. We usually burned coal, but sometimes we gathered up chips and sticks and had a glorious wood fire, such as mother had dreamed before in her youth.

She told us many stories of the days when she was a girl, and we never tired of hearing of beautiful

Ohio, with its green and rolling country, shining streams of water, deep cool woods, and crops that grew without irrigation.

Presently some one asked for music. Then mother played and sang in the firelight. "Lorena" was my favorite song and I asked for it on every occasion.

By and by mother would swing into "Nellie Gray," and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." We all joined in until eyelids grew heavy and it was time to go to bed.

## CHAPTER VII

Came a winter when January the first found the days clear and golden, and the earth still bare and brown. We children reveled in the sunshine and sang and shouted with joy. The nights were cold and frosty, but the middle of the day was warm and friendly, so that one could play outdoors without heavy wraps such as we had been compelled to wear the previous winter.

Father worried over the lack of snow, and his eyes were grave as he said: "A hot summer and short water facing us, mother. You know what that means."

She nodded her head without speaking, and both were silent for a long moment.

In the spring the wind blew almost constantly. Early in March forty acres of land were planted to wheat, and within a week a wild wind swept the seeds from out the earth and whirled them far away. Again the field was planted, and a snow storm brought welcome relief from the wind, and furnished moisture so that the seed could sprout.

The last of April brought unseasonable hot weather, and the late soft snow of winter began melting and running to waste down the rivers.

In June the noontide became intensely hot, and we often lifted our eyes to the snow-capped peaks that shone against the dazzling sky, to lie in imagination on the cool, white snow.

"We'll fly our souls where the mountain gleams, then we will forget our physical discomfort," mother said smilingly one day, as Ella and I worked in the hot kitchen with faces crimson from the combined heat of the stove inside and the sun outside.

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# BOOKS AND WRITERS--Continued

(Continued from Page 208)

## SATIRE

Rose Macaulay needs no introduction. One will remember her TOLD BY AN IDIOT, and remembering, recall Rome and her philosophy. And yes, one will remember the humor of those first few chapters sufficiently well to not be surprised with **Orphan Island**. It is a story of a miniature England built up upon an island in the Pacific upon which Miss Smith and a party of Orphans, whom she is taking to the shores of California, become shipwrecked. Oh, there is a man in the story, the Irish doctor, who marries Miss Smith and after she has borne him eight children tells her he is already married. The entire story is impractical, but that isn't the motive of the writing. It is a satire on England and it, as such, is a delightful treat, something one finds no problem in which to solve.

**ORPHAN ISLAND**, by Rose Macaulay. Boni Liveright, \$2.

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## NOT RE-VAMPED "OLD" MATERIAL

So many books and articles have been written about "The project method" during the last few years that readers are inclined to pass over a book that carries the phrase in its title. However, the teaching profession should welcome the new book by James F. Hosc and Sara E. Chase because no one is better fitted to outline the new method than Professor Hosc. His grasp of the underlying philosophy, coupled with his ability to express himself in non-technical English makes the reading of the first part of the book both entertaining and instructive.

Part two is by Sara E. Chase, a description of sample projects that have been carried out in the Union Street School of Hackensack, New Jersey. Part three applies the method to particular subjects of the curriculum—concise statements of theory and practical applications—an excellent basic text for a teachers' college. At the end of each chapter are topic suggestions for discussion and also a splendid bibliography. It is on the whole worth any teacher's time.

**BRIEF GUIDE TO THE PROJECT METHOD**, by James F. Hosc and Sara E. Chase. World Book Company, \$2.00.

## FED UP!

That's what one seems to be in **TOO MUCH MONEY**, a three-act play by Israel Zangwill. It is so absurd that it is funny. Annabel is silly, one becomes disgusted with her almost as soon as she steps into the play—but then perhaps there are some such people, and perhaps Sir Robert McCorbel was right when he advised Thomas Broadly that Annabel was fed up! "Starve her for a week—she'll talk less of her soul and more of her stomach." From here on starts the real comedy for Broadly takes him seriously!

**TOO MUCH MONEY**, by Israel Zangwill. Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

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## THE END

It seems quite timely for a review of **THE LAST JUDGMENT**, a poem depicting the end of the world, the final trial by God, as a personality. It is entirely up to the individual's conception of God, whether God means a power in the form of a person who punishes and judges or a great divine power, motivating all life, substance and intelligence—whether he will throw the book aside or keep it on his desk to read continually.

**THE LAST JUDGMENT**, by G. D. Curran, 717 Moorhead avenue, Zanesville, Ohio, \$1.00.

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## INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE

So much plot, so much intrigue, one would expect Oppenheim to be the author if one really didn't know Francis Beeding was the one accredited! It is almost a human impossibility to lay the book down, once you have picked it up and when you have finished it you will want to think, and you'll welcome discussions of it with your friends. It would be unfair to tell the plot, but it seems only justice to say that **The Seven Sleepers** are seven very wide awake German business men and—but that would be telling the plot, or picking the nuts and raisins out of the cake. Read it and then discuss Henry Preston, the hero, and of course you have much to say about Professor Krentzemark!

**THE SEVEN SLEEPERS**, by Francis Beeding. Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.

## BORDEAUX

For those who love art; for those who love Bordeaux's art in story telling, and it certainly is art which produces such books as bear his name, there will be a joy in **THE GARDENS OF OMAR**. Yes, better we think than his **THE FEAR OF LIVING**, which was so powerful, if you will remember. And the story;—it is something like the theme of **Romeo and Juliet**, crystalizing the magic spirit of the East, giving it back in vivid re-creation, making you feel its atmosphere—rich with light and beauty of the Orient.

**THE GARDENS OF OMAR**, by Henry Bordeaux. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00.

\* \* \*

## HOME-SPUN GENUINENESS

Perhaps it is because the story rings true that one enjoys every line of **Mother Mason**, typical of mid-western family life in comfortable circumstances. The character portrayals could not be better nor the love affairs, problems and marriages be improved upon. Above all else you will love and remember **Mother Mason**. It is a book of real enjoyment.

**MOTHER MASON**, by Bess Streeter Aldrich. D. Appleton, \$1.75.

\* \* \*

## SPRING AND POETRY

Once there was a fence here,  
And the grass came and tried—  
Leaning from the pasture—  
To get inside.

But colt feet trampled it,  
Turning it brown;  
Until the farmer moved  
And the fence fell down;

Then any bird saw  
Under the wire,  
Grass nibbling inward  
Like green fire.

Yes, it is Mark Van Doren's—soil, trees, grass, mountains—clear, rugged, genuinely expressed by a man who can see God in a blade of grass and hold eternity in the palm of his hand! Under the title **SPRING THUNDER**, a collection of his poems has been made. Some of them one will recall having seen in *Century*, *The Nation*, *Scribners*, and other magazines.

**SPRING THUNDER**, by Mark Van Doren. Thomas Seltzer, \$1.50.



## THE LOST CONTINENT

Men have been interested, more or less casually, for hundreds of years in the tales of that lost land of Atlantis. For long accepted as purely legendary, there has been for long a growing feeling that the legend which Plato records must have had some basis in fact. And today it is widely accepted that there was at some time in the remotest past a land lying between Europe and America.

Students of Atlantean legend will find in Lewis Spence's "The Problem of Atlantis" much that will interest and hold. The author has gathered evidence from various angles, and presents it in sequence—geological evidence, biological, pre-historic, traditional, archeological.

**THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS**, by Lewis Spence, with sixteen plates. Brentano's. (No price given.)

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## NEW THOUGHT

There is something of a misconception as to what "New Thought" really is. Contrary to the common conception, the term is "used to convey the idea of growing or developing thought." The author gives in "The Message of New Thought" much that will interest students of metaphysics, no matter what their creed or personal belief. The chapter "New Thought and Christian Science" is one of the most interesting, setting forth clearly the fundamental differences.

**NEW THOUGHT AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**, by Abel L. Allen. Robert M. McBride & Co., \$2.00 net.

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## APPEALING

There is something appealing in the rhythm and thought of **SONGS OF THE OUT OF DOOR WEST**. One will enjoy **THE BOULEVARDS** with a secret smile. However one will notice the difference between that and **YOU** which starts off with soul appeal:

Saw a bit of sky, bright blue,  
Through the clouds yesterday—  
thought of you.

Just a glint of clean, clear sky,  
Shining up there, sweet and high,  
Pure and true, like the eyes of you.

**SONGS OF THE OUT OF DOOR WEST**, by Katherine Elspeth Oliver. Fullerton, California.

## ELEVEN POETS

I wonder why Mr. Vinal didn't make this a round dozen? He might very well have done so, for the standard is held reasonably high and the thin little volume takes its place as one of the books of verse worthy of preservation. There are several poems worthy of quoting. Jay G. Sigmund, well known to *Overland* readers, has this, among others:

## MIDNIGHT—RIDGE ROAD

A sick ghost moon is hung behind  
A thin barrage of tattered cloud  
And over creek and pasture slough  
The night fog drapes its filmy shroud.

No voices from the stable folk;  
The sow's harsh grunt, the milk-cow's  
groans,  
With chuckles from the millet stack  
Where a barn-owl laughs in throaty  
tones.

And underneath the cottage roof,  
With sleep-locked lid and pulsing vein,  
Lies one who courts the hillside loam  
In league with sun and wind and rain.

He needs this night to cool his brow  
And ease the throbbing muscle-aches  
For toil is waiting in his fields  
To shackle him when morning breaks.

Sigmund is a close observer and expresses his observations with poignant simplicity.

We find this, from Ellen M. Carroll's group of lyrics. Mrs. Carroll is able to put into appealingly colorful words a thought that is most expressive of a phase of humanity.

## PORTRAIT

I think of you forever as a door,  
That opens promising,  
And then sways sharply back to slam.  
My soul can know no sanctuary of tranquility,  
Nor drift on any purple pool of mystic  
calm.

Your voice, your words,  
Beating, jarring, striking,  
Break all the silences and altar-places  
In my life.

There is no sheltered nook in which to  
dream,  
Nor quiet spot in which to pray,  
Throughout my life a wind sweeps ruth-  
lessly

Each night, each day.  
Your voice, your words,  
Beating, jarring, striking,  
A door that opens in an angry gust  
And then sways sharply back  
To slam \* \* \* \* \* slam.

**ELEVEN POETS**, published by Harold Vinal, New York.

\* \* \*

## "WHERE MEN ARE MEN"

They are always interesting reading, the stories told by the author of "The Covered Wagon," but there does come to be a sameness about these tales of the Great West. In this last tale—of the Northwest and the Mounted, this

time—Mr. Hough does bring the wild places up to date by the introduction of the radio, but otherwise there is little that is new. For one who wants light reading, however, with necessity for the minimum of thought, "The Ship of Souls" will be found quite satisfying.

**THE SHIP OF SOULS**, by Emerson Hough. Appleton & Co., \$2.00.

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## THE MONSTER

"The sensation of book shelves these early summer months," avers Hadley Dempsey, our super authority on best sellers. On fiction quality and book worth Dempsey's judgment is the last word. He refers with enthusiasm to "The Monster," Harrington Hext's new story of mystery and romance. A puzzling mystery, delightfully colored and well sustained, with the startling climax veiled for the finale after the manner of perfect craftsmanship. The Macmillan Company is the publisher of this remarkable story, the foremost bit of fictional literature issued this season to date. No story can enjoy a better demonstration of worth than a successful picturization. In San Francisco this week, the screen version of "The Monster" is "standing them up." Whether the book is making the picture, or vice versa, is quite apart from this fact,—Harrington Hext's new book is better than his "Who Killed Cock Robin," or "The Thing at Their Heels." This means a story of power, polish and gripping situations. The general plot is not so unusual, but the developing action of the story is quite so. Detectives seek a "three man killer" and stumble upon clues which lead to a "monster" who had taken toll of five. The atmosphere of tingling mystery is backgrounded with a big old warehouse, ivy grown, its timbers crumbling, its purlieus dank and forbidding. A creeping spot of terror and strange hideaways, secret passages, and an underground tunnel leading away from the warehouse to the ground floor of the Monks farm, surely a sinister setting for a play or story of "electrified action." Just at the right spot in the story the "mystery" begins to clear up. As the tangled clues unravel, revealing the inevitable love story,—a perfectly fine romance. The growing climax is heightened by the "affair" of Phyllis of Monks farm.

**THE MONSTER**, by Harrington. The Macmillan Co., \$2.00.



**"GOOD" READING**

A story of the unsettled West, which carries it on through to the present day, is this novel by Justin Heresford, Jr. I say a novel; possibly it is a biography, at least that is its pretense. If it is a biography, it holds too much of the fictional element. If it is fiction, it is not well done. In either event the last two or three chapters descriptive of a honeymoon trip to California and the Pacific Northwest might well be eliminated; it is too reminiscent of the sort of letters written home by those who are making the trip for the first time. I would hesitate to recommend the volume for any save Sunday School libraries.

A **BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS**, by Justin Heresford, Jr. Marshall Jones & Co., (No price given).

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**A CROSS SECTION**

It is by no means a complete story, this "Wild Marriage," by B. H. Lehman. Dr. Lehman—he is a member of the English Department of the University of California—has seemingly attempted no solution of today's problems. The book apparently is not written "with a purpose." Nor is it, as is so frequently said, a "college story."

The triangle is the unusual one of a son, the mother who long ago left her husband and has happily lived with the man she loves; and Madeleine, the lonely young wife of Prof. Colquhoun. The mother's problem is merely incidental to the story, merely the background on which Dr. Lehman paints the struggle between Elam and Madeleine. They love each other, or think they do. Shall they repeat the experience of the mother, thus a second time wounding the spirit of Peter's father, a Harvard professor? There is no conflict between these two; it lies rather between Elam and his mother. What the decision is—well, the book is worth reading to find out how the decision is made.

**WILD MARRIAGE**, by B. H. Lehman. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50 net.

\* \* \*

**A TOUR THROUGH SPAIN**

An account of travel through the romantic land of Spain, is "Spanish Sunshine," by Eleanor Elsner. But it is so unconventionally handled, one is so informally

greeted and delightfully carried through parts of the country not usually met with, that it seems most unlike the ordinary "travel book." It might be better written—the author's literary style is not above reproach—but then, who is going to quibble over that when one is so pleasingly entertained.

**SPANISH SUNSHINE**, by Eleanor Elsner. The Century Co., \$4.00 net.

\* \* \*

**A THRILLER**

One regrets sometimes the passing of the old, yellow-backed "thrillers." The regret does not arise from lack of similar reading, for there is a plenty in the lists of modern fiction. But back in those old days it was possible to buy lurid tales of equal value—I'm not at all sure they weren't in many ways superior!—for ten cents, or fifteen cents. Rarely was it necessary to go as high as twenty-five cents, and then one expected something extraordinarily good. And so, remembering, there is a feeling that one isn't getting all he ought when he pays two dollars for such a story as "Shaken Down." Indeed, he feels that the title is particularly appropriate. Still, in these days when the name of the author's the thing, no matter what he writes, what can one expect?

They've laid the tale in San Francisco, this duo of authors. I suspect that the graft which made San Francisco famous in its uncovering serves as the thread on which the lurid adventures of the hero and heroine are strung. Be that as it may, there's a handsome Irish cop who is played as a sucker by a beautiful woman who falls in love with—well, he couldn't possibly be the villain if the heroine falls in love with him, now could he? And everything comes out all right in the end, except for the handsome cop.

**SHAKEN DOWN**, by Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry. Frederick A. Stokes Company, \$2.00.

\* \* \*

**BOOKS, AUTHORS AND SOME OTHER THINGS**

Essays, when properly written, form most delightful reading. Not, of course, the sort of thing one devours at a sitting—that may only be done with the thing one reads for entertainment alone—but the thing that is picked up and a paragraph read, or a page, to be laid down with a chuckle or a sigh. And

in "Tradition and Jazz" Fred Lewis Pattee has given us one of the few books which finds a permanent place on our shelf of valued volumes.

The initial essay pays tribute to modern poets and poetry. Mr. Pattee seems inclined to worship with the herd rather than with the elect, for he prefers Edgar Guest to Amy Lowell. Indeed he places Edgar pretty well toward the head of the class, and potent argument he gives in favor of his selection. He prefers Longfellow and Lowell and the school of their time to the poetry of today. Every man to his choice. It's interesting reading, anyhow.

There is a chapter on "Izaak Walton and the Jazz Age"; there's the "Aftermath of Veritism"; there's an essay on American criticism. Buy the book, not to read but to browse in. Buy it, and keep it, and thumb it. Pick it up tomorrow, ten years from now.

**TRADITION AND JAZZ**, by Fred Lewis Pattee. The Century Company, \$2.00.

\* \* \*

**CROOKED WAYS**

Corvan is the greatest confidence man of all time. Due to certain unfortunate circumstances he is forced to take a vacation from New York and picks out a sleepy village on the Atlantic Coast for his enforced sojourn. Here he meets Margaret Fiske, and in his role of wealthy investor, interested in the village and its problems, wins her respect and love. There's only one way out, of course—for the novelist—and Corvan turns square and, also of course, reforms most of his former associates. Oh, well, what can one expect for summer reading? Who wants anything that has to be remembered!

**THE CONFIDENCE MAN**, by Laurie York Erskine. D. Appleton & Co., \$2.00.

\* \* \*

**SOUNDINGS**

This latest novel by A. Hamilton Gibbs is one of the few novels of the year to deserve a star. Well-written, dealing with a real problem in a real way, the author has contributed a volume which—if not of lasting worth; and how many of the novels of contemporary writing are?—is at least well worth the time of reading.

**SOUNDINGS**, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.



## OPPENHEIM

One usually connects Oppenheim with international intrigue. At least his writing has placed his name with that theme. But **THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES** is different. He has departed from his usual theme. Of course it is an English Novel with the usual London setting. The plot is somewhat like Brewster's Millions, placed upon Stephen and George Henry by a will. The will in itself is good philosophy while the art of spending, which is not Stephen's or George's, makes the comedy. But there is the worldly nephew, Harold, who assists in distributing the income quite interestingly. It is on the whole a sentimental comedy full of entertainment.

**THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES**, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., \$2.

## FOR REAL BOYS

Boys are always interested in stories of Annapolis, and they will find pleasure in this latest tale by Fitzhugh Green. The author is himself a navy man, consequently the setting and atmosphere of the story may be taken as authentic. "Fought For Annapolis" relates the adventures of a "plebe," and carries the hero, Tom Armstrong, through his first year at the Academy. Armstrong is an independent Texas boy who comes to the naval school determined to have his own way, which does not include submission to the traditional discipline of the upper classmen. How he succeeds in his determination makes up the story.

**FOUGHT FOR ANNAPOLIS**, by Fitzhugh Green. D. Appleton & Co., \$1.75.

ten years and his shoes for two years and called his coat "as good as new, with a little fixing of the lining."

Because he thought no sacrifice of any importance if by it we were made to love more truly whatever is good and beautiful and true in life.

Because he used to put his arm around Mother and tease her until her eyes twinkled and she said, "Go away, Boy."

Because everybody missed him when he went away Somewhere Else—and will always remember him.

That is why I should like to be such a man as he was. S.M.

## YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Yesterday with head held high,  
And spirits rising to the sky,  
With hope, ambition, health and will,  
To fight life's battles through until  
Success was reached, the battle won,  
And I could say, "Well done, well done."

Today the sun has nearly set,  
The goal has not been reached, but yet  
I feel I have not lived in vain.  
My loss will be some other's gain.  
I'll struggle on with all my might  
Then close my eyes and say 'Good Night.'

## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

## A SON'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER

By B. VIRGINIA LEE

**BECAUSE** my mother knew that from the day he first met her until he died, or for all the days of fifty years, she was the woman he loved, I should like the woman I marry to know the same thing of me, all our lives long.

Because he stood six feet high and had blue eyes that looked at you squarely. Because he walked among men as a man.

Because he was gentle. Because he loved flowers, in cool woods and in sunny fields and by dusty roadsides, and brought them home, gathered into clumsy bouquets "for mother," if she could not go herself to see them in the places where they held up their shy faces. Because he loved all children and let them climb over his shoulders and pull his hair.

Because his eyes twinkled and his face was jolly. Because he smiled at us children even in days when he was hiding black despair in his heart.

Because he never sought a quarrel with any man. Because he enlisted when The Company was formed in the little town of his youth. Because he offered his life without hesitation and served his country with honor as a soldier in the ranks. Because he walked, all his life long, unarmed and un-

afraid, risking his life without thought if there was need to save others.

Because he never pretended to be anything but himself.

Because he loved books and apples. Because, when he went on his long business trips, driving from little country town to town along frozen November roads, he would send us home a barrel of apples and come himself home before we had eaten them all. Because he loved the things that were in books of poetry, although he himself could not express, as they, the beautiful and brave and gentle things that were in his heart.

Because, although his work kept him away from home for so many weeks at a time, he wrote jolly letters every day to Mother and us, making jokes out of icy winds and beds covered with snow that had drifted in through farmhouse windows, and of all hardships.

Because he was deep-chested and strong and because his strength came from work in the fields in such days as he could do no work in his own profession. Because he thought no work of hands beneath him if it brought us food and shelter.

Because he talked to farmers and carpenters and to learned men and to diggers of ditches and to little girls and boys and to presidents alike, and all loved him.

Because he wore his overcoats

All mistakes are not fatal. One can start over. Man is the master of fate if he doesn't let it get away with him.

Be your residence urban or rural there is no provincialism so narrow as that developed by the inveterate maintenance of your own point of view.

There is no past tense in friendship. When we think we have lost a friend, the mistake is ours. Real friendships, like the stars, are constant and true in their ordered course. False friends, like dead worlds, are shooting-stars that flicker and burn out.

## A FRIEND

A friend is the first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out. A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of Confidence, Counsel, Sympathy, Help and Love. One who considers our need before our deservings. The triple alliance of the three powers—Love, Sympathy and Help. One who understands our silence. A jewel whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim. One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrow, weeps at our bereavements and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.



## A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS

No wife and babes at home for me—a  
bachelor am I!  
To none am I beholden as my pay days  
rollick by.  
I seek my snug apartment at the hour  
that suits me best,  
And never need apologize should I bring  
home a guest.  
I go to bed when sleepy and I sleep till  
I am through;  
And none derides and no one chides my  
next day's feeling blue.  
But yet—don't tell the neighbors, most  
especially the women!—  
I've perfect aches inside me when the  
Christmas trees are trimmin'!  
Last night as I ascended to my silent  
little flat  
I heard, inside the Thompson's hall, a  
muffled plt-a-pat;  
The door swung swiftly open and a tow-  
sled little head  
Peeked 'round the jamb, and "Daddy!"  
was the joyful thing it said.  
Its mother jerked it backward as she  
shut the door again  
I heard the baby's walling, and the ache  
came on me then,  
I envy folks with babies and the joys  
their Christmas brings—  
The countless opportunities to please  
with little things.  
No spouse and babes at home for me—  
a celibate am I  
With none to share my wages as my  
pay days saunter by.  
I seek my still apartment at the hour  
that suits me best,  
And ne'er do wifely bickerings postpone  
my nightly rest.  
I turn in when the yawns come on, and  
slumber till I'm through;  
And none sneers "Katzen jammer!" if  
next day I'm feeling blue.  
But yet—don't tell the neighbors; keep  
it mainly from the women!  
I've lonely, achy feelings when the  
Christmas trees are trimmin'.

## WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?

To the preacher life's a sermon,  
To the joker It's a jest;  
To the miser life is money,  
To the loafer life is rest;  
To the lawyer life's a trial;  
To the poet life's a song;  
To the doctor life's a patient  
That needs treatment right along.  
To the soldier life's a battle,  
To the teacher life's a school;  
Life's a good thing to the grafter,  
It's a failure to the fool.  
To the man upon the engine  
Life's a long and heavy grade;  
It's a gamble to the gambler,  
To the merchant life is trade.  
Life's a picture to the artist,  
To the rascal life's a fraud;  
Life perhaps is but a burden  
To the man beneath the hod.  
Life is lovely to the lover,  
To the player life's a play;  
Life may be a load of trouble  
To the man upon the dray.  
Life is but a long vacation  
To the man who loves his work;  
Life's an everlasting effort  
To shun duty, to the shirk.  
To the earnest Christian worker  
Life's a story ever new;  
Life is what we try to make it—  
Brother, what is life to you?

## Lou Lavery

## Designer of Greeting Cards

By B. VIRGINIA LEE

THE makers of greeting cards are many, but those who attain beyond mediocrity to real artistry and creative ingenuity are few. Perhaps why this line of art has not been defined with the Fine Arts is because too often the designers lose their appeal through their over anxious clamor for profits, turning out quantity rather than quality. This art demands, as does block-printing, sculptoring, painting, the whole-hearted following of its disciples if real artistry is to be attained, and that it is a fine art is proved by the work of those who specialize in it heartily. Such a one is Lou Lavery. Lou Lavery! Doesn't the name sound dainty and delicate, a bit like peach blossoms intermingled with lilacs? A name as delicate as its owner and the owner as dainty and inspirational as the greeting cards she designs.

Born not so many years ago, almost under the shadow of the old Mission San Diego, California, Luella Ruth Simpson grew to the age of ten in the picturesque atmosphere of San Diego and La Jolla. At that time her parents moved to Los Angeles and it was here that she received her high and normal school education. During this time she became interested in art and studied craft work, water color, illustration in charcoal and pencil and in 1914 received her art certificate which she used the following year teaching art in the Los Angeles schools.

But Miss Simpson found that her duties as a teacher afforded but little time for personal creativeness, yet she believed in her work, and had faith in her passion for color—rich and sturdy purples and golds, blues and filmy pinks and pale greens, and always she saw the ultimate goal—not the expanse of dangerous sea that lay ahead—and there was a pilot, necessary to guide her ship, as necessary as the rudder or the sails for its passage. The pilot was Samuel P. Lavery, a civil engineer of Los Angeles. And Luella Ruth Simpson became known as Lou Lavery through a marriage license purchased in Tacoma, Washington.

"Marriage, change my vision? No indeed!" laughed Mrs. Lavery, some little time after. "I'm all the

more determined to succeed. I believe every married woman should fit herself for an emergency. It helps keep your mind away from the petty inharmonies which are bound to arise in married lives. If your mind is active—there is little time to make mountains out of mole-hills."

The war came. For a while her pilot was taken from the ship. She traveled East with her husband and taught art in Tacoma and Richmond, Virginia. Then came the birth of their son, Norman. This was like a force which transforms man from a mere mind and body to an earthly image of God Himself, capable of all things be they great or small. To such a person there is no impossible, no unattainable, for truly that person is in communion with the Maker of the universe and like Him can move mountains. All the years before had just been preparatory. She was consumed with the desire to create—do something worth while, produce an outlet for the joy within her.

In the fall of 1921 she found this outlet in Greeting Card work. She designed and produced sixteen designs of California greeting cards which she put on the market that year. She did not own her own printing press, but a printer was found who worked in harmony with her every wish and at the same time she trained fourteen girls in coloring and detail work.

In no small way was the success of her designs due to their individuality. Each was a creation in and of itself, not a mechanically made thing of line and color. In each was that tangible element which made it live outside its decorative value. Then came the realization that while her field representative had to look and push the sales from which he could derive the largest commissions, her limited production was a drawback, and the work of the larger companies who could put out immediate orders in fabulous numbers soon bid fair to shower down pebbles of disillusionment. Not so with Lou Lavery, whose heart lay in her work, and now, whose work was doubly inspired by the heart of a mother. To succeed she must.



With the same sort of enthusiasm as she employed in her designing, Mrs. Laverty took this work upon herself, knowing and believing in her production. Strongly determined that there was a law of adjustment, a law of attraction which is ever operative and draws to one that which rightfully belongs, she felt there was nothing which could hinder or prevent her from that success for which she was working. Had she not produced beauty and beauty cannot be hidden, it must be recognized! It was not long before Lou Laverty increased her line to forty members to accommodate the houses of the State from which she had secured orders.

This was only a stepping stone to greater achievements and led directly into the production of personal greeting cards for a number of firms and friends. Perhaps the most unique feature of last year

was a Christmas letter, stationery decorated with a holiday design, available with or without a form letter. Another design which drew marked attention was that which Mrs. Laverty and Mr. Wick Parsons of Fresno, California, developed together, a photographic card of California views, finished in oil colors.

"Good things cannot but find their place," laughed Mrs. Laverty.

Because her work was good, and because it so happened that some of her cards came under the personal observation of E. B. Gibson of the Gibson Art Company, of Cincinnati, and he saw quality in them, Mrs. Laverty's services were engaged for a year's work. During this time she turned out a variety of designs, many of which are appearing in present Gibson lines.

And what of the son whose inspiration has been the result of

such production? To walk in on Lou Laverty at work would be the answer. In the little bungalow, in the garden of the sun, bobbed haired, a modern wife with an old-fashioned mother's ideals, radiating love for everything and everyone, she designs for Eastern Concerns and creates personal designs for her friends and other individuals who so desire. Her ship is surely sailing to the chartered harbor which she has named "MY GREETING CARD LINE" and sure she is of that goal, for her pilot is still sturdy, strong and loyal . . . and have they not a passenger to carry along?

Busy—yet never too busy for her friends, her family and the beauty of nature, she is an inspiration in itself, a creator of real art; dainty, alluring, captivating—lasting!

(Illustrations Page 218)

## It's All In Knowing How

(Continued from Page 199)

pected encounter with the bar unnerving him. As he turned about and saw the cause of his misfortune standing calmly waiting, Mug's face flushed a dark purple and his jaws began working convulsively.

"Just wait, you young fool, till I git hold of you!"

The Babe nodded gravely. "Yes, when you get hold of me," he repeated thoughtfully. "Would you please be so kind as to speed up the waiting as much as possible. I haven't much time to spare."

The huge bully continued to glare at him with deep rumblings in his throat, but made no move to recommence the fight. For a moment they stood there, each eyeing the other, then the young chap stepped up briskly and rapped Mug on the nose. With a roar like that of a mad bull awakened from slumber Mug released his feverish grip on his stomach and charged into action.

From the outset his aim was perfectly apparent—to get his puny opponent within the circle of those hairy arms, and then to smash him; all of which seemed to be easier said than done.

At first it looked like pure murder for Mug to take on a fellow three inches under his height—murder for the other fellow. Mug

was built like a giant, extraordinarily heavy, but with not an ounce of surplus fat. The muscles on his arms stood out like great, facile hams—tokens of his horribly ominous crushing power. Mug was a good fighter—but he was only a fighter. His one idea of conquest was to catch the other fellow, and then smash him.

The men standing around him knew his tactics only too well, and knowing them felt a keen sympathy for this rash outsider who was preparing himself as a victim. Joe Burns, the diminutive sheriff, who had been crowded back against the wall by the retreat of the others from the scene of action, tried to climb over the man in front of him so as to obtain a better position.

"Here, you cussed fool," he growled, "get out of the way and let me up where I can see this."

The individual addressed, a big, raw-boned Swede, only grunted.

"Get out of the way, you big lummix." Joe tugged unavailingly at the big bulk in front of him. Seeing that he was not to be permitted to pass, he mounted to the Swede's resisting shoulders and dived fairly over the heads of the audience into the ring. Instantly a dozen hands grabbed him and dragged him back.

"No ye don't, sheriff." A little dried up puncher shook his finger in Joe's face. "Ye can't stop this fight like that. That fool Mug has been secretary of war around here long enough. If this lad thinks he can ruin him, he's shore goin' to hev his chance."

The sheriff glanced uneasily at Mug's intrepid opponent.

"Who's thinkin' of breaking up any fight?" he enquired sourly, at the same time loosening his gun with nervous fingers. "But just the same, because a young fool comes into town and tries to get himself murdered is no reason why we should let him do it."

The puncher gave him a disgusted look, but kept a firm hold on his sleeve.

"I don't see as he's showin' any signs of murder yet. But if thet big, fat-faced bully begins to squash him, you just bet you won't be the only guy which is goin' to leap to the rescue. If this little boob gits hurt, the whole bunch of us is goin' to take on that big cuss, and after pulverizin' him we're going to throw him out of town!"

Joe squirmed about uneasily in the other's grasp, but made no move to interfere with the fight.

"Just the same," he mumbled on, "we cain't allow no big sap,



even if he is from our own town, to—Holy Saint Jonah!"

Up until now the fight had been a repetition of the first assault; the bull-like charges of Mug, and the easy side-stepping of his lithe, smooth-muscled opponent. But suddenly the young man had changed his tactics with a result which had caused the sheriff's awe-struck exclamation.

Mug had just ended one of his furious plunges by sliding into the counter, and the young man, by taking a few quick steps backward had placed fully ten feet between himself and his enemy. Then, a sudden strange, fanatical gleam coming into his eye, he crouched down like a runner in the starting pit—one leg stretched out back of him, the other doubled up for the first stride, and balanced on his outstretched arms.

As Mug reeled out from the counter and stood dazedly recovering from his charge, the young man's lips began to move. The men, watching like hawks, tried to hear what he was saying, but the words were muttered so low that it was impossible to distinguish them above the blowing grunts of the colossal Mug.

Suddenly, as he arrived at a certain place in his muttered incantation, his supple figure jerked up a few inches. In another second he had started across the room like a bullet. Straight at the big fighter he went—Mug standing there with his great paw ready for a tremendous swipe. So far Mug's great difficulty had been that he could not get near enough to his opponent. Now, as he saw him evidently recovered from his timidity and on the offensive, a huge grin began to drape itself around the corners of his evil mouth; but that grin was never concluded.

The young fellow had started like a bullet and he never slowed until he reached his target. Just as Mug was ready to annihilate him with one blow, he ducked, and with one shoulder caught the big brawler neatly just above the knees. Both of Mug's feet removed themselves from the floor simultaneously, and he found himself in the awkward predicament of being parallel to the floor instead of perpendicular to it.

To the dumbfounded spectators, he seemed to poise there a second, his arms flopping wildly out at his sides like the clipped wings of a chicken. Then he descended. He hit the floor abruptly, flat on his face,

bouncing up instantly with blood trickling slowly from his mashed nose; but the thunderbolt which had struck him was already back across the room at the starting point.

The young fellow was crouched down as he had been before, though he seemed to be getting nervous. Instead of keeping his eyes fixed on Mug, he was constantly glancing to the right and left, and mumbling little snatches of words with a queer, singsong voice.

"Steady boys! Hold 'em there! Careful—watch that big fellow!"

Then he seemed to be counting. As Mug came fully to life and started across the room with a roar of stupid rage, the boy shot forward. He hit the giant a trifle lower down this time, and aided by the impetus of Mug's own rush was able to get more force into his blow. Up went Mug's feet again—up until they were pointing straight at the roof. Then he came down on his head, and slopped mushily back upon his stomach.

Staggering to his feet, gurgling inarticulate oaths of thwarted fury, he paused a moment for the final rush which should annihilate this wasp which had so rudely thrust itself into his bonnet. While he was pushing back the matted hair with one hand, and mopping the blood from his battered nose with the other, his sprinting opponent had resumed his position against the opposite wall; but he was not at his ease. He kept jerking his head from side to side—his arms plunging slowly back and forth in front of him like the piston rods on a steam engine. Suddenly he crouched down and his voice shrilled out harshly:

"All right there, gang. Hit 'em hard this time! Let's go! Signals—46—23—92—18—Hike!"

Like a projectile hurled from a catapult he sped across the room, fair against the knees of the benumbed champion. With a beautifully free, swinging motion, Mug's feet rose in a perfect half-circle—hung there a moment—then started down on the other half of the incomplete arc.

Crash! Mug hit the floor, flat on his back. A heartrending groan escaped his puffy lips and he wiggled two fingers convulsively. Cautiously he opened one eye and looked around, then suddenly closed it and became motionless.

Instantly, from the crowd of on-lookers, four lank, sunburned sons

of the range detached themselves and moved slowly forward, smothering their grins with black scowls. Solemnly they took their stand by the fallen Goliath—two at his hands, two at his feet. At a signal from the leader they stooped and possessed themselves of the natural handles of the human bier, then marched slowly out the back door and dropped their sagging burden over the porch rail into the horse corral.

Dazedly the victor in the strange combat stood watching them. Like one in a dream he rolled down his sleeves, slipped on his coat, and started for the door. His hand was on the knob, when suddenly the door was jerked open from the outside and he came face to face with a tremendous Irishman, crowned with a flaming mop of brilliant hair.

"So here ye are, ye shpalpeen!" the son of Erin roared viciously. "Come in here t' git a dhrink, did ye! Git out there into the car before Oi mash ye!"

The men standing around shuddered at the audacity of this red haired stranger—but his words seemed to have a curious effect on the young man. He cringed as if he had been struck, and dodged out the door at the first opportunity. The newcomer turned about to face the room.

"Well," he said with a slight chuckle, "Oi guess it's anither foight th' poor lad has been afther havin'. Whut's th' damages?"

The men gasped. Finally the little sheriff, thinking it was probably his duty, assumed the role of spokesman.

"He—he didn't do any damage," he stammered. "He—well—that is, he didn't hurt nothin' worth mentionin'."

The Irishman gave a relieved sigh. "Well," he said, "it's th' first town we've come through where he ain't half killed somebody. I guess his dad can afford t' pay f'r th' damage he does, but it's a purty high price he pays f'r th' exercise he gits."

He paused undecidedly, and gave a wistful glance at the stack of glittering tumblers stacked on the bar. The sheriff, eager for more news, noted the glance and quickly took advantage of it.

"Won't you have—er—a little drink?" he enquired deferentially.

Instantly the other man started across the room.

(Continued on Page 220)



Lou Laverty's  
California and Holiday Greeting Cards  
Original Decorated Designs



## California and the Japanese Question

(Continued from Page 206)

would discriminate in favor of one nation whose people are ineligible to American citizenship while still barring all others ineligible to that privilege."

In entering a formal protest for Japan with Secretary of State Hughes, Ambassador Hanihara did not deny the "inherent sovereign power of each state to limit and control immigration to its own domains," but deplored what he regarded as evident injustice to a foreign power "in disregard to its proper self-respect, of international understandings or of ordinary rules of comity."

Secretary of State Hughes, while expressing friendliness to Japan, advised the Japanese Government that "Congress had acted entirely within its rights and without any intent to insult Japan or hurt her pride, and that the matter was ended. President Coolidge gave clear expression to the same conclusion in his accepting the nomination for re-election:

I should have preferred to continue the policy of Japanese exclusion by some method less likely to offend the sensibilities of the

Japanese people. I did what I could to minimize any harm that might arise. But the law has been passed and approved, and the incident is closed. We must seek by some means besides immigration to demonstrate the friendship and respect which we feel for the Japanese nation. Restricted immigration is not an offensive but a purely defensive action. It is not adopted in criticism of others in the slightest degree, but solely for the purpose of protecting ourselves. We cast no aspersions on any race or creed, but we must remember that every object of our institutions of society and government will fail unless America be kept American.

In spite of assurance to the contrary both national and local, it is difficult for the Japanese, who entertain a feeling of wounded national sensibility, not to see in the exclusion act a suggestion of racial inferiority. It would, however, be a serious error to charge the Japanese with race inferiority based upon any fiat of unalterable race status. The truth seems to be, there is "no static, inherent, abiding status of race superiority or inferiority"; and this may be

applied with particular force to so dynamic and progressive a race as the Japanese. It is a matter of variety, and not of superiority or inferiority. In the case of the Japanese, it is their very lack of abiding status in the economic field, their great mobility, rather than their fixity, that renders them such dangerous competitors to the Americans. The real problem, as Governor Stephens so well pointed out, "has nothing to do with any pretensions of race superiority, but has vitally to do with race dissimilarity and unassimilability."

For the typical Californian the conclusion of the whole matter is admirably summed up by former United States Senator John D. Works:

But the Japanese nation must recognize and respect the unalterable fact that immigration of her people into this country must not and will not be permitted.

It is not that the Californian wishes any harm to Japan, but that he wishes to keep California for the white race.

-- (CONCLUDED)



# A Home In The Desert

(Continued from Page 210)

She stood at the wide open window for an instant looking out with wistful eyes at the distant range. "O for the wings of a bird," she murmured softly.

Instantly the thought took complete possession of my mind, wings with which to rise from the heated earth and soar far up into the deep blue sky, and play on the white clouds piled like huge banks of snow. Absorbed in my meditations I forgot the heat, the big pan of greens waiting to be washed and put on to cook. I was suddenly glad and free, a bird in flight, sailing the air on joyous wings.

The canal was low, and as July came with still greater heat, the water was run in sections, groups of farmers taking the entire flow for three days, then passing it on to others waiting anxiously as they saw their crops wilt and droop for lack of moisture.

No rain had fallen in many weeks. Where land was above water, as happened here and there on farms not yet completely graded, it was burned and scorched as by fire.

Now the farmers gathered in groups to discuss the future of irrigation. Again and again they emphasized the vital need of reservoirs.

Father stood one evening looking at the mountains for a long time, then he turned to mother and said: "There are reservoir sites up above our canals, where we can store the spring floods that run to waste, and the winter flow of the river. When this is done we need never again go through the agony of seeing our crops lost from lack of water. Let it come soon, so that a shortage such as this may not occur in the future."

Reservoir became a word as vital in the scheme of reclamation as water itself. Each canal system began plans for providing storage water, either independently or in company with another canal.

Somberly the summer wore away. Enough water was secured to save some of the crop, for father wisely decided to abandon part of his planted land to its burning fate, and make secure a yield on the best prospects by using all the allowance of the precious fluid there.

Many farmers refused to do this, striving desperately to give all their farm a small amount of water, and trusting that rains might come at the last moment and save the day.

Anxiously night and morning we searched the heavens in the vain hope of seeing the longed-for rain clouds. Instead of rain the winds blew, draining the air of the slightest hint of moisture. In tall whirlwinds, that seemed almost to reach the sky, clouds of dust sailed by fitfully.

"Dead hopes abroad in whirling white shrouds," father called them one day, and mother answered gravely, "Yes, that describes it."

There was no dew, the sun rose hot and bright even at dawn of day. At night the earth retained its heat after the sun had set, so that sleep did not come until 10 o'clock or later, when the white-clad peaks in the distance sent down the sweet west wind to cool and caress the burning plains.

The stars shone with unusual brightness, hanging big and golden in the great night sky. Often I slipped out to the wide ditch that ran in front of the house, to see them mirrored deep in its clear depths.

Once a low half-moon, very still and white, shone there beside them. At sunset, too, the water caught the glory of the clouds in its shining depths. Fancifully I created a world beneath the water, and peopled it with wandering sprites that played with the stars and moon, and sailed the sunset clouds.

Each canal system employed a man known as the ditch-rider, who apportioned the flow for the farms, measuring the water in at a gate built for that purpose. After this gate had been set it was the law that it must not be touched. Otherwise an unscrupulous or dishonest man might take more than his share of the water.

I was out under the shade of the trees one morning when the rider for our canal stopped to speak to father.

"There was a murder last night over west of town. Alvin Argyle was killed by Jim Derville. Jim claimed that Alvin was stealing his water. The ditch-rider brought him into town early this morning.

He found him sitting by Alvin, who must have been dead for several hours, in sort of a daze. I'm glad it wasn't on our canal. It's bad business, this short water. Makes men almost wild. If Alvin was stealing Jim's run, as he claims, I hope they let him off light."

Father's face was very grave, and he stood for a long time in deep thought, looking after the ditch-rider as he galloped swiftly down the dusty road.

He went in to tell mother the news and I followed close at his heels. Although they knew the two men only slightly, both were sadly disturbed by the terrible tragedy.

In the afternoon the neighbors dropped in to talk the matter over. The entire community was shocked and horrified by the deed. I listened and pondered deeply.

The trial was set for the following week and mother and father both decided to attend it, although mother had never before set foot inside such a place.

I begged to go with them, but father said, "No!" in his most decided tone of voice.

When the afternoon came, and mother climbed into the back seat of the buggy, I sat beside her, guileness written on my countenance.

"I'm going in to see Mabel, father," I said so sweetly that he looked at me with sudden sharp scrutiny. "Mother said I could, didn't you, mother?"

She nodded her head and smiled at me. Father touched the team with the whip and we rolled away toward town.

Long before we reached the courthouse they paused to let me out at a spot distant from Mabel's house some three blocks. I walked rapidly in the right direction without even a backward glance at my parents.

Presently I paused to rest under the shade of a great green tree. As I watched the buggy flashed out of sight around a distant corner. I seated myself to wait until I felt sure they were safely inside the room where the trial was to be held.

At last I hastened down the wide, hot street toward the big

(Continued on Page 221)



## IT'S ALL IN KNOWING HOW

(Continued from Page 217)

"Thet ain't sich a bad idea," he said eagerly. "This job of bein' guardian angel to th' lad is somewhat toirsome."

The sheriff jumped at the inference.

"Then you're some relation of his?"—he jerked his finger toward the door.

The Irishman roared. "Relation! Howly Mither! Oi'm his chauffeur!"

"Chauffeur?" The sheriff gasped. "Then how the—"

"Well, ye see it's loike this." The guardian angel took two huge gulps from his glass, then set it down on the table, reluctantly. "Th' young lad which ye have probably just seen in action is wan av these college chaps which goes in for athletics. Th' b'y is a natural born fighter—Oi'll say thet f'r him—" he admitted magnanimously. "Two niggers and one Jap which had the job before Oi became chauffeur went to the hospital from his hands."

"Well, this lad was playin' football a couple av weeks ago, an' he got a rap on the head. It knocked him kinda funny—but th' doctor said it was nothin' serious. 'Take him on an auto thrip,' he sez, 'an' he'll be foine in a month.' So th' owld man sez to me, 'Mike,' he sez, 'git the car and take th' lad on a thrip to th' cattle country. The thrip will be afther doin' him good,' he sez, 'and Oi'll stand iny expinse there may be.'"

The narrator paused for another appalling gulp.

"We've been travelin' along about a week now, stoppin' at arl the swell hotels an' breathin' th' fresh air. Th' poor lad would be arl roight now, only he is sich a dhevil f'r foights, thet he gits into one in ivery town. Thin, as soon as he begins to foight, he becomes entoirely daft. He seems to git the impression thet he is playin' football, an' begins t' charge around loike a young fool."

The sheriff nodded his head thoughtfully.

"That's him," he murmured. An idea struck him.

"Did—didn't he ever try to fight you?" he asked curiously.

"He did once," the big chauffeur chuckled. "We was standin' in front av a hotel back here a few miles where we hed lunch. Oi seen it comin' on him, so Oi got ready. Prisintly he gits back a lit-

tle way an' squats down on the ground. 'Hike,' he yells suddenly, and leaps toward me. 'Hike yer-silf' Oi sez, and steps back thrip-pin' him nately wid me foot. He rolled over an' over in th' dust a few toimes, an' whin he got up, he was as gintle as a lamb. Since thin we hev got along together reel splindid."

He emptied the remaining contents of his glass with an appreciative gurgle, then turned to go. At the door he paused, bestowing an expressive wink on the crowd of men.

"It's arl in knowin' how to handle him," he said.

## COMMUNITY ARTS ASSN.

(Continued from Page 198)

ity together with a high standard of music. During the fall these concerts were given out-of-doors in El Paseo with smoking permitted and refreshments served. Since cooler weather they have been held in the Lobero theatre. Visiting artists as well as the choruses and orchestras maintained by the School of the Arts assist in making the concerts distinctive.

The Plans and Planting Branch agitates for a more beautiful city with more beautiful architecture and gardens. Through the influence of this committee,—its permanent exhibits, its book of small house designs, its children's gardens, many effective changes have been brought about in the city planning, with a general artistic trend in the direction of Spanish Colonial architecture, which is especially fitting for the gentle rising slopes that mount from the sea.

The School of the Arts, with Frank Morley Fletcher as director, is carried on by the Community Arts Association and has in its curriculum, Graphic Arts, Music, Dancing, Drama and French. School offices are housed in a picturesque old adobe, with Art classes in a large roomy studio which is one of the oldest buildings in Santa Barbara. There are life classes, classes in Design, Elementary Drawing, and Painting, Landscape work, Wood - block Printing, ensemble work in Music, and many private pupils in violin, piano, harp, organ, banjo, etc. Recitals, pupils' parties, and exhibitions round out the program of the school year.

Thus in the life of Santa Barbara the community leaven is working, and the art spirit finding its permanent roots.

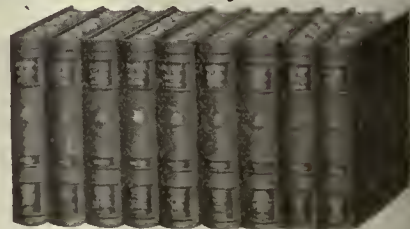
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## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from Page 219)

brick courthouse that was the pride of the town. By inquiring in the halls and corridors I reached the courtroom. It was crowded with men and women, and I slipped in unnoticed. I wriggled my way along until at last I sat only a short distance behind father and mother. But between us intervened a big fat man, behind whose broad back I could hide instantly, if danger of detection presented itself.

The trial had been in progress for some time and was well under way.

The prosecution was holding the floor as I entered, and each witness was examined and dismissed with quick efficiency. Since the prisoner had plead guilty the case seemed easily his.

At last the counsel for the defendant took his place. He called the neighbors of the accused man, and one and all they testified to the friendship that had been revealed between the two, the slayer and the slain. Against Jim Derville's character no one said a word, he was universally declared to be square and kind, a good neighbor to all. The same was stated regarding Alvin Argyle. The two men had been almost like brothers, and both were liked and respected by all. Keen regret was frequently voiced for the deplorable tragedy.

The ditch-rider gave his evidence, stating that he found Jim Derville's gate closed the morning after the murder, and the water that rightfully belonged to him passing down Alvin Argyle's ditch, and flowing on a field of potatoes.

I watched the prisoner, a kind-faced man, deeply bronzed from sun and wind, broad-shouldered and dependable-looking, with such sad eyes that tears ran unheeded down my cheeks. He looked often at his wife, a frail little woman, who sat beside him, a tiny babe in her arms. Standing close to his father, holding tight to his hand, was a boy some seven years old.

Clinging to the skirts of her mother was a little girl with golden curls, and big blue eyes filled with tears. She was so little, frightened and appealing that it seemed to me my heart would break for her.

The prosecution took the stand and finished his case. Again the counsel for the defendant faced the stern judge at the bench.

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He signaled the prisoner to rise, and simply, as one man to another, Jim Derville talked to the judge as if they two were alone in the crowded room.

"I didn't mean to kill him, judge, God is my witness to that.

"You see, it was like this: we've always been good friends, Alvin

and me, ever since we settled on our farms just across the road from each other. He helped me in haying time, and I helped him back again. We owned most of our farm machinery together, and we never had a word, we got along fine.

"But this summer Alvin seemed to change. I guess it was the heat and the short water, and big debts staring him in the face, same as the rest of us. Then he'd had lots of sickness in his family, same as me. He was snappish where he'd always been smiling before, like



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a man just crazed with worry. And I guess I was the same way, judge. "Maybe you'd understand better if you'd faced what we have this summer. We both started in with mighty little but pluck and a good team. We didn't have much cash, and only made small payments down on our land. But we fought the game good and stiff till this year came, and then we couldn't see any way out. It looked like we'd both lose our farms. You see, we purchased on the yearly payment plan, and if we missed a payment then the contract was null and void. The man we bought from could take the farm back and we'd lose all we'd paid, the work of four hard years.

"Our wives and children were depending on us to pull through some way, and we were both just worried clean sick, because with the short water it looked like there wasn't any way out, and failure stared us in the face.

"But still we got along fine, never had a quarrel, and then this last run o' water came. Alvin took it first, for three days, just like the ditch-rider told him to, and he turned it over to me at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the same time he

took it. He'd made good time while he had the water, but you can't get over an eighty in three days and irrigate thoroughly. And Alvin was one of those fellows who can't ever do anything by half. He had to do everything just as good as it could be done before he'd leave it.

"He did his best to soak the place thoroughly, and he'd got pretty well over it, all except some hay that didn't matter so much, and a choice piece of potatoes that he was counting on more than any other crop on the farm."

Here he paused for a long moment, staring out of the window into the golden sunlight, like a man in a deep study, then he continued:

"Gosh, it's been worrying me ever since how he ever left those potatoes for the last! Seems like he'd irrigated them first of all. Well, anyway, he didn't, just fig-

ured he'd get to them in time, and it was quicker to take the water over the place the way he did. We all count every minute when we get a three days' run, after ten days of dry ditches.

"He'd been up day and night since he got the water, took his blankets into the field and snatched a wink of sleep when he could. That's the way most of us do, just go to the house for our meals. The time is so precious that every second counts.

"I took the water, just as I said, at 5 o'clock, and I says to him, 'Alvin, go home and get some rest, your eyes are all bloodshot and your face is gray as a dusty weed. Get some sleep, man, or you'll go clean crazy.' And then I added, 'I'm going to sleep tonight myself, till long about 4 o'clock in the morning. I can't hurry the water by watching.'

"He stood looking at me for a minute, and I went on: 'After I get it set on that east piece of wheat it'll run till then without changing, and do all the good that can be done.' He nodded without speaking, and went off across the field with his shovel on his shoulder, and I noticed he sort o' stag-

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gered once or twice, like a man just clean done up.

"I didn't even think of him again after that, for I was busy throwing dams here and there, and I shoveled like fury till after ten o'clock. Then I stuck my shovel in the ground where I'd thrown the last dam and went to the house. I was so tired I fell asleep soon as my head touched the pillow.

"All at once I was sitting up in bed, listening like I'd heard a noise in my sleep that wakened me. The clock struck 12, and all of a sudden the conviction came that somebody was stealing my water. I seemed to know it just as sure as if I'd watched them shut down my gate.

"I was out of the house like a flash, not stopping to light the lantern, for the moon was just rising. I hit out for the field where I'd turned the water, and, judge, there wasn't a drop running! Somebody had taken the whole stream, and it must have been right after I left, for the wet dirt ended where I'd made the last set.

"And then everything around me seemed to turn a burning red. I couldn't see nor think for a minute. I stood there clinching and unclenching my hands, and saying over and over, broken like, 'The dirty thief, to rob me when I only got the water at 5 o'clock, the dirty thief!'

"Suddenly I grabbed my shovel and started for the gate, slipping along silently in the shadow of the ditch bank and the trees, for the moon was up now. But I didn't see him till I was right on him, and I didn't realize then that it was Alvin pushing my gate down hard as he could, though already he was taking all the water there was. I didn't have any thought of killing the man, whoever he was, when I raised my shovel and brought it down just as he straightened up sudden, like he'd heard a noise that startled him.

"And O My God, judge, it was Alvin, and I hit him square on the temple! He just crumpled up and slipped into the water with one long sigh. I pulled him out quick and rubbed his hands and did everything I could think of to bring him to. But it wasn't no use, he was dead. And at last I just sat down beside him and I said out loud, 'Alvin, old friend, we're both done for, God help our wives and children.' Then I began to sob, for, judge, we'd been almost like brothers for so long. I liked him

better than any man I knew. Why, there wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for Alvin if he'd come and ask me.

"I sat there beside him till morning, and along come the ditch-rider. He got off his horse and come over to where we were, Alvin and me. His face got deathly white and he says, 'You come with me!' And I did. And that's all, judge."

The courtroom was still as he finished, except here and there some woman sobbing softly. I looked at mother through my tear-filled eyes, her face was buried in her handkerchief and her shoulders were shaking.

The judge gave his final instructions to the jury, closing with the words, "You have heard the evidence in this case and must bring in a verdict accordingly. You may now retire to the jury room."

The twelve men rose and passed on their way in charge of the bailiff.

I saw father turn and speak to mother, then they left together and I followed close behind, still sobbing softly.

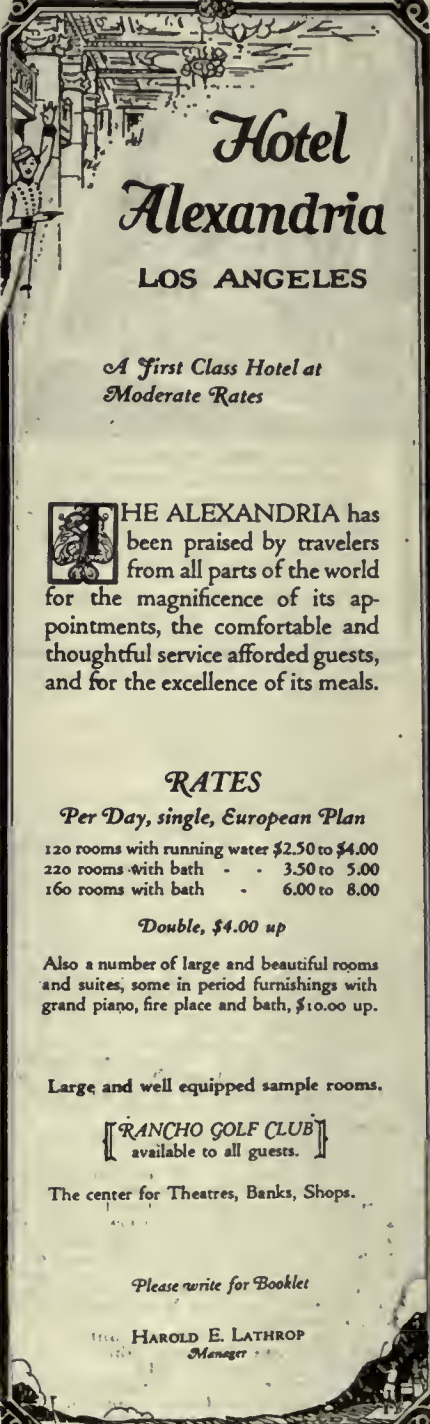
Mother got into the back seat of the buggy to wait there while father did some errands. And presently I slipped in beside her. She frowned at me sternly, then took her handkerchief and wiped my face carefully, till all trace of the tears had vanished. She smoothed my hair, and straightened my hat and said sharply: "Unless he asks me directly I shall not tell father where you've been; I think you have been punished sufficiently for your disobedience, Reva."

Out under the trees that surrounded the courthouse it seemed quiet and peaceful, but inside—ah, what anguish—what sorrow—

The morrow found me with a raging sick headache, the result of the excitement and my deep emotions of the previous day.

I lay prostrate on the bed in a darkened room, with only one thought, would the pain ever stop? Under mother's gentle ministrations I fell asleep about 1 o'clock and did not waken until late in the afternoon.


The pain had vanished. I stretched myself with a luxurious sensation of freedom, and dressed hastily. I was lacing my shoes when father entered the dining room, where I heard the sewing machine running busily.



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"Well, mother," he said slowly, "the jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and the judge sentenced him from ten to fourteen years in the penitentiary. It seems a harsh sentence, but justice must be done. It will teach men that they must exercise self-control in times of stress, and not give way to passion unheeded."

I opened my door wide as mother rose to her feet, her eyes flashing with an unusual anger as she exclaimed:



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**OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

Consolidated, published monthly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1925

State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.  
Before me, a Court Commissioner and Notary Public (life), in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Boggess-Moffitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, a corporation.  
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Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MABEL BOGGESS-MOFFITT, Business Mgr.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of May, 1925.

GEORGE W. LEE, Court Commissioner  
of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (Life).

"Justice! You dare to call it that! Oh, if that jury had only been composed of women then true justice might have been done."

Father looked at her in blank amazement, and questioned curiously:

"What verdict would you have rendered, mother, had you been one of twelve, sworn to judge the case on the evidence presented? The man did not deny the murder. He was unquestionably guilty."

Mother considered for a long moment: "I should have found him guilty of great anger, induced by circumstances almost beyond human endurance, that resulted in his accidentally killing his friend."

Father shook his head: "That verdict would not go with the judge, for it is not in accordance with the laws of the land."

"We need women judges, too," mother's low voice was tense. "If I had been the judge I should have sentenced him to return home and care for his own family, and that of the friend he had slain. Then two women, with helpless little children, would not have been left without all hope. I should have paroled him for unlimited time, during faithful performance of those duties, requiring monthly reports. He would never make such a mistake again. Then he would have been a useful citizen for the nation, creating wealth instead of being an expense."

Father interrupted her quickly. "This isn't a question of economics, mother. That does not enter into the matter. The judge must sentence according to the law, the rules are hard and fast. You women would turn justice topsy-turvy if you had your way."

"Our laws dealing with criminals are all wrong," mother spoke with her usual serenity, now. "Humanity cannot be compelled to be good through fear of punishment. Morality is the slow growth of years, an upbuilding of character starting in the cradle. A hundred years from now—yes—even fifty years hence, people will look back on our treatment of criminals with amazement and contempt that we could have been so blind to our own best interest, for it is an economic question, too."

"Oh, you women," father's voice held light amusement. "You are too illogical and emotional to ever aspire to the responsibility of being a judge."

"Illogical! emotional!" mother's serenity vanished.

"Fiddle-te-hi-diddle—" this was the nearest approach to slang that mother ever permitted herself,— "What utter nonsense! It is only a question of time until all women vote, then we will show you men many things that as yet your eyes do not see."

Her tone changed suddenly: "Father, tomorrow you must go and see those two women and help them in some way."

Father nodded an assent. "Their neighbors have already organized to take turns caring for the crops. At harvest time we will all turn in and help and do the best we can for them."

"I can see her yet," mother's voice trembled, "that frail little woman, with a tiny babe in her arms, and two children so sad and frightened. Oh, God help Jim Der-ville to bear the memory in those long, long years of prison!"

She laid her head on the table, and father, after one quick look of dismay, left the room hastily.

Overcome by my emotions I threw myself face down on the couch and burst into a storm of sobs.

Quickly mother was beside me. "Stop that! At once!" Her voice held a sharp note of command that startled me into instant obedience. The sobs ceased with a long quivering sigh.

"Do you want another sick headache tomorrow?" she questioned gently.

I shook my head. "No, but I do so wish that you had been the judge. When will women be judges, mother?"

A sudden thought struck me. "But if you were a judge, mother, who would keep the house and care for us children when we are sick? Why, who would hold my head while I vomit and put cold cloths on the back of my neck? We couldn't spare you, mother, you can't ever be a judge."

In a quick access of tenderness I kissed her many times.

She did not seem to notice me, her eyes were very grave, as if seeking a solution to some vital question. "Those things will all adjust themselves when women vote at last," she said slowly, then she added:

"Run and play, Reva, you need some exercise to make you sleep tonight. It is nice and cool outdoors."

I only knew the world was fair, and cool and life was good.

(Continued Next Month)





This is a pretty nice party. First we are to have some Baker's Cocoa and sandwiches, and then - ice-cream! Mother says Baker's Cocoa is good for everybody, 'specially children. Wouldn't you like to have some too?



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## *Stage and Screen*

under the editorship of

**Hamilton Wayne**

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In addition to its lively, interesting theatrical news, this department will appeal strongly to the aspiring artist, dramatic or literary, as well as to the seasoned professional and the general reader.



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The best in cars and picturesquely  
interesting trips will be covered by  
the most able writers.



Vol. LXXXIII

JUNE, 1925

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Number

DECATON

# Overland Monthly

FOUNDED BY  
BRET HARTE in 1868



Price, 25 Cents

AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE





*The Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"*

## Winning nature's secrets

Every day that passes records some new advance in the telephone art. Constant experiment and observation are winning new secrets of chemistry, of electricity and magnetism, and of matter. Nature's unseen quarry is yielding to the researches of the laboratory that exact scientific knowledge which is among the telephone engineer's most priceless resources. The workshop of the telephone engineer is a scientific laboratory. Here he studies and experiments with principles and laws of our physical environment and sets them to aid us in our daily lives.

Forty-nine years ago the telephone was born in a scientific laboratory—a very small laboratory, to be sure, as it numbered in its personnel none but Bell and his assistant. As the Bell System has grown that laboratory has grown, and as the laboratory has grown the telephone has grown in efficiency, in distance covered, in numbers, in perfection. Countless are the milestones marking progress in the telephone art that have come from the laboratory.

Today the laboratory numbers among its personnel 3000 employees, more than half of whom are skilled scientists and engineers. Headed by a vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, it is known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., and forms an indispensable department of the Bell System.



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**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

JUNE, 1925

NUMBER 6

## EDITORIAL STAFF

V. V. TAYLOR, *Associate Editor*

HAMILTON WAYNE, *Associate Editor*

FRONA EUNICE WAIT COBURN  
*Contributing Editor*

MABEL MOFFITT, *Manager*

Special attention of our readers is called to the two new features beginning in this issue. The department of Stage and Screen under the able editorship of Mr. Hamilton Wayne, and the department of Motor Travel.

As a Dramatic and Musical center San Francisco has long held high rank. Mr. Wayne, as a discriminating and recognized critic, ably sets forth the values in the attractions now offered the public. His estimates and criticisms of plays and players are penetrating and refreshing.

Travel by rail, by water and by motor is constantly increasing. The motor is constantly increasing. The Department of Motor Travel will be found most helpful to those who are seeking the "open spaces" or who wish information as to routes, attractions or hotels, resorts, and best in cars and equipments.

Read about the great prize offer in this issue. This contest should bring out some stories from the seasoned writers. We should also hear from some of our newer and younger writers. The generous offer of the Daughters of California Pioneers is fully appreciated by Overland and Overland readers.

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# PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS

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Offered by the daughters of California Pioneers  
for the best short story depicting the cultural life north of the Tehachapi  
from 1870 to 1890.

*The prize-winning story to be published in Overland Monthly.*

*It is the desire of the donors that this contest bring forth the work of young writers rather than those already established.*

*It is not the intention to stress adventure or enterprise of the days succeeding the gold rush, but to emphasize the solid foundations on which the cultures of the communities rested. California's literary and artistic beginnings were distinctly classic despite the newness of the surroundings.*

## RULES

*The story must be from 4,000 to 6,000 words in length, and must be written by a bona fide resident of California.*

*Stories will be judged both as to construction and technique and as to their presentation of the life of California within the time and place specified.*

*Manuscripts must be submitted anonymously and bear no mark of identification other than the title. (The approximate number of words should appear on title page.) Accompanying the manuscript should be a sealed envelope bearing the title of the story only. Enclosed in the sealed envelope should be (a) stamped and addressed envelope for return of manuscript, and (b) a slip bearing the title of story, and name and address of author.*

*The story must be an original work and previously unpublished, in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story becomes the property of Overland Monthly without further compensation.*

*The judges will give "honorable mention" to the next best story according to the judges' decision. The contest is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike.*

*Manuscripts submitted in this contest must reach Overland Monthly not later than January, 1926. Address all manuscripts (only one may be submitted by each contestant) to SHORT STORY CONTEST EDITOR, OVERLAND MONTHLY, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco.*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and  
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## The Comeback--A Tale of the Philippines

VICTOR WARD was intensely blue. For more than two hours he had been lying stretched out in his long, bamboo sillon, a glass at his elbow, a bottle of Sunnybrook within reach, trying to forget, by the double aid of the whisky and of the lizards playing around on the ceiling above his head.

Slowly the liquor in the bottle had diminished. The lizards, though, seemed to have increased in number. Strangely enough too, that number was constantly varying. Now he counted six—then eight—then five. Where did those fellows go, anyhow? There were no holes anywhere; the ceiling was a plain, flat, unpainted surface of some loosely woven material. Funny about the little devils!

Now the cute little rascals were dancing, performing all kinds of intricate manoeuvres. He had never seen them do that before, although he had spent many of his long, unoccupied evenings watching them. They were always a fascinating sight. What was the matter with them now?

The bottom of the bottle could be seen now through the rich dark-amber fluid. Funny how life changed so quickly for a fellow! Yesterday his walk along the beach, beneath the splendor of the most magnificent sunset he had ever seen, even in that land of gorgeous sunsets, had been most exhilarating. It had seemed to him then that never in his twenty years had life been so sweet, so absolutely perfect. And now tonight! Hadn't he read somewhere how quickly a smile of God could change the world? Well! God seemed to have forgotten to smile. What about the frown of a girl? Could it also change the world? It seemed so. Just as quickly too!

With what joy he had worked during the past six months, ever

By GEORGE ST. CLAIR

since that first morning when he had walked into the gloomy, prison-like schoolroom; with its thick, whitewashed stone walls and low ceiling unrelieved by the least decoration. Into this almost monastic room he had come, a new kind of missionary, a pioneer of education. Enthusiastic, inspired by the highest ideals, he had thrown himself unreservedly into his new work. True, it had taxed his utmost patience. The queerly dressed but good-humored little brown pupils had seemed to find it almost impossible to twist their tongues around the strange English words.

*The "old days" in the Philippines have gone, never to return. There are, however, many problems yet to be solved—social, economic, industrial. There are racial differences and climatic conditions that make necessary radical adjustments before we can realize the most from our interchange and trade relations with the far East. This story by George St. Clair shows, not merely literary strength and attractive presentation, but as well a knowledge of temperaments and conditions such as go to make a true and colorful background.*

Their progress had been exasperatingly slow. But he had liked his task. Day after long day he had toiled and had just been beginning to see some slow results. Then had come that bolt from the blue. It had simply torn his world to pieces.

It was a girl of course! Did anything else ever cause a fellow real trouble? What could be the matter with her? For hours, ever since the arrival of the noon boat with States mail, he had been asking himself this question. Six months of heaven. Then this!

Why, it was the remembrance of her that had kept his courage high during those long months of petty annoyances, of slow adjustment to an alien environment, of constant

disappointments. Her letters had been his comfort, his delight, his inspiration. How they had talked and written and dreamed of the time when his salary would be large enough to warrant her coming out to join him! Well! he would never see her now. Damn women, anyway!

What could have made her write that letter? The whisky was all gone now; the lizards were cavorting about more wildly than ever. His head felt strange too, but those words still flamed before his eyes, as though written in letters of fire. Were all women as inhuman as this girl? Was it possible that a woman who had been writing daily for six months such ardent, passionate letters could put on paper those cold lines: "I have made a mistake. Kindly return my letters." Not a word of explanation either! No! surely God didn't make women as cruel as that. But he had read them. Well! the devil take her! He could get along without her. He'd have no more to do with women. Did they think men's hearts but toys for them to break?

A soft Malay voice sounded behind him. It was his house boy.

"Senor, tiene mujer abajo."

Mujer, eh! What was the fellow saying?

"Si, senor, mucha buena senorita. Ella quiere subir."

Senorita! What the devil did he want with these Filipina senoritas? Yet, why not? He had kept himself free from all entanglements with women, because of the girl back in the States. He had not found it possible to touch these others. It would have been an infidelity to her. But now! After all, they were attractive. Why not let her come up? He could practice his Spanish on her too and then she might help him to forget. Why not?

"Bueno, hombre!" he told his servant. "Que saba!"

A few moments later came the



pit-pat of slippered feet, and the swish of heavily starched skirts; the scent of perfumed coconut oil filled the room—and Victor Ward had begun to forget.

HAD Virgil lived in the languid tropics, instead of under the languishing skies of Bella Italia, he would undoubtedly have changed his "easy is the descent to Avernus," to most easy, etc. There is something in the soft, embracing air, in the primitively frank conditions under which the people live, and in the absence of the restraints and conventions that hedge a young man about in the colder regions, which makes it peculiarly easy to tread the primrose path of dalliance. Insensibly the moral fibre is relaxed, moral standards are lowered.

It must be parenthetically stated here that these reflections are true only of the Philippines of twenty years ago. The people of today, as they have adopted Western ideas and ideals, have become more conventional; consequently, one must believe, more moral.

Victor Ward had felt these relaxing influences tugging at him for some time, but, up to this point, he had heroically resisted them. His work, together with his long, healthy walks by green rice fields, through waving coconut groves, or along the sandy beach of the sunlit sea, had kept him physically tired; while his memories of Her or the reading of Her letters had enabled him to pass his long evenings agreeably. Then too there had been the lizards!

But everything was changed now. Since She had betrayed him, what was there left to care for? All that remained was to drown the sweet memories which had become torturing fiends. Victor took the road which scorned lovers so often choose and plunged into the life around him.

Now the diversions, or better, dissipations, offered by this little seaport were few, and, most of them, brutally primitive. An occasional dance at the house of some friendly Filipino, at which the red wine flowed freely; where too, gambling on a large scale was frequently indulged in; poker or monte at the Club; and lastly, women. Victor omitted none of these opportunities for forgetfulness!

His name soon became a synonym in the country roundabout for wild gayety. No social affair,

whether a marriage, a christening, a birthday, or a funeral, was complete without him. When his approach was announced at some village reunion, the band would begin on "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." One is unable to narrate in detail his exploits at these gatherings. Suffice it to say that they furnished themes for much gossip and considerable amusement.

It is a well established law of psychology that, for whatever reason one may have begun to do a thing, the constant doing of it gradually hardens into a habit. It is equally true that whatever we do assiduously in the moral and esthetic world comes in time to be pleasant to us. It is thus our vices fatten on us, our virtues become virtues.

These platitudes are well illustrated in the case of Victor Ward. His daily work, formerly his chief interest, had become a grind and a bore. He still did it, it is true, but with marked distaste. He hated the schoolroom, but, since attendance had become somewhat of a habit with him, he went. Then too he had not yet reached that state of degradation, not unfortunately, uncommon among a certain class of Americans in the tropics, in which he was willing to quit working entirely and sink to the level of the beachcomber.

The sensual pleasures which he had once avoided had now become a necessity. Without his social orgies, his gambling sprees, and his affairs with women—in which respect he had sunk to lower and lower strata of society—Victor felt that he could not live. Vice was fast permeating his whole nature, corroding his very soul.

His reputable friends had almost entirely forsaken him, most of the decent people of the town spoke to him only when forced to do so. Traveling Americans, who had formerly put up at his house when they came to town, now found other quarters. He was, in fact, rapidly becoming that most wretched and undesirable of men, an American who has forgotten, in a foreign land, that he is an American. So passed six months!

Then Mariquita came!

ONE of the few of the better class Filipinos who still stood by Victor was a certain Carlos Domingo, a man of means and taste, who spent considerable time at the

Club playing cards. A few days after the arrival of Mariquita, he came into the Club and found Victor at his usual monte game.

"See here, amigo! Come up to the house!" he said to Victor. "My sister has just returned from Manila and has brought one of her colegio friends with her. I want you to meet her, and then we can have some music and sing a while. What do you say?"

Victor assented rather listlessly. Not that his monte game was holding his attention, but he had lost that energy which had driven him during the first wild months of his plunge into life. He rather preferred now such an evening as was boring him. At least it assured him the privilege of reeling homeward towards midnight. But he really liked Carlos, nor did he wish to run the risk of offending him by refusing his invitation. So they started off together.

As they neared the house, the strains of an aria from *La Forza del Destino* floated out upon the scented tropic night. The voice was sweet and cultivated but not at all a powerful one.

"That is Mariquita, our visitor," Carlos said. "Come, let's go up."

It is worth recording here that among the innocent recreations of his early life in the town, music had been to Victor the most enjoyable and of them all, it alone still retained the power to hold him, and at times even to lift him out of his baser self. The knowledge, therefore, that Mariquita loved good music interested him in her at once. Even before entering the house, he felt attracted towards her.

In the great sala above they found Carlos' mother, a stately and rather haughty middle-aged lady, his sister Anita, a plump and vivacious girl, and—Mariquita!

How can I describe the charm that was Mariquita? Though I possessed all the "pens that poets ever held" I could not picture truly her lissome slenderness, her tender grace, the sweet soul that shone through her brilliant black eyes. Only one who has known well a Filipina girl of good family and gentle breeding can realize the peculiar charm she possesses. If, as in the case of Mariquita, a soft, flower-like beauty is added to these natural attractions, the combination is irresistible. It so proved to Victor Ward.

It seemed to him that never had



an evening passed so quickly and pleasantly. For him Mariquita was the sole interest. Whatever she did appeared to him to be well done. When she sang, her sweet and sympathetic voice enchanted him; when she accompanied him as he played on the violin, she was instinctively ready to catch and accord with his changes of mood; if she talked, which was not very often, her soft, low, and gentle voice thrilled him; while her conversation held a personal and peculiar flavor and possessed a common-sense, altogether unusual with the Filipina girls he had previously known.

Victor went home late that evening, his soul filled with divine music and with memories of Mariquita, who seemed to him the very embodiment of that music.

Thus began the third phase of Victor Ward's life in the tropics.

AS THE months had passed after he had received that crushing letter from the girl in the States, her image, which he had thought indelibly engraved on his heart, had faded little by little, so, when Mariquita came into his life, that heart was swept clean and empty, waiting for a new occupant. It is possible, if she had not come, that another maiden would have walked into the vacant chamber. Possible! Nay, very probable! Youth will not permit Love to stay away long. Still, Mariquita was far superior to the other girls of the town; hence a double reason for Victor's capitulation, or infatuation, as one cares to look at it.

For life to him now held only one object of interest—Mariquita. Working or sleeping—But why go on in this strain? Victor was in love!

His school work was neglected even more than formerly. No possible opportunity to see her was lost. Even his dissipations suffered somewhat, since they tended to take up time which he wished to devote to her personally or else to rapt meditations upon her charms. Not that he absorbed less whisky or gin! These had become strong habits; besides, they heightened his dreams of her.

As for Mariquita, there was nothing in her attitude towards Victor to indicate that she shared his feelings. True she played tennis, pool, and billiards with him, danced with him at the Bailes, and was always ready to accompany him on

the piano. But then she did these things with the other young men, too. And, gentle and sweet as she always was, she managed never to be alone with him. Even Victor himself, blinded as he was by his love and his self-esteem, began to notice her attitude. He made up his mind to find out the reason for it.

The sala in Carlos' house was a very long room. At one end stood the piano; at the other, various small tables, generally used for card games.

One evening it happened that, while Victor and Mariquita were at

---

#### SPILLED WINE

He spilled his youth as purple wine!  
A joyous child of Pan,  
He went his way to sound of flutes  
Thru groves where wood nymphs ran,  
And drunk with life and youth, he  
    swayed,  
A reed to all strange music played!

And now, an ancient Pan, he sits,  
Beside the tavern fire  
His golden youth a vanished bloom,  
And dead his mad desire  
To taste the fruit of every tree,  
And laugh and sing in ecstasy!

A flagon holding purple wine  
Lies shattered on the hearth  
And as it drips, with blackish stain,  
His eyes hold bitter mirth,  
He sees his ardent youth once more  
Spilled like wine upon the floor!

Eleanor Allen.

---

the piano, and the others were sitting around in the big room, laughing and talking, some visitors, not of the younger set, were announced. After the usual greetings and compliments, someone proposed a game of Siete y Media, the Filipino variation of our Black Jack. Mariquita, not wishing to play, remained at the piano. Victor electing to stay with her, the others sat down to their game, Carlos suggesting that the couple go on with their music.

It was an opportunity for which Victor had been waiting. Under the pretence of searching for some music, Mariquita in the meantime letting her fingers wander idly over the keys, he began his attack.

"Mariquita, have I done anything to offend you?"

"What do you mean, Senor Victor? Why do you ask that?"

"Why, you seem to avoid me. Try

as I may, I am unable to get you by yourself. I thought that we were friends."

All Filipino girls are frank in saying what they think, sometimes excessively so. Mariquita, while not unlike her sisters in this respect, was of an unusually sympathetic and kindly nature, so she did not reply at once. But suddenly as if she had come to a decision, she answered him.

"It is true, Senor Victor," she replied, "I have managed so as not to be alone with you. But it is not that I am angry with you. It is that I am not very anxious to know you any better."

Victor recoiled, stung to the quick. After all, he was an American, older, better educated, more experienced than this chit of a girl, who had the nerve to tell him to his face that she did not wish to cultivate his acquaintance. An angry flush spread over his face, and he commenced to stammer some unintelligible reply. Mariquita, without heeding him, calmly continued in her precise but quaint convent English.

"It is this way, Senor Victor. Many things have I heard about you in the past month, things that do not cause me to like you very much. So I . . ."

"They—they are lies, Mariquita," Victor stammered. "What can you have heard about me? It's—it's these people here that don't like me. I have enemies and naturally . . ."

Mariquita calmly interrupted him. "No, it is not that," she said. "How should I repeat to you what has been told to me? It is of a disgracefulness to make me blush! You too, Senor, you too should blush for the things you have been doing here. You a teacher! No! A friend of mine must have cleaner hands and heart!"

"But I have done only what your Filipino friends do, Mariquita. You don't treat them in this way."

"You know that what you say is only partly true," Mariquita answered him. "I do not approve of them either. But their customs are different from yours. You have not been educated as they have been. So for them is some excuse. But not for you, Senor Victor! You are the maestro here. It is you that should be making an example to the rest of us. How can your pupils respect you? No, no. It is not possible that we can be friends."



"But see here, Mariquita," Victor said, looking reproachfully and at the same time appealingly at her, "you are too hard on me. You don't know all the circumstances. And then these other girls here. They don't feel as you do."

"That, Senor Victor, is the affair of them. For me, I speak only for myself."

"But, Mariquita, suppose I give up all these things you don't like? What then? I want your esteem and—friendship, and I'd do anything to gain it. Suppose I reform Mariquita?"

"I do not have very much faith in promises . . ."

Victor made one last attempt. "Mariquita, I swear . . ."

"Do not make oaths, Senor Victor! Shall we not continue our music? Those others may begin to think we are quarreling." With a musical laugh, she picked up the latest new American two step, not more than six months old, and just sent from Manila. Victor's first effort had thus ended in failure, but it was destined to bear its fruits.

EVERY one knows that the descent of a hill is easier than the ascent. It is also more dangerous. Hill climbers tell us too that to re-ascend a hill which has just been descended involves a great deal more severe and arduous labor, while at the same time requiring vastly more resolution and fortitude.

So we may be certain that Victor Ward's climb back to decency and self-respect was a slow and difficult process, featured by many slips and bruises. But as it had been a woman who first started him down into the depths, so it was a woman who drew him back up to the stars. A sign of weakness—is it not?—that a man should be morally dependent on a woman. But we claim for Victor no special strength of character or heroism of soul. His weakness is but too apparent to the most casual reader.

Laboriously then, Victor struggled upward to what he fancied was to be his reward—the esteem, and even the love, of Mariquita. Yes, he pictured that in his mind. Again he became interested in his work. Other women now lost their charms for him; at least, Mariquita's image drove them out of his mind for a while. Even his cherished bottle

was resorted to less and less frequently, though this was one vice, or comfort, as he looked at it, which he never quite dispensed with.

And what was her attitude towards him during these days of strenuous reform? Naturally, no woman ever really dislikes admiration; nor is she averse to recognizing that a man is trying to make himself a better man for her sake. Thus we find her gradually becoming more cordial towards him, more friendly in her attitude.

But Victor wanted more than this from her. His passion had grown by the very lack of anything definite upon which to feed it. To possess her had now become his dearest desire; yet he rarely had so much as an opportunity to touch her hand. Lovers, under the strict chaperonage which then obtained in the Philippines, had extremely few chances of seeing each other alone. Much less then was it to be expected in such a one-sided affair as that of Victor and Mariquita. That she must, however, have known something of his real feelings towards her, is evident, for, besides her own feminine intuition, her friends frequently rallied her about him.

Things went along thus, to Victor's great discontent, until Carnival time. Now this is one occasion on which the usually rather sober and serious Filipino assumes a cloak of gayety and even hilarity; one season when the restraints of chaperonage are genially relaxed, and youths and maidens manage to foregather in the old sweet way.

The climax and fitting end of the Carnival gayeties is always the masked ball. As several other Manila girls were visitors in the town, it was decided to show them that a provincial pueblo was not so far behind the metropolis in life and fun.

As a member of the committee on arrangements, Victor's services were in constant demand, so that he saw little of Mariquita during this strenuous week. But he had learned from Carlos, who favored his affair, the costume which she was to wear that night, and he had resolved to himself to come to an understanding with her before the ball was over.

The party was well along towards its brilliant and joyous close before his chance came. He had danced several times with Mariquita during

the evening, but he had pretended not to recognize her under the disguise of her domino and mask. But, keeping a watchful eye on her, he observed her, just before the hour of unmasking, slip out towards the garden. Without delay he followed her.

If Victor had needed any incentive to his passion, this scented tropic night, flooded with such moonlight as one sees only in those regions, would have supplied it. But there was incentive enough for him in the graceful figure, seated in a pensive mood on a stone bench below a slender palm tree.

Hearing footsteps, Mariquita rose and made a movement as if to re-enter the house. But Victor was quick to place himself between her and the door. "Please don't go yet, Mariquita! I . . ."

"You know me then, Senor Victor! How did you recognize me? You did not say anything while we were dancing . . ."

Impatiently he interrupted her. "Never mind about that now, Mariquita, I have something more important to talk about. I . . ."

"But they will be missing me." Again she started to leave. Victor caught her hand. "Mariquita, I want only a moment. I have been waiting for this opportunity."

As she made no further move to go, Victor continued. "Mariquita, do you remember our conversation that night in the sala? Do you feel any differently towards me now? You know what I have done for your sake. Can you not . . ."

"For my sake!" Mariquita repeated. "No, I do not recognize that, Senor Victor. I know that you have changed your ways, but it is that your sense of decency and . . ."

"Decency!" Victor laughed scornfully. "Decency! What do I care about that? It was your sweetness, your beauty, your . . ."

"I cannot listen any longer, Senor. It is not becoming in me. I must go in." She took a step towards the door, but Victor placed himself in front of her.

"No, Mariquita. I beg of you to wait. You must listen to me. You know it was for you. You are not blind. You know I love you. I want you to marry me." He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away.

"I am sorry, my friend," she replied sadly, but I do not love you.

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# A House Divided

## CHAPTER XII.

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

**A**S CHRISTMAS approached in Perry Township, the usual round of gaiety was set in motion. The larger farm-houses threw open their doors to the community, and square dances, polkas and waltzes went on into the small hours of the night. Sleighs loaded down with restless girls and young blades from distant environs arrived on the specified night from all quarters, some journeying the magnificent distance of fifteen miles.

Sampson George's place was the most ornate and adequate of all the Perry Township establishments. It possessed an almost manorial grandeur. Fashioned with an elaborate French roof punctured by round loophole windows; loaded at eaves and cornice with a phantasmagoria of ginger bread "mill work"; endowed with broad "piazzas" and a square cupola; set well back in a plantation of pine, hemlock, spruce, mulberry, maple, cottonwood and willow, all ranged geometrically in staid rows; this house was the pride of the region.

The interior of the dwelling was finished in the same luxurious elegance of ornate window cases, medallion wall paper, and red plush parlor furniture. A riot of color fascinated the visitor, who thought he was pleased; indeed mid-Victorian splendor at its height found expression in that house.

Sampson George was a rich man. Sensational plunges in land speculation, and hard labor for a period of twenty years while he accumulated his first few thousands, had left George, hale and hearty at sixty; and, since he was a direct importation from the south of England, being descended from an obscure, though ancient, land-holding family, he was rather inclined to play the part of a lord in those parts. His devout discipleship of Tom Paine, whose "Rights of Man" he considered the ultimate teaching, had so democratized him intellectually that whatever airs of proprietorship his hereditary tendencies produced were more than offset by a heart-whole generosity and cordiality toward all the world.

There was a ball room on the third floor just under the French roof. Though not of magnificent proportions, it was infinitely better

than the kitchens usually available. Here, at least twice a year, the youth of Perry Township gathered for a night of dancing. At Christmas time, Sampson usually exerted himself to the utmost. He had this year engaged an orchestra from Dubuque, a group of solemn Germans, rosy cheeked, obsequious and smelling strongly of beer and tobacco. Sampson did not smoke or drink himself, though he stuck to his "Rights of Man" when it came to others in matters of this sort.

He moved about the house complacently while yet only a few arrivals had made an appearance. He joked the shy girls who sat, somewhat awed, in the parlor and who took pains to keep out from under the mistletoe hanging from an intricate "grill" in an archway. He led the way upstairs, where the Germans, with many "Achs" and "Gotts," inspected the remarkable ball room with its round loop-hole windows and began setting up their music racks and tentatively tuning their instruments with the aid of the small ebony piano that awaited them on the dais.

Out at the barns the company of young men increased rapidly, as one after another of the swains, depositing his lady ceremoniously at the steps of the porte cochere, drove on to put away his team. There was the continual stamping of iron-shod hoofs on the hollow-sounding boarding of the spare stalls. Lanterns flickered hither and thither in the gloom of the hay-loft, while the hired man put down timothy for the nickering teams. Harness clanked and rattled. There was the odor of leather and sweating horseflesh.

**A**MONG the early arrivals were Madge and Adam. Leaving his wife at the house, Adam hastened toward the barns, and drove boisterously and recklessly into a circle of lanterns before the yawning door of the stable.

"Evenin', gents," he vociferated.

"Howdy, Adam," spoke up several. A single drawling voice, easily recognized as Al Burr's, disengaged itself from the medley of salutations: "What's an old married man like you doin' round

here?" There followed a mighty laughter and a slapping of thighs. The husband of Madge flushed. These raw lads simply would not take his marriage seriously. He was vaguely aware of something ulterior, sinister, in this unrestrained levity. His mood changed instantly. He made no reply but got down from the sleigh and began unhitching his team. Al Burr opened his mouth to say more. He felt a touch at his elbow. Gene Palmer, a queer look in his eye,—a hidden, steady spark far back in it,—was gazing at him fixedly.

"Better not, Al," said Gene.

Adam's mood did not improve when at last the men appeared in the ball room. His surly expression seemed to cast a spell over his companions who now stood shuffling uneasily in the corner nearest the entrance. Even when the orchestra struck up the first number, no one dared open the dancing. A painful shyness, to be more than offset by wild hilarity during the later part of the evening, constrained these youths so eager for play.

They wore the ready-made splendor of the period, ill-fitting pepper and salt sack-suits; made-up cravats encircling excruciatingly high collars, "city laundered" at Dubuque so that they shone like porcelain; shoes of the toothpick style that pinched their feet and squeaked portentously.

Ranged along the sides of the room, the expectant though outwardly indifferent girls, arrayed in gay gowns having gigantic leg-omutton sleeves, and with their hair erected in "bangs" just above their foreheads, awaited developments. A painful silence was growing into an agony, when a small trap-door in the center of the ceiling was slowly thrust to one side and there appeared to view, first, the attenuated patent-leather shoes, then the nether limbs, and finally the entire the amiable Al Burr. Relinquishing his hold on the edge of the man-hole, he dropped easily to the floor, and thus stood, smoothing his carefully roached hair. At last he stooped to dust his trousers.

Boisterous laughter convulsed the company. It subsided when Al held up his hand.

"Ladies and gents," he an-



nounced soberly, with so many jammed into the doorway, it was necessary for me to make my entrance through the cupola."

"D--- fool," muttered Adam from the rear.

"Now what'll it be?" Al continued. Then, without waiting for a reply, he commanded, "Get your partners for a quadrille." He waved his hand and the orchestra struck up as if impatient for action.

Sampson George, hands in pockets, looked on and smiled.

About midnight, untoward features of the evening's hilarity began to develop. At intervals young men disappeared for a short time to return with increased excitement and boisterousness to the scene of festivity. A faint odor of whiskey and brandy pervaded the increasingly stifling air. An expression of deep concern appeared on the faces of several of the girls.

It neared midnight. Gene stepped out of doors for a look around. The moon was veiled in a fleece of rapidly moving clouds. The open fields glistened in the pale rays. Faint winds rattled the bare branches of the willows. Turning at a corner of the barn Gene found Adam in the act of resuscitating himself from a large, flat, oval whiskey flask. Lowering the flask, Adam continued a remark he had apparently begun before refreshment came.

"... and I'll git him yet," he was saying. Adam stamped in the snow, hiccupped and stamped again. "Now you watch me," he proceeded. "He's be'n too fresh all the evenin'."

Gene joined the group silently. He was surprised to observe that Al Burr, though perfectly sober, was one of the group. Now he had supposed that Al was Adam's intended victim, and it was to Al that these threats were spoken. Complete amity appeared to exist between the two. But who might it be now who had aroused Adam's wrath? Immediately he thought of Madge and Phil. He turned back to the house in some anxiety.

Standing on the threshold of the now animated ball room, he looked down the floor. A waltz was in progress, the strains of Strauss' "Blue Danube" flooding the atmosphere with a throbbing melancholy of delight. All evening he had expected some demonstration,—hidden or overt—which would give him some hint as to how matters stood with Phil O'Hara and Adam

Brock's wife, about whom some talk was circulating. Not a sign of self-consciousness, not the least indication of intimacy, by word or glance, had so far been observable.

But now, though Madge was dancing with a stranger, he saw, or thought he saw, a quick, electric interchange of glances between Phil and the girl. So evanescent, so slight was the fleeting expression on each almost immobile face that he stood to watch still more.

The girl was clad in a pink cotton gown of some downy material that billowed about her like foam. Out of this rose her small, exquisitely developed neck and shoulders. Her hair was done high on her head, the inevitable "bangs" giving a certain arch youthfulness to her otherwise rather precocious bearing. Her arms, bare, full-rounded, supple, shone warm with the flush of her hot young blood. Her feet, small, and light, moved with fascinating grace to the rhythm of the waltz. Her partner, a stranger, with a bearing that left no doubt as to his cosmopolitan background, swayed like a young Apollo to the dance. It was Stewart Cook. They moved as one. It dawned on Gene that he had seen this elegant outsider dancing a good deal already with Adam's wife.

There was a stir in the doorway as the waltz ceased and the hand-clapping subsided. Adam's flushed face presented itself. The stranger, having bowed Madge to a seat, now turned toward the door. Adam caught his eye, and beckoned with an unsteady forefinger. Mystified, the stranger passed outside in Adam's wake, Gene silently following close behind. At a corner of the barn, Adam suddenly turned and confronted the stranger from Manchester.

"You d--- dog!" he said hoarsely, and smote the city man in the face. Stewart Cook, maddened by the stinging blow and half blinded by the blood that flowed from a ragged gash in his brow, reached out desperately, and catching Adam beneath the jaw, lifted him from his feet and sent him sprawling into a snow-drift. Adam moaned faintly and lay still.

Cook was confusedly staunching the blood that flowed profusely over his cheek. Gene took his handkerchief and bound it tightly about the man's forehead.

"If you'll let me get your coat and cap so's not to attract no attention, I think you'd best be going," he said coolly.

Cook assented in a dazed sort of way, described his belongings and stumbled toward the stables for his horse and cutter.

Meantime, Adam, revived by the cold snowdrift into which he had fallen, sat up and looked around. He tried to rise but sank back with a curse, pressing his hand to his chest. Something was very much out of place on his insides. He began to crawl miserably toward the house, when Al Burr intercepted him, and helped him get started for home.

Gene now returned to the house where the music and dancing went on with unabated energy. It was one o'clock. He found Madge fanning herself and panting with excitement and exertion.

"Gene!" she exclaimed. "You look like a rain-cloud. Isn't it simply grand?" And she gazed about her on a triumphant evening. "I simply couldn't dance this out, I'm that beat," she said, half to him and half to her partner—Phil. Again Gene caught that flash, imperceptible almost, but full of meaning.

"Adam's gone home," said Gene.

"Why?" demanded the girl in sudden ill humor.

"He fell and hurt himself."

She was silent a moment. "He's drunk," she broke out at last.

"I'd best take you home," suggested Gene.

"No, thank you," responded Madge with a hauteur utterly without reason. "I have an escort." And she turned her back on Gene, who presently took leave of his host and went his way. Far down the snowy highway he could hear the plaintive notes of the German orchestra from Dubuque, and the thud of the bass drum at regular intervals. He was glad for two reasons that Julia had rejected his invitation to come with him to Sampson George's party: She had not been forced to bear the sight of Adam's unhappy departure, and she had not been burdened with further anxiety as to Madge.

MADGE'S "escort" was Phil. The boy was rapidly slipping, in spite of his fight against it, into a condition of mad infatuation with the vivacious wife of Adam Brock. Tonight her subtle magnetism had completely undone him. After the departure of Gene and

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# The Slacker

By "NAGEL"

**T**WENTY-FOUR years of age, six feet one inch in height, broad shouldered and erect, I prided myself to be as fine a specimen of young physical manhood as there was in the land. Yet I was to learn that this very source of joy was to be the perpetrator of alarm, a change to be brought about by men I had never known or seen—men reaching out across the sea and unreasonably disturbing the quiet of my peaceful life. They seemed, to me, determined to engulf me in a maelstrom of blood and strife; because I was young and vigorous they were going to force me to take up weapons of war and destroy my fellow men, and, in the end, by them be myself destroyed.

And this physique which was my pride, my vanity, frightened me. If I could wreck my health—put myself on the invalid list. If only I might receive a permanent injury, even the loss of an eye, or a crippled arm or leg!

I had never felt—I could enjoy the cares and worries of a family man, but in the state of mind I was now in, a wife and three or four small children, entirely dependent upon me for support, would have been hailed with joy.

It was impossible for me to procure the much desired family within a few months; to deliberately maim or cripple myself seemed out of the question, and all my efforts to undermine my health were of no avail, I remained in perfect health, whole in body and limb, and worried in mind.

"What was it all about? If people of the other countries desired to fight and destroy one another let them do so. If they wanted to make a horrible mess of things generally, that was their business, not mine!" There was no reason, so far as I could see, why I should be called upon to assist them. Had I not matters of more importance to look after? Thus I reasoned, and the more I thought about the matter the more firm I became in my resolve not to get into the mixup, or have anything whatsoever to do with it.

The struggle raging in Europe gave me little concern until the United States became involved, and even then I was not interested to any great extent. There came talk

of conscription! When it was announced that those within a certain age,—an age that included me, were required to register for conscription, I at once became wildly concerned and commenced to look about for means of avoiding the coming draft. Then it was that my fine physical condition gave me cause for worry.

I could see myself forced to march, dig trenches, do guard duty and fight. In my imagination I could hear the booming of cannons, the bursting of shells and all the noise and turmoil of battle, and finally I worked myself into that state of mind where it appeared to me that the nations of the earth were joined together against me, and that the United States was the leader in the outrageous combination.

I read all the newspapers published, with gloomy forebodings, and much the same interest as a man under sentence of death reads the detailed account of an execution similar to the one in which he expects to act a prominent part. The descriptions and pictures of battles were particularly fascinating, but a fantastic, horrible fascination, that caused me nerve racking dreams and many times kept me awake nights—a senseless strife; a sort of free-for-all fight, into which one nation after another rushed without any special aim or purpose,—a war in which a few leaders on each side were determined to gain the supremacy regardless of the cost in lives and property.

Then came the conclusion that the Kaiser and his Prussian War Lords were to blame for the whole disturbance, and followed the idea that they should be destroyed. The whole German people were to blame for being so simple as to allow themselves to become so deeply involved in a struggle that could not possibly be of any benefit to them, and, in the end, would result in leaving those that survived cripples and paupers. Why had they become obsessed with the idea that they were a superior race and were entitled to govern the whole world? With such reasoning it did not occur to me that I was in any way interested in the struggle, nor that there was any reason why I

should be called upon to take part in it.

I was for peace, and therefore should have peace, and those who were for war, should have war. That was my motto and upon it I intended to stand. And with that object in view I commenced to evolve a plan by which I could escape the coming draft.

If I registered I would be drawn, called for physical examination. I would be accepted, then I would become a target for German bullets. When my mind dwelt upon that probability cold chills coursed along my spine and a clammy moisture dampened my brow.

As a boy, youth, and man, I was quiet and peace loving. I never felt the sensation of the thrill of battle surging through my brain and extending along every nerve throughout my whole system. I neither had the inclination, nor the courage, to be a soldier and I was determined that I would not be one.

I did not respond to the call for registration. I figured if the government ever came into possession of my name and address I would be a marked man. I determined they should not mark me.

The year before, while on an extended fishing trip. I ran onto a deserted prospector's cabin near the river, a cabin away from the haunts of man in a wild timbered country. I realized that, as a "slacker," if I were caught I would be harshly dealt with and that it was necessary to act with caution. Therefore, sometime before the date fixed for registration I announced that I had accepted a position in a distant city. In this way, I reasoned, my failure to register where I was known would be accounted for.

**S**O I packed my effects, bid my friends good-bye, and departed, presumably to assume the duties of my new position. Yes, I felt quite proud of myself—shrewd enough to thwart the purpose of Uncle Sam. From my viewpoint the life of a hermit was more desirable than digging trenches and being shot by German soldiers. The thought that I owed any duty to my country, or to humanity never entered my head. It never occurred to me that there were millions fighting and risking their lives for



me, and for the peace and happiness of all mankind in the years to come. My manhood was dead. For peace I was willing to sacrifice peace,—the freedom, tranquility and happiness of man for all time. I was willing that others should struggle and fight, suffer and die that I might live.

It was not, perhaps, as much selfishness on my part as thoughtlessness, or inconsiderateness of the real conditions. I had always accepted the privileges accorded to me as a citizen as a matter of course, without it ever occurring to me that citizenship called for responsibilities also. If I considered the subject of patriotism at all, I thought of it as a something proclaimed by Fourth of July orators, and office seekers, in order to round out their oratorical periods and procure responsive applause from their audiences, but not as anything actually considered by any one. The idea of giving one's life to his country seemed ridiculous and sheer nonsense. Life, to me, was everything, and all else was of secondary importance. Life was sweet, and why should I be called upon to place myself in danger of losing it? And if I were not killed, the chances were that I would be injured and permanently crippled, and thereby all of the joy of living would be taken away.

Thus I thought and reasoned; and the longer I pondered the matter the more firmly did I make up my mind that I would not take any chances of either losing my life or becoming permanently disabled.

I consulted no one. I dared not. The fact that I did not dare to let my plans be known to any one should have caused me to hesitate; but my mind was bent on avoiding the draft, and I gave no consideration to anything else.

I had never been considered a coward, probably because during my quiet and peaceful life, there had never been an opportunity to test that feature of my make-up. I was not inclined to be a recluse, and did not look forward to my voluntary seclusion with any sense of pleasure, but rather with a feeling of repulsion,—preferring it, however, to a military life.

Among my possessions that I concluded to take with me was a dog—a common everyday dog; a bright, lovable creature and a pet that I was very much attached to. I felt that this animal would serve

me as a companion and help to break the monotony of a life of solitude and idleness.

In leaving town I went not to the city I had announced to my friends, but to a village on the river some forty miles below the cabin I intended to occupy. My plans were carefully thought out and I was no longer Burton Newell, but John Patrick; a prospector bound for the hills and in need of a boat and supplies. These I was able to purchase without loss of time and soon I and my companion were on our journey up the river.

The trip was a tedious one, requiring a continuous pull at the oars, to propel the loaded boat against the stream, and required several days of exhausting labor for me to reach my destination. But when I was once established in my chosen abode I felt secure, and congratulated myself upon my shrewdness in escaping from the dangerous occupation of a soldier.

Fish and game were plentiful, and when taken together with the supplies I had brought with me, I had no difficulty in keeping my larder supplied. But nevertheless, with only my dog for a companion, and not being used to a life of solitude, time dragged, and I longed for the society of my fellow-men.

For nearly four months I lived

## AMERICA

By Caryl De Voe

God huilt Him a land of endeavor,  
For those who were rugged and hold;  
He traced it with rivers and mountains,  
And filled it with treasures untold;  
Its carpet of green, soft and glowing,  
Held riches heneath in the soil;  
Below, in the rocky recesses,  
All metals awaited man's toil.

Gleaming fountains were ready with power,  
Many thousands of wheels to turn;  
Shadowed forests gave beauty and shelter  
To flower and ivy and fern;  
And above in the tree-tops were songsters,  
The rivals of clear flowing streams  
That murmured and sang to the breezes,  
And rippled and caught the sun's beams.

The Creator then called to His children,  
And summoned the bravest and best;  
They came from all shores, seeking homeland,  
Each hearing a gift in his quest;  
In their eyes was the light of adventure,  
In their hope was the peace of the dove;  
And out of the earth and their labor,  
God fashioned a nation of love.

in seclusion without meeting anyone, and the summer was drawing to a close,—a summer that had been hot and dry. For over three months there had been no rain and the forest had simmered in dry, hot air until there was no moisture left. Even the moss in the dense thickets, where the sun hardly penetrated, was dry and crisp; and a smoky haze settled over the river and forest through which the sun appeared like a glowing ball of fire. There was a gloomy silence in the forest about me that gave me a strange feeling of uneasiness and depression. The birds gave forth no song, and the squirrels and other animals of the forest were quiet and rarely seen. It was almost as though I were living in a dead world.

I WATCHED with interest, this smoky condition of the atmosphere, a feeling of gloom and loneliness settling upon me. The smoke gradually became more dense from day to day, until one day it suddenly commenced to increase in density and toward noon the sun was almost obscured: And up the river toward the north there was a glow that I had not seen before,—a condition that added a new interest to the situation.

There was an old unused trail leading away from the river and up over a small mountain, a little over a mile distant, and so interested did I become that I decided to follow this trail up to the crest of the mountain and from there determine if I could, the cause of the increasing luminosity up the river.

Usually my dog accompanied me on my short excursions through the forests; but for some reason he would not leave the cabin, and finally becoming vexed at the obstinacy of the brute I closed the door and started up the trail without him.

For some distance back from the river the country, through which the trail ran, was level and covered with a growth of timber, which continued up the side of the mountain, until the trail led out onto an open rocky ridge near the summit. I found the forest dark, weird and silent, and in the uncanny light the trees appeared like tall spectral giants with their heads hidden in the darksome pall that had settled over the forest. It was so dark that it was difficult for me to follow the dim trail, and I could hardly believe



that the hour was near to midday. The air was dry, thick and sultry, producing a feeling of suffocation and depression. I felt that I was being engulfed in a gloomy cavern, and had not proceeded far before I was inclined to return to the cabin. But the thought of the glow to the north made me uneasy, and I decided that I must investigate and if possible, ascertain what it was,—so continued on.

As I ascended the mountain side I could see a redness in the northern sky and there was a hot stifling breeze coming from this direction, laden with the smell of burning wood; and I also noticed that instead of the dead silence that had reigned in the forest below, there came to my ears a strange hissing, crackling sound, mingled with dull boomings, like the faint explosions from distant cannons. All of which made me the more anxious to reach the rocky ridge above, from which I knew I would have a view up the valley for several miles.

Rabbits and other small animals frequently crossed my path, and the grouse and other birds were on the wing more than usual, and as I proceeded up the trail toward the

summit they became more plentiful; all going in the same direction. They paid no attention to my presence, but hurried on as if in flight from an impending danger. This evident fear of theirs caused me also to become alarmed, and, although the side of the mountain was quite precipitous I hastened my steps and at last breathless and perspiring, I came out of the timber onto the open ridge.

One glance up the valley was sufficient to discover the cause of the pall of smoke, and the glow that had excited my curiosity. I looked down on a seething mass of flames that extended up the valley to a smoky mass of black, charred stumps and trunks of trees. The fire was sweeping down the valley before a wind of its own creation, leaping and flashing from tree to tree top, and with it those giants of the forest swayed and bent as they became a pillar of raging fire; then falling in a tangled pile they continued to burn and crumple with a fierce red heat.

For a time I stood there fascinated by the sight. In my excited imagination it seemed to me that the forest below was being de-

stroyed by a double phalanx of fiery, flaming monsters; one pulling down, and slaying the monarchs of the forest, and the other following after and devouring the slain.

Thinking of myself I saw that I was not in any danger, as the fire was following the valley; and even though it should come up the mountain side, I was in an extensive rocky, barren clearing that furnished nothing for the flames to consume. But I could see that the cabin was in the track of the war-ing, devouring flames and was certain to be destroyed. Then I thought of my dog,—my pet and companion,—that would suffer a horrible death with its destruction, and there was no way by which he could escape.

For a full moment I stood with my eyes riveted on the burning forest beneath me, and carefully noted the progress of the advancing flames. Then I fixed the location of the cabin and the course of the trail that led to it the best I could. For a moment my face blanched, I set my jaw, and tightened my lips. Then I started

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## The Falling Stars--An Indian Legend

By JEAN ROSS

Gray Wolf, the chief of mountains,  
Raised high his haughty head,  
"Our enemies are vanquished,  
Have perished, or have fled.

"They died before our arrows,  
They fled before our lance,  
To celebrate our triumph  
We'll make a feast and dance."

The tribesmen all applauded,  
The feast was quickly spread,  
With tale and song of battle,  
The fleeting moments fled.

Then rose that haughty chieftain—  
Like eagle was his glance—  
"For braves like us unfitting  
Will be this tribal dance.

"Ye all are mighty warriors,  
And I a chief of name,  
Our triumph should be worthy  
Of our enduring fame.

"I'll climb the lofty mountain,  
That towers in heaven far,  
To share my dance of triumph  
Invite the evening star."

Loud shouted all the warriors,  
"We too will climb the sky,  
And ask the gleaming star-maid  
To dance, as they pass by."

Upon the peak the chieftain  
Stood calm and unafraid,  
And from the star of evening,  
Leaned forth a shining maid.

Bright tresses clothed her forehead,  
A twinkle lit her eye,—  
"O come with me, sweet maiden,  
And dance across the sky."

She smiled, as though approving  
The haughty, bold demand,  
And bending low above him,  
She caught him by the hand.

Likewise each passing star-maid  
In turn stretched forth her hand,  
Till circled through the heavens  
Gray Wolf and all his band.

Ah! ne'er was seen such dancing,  
Among the worlds afar,  
As down the west went whirling  
The chief and Evening Star.

To him the gleaming star-maid  
Gave of her lustre bright,  
Till like twin orbs together  
They danced across the night.

Behind in mad procession,  
Came brave and maiden gay,—  
But soon the warriors wearied,—  
Too long for them the way.

The pathway of the heavens  
Is not for earthly man,  
For any save immortals,  
Too great that mighty span.

A warrior lost his handhold,  
As arrow leaves the bow  
He fell. "A star is falling,"  
Cried men who watched below.

Another, then another,  
Plunged down in gleaming flight,  
Amid the lake's deep waters  
Was quenched their starry light.

"It is not meet that ever,  
Mere mortals in their pride,  
Should dance with stars immortal,"—  
'Twas thus the old men cried.

But when at night the waters  
Lie peaceful, calm, and still,  
Reflecting in their bosoms  
The forest and the hill,

Within those quiet waters  
Bright torchlights you may spy,  
The ghost of chief and warriors,  
Who danced across the sky.

And when the meteor falling  
The redman sees afar,  
He says, "Some haughty boaster  
Would dance with Evening Star."



# A Home in the Desert

## CHAPTER VIII

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

ALL too swiftly the vacation days swept by, and school was once more upon us. The three months of freedom were pitifully short, when compared with the nine long months of confinement. How ardently we wished that it was the other way about!

The pony quite agreed with us in this. He much preferred the pasture, with an occasional jaunt to town, to the ten trips a week that school required of him. We filled a sack with hay, and tied it on the back of the cart, to feed during the day, and left him in a convenient barn.

One September evening, as we were returning home, we saw a man, with a pail of paste beside him, working at a huge billboard. The pony, glad of an excuse to stop, halted of his own accord. We all watched eagerly as the man skillfully pasted on the board the bills for the Ringling Brothers' Circus. They were vivid and glorious pictures of wonders to come.

Thrilled to the depths of our being we hastened home to tell mother about it. Ella and I had seen a circus several times before, as had also the boys, but our twins had never experienced this rare and delicious joy.

They were five years old, it was high time their education should commence. We told mother we thought they should go, even if none of the rest of us attended. This sudden unselfishness on our part touched her deeply, and that evening she told father about it, where we could hear her.

He, too, was surprised and touched at the tender consideration shown by his offspring—inherited doubtless from him—and declared in a ringing tone:

"They shall all go, every last one, and stay to the concert, and have twenty-five cents each for spending money."

We marvelled and rejoiced over this statement, no bribe concerning our being good, no strings attached in anyway to his generous declaration. It filled us with a passionate sense of gratitude, and we said from now on we'd be the best set of children that ever lived.

The sense of being so thoroughly trusted acted like magic on our turbulent spirits. For the two weeks

preceeding the circus we were models of perfect deportment.

Father remarked to mother the night before the eventful day, that it was, of course, too good to last, and he certainly wished that circus date was another month away. He added with a sigh that he dreaded the outbreak that must follow such unnatural goodness. Mother replied hopefully:

"It may not amount to much. They grow better every day." Father shook his head: "Action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction!"

Circus morn dawned clear and bright. The boys rose long before the sun was up, and walked to town to watch the circus unload.

We picked them up when we drove in to see the parade, and brought them home with us. They had wonderful tales to relate. They had carried water to the elephant, earning thereby ten cents each. A strange animal had butted Guy from off a wagon tongue, where he stood watching the confusion of men and cages.

As nearly as we could decide from the description he gave, it must have been a yak. We looked at him with new respect, he had, indeed, been highly honored that such an animal should deign to notice him in any way.

Dinner was consumed in a whirl of excitement. Shortly we were riding swiftly down the dusty road, toward the big white-top.

Father purchased the tickets and led the way in, while mother brought up the rear. A man took the tickets, counted up to eight, and said:

"Where's the rest of the folks? This can't be all the family?"

"We're young yet, and just started," Father responded, "give us time." We children giggled at father's wit, mother frowned—such subjects should not be treated with levity—the ticket man laughed loudly and said:

"Step lively there, kids. There's other folks want to see the circus, too."

Joy! inside at last! and the afternoon was yet young.

The boys immediately slipped

away to join their gang that they spied in the distance. Mother took one twin firmly by the hand, father the other, and Ella and I walked closely behind. We were off for a round of the cages. We gave the animals a careful inspection that our parents conscientiously endeavored to make instructive.

We heard but vaguely the words they spoke for our minds were centered on the main tent, where the band was playing madly, and the seats filling rapidly. The burning question was: Where can we sit and see it all? There were two big rings and three platforms.

We pulled at father and mother impatiently, and presently we found seats where one ring could be watched with ease, and a broad platform where even now two jugglers were tossing knives and balls into the air in great profusion, and catching them with skill and dexterity.

There was the usual lost country woman, running up to each group entering with the plaintive, "Hy-rum, Hy-rum, has any one seen Hy-rum?"

It didn't fool us a bit when she caught hold of father's arm. We knew it was just a part of the show.

The gorgeous parade was over at last and we were off on the real program of the day.

A man came by selling lemonade and peanuts. We told father we were awfully thirsty. He beckoned, pink lemonade was hastily poured down our parched throats, and the peanut shelling began.

Father gave the man a ten dollar bill and waited for his change.

The man counted out change for five dollars and stepped hastily away.

Father rose to his feet, his blue eyes flashing with anger.

"Give me the correct change for that bill, you sneaking thief," he demanded. "That's an old trick but it won't go with me."

The man protested vehemently that a five dollar bill had been given him. Raising his voice he called father a cheap skate to make such a fuss.

Mother pulled at father in much distress "let it go," she urged, it isn't worth making a scene."

"Not the five dollars, no,"



father's voice rang clear as a bell. "It's the principle of the thing. I'll not condone a thief if it breaks up the whole show."

He took a step toward the man, who stood defiantly at bay, sullen and angry. He placed his tray on the ground, and beckoned to his friends for aid, a group of circus hands a short distance away.

Two men rose to father's side.

"We'll see you through, doc," they said. "If you say it was a ten dollar bill that settles it. Your word is as good as a United States bond. We'll make this cur give you the correct change or we'll tear him limb from limb."

The man handed father five dollars with a low, muttered curse, and lifting his tray from the ground went quickly to the far side of the tent.

The two men sat down by father, who lifted little sister on his knee.

My heart was beating in my throat so that it almost seemed to suffocate me. I looked at father in a storm of tenderness and pride.

How fearless he was to dare to brave the thief and demand his just due! I was grateful to these friends who had risen to his side saying; "Your word is as good as a United States bond." They knew my father was honest, everybody knew it, he was respected far and wide.

One of the men put his hand on father's shoulder saying:

"If you don't leave your children anything else, doc, they'll have the heritage of a name that stands for unswerving honesty. They can't realize it yet, of course"—he smiled down into my eager, uplifted face—"but some day it will be more precious in their eyes than all the coin of the realm."

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," father quoted gravely.

"Right-o," responded the man cheerily. "Corking good show, isn't it? Watch that acrobat! By Jove, he's a wonder!"

Our attention returned to the ring and the incident was apparently forgotten. But when I closed my eyes for a moment I saw it, as vivid as the reality. I was proud of my father once again in a new way.

For days after the big show was over we children practiced circus stunts. We put up a rope which I earnestly endeavored to trip lightly along as had the fairy-like creature in the White-top.

The rope was only a few feet above the ground, which we had padded with straw, so my innumerable tumbles did nothing more than bruise my body, and skin my nose.

Mother said that portion of my anatomy always seemed to bear the brunt of my tumbles from childhood up. There had been weeks at a time when she could not take me out without a skinned nose.

Ella practiced bareback riding, and really did get to a point where she could keep her balance standing up, if the horse kept a slow and even pace.

The boys rode the calves, introducing a Wild West scene of realistic proportions.

Mother fretted and worried for fear we would all break our necks. Eventually she requested father to forbid these efforts to become circus performers.

He laughed and said:

"Let them alone. They'll soon forget and turn to something else. It may not be any safer than the present craze. Broken bones will mend easily at their age if an accident does happen."

Fred finally did break a collar bone riding calves, and this sobered us. For weeks he wore the arm in a sling. Acute punishment for an active boy. We became more careful for a time.

Our circus ambitions ended with



A bit of flashing water where trout lie hidden—the angler's paradise

a grand entertainment in which all our friends took part, either as members of the audience, or as the performers. The admission was ten pins, and it was cheap indeed, for the show lasted as long as the audience could be persuaded to remain.

The performers never grew weary, and continued their exertions while even a scant half dozen remained to cheer their efforts.

My interest in a circus vanished when I saw my first play from the pen of the great Shakespeare. It was "Romeo and Juliet." The troupe was an excellent one, coming to Greeley at a special request from the townspeople.

I fell madly, wildly in love with Romeo, and dreamed of him for many weeks. He was my secret idol. Compared with his grace and beauty the boys of the home town were commonplace creatures, worthy of little thought.

I decided that I would be an actress instead of a cattle queen, and wove innumerable stories in which I was the acclaimed favorite of crowds who came nightly to see me. I married Romeo, of course, early in my career, and he was my leading man.

The world of romance opened wide its arms and took me in.

How wonderful it was just to be alive!

## CHAPTER IX

SOME eighty miles or so to the east of us lay a wide stretch of country referred to by the irrigated section as, "The Dry Lands," or "The Rain-belt." The farmers living there depended entirely upon rain for moisture, practising what was called the Campbell system of dry farming.

The seasons seemed to come in cycles, perhaps five years of dry summers, followed by a number of seasons with plenty of rain. During the years when there was sufficient moisture, grain crops grew in golden splendor, small towns sprang up almost overnight, and farmers and busy merchants smiled happily.

But when the dry cycle of seasons came again, after one or two partial, or complete crop failures, the land was deserted. Several of the

(Continued on Page 249)



# The Early Oregon Pioneers

By NELLIE BRANARD PARKER

WHEN President Harding arose and stood in respectful silence as Mrs. Lennox White, the only known living member of the first wagon train into the Northwest in 1843, advanced slowly to the front of the speaker's platform, he struck the keynote of the whole pageant on 'Top o' Blue Mountains, Oregon, July 3rd, 1923.

This mammoth outdoor celebration was for the purpose of paying homage to the memory of the brave pioneers who secured the Oregon country for the United States by right of settlement.

This pageant, staged where the pioneers crossed the last great range of mountains that separated them from the land of their desires, was no mere celebration for amusement; no spectacular pageant for commercial gain. It was for the purpose of dedicating the Old Oregon Trail highway to the memory of those who traveled that long, unmarked way to the land of their dreams; those who braved unknown dangers and hardships in the hope of carving out a home and perhaps a fortune, in this new and terribly beautiful, wild country.

The pageant, into which President Harding and Mrs. Harding entered with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, revived pioneer history. From sheltered chimney corners have been coaxed the few remaining survivors of early days. In quavering tones they are telling the present generation of the romances long forgotten; of the tragedies they never can forget; and of the hopes and disappointments of that heart breaking but fruitful journey in 1852-53, when 300,000 men, women and children swept across the country seeking the Promised Land. While there is but one known survivor of the 1843 train, there are several of later periods.

Briefly, for the benefit of those who are hurrying through life with but scant heed to the past, it might be well to outline a little of Oregon's early history when it was a land occupied by the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company, who discouraged all settlement of the country, preferring to keep it in the wild state that sheltered the fur-bearing animal that enriched their coffers.

Other companies invaded the field, the expedition lead by Wilson Price

Hunt in 1810-11-12 being the most tragic. It was this brave little band who blazed the first trail from Fort Hall (near what is now Pocatello, Idaho) to the sea, over which the immigration train of 1843 later brought in the first wagons.

There has always been doubt of the origin of the name Oregon and one version of it was supplied by



*An Occasional Settlement During the First Part of the Journey Along the Old Oregon Trail.*

Dunham Wright, an old pioneer and a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln. His story is that two men were trying to cross the Columbia river and were experiencing difficulty in handling their bateau. Matters grew worse and the boat was swinging around when the man in front called back and asked why the other was allowing it to do that. His answer was "Oar gone." The story is new to many and has a plausible sound.

To those interested in its religious development, the story of why the brilliant and lovable Dr. Marcus Whitman took his charming young bride, and with Rev. and Mrs. Spaulding, established missions in Oregon, is one of touching and heart-stirring significance. In 1831 four Flathead Indians went to St. Louis in search of "The Book of Heaven," about which they had heard from some of the few white men of the country. Two of them died on the way while the remaining two had to return without a missionary but in response to this dramatic appeal, Jason and Daniel

Lee went to the Oregon Country in 1834 to bring the white man's religion to the redskin. In 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman followed, his wife and Mrs. Spaulding being the first white women into that country, making the latter part of the journey on horseback. In November, 1847, the Doctor and his brave wife, with 12 others, were massacred by the Indians. But before his death he had helped pilot the first wagon train into the Oregon Country in 1843. Two years later the largest migration known to history took place, when the advancing army of ox teams and covered wagons swept across the country in a procession said to be 500 miles long and several wagons in width. Ox teams and prairie schooners predominated although other vehicles and horses and mules were used and even cows were used to pull the load when the oxen gave out. Mixed teams of horses, cows, mules and oxen were common with the band. One of the greatest tragedies of the trip was the suffering of those poor brutes, straining and pulling cumbersome wagons across mountains, choking with dust; swimming turbulent streams; famishing for water. When with blood shot eyes and lolling tongues, they could no longer respond to the sting of the lash, they were mercifully shot, their flesh being eaten by the half starved people and their hides used to repair parts of the equipment.

The more prosperous of the party had as many as eight oxen to a wagon. One of the pioneers glibly rattled off the names of his father's team, taking a keen satisfaction in his memory as he called out the following in a sing song manner:

Housier Bright; Hawk-eye Spot.  
Fool Black; Billy Hall.  
Rock Wright; Patty McClung.  
Pony Buck and Bravy!

Every name with a reason for it and a fond memory clinging to each as he thought of the plodding faithfulness of these weary brutes.

In "The Covered Wagon," that wonderful moving picture of pioneer days, is shown the method of concealing from the ruthless Indians the presence of a grave by driving a covered wagon over a new grave. One thinks in shuddering silence of the feelings of the mourn-



ers as this procession passed over their loved ones. It is estimated that 5000 died of cholera alone in 1852. Mr. Ezra Meeker, a pioneer of 1852, tells of meeting nine wagons going back east driven by women whose husbands had died with the dread disease. A story of the death of her father, as told by a white-haired gentlewoman, will linger long in the memory of those who listened. Her father was captain of his division and well supplied with provisions for the trip, including medicines. But some of the poorer or more irresponsible ones came without, and when cholera broke out they appealed to him for medicine. His supply soon dwindled to enough for only one person. That finally was asked for to save a little child. His wife remonstrated gently, saying: "But what about us? What if we are stricken?" With the calm of unfaltering right he replied: "Would you have me withhold life from a dying child, wife?" As the narrator came to this part of her story she paused and looked off across the vast country before her. The listeners awaited with bated breath the end of her story which she gave in a sweet hushed tone: "So when father contracted the disease there

was no medicine to save him." It was a tragic moment in the recital.

In this day when expectant mothers look forward to "Twilight Sleep," maternity hospitals, studied diets and incubators, one listened in wonderment to the story of a mother who started on that long trip with a 3½-pound baby of pre-mature birth, a wee mite of six weeks. She was unable to give it the proper nourishment as Nature had intended, nor was cow's milk available all the time, and to a large extent the baby was fed on coffee and taken care of by a twelve year old girl, the mother being too ill to do it. When the baby became bilious from the coffee diet, it was given calomel. And today that wee little girl is a large healthy woman! But the little mother died shortly after arriving in Oregon.

But pioneer life was not all tragedies as was attested when the daughter of a pioneer rode in the parade in a Concord coach which was used in 1868 and in which her father proposed to her mother.

Another visitor told how her mother used to scrub a drop leaf in their wagon that was used as a table, and to scour the pans and kettles at every stop they made where there was water, striving to keep

ahead of the dust and dirt that was maddening to a good housewife.

The old Oregon Trail was born out of the travail of thousands of pioneers who left civilization with its comforts to hew out an ox-trodden trail into the unknown country of the northwest. For years their pluck and bravery has gone unsung, known only to a comparative few. At last recognition is theirs through the dedication to their memory of the Oregon state highway.

The speech of President Harding, the unveiling of the monument, the frontier town erected on the top of the mountains 25 miles from a sizable town; the realistic parade and the Indian village; all were impressive, wonderful and entertaining. But it was the little stories of the pioneers present, scraps torn from the old books of life that had lain in the closed closet of memory for years, that tugged at the heart strings and will remain in the thoughts of the people, long after the picture of the pageant has faded. Great credit is due The Old Oregon Trail Association, which was organized in Baker, Oregon, February 23, 1922, for the purpose of honoring the pioneers of Oregon.



*Through Desert Wastes, Over Mountains, Fording Streams the Weary Travelers  
Plodded On to Their Journey's End.*



# The Regeneration of Denny Lynch

IT was a clear frosty night just before Christmas, in the year 190....—midnight between retreat roll-call and taps, and in the aristocratic seclusion of a little private "club," just off limits at the old Presidio of ..... A nightly foregathering of the Ancient and Illustrious Order of Amigos was in animated session.

Seated around a circular table covered with green baize, cards, chips, a profusion of "empties" and several "live ones," a little coterie of old soldiers were recounting the days and deeds of the past. The social game had ended with the first notes of tattoo, and as I responded to their calls for "six more, Mac," from time to time their conversation drifted hither and yon, like the gray-blue level of tobacco smoke a foot above their heads, from the old frontier days of the early '80s to the yesterday of the Philippines. They had all seen service, from the legendary epoch of Geronimo and the Kid; and if old Brennan's arm bore more service stripes and chevrons than the others, the difference was hardly clear to the eyes of a rookie like myself, who was content to draw their corks and listen in respectful silence.

As I came in from the back room with the last round, Jack Cahill was speaking in low, earnest tones, while the others smoked the room fair murky.

"—gray in a night, men," I caught, "and this is how it happened."

"We were stationed in the old Walled City then, you'll remember," he began anew, turning to Lyons interrogatively, "scattered all around—in the Cuartel Espana—at the Anda Gate—the Palace—but most of us at the Arsenal and old Fort Santiago.

"It was the night after pay-day, and I was Sergeant of the Guard. The old guardhouse on the hill was full, and men sleeping on the floor. You recall how it stood there, Lally—the old mill, perched high, like a huge godown, on the northwest angle of the fortifications, looking out over the mouth of the river and across the bay—and down, down, a sheer fifty feet, into the slime and jungle of the old moat.

"It was just about this time of

By Henry Walker Noyes —10 pt Ca

night when the patrol brought Lynch in—absent since the day before, and half crazed with bino. His bunkie, little Cookie McGrath, brought his blankets and net, and after giving him a stiff dose of bromide and seeing him turn in, I locked up and went below to the guardroom, thinking no more of the matter.

"No one knew how it happened, nor when, but just before reveille in the morning I found I was one prisoner short, and after calling the roll it was discovered that Lynch was the man. He had disappeared as completely as—as—Brennan's beer over there. No one had a hand on the keys but myself and the Corporal of the Guard, who relieved me at midnight, and he was a squarehead, and no friend of Lynch's; so I reported the matter to the Officer of the Day, who directed a hurried search for the missing man."

Cahill gazed retrospectively at the empty "Pabst" before him, and holding up six fingers, continued:

"Not a bar on any window had been touched—we sounded them all—and the walls were five feet of solid rock on the south side and east end of the prison room; the north side and west end coming flush with the fortress walls flanking the moat, forty feet below.

"After a half hour's useless search, the Officer of the Day gave it up and started for the door, saying something about it's being up to me and Dutch, the Corporal, when all of a sudden I partly recalled those yarns we used to hear from the gu-gu prisoners about the old Spanish donjons built into the walls on the river side of the Fortress, and walled up years ago with the passing of the Inquisition.

"I followed the Lieutenant out just as reveille was sounding, made a formal report, ate a hurried breakfast and was on my way back to the guardhouse when I met Tony, the old native interpreter, running up the incline toward the prison.

"'You lose man?' he asked breathlessly, and I told him just how things stood.

"A quarter of an hour later, after I had turned the prisoners out to work and sent the room-orderly

away on an errand, Tony and I passed through the massive iron-bound doors, locked them behind us to prevent interruption, and stood alone in the grim silence of the old Spanish prison-room—a room whose stone floor and walls, could they speak, would tell of three centuries of such horrors and brutalities as only the Inquisition of the militant Priesthood can boast. 'I'm a good Catholic myself,' said Cahill, as he sat a useless bottle on the table and crossed himself, "but the things I saw in the next two hours —! It was this way:

WE were no more than inside than Tony began to pace evenly from wall to wall, taking rough measurements examining a stone here and pressing one there. Finally he sat down on a bunk, pulled out his watch and glanced at the bars in the east window where a thin ray of sunlight was piercing obliquely and falling like a searchlight on the opposite wall. Five minutes passed, and ten, when suddenly he arose, crossed the room, and pressed on a stone where the beam of sunlight lay—a stone two feet square—and it gave to his touch, grudgingly at first, and then completely, swinging backward as a door swings on its hinges, and leaving a blank, black square through which the ribbon-like sunbeam gleamed for a few feet, only to be lost in the darkness beyond. Then Tony pulled off his coat, snapped a pocket flashlight and crawled into the opening in the wall, with Jack Cahill at his heels.

"Five or six feet from the opening the passage turned abruptly to the right, slanting downward at an angle of about twenty degrees and widening constantly from the turning point until, after progressing perhaps fifty feet, the tunnel emerged into an oblong chamber ten feet wide and twice as long, where the daylight sifted dimly through little portholes in the wall barely three inches square.

"In a moment I was looking through eight or ten feet of solid wall as through a telescope, across and only a few feet above the river level, and into the street leading out past the Custom House on the other bank. I was sure of the location, for I plainly recognized old Daddy Norton 'interviewing' a gu-gu car-gador with his bejuco cane.



"Turning back into the dim twilight of this long forgotten tomb, musty and dank with the odor of ages that clung about it, the truth flashed over me instantly! This was one of the 'flood cells,' and through those little port holes came the waters that brought slow, strangling death to all within. Grouping about, I came to the corner where Tony stood, flashing his electric light on a gruesome sight. Propped up in a sitting posture, and chained to the wall was a headless human skeleton, the skull grinning up at us horribly from between the outstretched limbs where it had fallen. It was ghastly—and we turned away with a shudder at the thought of such a fate.

"At the opposite end of the cell a narrow passage led out, and we kept on—Tony in the lead with his gun, I a close second at his elbow—first upward forty or fifty feet, a turn to the right, another to the left, and then down, down, down until it seemed we must be below the river level, when suddenly the passage opened into an arched chamber where the daylight was dimly diffused as before through a number of little ports built high in the river wall. We paused on the threshold—spellbound!

"The room was perhaps twenty by sixty feet. Water dripped here and there from the arching stone ceiling and trickled down the walls, the floor slanting slightly from each side to the center carrying the flow into the farther gloom where it disappeared in a sewer-like opening in the floor.

"Along the wall to our left were two rows of massive mahogany chairs, a carved crown on either arm, and each headrest a replica of the old Castilian Coat of Arms—a shield, quartered, with Castles, Lions rampant—and over all a musty coating of regal decay.

"In the right center and against the wall was a stone dais, surmounted by a SEAT sculptured out

of pure marble and partly concealed by mouldy, threadbare tapestries hung from above, and between the doorway where we stood and this chair of honor were the horrors—a rack with its wheels and chains—the rigid erect chair of the Garrote with the terrible thumb-screws behind—a standing cross, with a half inch slit through the upright from top to bottom where a man could be bound and sawed in two—a huge iron crucible where those long-handled nippers could be heated white—a dozen devices for slow torture, each more damnable than the other—and—seated on the throne, as immovable as the throne itself, staring horribly with the eyes of a maniac at something the gloom concealed—was Denny Lynch."

Cahill paused, shuddering at the recollection, and took a long pull at his Malt Extract. Every pipe around the table was cold.

"I looked at Tony, who laid a silencing finger on his lips and pointed into the shadows where the subterranean sewer led up from below. At first I could only discern two small spots of greenish light swaying evenly from side to side in the darkness, and then—as my eyes became more accustomed to the dim light—little by little the whole shape took form, hideous and fearsome in its awful reality. Slowly at first and then with growing assurance, the slimy, glistening folds of a huge Python were spewed up foot by foot from the sewer-hole, until twenty feet of the horror stretched in straining curves across the floor, the huge head lifted high and playing to and fro, the baleful, malignant eyes gleaming venomously at a short gun length from Denny's head—and the two of us stood there paralyzed! We couldn't move—we couldn't speak.

"For minutes—hours it seemed—the huge boa strained and struggled to get closer, but to no avail. It must have swallowed something that was too large for the hole. And finally, after it made a last ineffect-

ual effort, and backed slowly out of sight into the blackness of the sewer, I shook off the spell of inaction, drew my revolver and walked slowly toward the dais until I stood facing and within five feet of Lynch. He sat as rigid as stone, staring straight at the black hole; and when I spoke to him and had no answer, I knew he was in some kind of a fit or trance, and beckoned for Tony to come in.

"Together we carried" and dragged him, end and end, like a bag of grain, back up the dark winding passages, where great sanguine-eyed vampires circled about us in the gloom—through the vermin and slime of ages until we reached the 'flood cellar,' where we laid our senseless burden on the floor, to rest ourselves a bit—for Denny was no fairy.

"At the end we came out into the dim daylight of the old prison room and laid him on his bunk inert, still senseless, and so covered with the foulness of the buried donjons as to be almost unrecognizable. And then I brought the Officer of the Day and the Doctor—and Denny was taken to the hospital on a stretcher.

"For weeks he lay on the borderland; but at last the Medicos won out, and Lynch came back to duty—though not the man we knew him before. In that night he had aged years, and his hair was as you see it now, nearly white. But it made another man of him. No one has ever known him to touch anything since; nor is anyone rash enough to suggest such a possibility."

Cahill paused, scanned the desolate array on the table before him, and coughed dryly as his glance wandered interrogatively from face to face. After a moment of silence old Murphy rapped an empty glass on the table, and when I had produced the goods they all raised their glasses, paused a moment till their glances met, and drank in silence—but each one knew the other drank to an absent member—to white-haired Denny Lynch.





# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## TYPES

IF ONE is interested in types of poems, refinement of word and rhyme, beauty of phrasing and dramatic emotion, Oxford Poetry will be his treasure chest, whether it be 1922 or 1924 poetry. Every year the anthology of verse by members of the University of Oxford affords not only a fresh and delightful sheaf of poetry, but also gives the reader opportunity for glimpsing the present and probably the future trend of English poetry. New poets make their debut with rare bits of poetry; such is "This Hour," one of the many shorter poems which appear among the longer ones such as "Lament for Adonis," etc.

### THIS HOUR

This hour I need you, brightest one,  
For spring is on me unaware,  
And floods me with its sudden sun,  
And strikes the hidden passion bare.

Strongest and purest, give me power  
To triumph in this clash of wills;  
Ad me in this predestined hour  
To trample on the thought that kills.

OXFORD POETRY 1924. D.  
Appleton and Co., \$1.00.

## CHRONICLE OF THE SEA

IRWIN ANTHONY has written a history of the sea, a narrative of events connected with real and imaginary things—the stark reality of the sea with ghostly shapes of old shipmen of all ages flitting across the grey background. It is a tale of contrasts gathered from bearded lips and dry, old books, and no formal exposition such as is demanded of a scientific history. Throughout each chapter are to be found paragraphs of rare literary excellence, yes, even entire chapters ring with a vibration of genius. The book is never disappointing and we close it marvelling at the dexterity of Mr. Anthony's pen. It is a book of romance out of plot; it stirs the imagination; it touches the dreaming soul with the beat of the surf. And when we read the last paragraph, ("He will take a primi-

tive skiff, and chanting an old song whose long lost meaning is gone from him, he will put off for the sea rim. The breed of sailor men will begin again, and the tale of those who go down to the sea in ships.") some latent personality will rise up and our throats will become hoarse with a queer choking sensation, and we will know that some time, long past, some one of our ancestors has gone down to the sea in ships!

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, by Irwin Anthony. Penn Publishing Company. (Our copy gives no price.)

## THE CHARM OF OLD ENGLAND

JUST why the entertainments afforded the reader of this charming volume should be limited to Grub Street, we are at a loss to understand. Mr. Squire has collected and published in this book nine stories that he tells us have appeared in The London Mercury, The Century, The Windsor and The Illustrated Review. The editors of these magazines, other than The London Mercury, are thanked, presumably for permission to re-publish in book form some of the stories. They should be thanked. The magazines of original publication do not have the common circulation in this country enjoyed by many American magazines. But few of us would have had the pleasure of reading these delightful samples of Mr. Squire's prose work if these English editors had been less generous. We add our thanks to those given by J. C. S.

Each reader will select one story as outstanding. Personal taste will govern the selection. All readers, however, will find all of the tales to contain many a smile, many a quiet chuckle and many evidences of profound knowledge of the workings of the human heart and head on the part of the author. The Grub Street Nights Entertainments is a

book one will enjoy re-reading. Can more be said?

THE GRUB STREET NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT, by J. C. Squire. George H. Doran Co., \$2.50.

## MEMORIES

A LONG time ago, so long that the name of the story, even the magazine which published it are vague shadows, yet there is a faint recollection that it was Harpers, or Atlantic and the story was of London—fog—a shadow of a girl—a man who followed the girl—it is all very "foggy" now, except that the reader remembers very distinctly the name Algernon Blackwood for she closed the magazine, a bit mystified (she was very young) and she repeated several times, the name of the author and a great desire to know more about this man possessed her—this man whose power of pen, through descriptions awakened latent emotions in her young heart. The reader of that story, and the Review editor are the same, and the reward has come. "Episodes Before Thirty," by Algernon Blackwood is the reward. In it is everything, beauty of description, adventure from England and strict "bringing up" to dairying and saloon keeping, then the island life—and New York. I don't believe there is a better description printed of New York, than Mr. Blackwood's picture from the "old bridge."

This book explains many, many things, not only to the Review editor, but to everyone, of the emotions of youth, the trials, the perseverance, success.

Mr. Blackwood says in one of his chapters: "If any young man learning values wants to know the quickest way to study the seamy side of life, to understand the darkest aspects of human nature, and incidentally, to risk the loss of every illusion he ever had, let him become a reporter on an up-to-date



New York newspaper. Within six months he will be apt to believe that every man has his price; he will become acquainted with vice, crime, horror, terror and every kind of human degradation, theft, murder, arson will seem common places, forgery a very ordinary affair; men and women, it may even seem to him, 'go straight,' not because of any inherent principle of goodness in them, but because that degree of temptation which constitutes their particular 'price' has not yet offered itself."

And there is humor, Kay, his partner in the Hub, desirous of a stage career—Whitey, the reporter—Oh so much is revealed which is humorous, pathetic, in this story of Algernon Blackwood's life before thirty. It gives one a "look in." It is a book among books.

EPISODES BEFORE THIRTY, by Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton, \$3.00.

\* \* \*

### THE CHASSE GALERE

HE HAD spoken aloud, as men sometimes do in the wilderness. Had it not been for the howling of his dogs he would have been sure that he heard, passing out over the forest, a sound like the far laughter of reckless men—the lost souls of the Chasse Galere." Langley Barnes heard it as Angus Garth had said all men heard—the ship of souls, an old legend of the North. "The great Chasse Galere runs but one way. If she catches ye, she goes North again with all her seats full. Soon, the new soul paddles. Mayhap ye sing, too. And so off they go, across the far forests. And never she gaes back. No, nor wants to!"

Old Angus, as other men, had come to the North "because"—and Langley Barnes had come "because." In this novel are two girls, Annette, the half-breed and Christine, the white girl, the result of Angus Garth's story at McTaverish. And there is Alicia, the pampered, hot-house flower, the wife of Barnes, in the States—and then there is Major Churchill and the Wireless Telephone. It is a story of the fight of souls, it is a queer tale of the North, following the old Indian legend of the Chasse Galere, "If she catches ye, she goes North again, with all her seats full—and he never gaes back. No, nor wants to!"

THE SHIP OF SOULS, by Emerson Hough. D. Appleton, \$2.00.

### INFORMATION AND NARRATIVE

JUST what De Bra's qualifications are for his understanding of Oriental life in an Occidental city, should, I believe, be included in an introduction to his collection of Chinese Stories. However, the introduction is missing and for those who have read, and those who are about to read his books, "Ways That Are Wary," may I venture a bit of information which will no doubt be extremely interesting?

Lemuel De Bra arrived in San Francisco, six o'clock, the evening before the earthquake. (This may have been a trick of Fate to give him experience with earthquakes and human emotions which he may sometime utilize.) He was an instructor for Inter-State Correspondence Schools for a year, then entered the Government service—the Internal Revenue Bureau—spent twelve years in the service, traveling throughout California and Nevada, mostly on opium and narcotic investigations—His first literary efforts were begun while still in the service, 1919 to be exact, when he broke into Blue Book with a novellette—"Tears of the Poppy" under the pen name of Edmond Lawrence.

So Lemuel De Bra knows of which he writes! The collection itself, barring the title which makes one instinctively recall "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain—the heathen Chinese is peculiar," seems to me to be extremely interesting, and even somewhat instructive. For what it offers is a very fair cross-section of inside information concerning the drug traffic amongst the Orientals in an Occidental city and—not the best, perhaps, as genuinely competent judges of narrative English might choose the best, but certainly a reasonable representation of what should be looked upon with pride by the author—and joy by the reader.

The collection is comprised of twelve stories, crimes and mysteries, tongs—all queer tales with the mixture of the new world and the old—Chinese mannerisms, beliefs, ways of speech and customs; opium traffic, marriage brokers, wisdom of the Elders; authentic information woven together with a keen dramatic sense and insight into plot potentiality. After reading these stories one will wish to read a book of "History of the Chinese—Narcotic and Opium Investigations"—

or some such by the same author—just facts concerning the things we know so little about. Lemuel De Bra has the foundation for such a work. We wonder if he will write such a book?

WAYS THAT ARE WARY by Lemuel De Bra. Edward J. Clode Inc., \$2.00.

\* \* \*

### DRAMA

A STUDY of the modern Drama" is a handbook for use in connection with the reading of a representative group of the most important plays of the outstanding dramatists of modern times. The period covered comprises, roughly speaking, the epoch dating from the days of Ibsen's activity to the present—this from the author of this most valuable book.

And so it accomplishes its purpose—a completely comprehensive handbook dealing not only with the history of the modern drama, but with concise, illuminating criticism of representative plays from each author discussed. There is also a very well indexed bibliography supplemented which not only deals with plays, but with dramatists, and all subjects allied to the drama. Truly this is a book for the library of every lover of the drama; one that will no doubt prove to be quite indispensable.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN DRAMA, by Barrett H. Clark. Appleton, \$3.50.

### LOVE

MAN' when confronted with things that are good, beautiful and true, transcends himself, and yielding to the celestial charm, annihilates his own sorry personality and rises to sublime heights of spiritual rapture. What is this state if it is not worship?"—(Renan)

With this does the author introduce you to his work. Under the First Enquiry, are incorporated Realistic, Idealistic, Biological and Sociological Explanations, also Pluralism and Monism, and under the second Enquiry, Sentimental Dynamism, Sentimental Intuition, Sentimental Fusion and Antimonies of Love. Mr. Berl's treatises on these subjects are all very well written and the conveyance of thought clear. Once read the desire to possess the book becomes acute.

THE NATURE OF LOVE, by Ammanuel Berl. (Reviewed by J. R. Graetzer). Macmillan, \$2.00.



# STAGE AND SCREEN

By HAMILTON WAYNE

## ANTI-SEX DRAMA GUNS ARE BOOMING AGAIN

EVIDENTLY when things grow dull, it is the proper intellectual pastime to hurl a barrage of criticism at the stage and screen. The reformers are at it again. They have been at it for some time. They are sincere; but their periodic explosions have availed little, if anything. They confront a stubborn obstacle; there are infinitely more theater-goers than there are reformers.

The sex plays are under fire again. But it is an injustice to criticise the producers and managers for giving the public what they want. The managers are in the business to make money. They are not chiefly interested in the artistic side. And they are not in the business to uplift the stage and screen. Any "uplifting" will have to be done by the audience in general. No other force can accomplish it.

### AUDIENCE PRIMARY JUDGE

That audience can dictate to any manager who is in the business commercially. And that same audience can break a manager who refuses to cater to its desires—the same powerful audience that stands like a brick wall of huge proportions in the path of the reformers.

To grip at all the stage and screen must depict various phases of life. And sex will inevitably creep in. It is a dramatic force. There is conflict in it. But it should be handled for a definite, constructive purpose, not merely as a flagrant appeal to the sex instinct and to appease the jaded palate of the licentious thrill-hound!

Recently the New York theaters were gloriously lambasted. The attack was not unwarranted. Wherever the present crop of Gotham playwrights obtained their local color would make a fitting subject for a police investigation. Admittedly some of them mixed their colors so luridly that the resultant stage production was little short of a dirty mess. The most commercial mana-

ger in New York will frankly acknowledge that art and entertainment values were not taken into consideration. Why should they? Business is excellent. That is their standpoint. And they own the theaters; and those theaters are heavily patronized.

### THEATRICAL FILTH

The question that intrigues the writer is—how much farther can they go? Plays reekingly licentious, baldly suggestive, with language foul and blasphemous, have been flung upon the stage in rapid succession. They proved commercial successes. And each time that this filth and theatrical garbage has been spilled the public wondered whether the limit of decay had been reached. Still they were evidently ready for more. And in New York, particularly, they got it—and got a jolt with it! For sheer audacity of situations and dialogue, "Ladies of the Evening" made even the sophisticated Gothamites gasp! That's going some.

And that same hectic play of New York's underworld is the season's sensation!

\* \* \*

## Mrs. Fiske at the Columbia Theater

Playgoers are promised a treat at the Columbia Theatre in the appearance, for two weeks, of Mrs. Fiske and an all-star cast in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," which will be presented under the management of George C. Tyler and Hugh Ford. Not since 1896 has "The Rivals" been played on tour, and perhaps never has it commanded the services of a more notable cast than that which has been assembled to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the original production of the play. In every city it has visited, "The Rivals" has been playing to capacity houses. In the company besides Mrs. Fiske are Chauncey Olcott, Thomas A. Wise, James T. Powers, Lola Fisher, Lotus Robb, Marie Carroll, Kenneth Thomson, Fred Eric, George Tawde and Herbert Belmore.

"The Rivals" will be followed on Monday, June 16th, by the New York comedy success "The Show-Off."

## "Lady Be Good" Plays at Curran

The Pacific Coast rights to "Lady Be Good," the outstanding musical comedy success of the New York season, has been acquired by Louis O. Macloon for his first San Francisco production. It will be shown at the Curran Theater this month. "Lady Be Good," with a book written by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and with music by George Gershwin, has been playing to capacity houses at the Liberty Theater, New York, for nine months. George Gershwin is the popular composer of the day and is acknowledged as the dominating factor in the development of the higher forms of jazz music. His celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue," as played by Paul Whiteman, was the first jazz composition written originally direct for orchestras. His popular numbers in the new Macloon production, such as "Fascinating Rhythm," "Lady, Be Good" and "So Am I," have a dash and verve fairly irresistible.

A fine cast presents "Lady, Be Good." It is headed by T. Roy Barnes, Kitty Doner and Ted Doner. Mr. Barnes, one of the most original and ingratiating of fun makers, has been rescued from the pictures for the leading comedy role. Miss Doner and her brother enjoy superior rank as dancers and musical artists, and they are happily cast in the new show.

\* \* \*

## Western Premiere at the Capitol Theater

Mystery plays galore have invaded the stage of recent months, but there is probably none that can claim the altogether new and novel plot and denouement that has been written into "Spooks," which is having its western premiere at the Capitol Theater.

It is claimed for "Spooks" that the author has left absolutely nothing out that would tend to thrill, hold one in suspense and create the most hilarious caliber of merriment.

Crowd an evening with roving lights, creepy sounds, screams in the dark, secret panels, noisy police, mysterious rappings, alarmed gallants and fair women, together with a perfect storm of comedy situations and you have the ingredients of "Spooks," by Robert Sherman.

Egan is bringing the production of "Spooks," which, by the way, is now in its fourth month at The Playhouse, Chicago, to San Francisco with a splendidly equipped cast of players, including Florence Silverlake, Eleanor Wilton, Ted Osborne, Joseph McManus, Don Austin, Viola Garff, Henry Hall, Harry Willars, Marie Dunkle and Hugh Knox.



James T. Powers  
as Bob Acres

Mrs. Fiske as  
Mrs. Malaprop

Chauncey Olcott as  
Sir Lucius Pongle

Lola Fisher, as  
Lydia Languish

Thomas A. Wise as  
Sir Anthony Absolute

Galaxy of Noted Stars Appearing in "The Rivals" at the Columbia Theater



## Writers Are Born—But They Must Be Trained

Admittedly, writers are born. So are lumberjacks and physicians. Would any sane individual engage a doctor for an important case if he were a doctor in name only? Certainly not! Well a writer is a writer in name only until he has produced and arrived publicly, between book covers or magazine covers. The plumber and the physician train for the calling for which they were born with an aptitude. And inevitably the writer too must train.

There are two roads. There is the long, uncertain, discouraging one of plodding long alone and unaided, with discouraging experience as the only teacher. And there is the shorter, speedier and eminently more satisfactory way of progressing from the dark valley of rejection slips to the summit that means the production of salable material; and that way is to be properly taught.

Writing cannot be taught? Well if that is the case, Professor Baker, formerly of Harvard, and now of Yale—very much to the disgust of Harvard men—must be a fine parload of bunk, and Frederick Palmer, founder of the eminently successful school that bears his name, assuredly is getting away with murder!

Baker's students placed hit after hit on Broadway. Palmer's students have repeatedly registered outstanding hits on the screen. Baker refuted the skeptics. Palmer made the "wise-acres"—who declared that screen writing could not be taught—look like a flock of empty-heads. And now his Institute of Authorship is turning out novelists!

And just as his writers of screen plays captured prize after prize, so are his writers of fiction. Witness the success of "The Bitter Country." That is one of the biggest sellers of the season. Its author is a Palmer product.

Yet, the supposedly enlightened ones said it couldn't be done! Admittedly, writers are born—but they must be trained!

## Novel Screen Play At the Imperial

"Grass" is the novel attraction at the Imperial. It tells the story of life in a different world from ours.

In the spring, from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Oman, a quarter of a million of tents are down. A million tribesmen and vast herds, on horseback, afoot, women carrying cradles on their backs and driving beasts loaded with possessions, men, women and children struggling upward.

Up over hill and mountain, on through desert and forest, beaten by storm, sweating under a burning sun, shivering in glacial snows—over a thousand miles of wilderness the migratory tribes of Persia are pressing on and on—to grass. It is a record of the struggle of the Bakhtiari for existence.

## "White Cargo" to Play at Wilkes

Leon Gordon's "White Cargo," a play that has been and still is one of the sensationally successful dramas of the last two years—it is still running in New York after a year and a half of performance there—is scheduled to follow the two week's engagement of Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife," the current attraction at the Wilkes Theater.

"White Cargo" tells a story of the tropics, but it is not a South Seas play, its locale being on the west coast of Africa in one of the British settlements. Edith Ransom has been engaged to play Tondeleyo, the half-breed vampire, who is the only woman in the play.

## SPECIAL FEATURE

Read the story of

# Max Dolin

by

CHARLES KURTZMAN

In our July Issue

## Union Square Theater Shows Are Popular

The new policy inaugurated by Ackerman and Harris for their Union Square Theater, formerly the Hippodrome, is rapidly making the house one of the most popular downtown major picture palaces. In conjunction with first run feature film productions, the Union Square is also featuring the Fritz Fields Musical Comedy Company, a troupe of thirty people who weekly present favorite stage productions.

Programs also include shorter screen subjects, comedies, news reels and educational matter, rounding out a splendid offering.

Cecil Grissell is manager of the Union Square, and Walter Barusch, director of publicity.



Eleanor Boardman in "Proud Flesh," a Story of San Francisco.

## Noted Writer Lauds California Show

Gertrude Atherton, author of "Black Oxen," has this to say of Lawrence Rising's story, "Proud Flesh," which pictured by King Vidor for Metro-Goldwyn, the California Theater attraction.

"A classic picture of the eternal San Francisco, past and present. A story of intense drama and passion. There is a solidity, a warmth and a glow about it. It entertains and absorbs and provokes and spurs the imagination.

"And Patrick O'Malley is a character to bring joy to the heart. If there really are O'Malleys in San Francisco, let us have them in society as quickly as possible. Snobbery could never stand up against them."

Patrick O'Malley in the picture is played by Pat O'Malley, the screen star. Eleanor Boardman, Harrison Ford and Trixie Friganza have the other leading roles.

"Proud Flesh" tells of the earthquake and fire that wiped out the old San Francisco and of the fresh courage that built up the new city. It is a story of the clash between the forceful, democratic energy of the new generation, and of the old aristocratic pride.

## Portrait Painter Wins Acting Laurels

In bringing "The Little French Girl" to the screen, Herbert Brenon, the man who made "Peter Pan," is said to have left no stone unturned to give the story a mounting and background that make the photoplay rank as high in the film world as the best-selling novel, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, from which it was adapted, does in the field of current fiction successes.

Featured in the leading roles of the production, which was adapted for the screen by John Russell, author of "Where the Pavement Ends" and numerous short stories appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, are Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian and Esther Ralston. The last two mentioned players will be remembered as Wendy and the mother, respectively, in "Peter Pan" and if her family had not decided to move from their home in Dallas, Texas, to Los Angeles, the screen might have missed one of its most charming young actresses in that same Mary Brian.

Born and educated in Dallas, Miss Brian spent seventeen of her eighteen years in that city. In July, 1924, the family went to Los Angeles. There Miss Brian pursued her hobby of portrait and water color painting. Her ability along those lines had earned her praise and advice on technique from the Austrian artist, Linnekamp. Shortly after her arrival in the film city, one of her friends entered Miss Brian's name in a personality contest then being conducted by a newspaper. The winning of this contest brought her to the attention of the manager of Grauman's Metropolitan Theater in Los Angeles.

He was so impressed with Miss Brian's youthful appeal and personality, that he gave her a part in one of the elaborate prologues that are a feature of his photoplay presentations. At this time Herbert Brenon and the Lasky studio officials were searching high and low for a girl to play "Wendy" in their proposed filming of "Peter Pan." Miss Brian had acquitted herself so well in the prologue that it was arranged for her to meet the motion picture director. A film test at the Lasky studio convinced Mr. Brenon that he need look no further for his "Wendy." And now she is the titular "Little French Girl."



# MOTOR-TRAVEL

## WENDOVER IMPROVEMENT BIG CALIFORNIA AID

**T**RANSCONTINENTAL and interstate motor travel bound for Northern and Central California can now use the Wendover cut-off on the route of the Victory Highway through Western Utah.

This climaxes a five year effort to open up a transcontinental highway bridging the mud flats and salt beds of the Great Salt Lake desert and leading directly into this section of California. It follows a long and determined struggle, led by the State Automobile Association, the Utah-Nevada-California Highway Association, the San Francisco and Sacramento Chambers of Commerce and other civic organizations to obtain better interstate tourist connections for Northern and Central California.

### CELEBRATE EVENT

While motor travel is at present going over the Wendover cut-off, its official opening will be declared on June 13, when a celebration of unusual magnitude will be held at Salduro, Utah, a community situated in the middle of a great glistening white plain of salt. Attending the celebration will be Secretary of Agriculture William Jardine, Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, the Governors and State highway commissioners of California, Nevada and Utah, as well as delegations from the commercial and civic organizations which assisted in the financing of the project.

The outstanding advantages of this motor route, which is now expected to become the principal motor connection between Northern California points and the East, were pointed out by the Automobile Association five years ago, when that organization signed the Victory highway from the California-Nevada State line to Kansas City. With the improvement of the route through Nevada it is estimated that it will carry over 90 per cent of the motor tourist travel west of Salt Lake City.

### FEDERAL AID PROJECT

After taking the leadership in securing the designation of the Wendover route as a Federal aid project, the Automobile Association was one of the leaders in a movement to secure recognition from California, Utah and Nevada of their common financial obligation toward the completion of this highway. These efforts took material form in the organization of the Utah-Nevada-California Highway Association, which set a new precedent in road construction when California counties, cities and Chambers of Commerce pledged and raised \$50,000 to be spent within the confines of a State far from their own borders.

The raising of this \$50,000 fund was largely made possible through the efforts of Frederick W. Meyer, chairman of the good roads committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; George S. Ford-

erer, a director of the California State Automobile Association, and Carl Lamus of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce.

## Kodak As You Go— Adds to Motor Trip

The writer sincerely wishes he could firmly impress that upon the minds of motorists. He realizes now how much additional—and stored-up pleasure—he could



*Glimpses of the Famous Redwoods Along  
the Route of the West Coast Transit Co.*

have had if he had heeded the thoughtful suggestion contained in the little signs he had so carelessly ignored—"Picture Ahead."

The only excuse he can offer for that previous state of indifference was that nothing short of a Graflex could meet his requirements. And at that time that species of the extensive kodak family was a huge, bulky affair, the heavy equipment of professional newspaper cameramen. Now they have a Graflex almost as small and compact as the Brownie box camera; and now he never fails to get that "picture ahead."

Inevitably it lends a lasting enjoyment to any trip worthy of the name. Months, years

after, turn the pages of your album and you will again live the pleasures of your trip anew.

It is a regrettable fact that a great many motorists, when thinking about a prospective trip, concentrate unduly upon two points only: to "get started" and "to get there."

And that condition chiefly manifests itself at the beginning of the trip. In the hurry to get started, and out on the highway leading to the point of destination, many attractive spots, worthy of attention and being recorded by the camera, are sadly overlooked.

The real motorist-kodak enthusiast is ever on the alert for pictures. Like the vast majority of the American populace, he is "picture-minded." Even the familiar road upon which he is driving will hold possibilities for his camera. It may be a familiar stretch of road, but there is always a chance for a new composition along it, a different slant of the light throwing into relief old roadside acquaintances that will consequently assume new and interesting aspects.

But when the back-country is reached, on the thronged highway, where the hills smile down upon the valleys, where the clear waters of the lakes mirror the rugged mountains, that is where the genuine camera enthusiast "breaks out in a rash." The car is parked and the tripod brought out in addition to the camera, for now he is in a region for artistic picture compositions, this healthy enthusiast of the great outdoors who fully realizes the keen enjoyment of hunting with a camera.

That hunting with a camera may seem tame to some of the big game sportsmen; but the picture-enthusiast hunts with his camera, instead of a gun, because he wishes to retain, not merely to kill.

The enjoyment of a motor trip may be materially heightened by making a camera record of it. This will necessarily, and rightly, include many of the "you and me" variety of snapshots. That personal equation always adds interest to pictures—particularly the subjects. And this record will include any incident along the route that will help tell the story of that trip and graphically illustrate it.

Paste those pictures in your album, with a few words of description written beneath. A few years later you will be surprised at the rare value that you place upon them!

\* \* \*

## Pacheco Highway To the Sea

The terminus of the Pacheco Pass Highway, which forms a part of the Yosemite-to-the-Sea Highway, and which is the connecting link between the San Joaquin Valley and the Pacific Ocean, is just north of Madera which is 156 miles from San Francisco. Chowchilla, near the Pacheco Pass Highway, offers excellent accommodations for the motorist.



## Heavy Yosemite Travel Expected

Indications of a remarkable travel year for Yosemite National Park are seen in the number of automobile owners who have taken the opportunity to visit the park since the opening of the Wawona Road on May 1. Authentic reports indicate the Wawona Road is in excellent condition with the Miami Lodge route being favored, pending the repairs on the Chowchilla Mountain grade.

Yosemite, radiant in the gentle touch of spring, presents a superb motorland. The falls are nearing their maximum volumes while Mirror Lake, full and overflowing, each morning reflects the perfect image of the mile-high Half Dome directly above, and the massive beauty of distant Mt. Watkins.

Automobile owners desiring to leave their automobiles for a bit of exercise are daily taking to the trails. The Glacier Point Short Trail opened last week and is proving as popular as ever in attracting visitors to the "Wonder Point," where a majestic thirty-mile panoramic view of the High Sierra reveals an almost virgin mountain-land still quieted with the fast disappearing white robe of winter.

Vernal and Nevada Falls in the upper Merced Canyon, and Yosemite Falls on the north side of Yosemite Valley, are also accessible by trail now and are being frequented more each day. Motorists willingly leave their machines behind and hike or ride horseback to these masterful scenes and are charmed with the spectacular thrills of springtime in Yosemite.

Camp Curry is now open under the management of Mrs. D. A. Curry, who has conducted this popular resort since its establishment more than a quarter of a century ago.

\* \* \*

## Yuba Pass Is Open to Tahoe

Yuba Pass, giving a direct route from Sacramento Valley points to Lake Tahoe and Reno, is now opened.

This route is reached over pavement out of Sacramento to Auburn, Grass Valley and Nevada City. It then follows good gravel and dirt road to Camptonville, Downieville and Sierra City.

The California State Automobile Association's touring bureau has announced that the road is open from Sattley to Sierraville, Hobart Mills and Truckee. The roads from Truckee to Brockway and from Truckee along the Truckee River to Tahoe Tavern can also be used.

The road from Sierraville through Dog Valley to Reno is in very fair condition, being paved from Verdi to Reno.

\* \* \*

## Overland Six Is Unusual Value

Calvin C. Eib, president of the recently reorganized Overland-Knight Sales Company, San Francisco, who chose that line upon his return to the automobile field, now declares it was one of the best moves of his career. Another of his best moves was the appointment of P. P. Graham as local sales manager. Graham is acknowledged as one of the real high-powered executives on the highest powered automobile row in the country.

Discussing things automotive, Mr. Eib told the writer:

"Having spent nearly three years in Detroit, where 90 per cent of the automobiles

of America are produced, I had ample opportunity to judge automobile values. In the spectacular and persistent advancement of the automobile industry in this country, during the quarter of a century in which I have been engaged in it, no line has impressed me as forcibly and favorably as the new Overland and Willys-Knight. Naturally, when the dual opportunity was offered me to take over that line upon the resumption of my activity in San Francisco, I gladly welcomed the opportunity."

The writer, who is reserving the Willys-Knight for a future date, recently had a most convincing demonstration by the new Overland Six. Viewed from any angle, it was an astonishing performance. There is rare value in that product. The Overland Six De Luxe sedan, considering the price and quality, challenges comparison.

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## Motorboating "Across" The Continent

Transcontinental touring has lost its glamour. It is no longer unusual; it has long ceased to be hazardous. Soon there will be a ribbon of smooth pavement from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Now two California sportsmen are going to "cross" the continent in a motorboat. That's something different. And it is not a specially designed boat for that specific

purpose. It is nothing more than a good-sized open boat with two motors, of the portage variety, attached to the stern.

Consequently, the little craft will have "twin screws." It will need them. From this motive plant the boat will derive its speed and, particularly, its power to buck the number of swift rapids that it will encounter.

Only one portage is expected to be negotiated on the trip. That will be across the Continental Divide in Montana. Others may be encountered; but they have not been revealed on the route to be taken by the intrepid travelers.

Starting at Astoria, Oregon, where the Columbia River tumbles into the Pacific, the two men will head eastward. The surpassingly beautiful Columbia River, and later the twisty Snake River, will carry them to their place of portage, from Lewiston to Livingston, Montana.

From that point the Yellowstone will take them through the eastern part of Montana. Then North Dakota, South Dakota will be traveled by means of the Missouri River, on which, while heading south, they will have Iowa on their east and Nebraska to the west.

Subsequently Missouri, Illinois and Michigan will be touched as they make their way north to the St. Lawrence, which will carry them to Montreal, from which point they will sail south for New York.



THE Great Line Eight Playboy, we frankly believe, is the best looking roadster ever built in America. The hood is longer and higher. The rear deck slopes away gracefully—and a comfortable folding seat accommodates extra passengers when necessary.

Courtesy of Chase-Morrill Co., San Francisco



## A House Divided

(Continued from Page 232)

the disappearance of Stewart Cook and Adam, they found no obstacle confronting them to hinder mutual enjoyment. They danced together several times in succession; and although only the more careless and pleasure-seeking remained, they created not a little whispered comment among the older heads.

On the way home the blind fury of Phil's passion burned on. The touch of Madge's warm flesh maddened him. Veils of distant low-hanging cloud marched across the face of the low moon as they drove eastward and homeward. The bells jangled musically, and the soft crunching of the snow cast a spell like soft voices over the two in the sleigh. All restraint forsook him, and he poured out his secret,—if such it was.

The lad went back to that sunny fall day in the cornfield and told her how from that moment to this the longing for her and her only had grown in his soul. His words were halting and crude of course, but they amounted to just that. And still the wife listened who ought to have slapped him and sent him on his way.

"Madge," he cried finally, "I love you. I can't help it. Night and day there is nothing I think of but you."

She leaned toward him suddenly and he took her hands. Too moved for further speech, he turned her face to his and kissed her. So embracing they came on to the house. At the door he paused, drew her to him again and held her in his arms, his lips pressed to hers. She flung herself away in an instant and vanished. Too excited and joyous to know just what all this must lead to, the delirious lover of Adam's wife got home somehow and sought his few hours of rest.

Madge, entering the house, was confronted by her mother-in-law fully dressed, bearing a lamp, and with her "sick room expression" on her face. There was the odor of arnica, and she heard a voice she recognized as the Doctor's, from above stairs.

"How's Adam?" she asked with a sudden sense of guilt—if not repentance.

"Pretty bad," replied Mrs. Brock quietly. "You'll have to sleep in Julia's room tonight. Adam's got a broken rib."

(Continued next month)

### MOTHER

"M" is for the million things she gave me,

"O" means only that she's growing old,

"T" is for the tears she shed to save me,

"H" is for her heart of purest gold,

"E" is for her eyes with love-light shining,

"R" means right. And right she'll always be.

Put them all together they spell—

"M-O-T-H-E-R."

A word that means the world to me.

### NATURE'S SUPREME DESIRE

**M**AN is a product of nature. Nature is the great ocean of intelligence in which we are bathed. It is the Spirit of Life that is everywhere manifest—in animals, birds, bees, butterflies, trees, plants, flowers, and even in the rocks. We are strong only as we lay hold on the forces of nature, and move with them. Happiness, health, efficiency, and long life are possible only to the individual who obeys the laws of nature. All our difficulties, heartaches, tears and fears and diseases come from violation of nature's rules.

If a man is sent to the penitentiary, it is because he has broken the laws of the land. If he is sent to the hospital, it is because he has violated the laws of nature. In the case of being sent to the penitentiary, the man is disgraced, and his one wish is to have society forget. In case he is sent to the hospital, he is supplied a topic of conversation, and is often boastful.

To violate the laws of nature marks the man as criminal just as if he violates the laws of the state. And the world is rapidly coming to this view. As a man evolves out of savagery, the manifestations of nature alarm him and fill his soul with fear. He gives personality to the elements, and talks of the God of thunder, of lightning, of the rain, the wind, the snow. And these things are appealed to in an endeavor to placate, cajole, and propitiate. Here we get the basis of all superstition.

Later, instead of praying for rain, we build irrigation ditches, and lo, the prayers of labor are answered. And the desert blossoms like the rose, and the waste places are made green.

From fearing the lightning and trembling in dread and awe, we

(Continued on Page 255)

## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

### MANHOOD

**F**OUR hundred years passed by before the cap stone was placed upon the Cathedral of Cologne, but no task requires such a patient toil as the structure of manhood. For complexity and beauty nothing is comparable to character. Great artists spend years upon a single picture. With a touch here and there, they approach it, and when a long period hath past they bring it to completion. Yet all the beauty of paintings, all the grace of statues, all the grandeur of cathedrals are as nothing compared to the paintings of that inner manhood, the adornment of that inner temple, that is scarcely begun when the physical life ends. How majestic the full disclosure of an ideal manhood!

With what patience must a man wait for its completion! Here lies the hope of immortality; it does not yet appear what a man shall be.

—Dr. Newell D. Hillis.

### MY SYMPHONY

**T**O LIVE content with small means—to see elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion—be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich—to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly—to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.

—William Henry Channing.



# A Home in the Desert

(Continued from Page 237)

owns had been inhabited, abandoned, rebuilt and deserted again.

The final act in the life of the town came when a long line of white-topped wagons crept out across the burning plains, laden with the earthly possessions of a family seeking new fields. Many of them wandered to Greeley, and settled on irrigated farms. Others went on to Wyoming, to try the new lands there by the same system of dry farming, ever hoping to find nature in a more kindly mood. The children always spoke of them as "The Dried-landers," their skin was brown and parched from the dry heat of arid plains.

Following the excessively dry summer, early in September the straggling line of white-topped wagons began to wind their way past our farm.

Late in October a family bought a small tract of land that was some quarter of a mile from our home. It was the first house on the road that ran east, and bounded the north side of the farm. It was therefore nearer to the town than we were. It could be plainly seen across our fields, and we were much interested in our new neighbors.

In November the little daughter of the house started to school, riding in a buggy with the children of a neighbor who lived on beyond, in a queer, octagon shaped house. We soon became acquainted with her as she was in the same grade as Verna. We found her name was Verna Gilbert, that they had passed our house on their way from the dry land country, and she had seen our pony as they went by, and admired it greatly.

She did not have any brothers or sisters, and we thought she must be very lonely. She was a pretty, rather frail-looking little girl of eight, with wavy brown hair that hung in two big braids down her back. Her eyes were big and dark, and her cheeks lacked the rosy color that flooded ours. We girls thought her paleness very aristocratic, and we wished we did not have red cheeks.

She said that as soon as spring came she was going to walk to and from school, as her mother thought she exercise in the open air would do her good. She spoke of the open

air as if it was of great value, and said it was going to make her father strong and well.

She added hastily that he did not really have consumption, only his lungs were weak. They had come to Eastern Colorado the previous year, hoping the dry, healing air would work the miracle for them that it had for many others, restoring her father to perfect health.

We told mother all about the family, and she said as soon as she could find the time she would go and call, and welcome them to our neighborhood.

Father shook his head gravely when he was told that Mr. Gilbert had sold his team and white-topped wagon to make first payment on the five-acre tract he purchased. He expected to raise small fruits and green vegetables to supply the town trade. There was a small house of three rooms, and an acre of strawberries on the place. They hoped their fruit would bring in immediate returns the coming summer.

Verna told us her father was going to buy one big horse in the spring, to do work on the land and haul the produce to market, but that they already had a cow. She was so pleased and proud of this fact that we marveled. A cow was, of course, a part of every farm, we told her, and that we had six at our place.

Her eyes grew wide, and she said: "Then you can have all the cream you want!"

"We swim in it," I laughingly assured her. I was surprised when she exclaimed, "Oh, then that is what makes all you children so rosy and healthy!"

She spoke learnedly of the value of milk and cream, seeming to place it on a par with fresh air in healing properties. And so, gradually, there came to our knowledge the disease tuberculosis, and its cure. In a vague way we had known that many people sought our climate for this reason, but we had never before come in direct contact with it.

We went to see her one Saturday afternoon, and found her father a tall, pale man, with large, kind, brown eyes, and hollow cheeks, where two red spots flamed brightly.

They had settled in the brown house, and filled the coal bin for

winter, when cold weather swooped down upon the land. It began to snow in November, and one storm followed another in swift succession.

As if to atone for her previous short-comings Dame Nature sent the heaviest snow for many winters. The wind howled, and the snow piled in drifts through which our pony plowed slowly on the cold, frosty mornings. Father put the body of our cart on runners, and when we struck a smooth place in the road we glided swiftly along.

Our breath blew in steam-like clouds before us, and the sides of the pony were white with mist. If the day chanced to be clear and cold the air was filled with flying frost that glittered like a shower of diamonds. Ella and I wished we could gather the shining particles and weave them in long strings that should cover us from head to foot with radiant gems. The dazzling blue sky, the wide, white fields, and mighty, towering mountains, shone with a light that almost blinded us.

One morning in December the day was unusually warm and bright. We said gaily that spring would surely come soon. The bright sun and cloudless sky gave no hint of storm or bitter cold.

We had reached home after school and put the pony away in the barn, when suddenly dark clouds sprang up in the north and east. Almost before we could get to the house came a stinging blast, then followed cutting, blinding sleet. Arctic cold shut down as darkness came.

The light of lanterns shining through the gloom, and the creaking of snow under footsteps, told where father and the hired man were making the animals snug for the night. Father's mustache was covered with icicles when at last he entered the warm kitchen and took off his heavy overshoes.

Night came, and still the blizzard raged with undiminished fury. The roaring, shrieking wind seemed tearing in wild anger at all that blocked the way. Mother placed a lighted lamp, that would burn all night, in the window of the sitting room, pulling the curtain to the very top. The light showing against the storm might guide some unfortunate wanderer, caught in the icy blast, to safety and warmth.

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## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from Page 249)

We children went to bed early, but I slept fitfully, for ever and again the wind wakened me, and I shivered in terror at the fury of the storm. I heard a dog barking almost incessantly, at first dimly it sounded, as if far away. As I listened the sound came nearer, and at last the barking was in our own yard. Then I knew it was Topsy, our collie shepherd dog. Faintly I heard a coyote howling, and drowsily I thought she must have been chasing the animal away from our hen house.

I drifted into slumber when suddenly I was sitting up in bed, listening with fast-beating heart. Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap, sounded softly on the front door, growing fainter and fainter.

I sprang out of bed. The floor was like ice to my bare feet but I could not wait to find my felt slippers. I rushed into the room where father and mother slept and pulled and tugged at the blankets, saying softly, over and over:

"Wake up, wake up, quick! some one is knocking at the front door!"

Father raised himself on one arm and listened. No sound was heard but the raging of the wind, and the barking of Topsy under the window. Silence profound rested at the door where I had heard the knocking.

"You've been dreaming, Reva," father said. "Go to bed at once. you'll catch your death of cold running around the house in your night gown."

But I could not go, I knew I had heard the knocking. Anxious and half sobbing I cried, "Oh, some one is there, I know it. Please come. I'm afraid, and anyway, I can't open the door by myself."

Mother wakened and said: "Better get up and look, Father, or we won't have any peace tonight. It's the shortest way out. Then she'll be satisfied and go back to bed. The storm has made her nervous."

Grumbling father left his warm bed, and drawing on dressing gown and slippers went to the door. At first it refused to open. He pulled and tugged and it opened suddenly. The wind and sleet rushed in almost blinding him for an instant. Then he gave a low cry and bending down lifted a white bundle in his arms. He carried it to the Franklin stove, where the red coals still flamed faintly. He piled fuel

on the fire and called to mother, "Come here, quick!"

Sternly he turned to me. "Go to bed, immediately, not another word from you! Do you hear!" Awed by the stern command I ran to my room. I slipped into the warm bed and cuddled close to Ella, rubbing my cold feet on her soft, warm legs. She murmured a sleepy protest, and kicked me vigorously. I waited until I was sure she was fast asleep, then, inch by inch, I drew my feet near and nearer.

With infinite caution I placed them against her warm flesh, and sleep held her firmly, while I gloried in the blissful warmth.

I strained my ears for sound from the sitting room. I had left my door slightly ajar, but the sitting room was tightly closed. Then I heard father go into the kitchen and kindle a roaring fire. The door into the sitting room was opened and voices talked eagerly.

"A child, a little girl," mother said, "Father, we must save her! Think of her parents waiting somewhere, and their awful anguish! She must have been caught in the storm on the way home from school. How she lived to reach our door is a mystery only God can reveal. It is a miracle, nothing else."

I slept soundly for a time, then wakened with a start as I heard some one crying. At first I listened, bewildered, then I remembered.

The white bundle at the door was a child returned to life. I heard father say: "I'm glad she can cry like that. It shows there is plenty of vitality left. She'll be all right in a few days. Rubbing with snow has taken out the frost so that neither hands nor feet are frozen. We will not question her now. Let us take her into bed with us and morning will tell who she is. Then we can take her home."

When I awakened at last in the early, cold morning, my first thought was of a child crying in the night. For an instant I fancied it was only a dream, then I remembered all clearly. I told Ella and she did not believe me. She laughed and said:

"You are always having the most wonderful things happen in the night, and morning proves you have just been dreaming, Reva, you know it does."

I protested, and we dressed hurriedly. We hastened into the sitting room where the lamp still burned

at the window, and the fire blazed brightly. It was warm and cozy. We heard sounds from the kitchen that told us mother was preparing the breakfast.

No trace of a child could be seen, and Ella said: "I told you so!"

I took her by the hand and whispered: "She's in mother's room. remember now—I heard father say the child should sleep with them. Sh-sh—don't waken her!" Then we gasped together in amazement:

"Why, it's Verna Gilbert! How did she ever come here in the night!"

We tiptoed away and ran to tell mother the news. She was even more surprised than we had been, to learn the identity of the little girl.

The wind had gone down. In the east crimson and gold clouds flamed gorgeously, promising that the day would be clear and cold.

Mother looked out across the snowy fields to the little brown house, where the smoke curled up in the first rays of the sun.

"Awake all night and wild with anxiety," she said slowly.

Father entered with a foaming pail of milk and mother told him quickly that the little girl was Verna Gilbert, child of our neighbors.

"I'll go right over and relieve their suspense," he said. "Give me a cup of that hot coffee that smells so good, Mother, and I'll eat breakfast when I return."

AN instant later he was plowing his way through the drift, across an unbroken expanse of white snow. We watched until we saw him open the gate that led into their yard. Then we turned away at a call from mother, to help with the breakfast.

When we looked out of the window again we saw father returning, a woman following close behind in the trail he had broken. We knew it was Verna's mother, and that she could not wait another moment to see with her own eyes that her daughter was alive and well.

Soon they were on the back step, and mother threw the door wide open and called cheerily: "Come right in to the fire, Mrs. Gilbert. You shall see Verna in a minute, first warm your hands and feet, you must be nearly frozen. She is quite all right, I assure you."

But Mrs. Gilbert stood looking at mother with wide, tear-filled eyes,

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## THE COMEBACK

(Continued from Page 230)

Oh! I would not hurt you—I am not ungrateful, but—that is not my feeling for you. We may be friends now, yes, but no more."

"But, Mariquita, love will come. I know it. Never mind about that now! Give me a chance to prove it to you." Both in his words and tones there was intense and passionate conviction, but Mariquita remained unmoved. She had convictions also, as will be seen.

Though evidently pained by the necessity for absolutely frank speech, she yet spoke firmly. "Amigo Victor, I must speak to you the truth. Even if I did love you, and I say again that I do not, I would not be your wife. I will tell . . ."

Again Victor broke in on her to plead his cause. With all the eloquence at his command, he assured her that he was a changed man, that no other woman would ever mean anything to him, that he would honor and love her, that he needed her desperately, but his eloquence went for naught. She remained unconvinced. "But why?" he insisted. "Why? You will learn to love me. Your people often marry without love. Why not you?"

"If you will not interrupt me, Senor Victor," Mariquita finally found an opportunity to say, "I will tell you. I have long felt that this was coming, and I would have given anything to have prevented it. But it is fate! These are my reasons. You are an American, I am a Filipina. You are of one race, I am of another. You hold to one religious belief, I profess another. You . . ."

"But, Mariquita, what difference does all that make? I am willing to change my faith. Others have done that." It is plain that the infatuated fellow was ready to go to any lengths to win her. He did not, however, shake her firmness. Determinedly she went on.

"You can never cross the gulf that lies between us, Senor Victor, You have one set of ideals, I have another. Our education, our modes of thought, the way we look at things—all are different. I know we both like music and dancing and

singing, but these are superficial ties. Below the surface we are entirely unlike. It is a matter of fundamental racial differences. What true bonds can there be between us? What will be able to keep us from drifting apart when your passion has cooled, when . . ."

Victor was furious. "You insult me, Mariquita! You are unjust!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"No, my friend, I do but speak the truth. I say to you that I have



*A Picturesque Remnant of a Fast Disappearing Race*

thought much about these things. And I have watched some of my friends in Manila who have married Americans. It is thus I have determined. Like must mate with like, race with race. And then our children! Neither American or Filipinos! What would happen to them? No, I have decided. It cannot be." Again she started for the house.

Victor stopped her with another wild outburst of argument and pleading, an outburst which gradually degenerated into denunciation and oburgation. "On your head be it," he stormed. "You do not care what becomes of me. You will be responsible—cursed, cursed

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Overland Monthly and  
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## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from Page 250)

her breath came in strangled sobs as she said:

"My baby, my little baby girl! I feared she was dead! I tried to make myself think she was safe and warm somewhere, but I was wild with anguish. I won't waken her, I know she needs the sleep. But I must see her now, oh, quickly, quickly!"

Mother led the way to her room and we stood in hushed silence.

It was broken by a long, glad cry. "Mama, Mama, don't cry. I was lost, but now I'm found. Everything is all right!"

At last they all came into the kitchen. Verna was dressed and smiling happily, apparently none the worse for her experience. Her mother held her closely by the hand, as if she feared losing her again.

We children crowded against her in a babble of questions. And mother said: "Hush, be still, children. She can't hear herself think in such a noise, to say nothing of speaking and telling us how it happened."

We forced ourselves into silence and Verna began hurriedly, looking up at her mother as if she alone mattered: "I'll tell you just how I got lost, Mama. I came home from school, same as ever, in the buggy. We were a little late, 'cause Jimmy got kept in after school for whispering. It began to storm just before we reached our gate, and it was awful cold. They stopped to let me out, and as I put my hand on our gate to open it my spelling lesson blew away.

"It was the first time that I'd got a hundred. You know how awful hard 'tis for me to spell. I was so proud I held the sheet in my hand all the way home, to show it to you and Papa soon as ever I opened the door. 'Cause you're both so proud of any hundred I get in anything."

"The sheet fluttered ahead of me, just beyond reach of my fingers, across the ditch and in under the fence. I crawled after it carefully as I could be, so I wouldn't tear my coat on the wire. I was just almost grabbing it, when the wind whirled it away again. But at last I caught it, and turned around to go home.

"And oh, the air was so thick with snow I couldn't see a thing. Our house wasn't anywhere a-tall! And it was so cold, the wind blew and blew, just like it wanted to tear

me to pieces. I cried and called, but nobody came, and I was so scared! I ran and ran, and tumbled down and skinned both my knees. Oh, how it hurt!

"And by and by, after ever so long, I ran into a big straw stack. It was black as night, and I made a nest on the side away from the wind, and pulled the straw all over me, and I wasn't quite so cold, but I shivered and shivered. I wanted you so, Mama, Mama!" She paused a moment and clung to her mother with tight arms, kissing her over and over.

I was anxious to hear the rest of the story and said:

"What happened after that? How did you get to our house, Verna?"

She was thoughtful for a long moment, then she said slowly:

"Why, a dog made me come. I had said my prayers, 'Now I lay me down-'"

"We say the Lord's prayer," I interrupted. Mother frowned at me sternly and said: "Be still!"

Verna continued: "I went to sleep and then woke up again, and cried some more. And all at once a cold nose poked my face, and a warm tongue began to lick my cheek. I screamed, and then a dog cuddled up to me and whined softly, and I wasn't afraid, he seemed so friendly. I put my arms around his neck, and said, 'O doggie, I'm so glad you came, stay right here with me till morning.'"

"But the dog just kept kind of pushing me out of my nest in the straw, and whining all the time. It seemed to me he was trying to say that if I'd follow him he would take me home. But I was afraid to leave the stack and go away. He just kept pushing, and I'd move a little, till by and by we were both clear out in the storm! I kept tight hold of the dog, and he barked and barked, ever so loud, like he was calling some one to come and help us."

"Oh, it wasn't a he!" I exclaimed quickly. "Why, that was Topsy, our very own dog. I heard her just barking like everything last night, and I thought it was a coyote all the time. One did howl. And just think, it was you she was barking for!"

Mother placed her hand firmly over my mouth. "Do be still, Reva," she said. "You talk entirely too much." She smiled at Verna:

"Go on with your story, dear. I'll

keep her mouth covered so she can't interrupt you again."

Verna shook her head. "Why, it seems like I don't 'member very much more. I kept falling down all the time, and the dog would push at me till I'd get up, and stayed so close I wasn't afraid a-tall. And by and by I saw a light shining right out at me, and I felt a house and found a door, and knocked. And then I don't know anything more that happened until this morning. I guess I was so tired that I went right to sleep on your doorstep."

She smiled at mother, who bent and kissed her tenderly as she said:

"Topsy is the best dog in all the world. She seems almost human. She has helped me take care of the children for so long that she feels she is responsible, too. She loves any child that is not cross to her."

"Where is she?" Mrs. Gilbert exclaimed. "That wonderful dog. I must thank her."

I sprang to the door and called loudly, "Topsy! Topsy! Come here."

An instant later she bounded in at the door and licked my face and hands. Mrs. Gilbert put her arms about the dog's neck, and laid her face close against the shaggy, gray-blue hair. Then she took the head in her hands and kissed Topsy solemnly, between her beautiful brown eyes.

Not to be outdone in caressing our very own dog, we children crowded close and added our endearments. Topsy was showered with loving caresses from the tip of her nose, to the tip of her waving tail.

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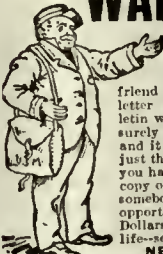
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## MY TEMPLE

I knelt before the altar white  
In dim cathedral's candle-light,  
And with a soul all scar and stain  
I tried to find my God again.

Before my eyes were painting rare,  
And statues wonder-carved were there,  
Those marble lips of Christ were cold,  
And so the tones the organ rolled,

I tried to pray and bowed my head,  
But heard the choir's chant instead—  
And stifling incense odor seemed,  
Through painted panes no sunlight  
gleamed.

I could not feel that God was there,  
And softly left the house of prayer  
To seek a stream that well I knew  
Beside whose banks a forest grew.

The whole of that vast wood was mine—  
The broad-branched oak and looping  
vine,  
And there the radiant goldenrod  
Flung out the very breath of God.

The mocking bird sent out his call,  
The sun gleamed on a waterfall;  
The willow bent to kiss the stream  
And soft winds whispered in a dream.

Then came a thought of Him who willed;  
And tempest of the wave was stilled.  
Who found the mountains and the sea  
Fit temple e'en for such as He!

His Temple arched was with the sky,  
So in His Temple worshipped I,  
Who cared not for the altar fine—  
With marble statue, incense, wine.

And here I found that I could pray,  
God drew my burdens all away,  
He sent His message by the breeze,  
I found my God beneath the trees!

CARRIE KERNER.

## THE COMEBACK

(Continued from Page 251)

pride . . ." To what lengths he might have gone, but that Mariquita stopped him, there is no saying. "You are unjust," she proudly said, "but it does not matter. I am sorry."

With her head held erect, and her eyes scornful though troubled, she swept past him. Victor stared dazedly at her receding form for a moment, then, as one who has received a stunning blow, he staggered out into the night.

IT WAS my intention to end my story here, but when I showed it to my friend, Major Green, who had told me this tale, he was openly scornful of me. "What!" he mocked, "don't you know any more about the rules of writing than that? You a college teacher? Can't you see that your readers will want to know what became of Victor and Mariquita? Finish the story!"

In vain I argued that each reader

would end the story to suit himself anyhow, that the realist would have his ending, the romanticist his. Still he insisted that the tale be really completed. This obstinate insistence of his, in spite of all argument and logic, finally irritated me to such an extent that I told him to go to the devil and finish it himself if he wanted to.

"Well, I will," he shouted. "Facts are facts, and people are entitled to know them." So I shall let the Major tell the rest of the story,

though I shall probably be forced to expurgate his account. An old volunteer officer who has spent most of his twenty or more years of Philippine residence in the bosque, he was not exactly careful of his language. No! On second thoughts, I have decided to brave the Major's wrath and let each reader make his own ending. If he has followed carefully the development of Victor Ward's character, he will undoubtedly be right in his guess. After all, character is destiny.

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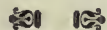
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### A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from Page 252)

She enjoyed it immensely, emit-  
ting sharp, staccato yelps of delight.  
Bedlam reigned, until mother sent  
her outdoors again.

"We must have breakfast now.  
Father will take you and Verna  
home in the sleigh, Mrs. Gilbert.  
He has to go to town early this  
morning. Your husband knows that  
all is well, so he won't worry. We  
are going to have some buckwheat  
cakes, made from flour of our own  
crop, home-made sausage and maple  
syrup that came from my old home  
in Ohio."

She placed the coffee pot on the  
front of the stove where it sent  
forth an enticing fragrance. She  
called father and the hired man,  
and said:

"Sit down at the table, every one.  
The girls will take turns cooking  
the griddle cakes. They are used to  
that work."

The smoke from the griddle rose  
blue and hot, as the cakes were  
turned rapidly, from long experi-  
ence. Ella cooked and I carried to  
the table, and the piles seemed to  
dissolve as in thin air. We began

to think they never, never would  
get done eating, so we could have  
our turn.

But at last father left to get his  
team, the hired man to feed the  
sheep, and the rest went into the  
sitting room. Ella and I consumed  
the mangled remains of the break-  
fast, and since mother was not  
looking we poured syrup in great  
abundance on our plates. The cakes  
swam merrily in a maple sea.

"Gee, it's good," we remarked, as  
we conveyed small particles of grid-  
dle cakes, with an abundance of  
maple syrup that required a spoon,  
into our eager mouths.

Mrs. Gilbert and Verna returned,  
wrapped to their ears, and mother  
was saying in pleased surprise:

"I had no idea that you folks  
were Unitarians. I'm so glad. You  
must attend the next meeting of the  
Unity Circle with me. Father put  
the wagon box on runners, so there  
is plenty of room for all. I'm com-  
ing over to see you very soon."

The creaking of the snow an-  
nounced the sleigh. They went out  
and stepped into the wagon box,  
half filled with clean, bright straw,  
and cuddled down under a buffalo  
robe.

"Are you sure you won't be  
cold?" Mother called anxiously.

They smiled, waved their hands,  
and were on their way.

It was Saturday, and the washing  
was waiting. We put the copper  
boiler on the stove, filled with  
water and tiny particles of soap,  
and got out the tubs, talking eagerly  
of the wonderful night adventure of  
Verna. She had attained an im-  
portance in our eyes that raised her  
to a position of great distinction.

The sun shone brilliantly and the  
sky was a dazzling blue. And  
despite the washing, which we  
hated always, the world seemed  
very delightful, and a good place  
in which to be.

Ella said thoughtfully: "I wonder  
if it was because she said her  
prayers that od sent Topsy to  
bring her here, out of the storm?"

"Perhaps," Mother answered  
gravely. "God loves all children,  
and especially the good girls."

I pondered long on her final state-  
ment, and made many firm resolves  
as to future conduct. Possibly I  
might get lost some time myself. It  
was well to be prepared for any  
emergency.

(Continued next Month)



## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

(Continued from Page 248)

harness the electric current, and, in fact, produce it at will.

So we get the proposition: First we fear nature; next, in degree, we understand nature; then we manipulate nature and think for her; and finally we control nature.

The desire of nature is to produce a seeing eye and an understanding heart, and nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her.

It is nature that plants in the mother-heart the love that is forever loyal, that cares for the unborn babe, feeds it, watches over it, fights for it, protects it, teaches and loves it, not only into being, but into manhood. And nature is with us in old age, and sings us to sleep with a lullaby, as we dream again the dreams of childhood.

At times man has substituted his intellect for nature's promptings. Intellect is a bright blade, newly discovered, which so far man has not fully accustomed himself to. And so, instead of using intellect for his advancement, he has used it to his disadvantage and has cut himself with the tool that was designed to serve him.

Nature rewards her votaries with every blessing. She penalizes those who disregard her, flout her, and despise her, and for them misery and woe await. And these things are now being proclaimed from all pulpits, and all schools and colleges.

This general reverence of nature, now everywhere in evidence, is slowly but surely evolving a new race. It presages that nature's wish to be loved and understood will eventually be achieved.

What man's life will be when, as a people, we have studied the laws of nature and learned to obey them

automatically and through habit no man can possibly say. And, when, at last, nature has produced a being that is a part of herself and yet seemingly stands outside herself and understands her and loves her, the object of the universe, seemingly, will have been attained.

A complete understanding of nature would be Omnipotence. A man is a god in the chrysalis. "And it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

## I'VE HAD MY DREAMS

What matter that the day is done—

The sun's last beams

Have paled and faded, one by one?

I've had my dreams!

What matter if the night ahead

Shows fitful gleams

Of spectral lights—and shades of dread?

I've had my dreams!

I've had my dreams—so vivid, clear,

It truly seems

They're with me yet, to bless and cheer,

I've had my dreams!

Eweat day-dreams—free from moil and fret!

And now Fate deems

Me quite unworthy of them; yet—

I've had my dreams!

Fond dreams of wealth, and love and fame,

And fruitful schemes!

I've won—and lost—and won the game;

I've had my dreams!

—James Ball Naylor.

### THE CLOSING ADDRESS TO THE JURY STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA AGAINST EMMA KAUFMANN

(This address was collected by Kay, because of its value in beautiful phrasing, and idealistic thought).

I HAVE been in mid ocean on a mighty vessel when a storm approached. I have seen the lightning flash and heard the great artillery of God. I have seen the mighty ship writhe and twist, felt her tremble in her battle with the waves, and I have known this was great. I have gone far down in the earth and seen its treasures and listened to the voiceless silence of its mighty depths, and I have known this was great. I have crossed the rugged Alps, and in imagination's fancy saw the mighty Hamilcar and heard him swear young Hannibal in eternal vengeance against his country's foe, and I have known this was great. I have crossed vine covered France into sunny Italy to

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ancient Rome where Cataline conspired and Caesar fought, and, standing on the ruins where Cicero addressed the multitudes beneath the Colosseum's roofless walls, I have known this was great. But the greatest thing I have ever seen and the grandest thing this side of the throne of the eternal God, is an American citizen clothed with the honors of the law—inspired with the memory of his fathers, who declared that "This is government of laws and not of men" sworn to do his duty and doing it without sympathy, passion or prejudice, too proud to wrong a defendant, too honest to deceive the state.

—Hon. Geo. Wm. Egan.





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## THE SLACKER

(Continued from Page 235)

down the mountain side into the pathway of those leaping roaring pillars of fire.

The smoke had thickened, but the flames helped to light up the forest and the trail was more distinct than when I had traveled it shortly before. I did not meet with any difficulties until I reached the valley and was directly in the pathway of the approaching conflagra-

## 1925 California's Diamond Jubilee Celebration 1925

tion. The smoke became so thick as to affect my breathing and my eyes smarted and filled with tears, dimming my vision.

Animals continually crossed my path, and once a bobcat snarled and spit at me as we almost collided, but neither stopped; then I ran into a bear that stood bewildered in the trail, and just missed being hit by its vicious front paw that was thrust at me. Once I stumbled upon and fell over an animal that lay panting and exhausted in my way, and answered its cry of alarm with an exclamation of surprise. But it never occurred to me to turn back and reach a place of safety. My mind was centered upon rescuing my companion in the cabin, and for that purpose I was determined to continue on.

The roar of the advancing flames and the crash of falling trees grew louder, and the smoke thicker, and soon I realized that I could not go back, even if I would, as the fire would engulf me before I could regain the mountain. My only hope was to reach the river and as I came nearer to that haven of safety I realized that the flames were advancing more rapidly near the river; being urged on by a stronger breeze. Cinders and blazing twigs were falling around me, and once I found my clothing on fire, and had to roll on the ground for a fraction of a minute to extinguish the flames.

Finally, when it seemed that I could go no further, choking and almost blinded, I reached the river, into which I could plunge and swim to safety. The tree-tops above me were swaying and bursting into flames, the heat was scorching, but the waters of the river looked cool and inviting. My companion, however, that I had started out to rescue, was several rods above in the cabin; the roof

of which was already in flames and fire was above and almost all around me. But I did not stop to decide what I should do. I had started from my place of safety on the mountain to rescue my dog, and I was still undaunted. The thrill of battle, the desire to do or die possessed me and within a few minutes, with scorched clothing and blistered face and hands I and my companion, a cur dog that I had rescued,—were in the cool waters of the river together swimming for the further shore.

FOR some time after reaching that shore, I lay stretched upon the bank watching the flames across the river,—and thinking. And as I lay absorbed in thought I had a vision of the world aflame, and millions of men struggling to subdue the conflagration. I saw them struggle, fall and die, and as they fell others rushed in to take their places; and I saw that until those flames were subdued there would be no peace. Then my lips closed tight, my hands clenched, and I rose to my feet.

"Come on old chap," I said, addressing my companion, "we must be going," and I started down the river.

Three days later I and my dog walked into the village, where some four months previous I purchased a boat and supplies. My hair was singed, my face and hands blistered and my clothing scorched; but my shoulders were thrown back and my head erect. At the recruiting office I signed my name with a firm hand and with a look of determination in my eyes.

"Occupation," tersely questioned the recruiting sergeant, with a touch of the 'brogue of the ould sod' in his voice.

"Fire fighter," I answered.

"You look it me boy," returned the sergeant, carefully looking me over. "What branch of service do you want to get into?"

"Any branch where I can get the most action and the best results," I promptly answered.

"Begorra, you're the kind your Uncle Sam is looking for," returned my interrogator. Then turning to the orderly at the desk, he continued, "An American Eagle for the Aviation Corps."

And I had enlisted to fight for democracy and humanity to do my bit toward extinguishing the conflagration that was threatening civilization.





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JUL 13 1925

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The Story of Max Dolin

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Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.



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# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

JULY, 1925

NUMBER 7

## OUR JULY CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES KURTZMAN, whose interesting article on Max Dolin appears in this issue, is one of the recognized writers on things theatrical in the West. Mr. Kurtzman, who at present is chief publicity director for the California Theater, in San Francisco, is the author of a number of vaudeville playlets, and was for some time connected with the Warner Brothers' Studios in Los Angeles where his snappy titles materially aided in the success of the noted output of that studio.

ADA KYLE LYNCH is one of our old contributors. Her *MARIPOSA LILLIES* in the Page of Verse is only another proof of her versatility as a writer. For some months past she most successfully conducted our *ODDS AND ENDS* department.

TORREY CONNOR is as usual worthy of contemplation in his poem *REGUGE*. Mr. Connor is another writer who needs no introduction to *Overland*. He is well known not only in our magazine but other periodicals.

AMES PETERSON contributes for the first time in *Overland* is well known in other magazines where his work has appeared. Besides being known for his verse, Mr. Peterson, at a comparatively young age, is a successful attorney of Fresno, California.

## IN OUR AUGUST ISSUE

Of particular interest will be an illustrated article, *THE LOST CITY OF THE WEST*, by LESLIE HIGGINBOTHAM of the University of Nevada.

Those who are interested in the development of California will find ample material for thought in Christie Sartin Donnelly's article *THE MAGIC OF WATER*.

Then there is a most stimulating article by Professor Wann of the University of Southern California entitled, *THE "REVOLT FROM THE VILLAGE" IN AMERICAN FICTION*.

Of worthy mention is the sea story *WHEN SEA LEVIATHANS MEET* by PERCY E. NAYLOR.

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and  
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

JUL 13 1925

## Breaking the Shackles of Silence

*The giant significance of world-wide, creative human expression—something almost realized—that may cause an intellectual revolution such as man has never known.*

By HAMILTON WAYNE

THE average human being lacks the power of expressing even the most common and ordinary thoughts with sufficient clearness and conviction. However, with the spreading of universal knowledge has spread the expression of knowledge, of art, of emotion. But because, formerly, expression as a science and an art has been overlooked and neglected in the education of what has been called "the masses," most people know a great deal more than they can express. They may also utilize knowledge assimilated to create valuable new knowledge, in hazy, inarticulate thoughts—but they can express this new knowledge neither orally nor in writing, and it perishes with them, without having been useful to any one.

A tremendous change is coming so rapidly that we shall hardly be aware of its approach, until it surrounds us. An intellectual revolution extends to us its great and its promise.

Knowledge, like a strong drink, has been accumulating in the systems of an amazing number of persons who under the old order of things would remain blissfully, or, as the case may be, miserably ignorant. It has been absorbed quietly, and there has been no stirring of self-expression or expression of any intelligent kind to turn its full force loose. It is true that a few thousands of persons can express themselves more or less. The millions, in the near future, are going to express themselves, too. They are going to tell each other their thoughts; to achieve co-operation, harmony, teamwork in, let us hope, bringing universal happiness and understanding to the human race.

Never in the history of the world as the intellectual power of many persons been used for anything more constructive than in satisfying the immediate and usually selfish needs of the individual, his family or his nation. Now many wonderful mechanical devices, such as the radio and the motion picture, have spread knowledge and the

desire for expression. Within a short time the art and science of expression will be equally widespread.

But how is this great new force, the force that sets free and puts into operation that of knowledge, to be given to



ROY LEIGHTON MANKER  
President, Palmer Institute of Authorship

the people? And why hasn't it been discovered, or developed, before?

What is every one's business is no one's business. The old saw applies to this case. Moreover, educational systems have never stressed expression in the past. Knowledge of all sorts, but not necessarily the expression of knowledge, has been taught.

The old order has not only changed, but so radically that there now exists at least one institution, of which I know, that has as one of its specialties the teaching of expression. It is the most

novel educational institution I know, teaching for the most part by the extension method, and reaching not only into every nook and cranny of America by this method, but all over the English-speaking world.

When I say that the institution also teaches written expression in its practical application, such as fiction writing, articles, journalism and photoplay writing, and that it is located in Hollywood, any one who has been in civilization during the past three or four years will know that I refer to the Palmer Institute of Authorship, founded by Frederick Palmer, Roy Leighton Manker and associates.

With Mr. Palmer in this institution at the present time is Roy Leighton Manker, president; Clayton Hamilton, noted author and educator; Frederic Taber Cooper, Russell Doubleday, Brian Hooker and other men who are widely known in their various fields of letters and education. These men are dreamers and theorists, yes, but during the eight years of the institution's development, gradually and surely they have put their theories into amazingly practical application. They have not only done their work in the established settlements of education, but are constantly extending its frontiers.

A very brief survey of the history of the Palmer organization throws interesting light upon the work being done, not only by this institution but by others, such as the universities and university extension systems.

It has been, I believe, slightly more than seven years ago that Mr. Palmer and Mr. Manker met one day to discuss a remarkable thing that had come to their attention: the enormous interest taken by the public in writing for motion pictures. Writers both, and at the time scenario editor and magazine editor respectively, they were keenly in sympathy with aspiring authors. Educators by instinct, they were as keenly interested in the amazing urge that seemed



to move so many people to write for the screen.

And why did so many people strive to write photoplays?

The answer came to them later. So did the hazy beginning of a great plan for developing the expression of a large slice of the nation. At the moment they saw a method of aiding these people who, having a general urge to express themselves, sought outlet in motion pictures, because they had been told that writing photoplays was the *easiest* way to put their thoughts before the public.

Functioning for several years as an extension school of screen play writing, the Palmer Institute developed many promising writers who have become assets of the motion picture industry. But Palmer and Manker soon discovered that they had an even more important by-product. Letters poured in, telling of the benefits received in ordinary life. Interesting practice in expressing thought on paper resulted in better business letters, in more appealing love letters, in accepted short stories and articles, newspaper items. It cultivated facility of oral expression, confidence, sales ability; in short, it built and strengthened personality.

There are many of such letters on file; vitally interesting human documents. The following note, written by a student, is thoroughly typical, and I reproduce it here by permission, to illustrate the point.

"My studies have given me a more concise, forceful and direct power of expression, which has materially helped my correspondence and conversation, both in business and social life. The decided improvement in self-expression both written and spoken, has been noted by my family and those with whom I come in contact.

"The completeness of your outlines, the careful detail and the directness of presentation keeps the mind working continuously, from the simplest to the deeper and more complicated lessons, and the interesting method of instruction inspires one to work one's very best. The training given is more than screen writing, for it improves the power of control, concentration, organization and self-expression."

Letters such as this crystallized the plans of Frederick Palmer and his associates.

The next step, following the development of the photoplay course up to and beyond the standards of theoretical and working technic in the studios, was to launch into the teaching of printed expression. The short story came first, then the novel, then the writing of articles and journalism. Basic principles dis-

covered and evolved in the photoplay course were applied to, and became part of, the new courses. These principles and precepts ranged from the simplest laws of dramatic construction to the most subtle laws of psychology.

Then—finally and inevitably—there developed the specialized course in expression, which is a practical study and grooming in the English language in its application to oral and written expression of all kinds. While the photoplay course still teaches the successful writing of photoplays, and the short story and fiction course the writing of fiction and articles, the expression course is like nothing of its kind in existence, either



FREDERICK PALMER  
Vice President and Editor-in-Chief

when linked with the others taught or considered separately.

The laboratory methods originated in the Palmer institution have been continued. The laboratory, one might say, is divided into three parts, the first being analytical, the second pedagogical and the third experimental. Commercially, and technically, the writers' alma mater is an extensive institution. It serves its students as a sales agent for stories, articles and photoplays, as legal and technical adviser, and friend, as well as teacher. It has developed some highly successful writers. As photoplaywrights, one might mention Winifred Kimball, who won a \$10,000 prize for a photoplay; Ethel Styles Middleton, who wrote one of the most successful photoplays of the past year; Paul Schofield, who is now a motion picture producer, and Harold Shumate, a promising young director. These men and women are all

products of the method of self development originated by the institute. And on the fiction side, as a single instance I recall Miss Anita Pettibone wrote a popular novel, "The Bitter Country," which was published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

These men and women, and literally hundreds like them who have made some degree of progress toward recognition as creators of written thoughts—or expressions—come from every walk and condition of life. This alone argues for the possibility of a democracy of intellect, a melting pot for every race and every class, just as soon as specialized education of this kind is within reach of every one, regardless of his financial or geographical situation.

In this respect as well as in creating the studies it offers, the Palmer Institute has done wonderful work. The far-flung character of its endeavor, and the fact that its staff of instructors are concentrated in one place while serving students living in homes that may be on the opposite side of the world, largely overcomes both financial and geographical difficulties.

Story-telling, Frederick Palmer maintains, has become an industry as well as an art. Says Mr. Palmer, "For several years past I have been intimately associated with hundreds of successful fiction business men and women, who have heard the call of the new industry and who have left school-teaching, engineering, tramping, stoking, selling, promotion work, reporting, canvassing, housekeeping, factory work and a score of other occupations to work in and to gain the rewards of the newly organized business. I have known others who were only occasional practitioners. They have kept on with their ordinary vocation whether the raising of children or the practice of medicine, and have dealt with written words merely as a side line to securing the upkeep of their motorcars or the purchase of new fur coats."

Hundreds of persons now contribute to magazines where one person did before, because millions of people have become readers. Today, and every day in the future, the commercial side and the great lure of self-expression will teach many, many more people every day to write for the magazines. It will bring more contributors to the press of the world; to the stage, the screen, and the speaking platform.

Speaking on another side of the problem, Mr. Manker, the man who is now president of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and who has shared from the beginning with Mr. Palmer, says:

"The highest achievement of mankind is not a million dollars, but a pe-



sonality. The ability to see and tell a story contributes immensely towards the formation of personality. It is a realization of this that is awakening more people to the value of knowing how to talk and write well, than ever gave the subject a thought in the past. The printing press is partly responsible. The drawing together of people into cities and close daily contact is just as responsible. Every one wants to be set off a little in the crowd, and he recognizes that the readiest means to that end is the practice of the short story teller's art."

And Clayton Hamilton, speaking on yet another phase of the problem—that of the educative possibilities of the extension method of teaching, and the chances for success in achieving fame, and financial success in literature—observes:

"For a number of years I lectured at Columbia University on the drama, its history, its plays. I told how plays were constructed and explained the minutiae that provided practical knowledge for such of my students as had a natural creative ability, and who later went on to write plays. Those who did go on and write with commercial success were few. Those who received a new attitude towards life, and who expressed it in writing plays for their own enjoyment or that of their friends, received an afflatus they could not have received in any other way. None of them so far has charged me with any but the highest purpose in instructing them in a subject from which they could never draw enough money to pay their rents. They have, on the other hand, repeatedly expressed to me the enrichment of their lives that was received by the knowledge I helped to instill into them.

"The same results have come from my connection with the Palmer Institute of Authorship. Every year the institute enrolls thousands of students who are anxious to learn how to write, how to express the experience of life that has been theirs. Certain tests determine the degree of creative ability these students have. None is admitted who does not have some such ability, and for that reason as many or more students are rejected as are enrolled.

Mr. Hamilton refers, of course, to the courses in photoplay writing and fiction writing, which definitely and specifically instruct the student in those branches of literature, and prepare him for a career in them. The application of these courses, however, and the fact that it was necessary to reject so many who failed to show sufficient natural creative ability, resulted in the creation of the English Expression course, which

is open to every one, and which, in its range from the elementary to the most advanced and specialized treatment of the subject, is the newest and longest step toward making possible that great democracy of universal intellect.

It is extremely interesting to note these steps in the development of the Institute's service.

First came an amusing and easy way in which people might find expression—

Palmer, Manker, Hamilton and their associates are pioneers in their endeavor, but they are no longer alone, nor is their institution the only one that is actually born—although it is perhaps the only one of its kind as yet actively functioning.

Soon we shall have a world-wide democracy of intellect. Then human brains—the vast, mighty composite human brain—will be able, intelligently



S. M. WARMBATH  
Secretary-Treasurer



CLAYTON HAMILTON  
Vice President and Director of Education

one in which, originally, ideas might be presented crudely, developed by someone else, sold, and put before an audience of millions. This was a specific step that hardly foretold the final accomplishment. Then came the short story, the novel, the stage play, the article; the earnest search for talented writers and the development of many in various creative fields of letters.

Then the by-product, the most profitable of all, unless one puts an extremely high value upon the individual genius, thousands of men and women who because outstanding individuals, real personalities, real constructive forces in life, because of what they had learned while trying to learn the art of creative writing.

And finally, the creation of the first specialized extension course in expression, a course for the writer, the dramatist, the public speaker, the letter writer, the journalist, the advertising man—and more important than these, a course and an open door to self-expression and personality for the millions of men and women who are in all other lines of endeavor.

and harmoniously, to focus upon the problems that seem so easy of solution, although so vexing—if the "other fellow only cared." He *does* care. And some day soon, he and his neighbor will learn to talk to each other; to explain that they do care, that their interests are the same, that they and the whole world can put a united shoulder to the wheel of human accomplishment, health, and happiness.

*Each month the OVERLAND MONTHLY will run articles about writers that will prove inspirational to other writers. Send one dollar for four months trial subscription, or two-fifty for a full year. This slip must accompany order.*

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# Over-Played

By OLIVER PRUDEN

**B**ETWEEN the caboose and the engine the brakeman found three hoboes. The first was a big blustering braggart who was puffy about the eyes as if he had been sleeping in a closely shut room. Further up the train was an old jungle buzzard with a thick bandage on the left side of his face, criss-crossed with black strips of electrical tape. And in a gondola car behind the engine was a compact little man with one arm and down-turned mouth. The brakeman ditched these three hoboes while the train was lying on a siding.

The first of the trio to arrive in the pleasant hobo jungles above the water tank was this little man with one arm. He was one of those uncommon mortals who could not be catalogued at sight. He had intelligent eyes; he was wearing a necktie that would cost six dollars anywhere; he carried a small, neat, satchel. These details suggested that he had known a better life than a hobo's—nothing more. His name, Seth Palamountain, was no help; it did not so much as reveal his nationality.

The winter sun rose above the canyon wall and found Seth with his back to a redwood tie fire, so motionless that sparrows searched for crumbs close by his feet.

Then the aimless old wretch of a jungle buzzard dragged himself into the jungles, his thin little bundle slung from one shoulder with a cotton rope. A headlong tumble, apparently, had disturbed the bandage so that it now hung by a single strip of black tape, stuck to the shaven scalp above one ear.

The jungle buzzard whimpered and whined about cancer and hospitals, begging for pity like a child with a splinter under its finger nail. Now and then Seth, as a father engrossed in a newspaper answers his son, responded to his chatter with an impersonal "Hm."

About the time, however, that the big braggart was swinging in sight down the track with a loose-jointed stride, Seth offered to attend the dressing on the jungle buzzard's face. He opened his satchel and the other, peeking over Seth's shoulder furtively, as a schoolboy peeks into another's lunch bucket, saw a carpenter's hammer with a broken claw, a manual on salesmanship, a fruit jar lid, some odd bits of surgical dressings, and a roll of black electrical tape.

And then the braggart stamped up to the fire. He shoved his hat far back on his head, bared his unsightly teeth in a grin at Seth's attentions to the jungle

buzzard's face and in a tone that, somehow, made fun of Seth's medical skill, greeted:

"Hullo, Doc, old kid."

Quietly Seth surveyed the braggart from his vulgar mouth down to his broken shoes, and back again. It was plain he resented the familiarity.

"Hello, Windy," he returned, with a pointed sneer.

And then Seth's face became as inexpressive as a blank sheet of paper. His muscular control was perfect. But had he been stripped of clothes you could have seen one of his knee caps twitch and quiver for an instant like a chilled swimmer's. With a swiftness that makes the description of it clumsy, the eye of Seth's mind had flashed back to a woman taking a picture from a box of keepsakes that contained her wedding ring and dried flowers from her bridal bouquet. Then his mind's eye compared the photograph shown him by the woman with the face of the man he had just named Windy. And Seth's heart thumped on his ribs as he decided it was the same man; the man who, among much other wickedness, was responsible for the loss of his arm. Yet —

But just then Windy interrupted with a startled gasp.

"Wh-Wh-Why," he gulped. "Why, that's cancer!"

He backed away from the jungle buzzard as from a deadly serpent. Seth stared at Windy until he felt obliged to explain his terror.

"M' old man kicked the bucket with cancer jist before I was born," Windy mumbled shamedly, and gave a tomato can of coffee seconds a vicious kick.

Seth examined this big shambling hulk of a man curiously.

"Say, Windy," he invited, narrowly observing the effect of his words. "Say, Windy, come here and look—"

"Don't ask me to look at that damn thing," he cried fiercely. "I'd cut my throat if I had it. Yes, I would!"

Windy shuddered, clenched his fists, ground his heel into the gravel, spat forcibly, and stamped away a few paces.

Seth sucked his thin lips into a bloodless line as he nodded his head understandingly.

"Birthmark," he murmured.

But Windy recovered quickly.

"W'elp," he exclaimed, and flung his hands upward in an empty gesture. "It's that old dugout's funeral s'not mine.

What do you stiffies say to a rattlin' good first-class mullygun. Hey?"

Windy fell to unwrapping some packages. The jungle buzzard craned his scrawny neck to watch him, licking his lips as expressively as a dog outside a kitchen screen door. Windy tossed a can of tomatoes into the air gayly.

"See 'em, Doc," he said proudly. "I stole 'em from under the nose of the scissor-bill that runs the store at the water tank. He caught me in the act, too. But after he had sized up yer old Uncle Dudley, he jist kept his mouth shut. Yer damn well right he kept his shut!"

By this time the jungle buzzard's face was dressed. The old bandage criss-crossed with black strips of electrical tape, tossed aside, was dipping and swinging on the top of a willow bush behind them. Seth thoughtfully chafed the stump of his right arm, as he gazed unseeing at water heating for coffee in an earless lard pail. As for the jungle buzzard, he kept a greedy eye on the food; a wheedling, whining, cringing begging simper came into his face each time he caught Windy's eye. And Windy ground his heel into the gravel whenever he glanced at the old derelict. Twice he expressed his feelings by hurling pebbles at the discarded bandage.

"Damnme," he broke out presently. "There oughta be a law to take old stiffies like you out and knock yuh in the head."

Seth watched the tiny bubbles make the break on the edge of the water in the coffee can. The old derelict feigned interest in a train crawling in on the siding by the water tank, the engine popping off as soon as the throttle was closed.

"Who would you get to knock 'em in the head?" prompted Seth.

"I'd do it!" Windy rejoined quickly. "Yer damn right I'd do it. Glad to. And this old dugout wouldn't be the first stiff I bumped off. Ner the last one neither. That's straight goods, Doc 'jb 'lieve it—" Here Windy emphasized each word with a shake of a huge toad stabber fairly close to Seth's nose. "Doc 'jb'lieve it, I only want to live long enough to meet just one certain bird in this world. 'Sfact. And when I meet him, hell is sure goin' to pop. No if's, ner and's about it. Doc, when I meet him, I'm sure goin' to do more than knock 'em in the head."

Seth spat into the fire seven-eighths of an inch to the right of the coffee can, stirring a tiny cloud of ashes. He watched particles of the ashes drift into



the coffee can and wondered if there was a veiled warning in the emphasis with which Windy closed his speech.

But Windy was now down on the gravel with the can of tomatoes clenched between his knees, the toad-stabber in one hand and a big pebble in the other. Then he was overcome by his failing for brag. In an idiotic tone, with an idiotic grin, he asked:

"I want to hear me tell more about it?"

"More about what?" queried Seth.

Windy drove the point of the toad-stabber into the can of tomatoes with the pebble before answering, in a yet more idiotic tone.

"'Bout the bird I'm lookin' fer to bump off."

"Oh. I'd like to hear you," Seth answered, in the smother of embarrassment one feels on seeing a man make a crass fool of himself.

Windy unfolded a scrap of paper containing a mixture of salt and pepper and dumped it into the mulligan before resuming.

"This here bird I'm bumpin' off broke up my home. My wife was the best little woman! A regular humdinger, and I treated her like a queen. But she had to meet up with this skunk 'bout the time we kinda had a fallin' out over nothin'—I was short on the lovey-dovey stuff, or somethin'. And just like a damn fool woman she had to go get stuck on this little geezer. I always told her she didn't have the sense of a five year old kid. Just the samey, one of these fine days I'll happen on this little sweet daddy of hers. And then—"

Here Windy drew the back of his toad-stabber across his throat and made a highly suggestive noise with his tongue and cheek.

"Doc, that ain't a half of what I'll do to 'em," he declared. "His name is Seth Palamountain. Oughtn't have no trouble findin' a bird with a John Henry like that. Ha-ha. Hey, Doc?"

Seth held his palm poised motionless on the end of his stump as slowly, methodically, accurately he saw how close he could spit to the coffee can. Then he resumed the rotary chafing of his stump.

"Maybe you've met this Seth Palamountain already," he suggested.

"Well, I'll tell yuh—" The words were choked as Windy holding his breath and turning red in the face, pulled lustily at the old dull toad-stabber, stuck to the hilt in the tomato can. "Damn such a knife," he gasped, as he caught his breath and a fresh hold. "I'll tell yuh—"

And then the toad-stabber slipped out

of the can. The point hit the flesh just above Windy's wrist and cut a gash most of the way to his elbow. Quite as calmly as if there were a woman at hand to exclaim at his bravery, Windy got to his feet with a smile—a dismal smile like a man trying to enjoy a joke on himself. He turned to Seth.

"Open up yer spit-kit, Doc," he said cheerily. "Here's another job for yuh."

While Seth fished out suitable dressings, the old jungle buzzard, seeking to curry favor and put himself in line for an extra helping of mulligan, hung over Windy, with maudlin, lick-spittle sympathy. With a hand raising towards the bandage on his cheek, the old derelict started to speak a warning that Windy guessed.

"Shut-up. Shut-up, you crummy old coot," he cried in a frenzy. "Dont' yuh say it er I'll bust yuh in the head with this rock."

The old jungle buzzard acted like certain dogs that turn on their sides and yelp miserably if they see you pick up a stick.

"God," Windy muttered, with a shudder that shook him to the heels. Then he hurled the rock at the bandage that was swinging and dipping in the top of the willow bush.

"If that touched this cut, I'd get them germs in it and be dead in a month."

Seth permitted himself a superior smile at Windy's childish terror. A suppressed chortle broke from the jungle buzzard in a moist splutter.

But just to show how much of a Spartan he was, Windy went on with his tale as Seth dressed his arm.

"I started to tell yuh I never saw my wife's little sweet daddy's face by daylight," he said. "Fact is, I never saw nothin' of him after dark either, 'cept his back. And then only once. Yuh see, I followed my wife one night after we split the blankets, and I seen her meet this little cuss. When they got to a kinder dark place, this bird put his arm around her. Doc, that made me see red. I ups with my gun and takes a half-dozen pot shots at 'em. But I didn't mean to hit 'em. Honest I didn't, Doc. But it was dark, and I guess I was a little excited."

"Anyway I seen my wife turning 'round in her tracks like a dog gettin' ready to lay down, and sinkin' down like the bones were meltin' outa her legs. But you oughta seen the little sweet daddy. And heard him yelp! He had one hand clamped on his elbow and, Doc, he was sure dancin'. He was scratched, I guess. But he wasn't gritty a-tall. Nothing like me, hey, Doc? Here I've cut my arm half off and never let a peep

outa me. Have I, Doc? ever run across a guy as gritty as me? Huh? Doc? Didja? Ain't I gritty?"

There was a pretty long pause before Seth spoke.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Hu-u-u-uh?" Windy's grunt of disappointed astonishment made him incline forward as if he had been struck a moderate blow in the midriff. The movement projected his chin to a magnificent angle.

The jungle buzzard, furtively engaged in spearing for a piece of meat with a sharpened sliver, was startled by the pinging smack of flesh on flesh. And the sliver, with the juice of boiling mulligan steaming out of it, slipped into the fire as he stared from Windy, lying where he had fallen, the back of one hand resting in hot ashes, to Seth, who was wearing a frown of pain as he shook his hand gently and rubbed the knuckles against his stump.

Seth assured himself that Windy was in for a period of the sort of sleep that is not disturbed by alarm clocks or newsboys with Sunday papers. Then he fixed the jungle buzzard with a steady stare, spat alarmingly close to the coffee can, and silently jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Take the mulligan with you," Seth said.

The old man snatched out a rag to protect his fingers from the hot rim of the can.

"Doc, I'd give a million dollars to see yuh tie that dirty bandage square on that cut," he said, by way of farewell. "That bird never told the truth in his life."

Seth was now alone with the unconscious Windy. His eyes hovered between two objects. The first was the long gash in Windy's forearm. The second was that evil-looking bandage, criss-crossed with black strips of electrical tape. As he looked at this latter object, it seemed moveless for once, seemed inviting him to come and take it, by turning aside and feigning interest elsewhere, like a wallflower when she sees a young man advancing. Presently Seth, slowly wagging his head in the negative, shook down the bandage as one shakes down an apple on the far end of a limb. He kicked leaves over it.

Then he fell to fashioning a bandage from clean gauzes of similar shape and size, criss-crossing it with black strips of electrical tape. Finished, he bound it over the gash in Windy's forearm.

"That ought to give him enough of a scare to even our scores," he murmured.

(Continued on page 279)



# Max Dolin

## *A Man Who Overcame Fate*

By CHARLES E. KURTZMAN

THE world has been cheated of an envoy of the Holy Bible, but in place of this teacher of all things sacred, old mother earth has gained one master musician, a genius of the violin—Max Dolin by name. For Max Dolin was destined to become a rabbi as his forefathers had all been.

Through the ages, FATE—that inevitable something—has played a mighty role in the lives of many great men. Statesmen and warriors, artists, business leaders, all have been somewhat guided by FATE, in the person of the three goddesses Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, who marked the destiny of their victims. But here is a man, who stands today a leader of his field, a most representative member of America's great amusement colony, because he "took the bull by the horns" and CROSSED-UP FATE.

Our man is Max Dolin, a medium sized individual of smart attire, bright personality, sharp nose, high forehead, silver-grey hair and dynamic personality. He is the conductor of the Incomparable California Orchestra of the California Theater, San Francisco, a musical organization that ranks alongside of Alfred Hertz' world-famous San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It has made its reputation as the result of Mr. Dolin's capabilities to provide good, legitimate music at popular prices and the willingness of Mr. Dolin's employer, Herbert L. Rothchild, to give him full power and cooperation in the furthering of his plans.

Max Dolin has endeared himself to all San Franciscans by his carefully chosen musical programs, his light entrancing interpretations of the heavier numbers of the old masters. For instance he takes Drdla's "Souvenir" or the "Hungarian Rhapsody" or perhaps Wagner's "Evening Star" and in his own inimitable way rearranges the score and offers it at each of the four daily performances at the California Theater as a violin solo. Likewise, with his arrangements for the large orchestra that follows his baton.

Carefully selecting compositions of general appeal and usually lifting his numbers from the works of Liszt, Verdi, Bach, Tchaikowsky, Wagner, Bizet, Puccini, Gounod or Massente, the little conductor prepares original versions of these works for his audience, with the result that the music-loving public of San Francisco has learned to eagerly await the Dolin part of the theater program.

### MANY YEARS STRUGGLE

All has not been a path of roses in the life of Max Dolin.

His parents were of moderate means, natives of Odessa, Russia, where Max was born 37 summers ago. He is the youngest child in a family of seven children, and as the baby usually fares, Max was highly popular with all. His father was one of the best educated men of the city and the cantor of Odessa's leading Synagogue. Max's grandparents on either side were also learned men. They were rabbis of Russian reputation. Going back three generations were more rabbis.

As cantor in the synagogue, Max's father was known to have a beautiful and powerful voice, a necessity for a cantor who sings the songs of prayers for the congregation. The elder Dolin was the first in his family to show any musical talents, and this asset Max believes was handed down to him by his singing father.

Max was not exactly a precocious child, and yet from general reports he had all the earmarks of a highly talented youth. Reared in an exacting environment and by the teachings of his orthodox father, the boy was being molded to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors and become a rabbi. But here is where Max did the "different" thing and took Fate in hand.

At the age of five years, Max first tasted of the violin. One year later he could read music and play in pleasing fashion. He confided in his youngest sister, Dina, that he loved the instrument, explaining how each Saturday he practiced in the back yard of their home. Had the father discovered this there would have been a general rumpus because in the Dolin family the Sabbath day was strictly observed. In line with the teachings of the "talmud" work was



"Like Father, Like Son." Here's Max and his two boys, Bobby seated, and Jerry standing. No mistaking their identity. They're chips off the block.

fully suspended on this day and the time given over to complete rest and prayer.

Normal and healthy in all respects, young Max found time between his studies of the Bible and the violin to play with the other urchins of Odessa the games and pranks that boys of the ages of nine and ten usually enjoy. And today when reminiscing of those days, Max derives his greatest pleasure.

### ENTERS SCHOOL

At the tender age of 13 years, Max passed the examination for a scholarship in the Imperial Music Conservatory of Odessa in the same class with Mischa Elman, now one of the world's greatest violin virtuosos. The struggle of these two boys, who are both of Jewish parentage, to make good the tests of the conservatory was indeed strenuous, for in addition to the task of convincing their parents of the brilliant future



that the institution offered they were made to answer questions much more difficult than those asked of the Russian children. This was the result of the conservatory's constitution which made possible the entrance only of a very small number of Jewish boys and by means of intricate queries eliminated these students to the finest in the country. Max overcame all these obstacles and more, and entered the school with flying colors.

In his third year at the conservatory, Max volunteered his services in the Imperial Army, thereby avoiding serving from three to seven years when he reached the age of 21. By this time, Max with the aid of his good sister Dina, had convinced his father that he would never become a rabbi despite the herculean efforts that were being made to lead him toward the pulpit. Here for the first time, his father toned down the lectures that were expected to bring Max into the sacred fold. And it was then at the age of 16 that Max definitely made known his determination to leave Russia, to earn his livelihood elsewhere by way of the trusty violin.

It was the turning point of Max's life, the time that he forever closed his eyes toward a church career. It was here that he trimmed the pages of the book of Fate and did what many before him failed to accomplish. He overcame countless handicaps, including the most difficult of all—a determined father—and struck toward the sun with his violin in hand.

Before we go with Max from Russia to Paris where he suffered numerous hardships but finally gave his first public concert, let us hear his story of the ill luck that came with his first uniform.

It seems that Max won distinguished honors immediately after entering the army and was appointed a bandmaster, of which there are three to each company. With this appointment he was given a new beautiful uniform in place of the cap worn by other students. Being a member of the Imperial school and a volunteer in the army, Max was allowed the privilege of residing at home, a condition he was happy to enjoy.

On the way to the barracks one morning Max joined his chum in a street brawl, emerging with one badly blackened eye and one disjointed bandmaster's uniform. Fearing to face his father that night, Max went to his sister Dina for advice. Dina patched up the uniform as well as possible, advising Max to tell his father the truth of the fracas. But the boy sensed trouble and when questioned as to the cause of the black eye answered that he had slipped on the drill grounds at the barracks. The elder Dolin flat-footedly said he was satisfied

that a fist fight caused the injured member inasmuch as a uniform could not become so ragged by a slight fall. Max says this marked the first and last time he attempted to tell his father a falsehood, when "so vital a matter was involved." He asserts: "I was unable to sit down for four days."

#### TELLS OF PRANKS

Other stories Max likes to refer to, include one in which he tells how unfair he was to kind-hearted sister Dina. On Saturdays Max was subject to his father's rule that all shoes be locked away in the attic closet, thus preventing any member of the house from transacting business or pleasure.

For three weeks Max had been taking costly books from Dina's elaborate library, which he sold for practically one-fifth of their value. Dina was a student of history and had accumulated considerable literature of importance on the subject. Finally she observed that her library was dwindling and her suspicions immediately centered toward Max. She cornered the boy and before telling her thoughts gave fair warning that the truth and nothing but the truth would be tolerated.

Max confessed that he had taken the books, but said he had saved each cent of the funds realized from their sale. This amount was of course far under their value.

"But," said Dina, "just for what purpose did you want the money?"

Max paused for a few moments, then confided, "I was saving to buy a second pair of shoes, so that I could get out of the house on Saturday when the boys always get together."

Graduated from the Imperial Conservatory in Odessa just prior to reach-

ing the age of 17, Max won high honors as a musician of great promise. His credits entitled him to compete for a scholarship at the Paris Conservatory, where many of the world's best music masters were given their final instructions.

Straight to his mother the young chap went to unfold his heart's wish. She promised aid and after convincing the father of the lad's talents Max packed his bag and started on the journey to Paris.

Arriving at the French capital Max soon discovered what a great handicap it was to be alone with little funds in the largest city of a foreign country. After six weeks, during which time he tried to gain an audience with the officials of the conservatory, Max found that his cash was completely gone. Then came two months of practical starvation, with small portions of food touching his lips through the courtesy of the charitable Rothschild Bread Lines. A regular member of these lines, Max knew then what a struggle life really was.

Soon the boy discovered that the possibilities of gaining a scholarship at the conservatory were very poor, mainly because one of the largest classes of applicants ever assembled was on hand, and secondly, due to his poor understanding of the French language.

Joining with other half-starved students who had gathered in Paris to win scholarship, Max gave a series of street concerts in various sections of the great city, covering his eyes in blindfold fashion to avoid being recognized. In this way he realized enough money to travel to London, England.

#### IN LONDON

Dame Fortune was more agreeable in England, where Max kept busily en-



The Popular Conductor at the Age of 19 in New York City

Max at the Age of 16 as a Bandmaster in the Imperial Russian Army



gaged with the violin and earned wages sufficient to bring steerage quarters on a vessel to America. At the age of 18 years, he landed in Montreal, Canada, a muchly determined youngster dreaming of the golden future.

But a "life of Reilly" was not to be for Max, and in Montreal he faced the most severe test of his 18 years on earth. Time and again he was refused positions with various musical organizations. Finally, in despair, he joined a fellow musician, applying at a factory for work as a painter, there being a dearth of "brush wielders" at the time.

The foreman of the plant readily engaged Max and his colleague and placed them immediately to work. Ten minutes later the crew boss returned to see how his new aides were doing. He caught a glimpse of the two musicians sorrowfully attempting to throw the brush against the lumber in the fashion of professional painters. Suspecting that they were imposters he asked of their past experience. Right then and there the boys "spilled the beans."

It seems that at this time the Canadian labor law demanded that a man be paid one-half a day's wages if he had as much as reported to work. So for his efforts Max received \$1.15 and a powerful strike in the face that necessitated the expenditure of the earnings for drugs.

Constant plugging finally brought Max to New York City, where time ironed out his troubles and struggles and eventually brought success and fame.

He started his American career in a German beer hall on the lower East side of the Empire City. This was in the year 1906, when his wages consisted of one dollar a day, all the beer he could drink, and three good meals. Max proved a sensation in the dive and finally agreed to the pleas of the patrons and journey uptown to appear at a vaudeville theater on amateur night.

On three successive nights did this young artist attempt to quiet the fun-seeking audience, and on three successive night he "got the hook." Yes, and Max says Kreisler himself would have been a victim of the curved pole if he had attempted to play such classics on an amateur night. On the fourth occasion he dodged the hook but just avoided being hit by the sand bag, which hung over the center of the stage and came down when the "trying artist" proved too strong for the well known hook.

Undaunted by the jeers of the audience, who could not appreciate music from the violin, Max made a fifth ap-



Max Dolin As He Is Today

pearance on an amateur night and finally won over the "wolves" of the gallery. He recorded the individual hit of the program that night, thanks to the boys "up in heaven" who gave the lad courage. For this distinction he was awarded \$5, a mighty sum in those days.

From this point on, young Dolin made a success of every concert and public appearance he attempted. Soon came the polish and social essentia's that a popular American conductor must have.

Here Max decided that Americans would pay well for local favorites. Being of a settled mind and anxious to become a home man, Max accepted the leadership of the fashionable Astor Hotel orchestra in New York City, at the same time entering into the bonds of matrimony.

His success at the Astor made a decided impression with J. McKee Bowman, general manager of the Biltmore Hotel interests, and soon he was placed in charge of entertainment and music at the Biltmore and Manhattan Hotels of New York City. Shortly afterward he was sent by Bowman to Havana, Cuba, in charge of music for the Biltmore interests there, and as director of entertainment for the racing season, an appointment he received from John McGraw, the present scrappy manager of the famous "Giants" baseball club, who is a big stockholder in the Havana race track.

Between the seasons Max toured the country as conductor for Maurice, the world's leading exponent of ballroom

dancing, whose partner at the time was the beautiful Gladys Walton. Then came vaudeville engagements for the Keith and Orpheum people and his eventual return to Havana where he opened the new Presidential Palace with the inauguration of General Menocal.

#### COMES TO SAN FRANCISCO

In the winter of 1923, Herbert L. Rothchild, founder and president of the chain of San Francisco theaters that bear his name, heard of this successful violin-conductor and being anxious to provide his patrons with the finest type of music at his California Theater imported Max as conductor. Within eight months Mr. Dolin became a vital part of the California Theater's success and built his organization from 18 to 30 trained and selected musicians, the largest permanent musical organization in Northern California today.

To look at Max Dolin today, as he sits in comfort in the luxurious arm chair at his apartment with his wife and two boys busily engaged adjusting the radio or another such device, little would one believe that his past has been replete with hardships and sufferings, disappointments and discouragements.

He is purely a home man, termed by his wife, Gladice, "a one-woman horse." The Dolins are very proud of their two children. Jerry is just past 13 years and Bobby is headed toward his sixteenth birthday. There is a marked resemblance between the two lads and their "game little father." As a matter of fact, the three (including Max) look more like brothers than father and sons. Were it not for Max's silver-grey hair he could pass for a man in his early twenties. Clean living and a penchant for the home fireside has made possible this great asset.

#### THE DARK HOURS

NIGHT brings a treasure chest,  
And sets it by my bed.  
There I find the riches  
Of which in books I've read.  
Dark-eyed Spanish ladies;  
Galleon and sail;  
Blue-eyed pleading hostage;  
Blazoned coats of mail.  
Pageantry and valor—  
Blue-eyed slow to yield—  
Blood upon the sunset,  
Blood upon the field.  
Burning heart and anguish;  
Tender gallantry;  
Halls abrawl with feasting;  
Castled chivalry.  
Towers, stern and brooding—  
But here's the dove-grey dawn!  
And Night, drawing close her cape,  
Has packed her chest and gone.

NOEL FLAURIER.



# A Page of Verse

## PROSPECTS

I'VE mused one time or 'nother 'most  
round this rollin' ball;  
An' as fer human feelin's, I've felt 'em purt'  
near all;  
But the thrillin'est o' satisfyin' feelin's fer  
a man  
S to glimpse them yaller prospects a stringin'  
round the pan.

Some folks they git the'r feelin's livin' on  
fifth avenoo,  
A treadin' on soft carpets, stirrin' up a great  
hulloo;  
But I git mine a scoochin' an' a whistlin'  
Annie Roon,  
An' a pannin' till comes peepin' through that  
yaller thin new moon.

When I jack-knife on my haunches down in  
a red ravine,  
With rocks an' gurglin' water a ripplin' in  
between,  
Oh, the feelin's while I pat an' shake that  
muddy flarin' band,  
With a cur'ous corkscrew motion a settlin'  
the black sand!

I seen some slatherin' heaps o' gold an'  
richest kind o' pay,  
An' fellers swaggerin' round the're goin' to  
buy up all Broadway;  
But I snap my fingers at 'em, call 'em cheap  
an' low o' birth,  
Fer with them stringin' prospects I could buy  
the whole blamed earth.

So when I shoulder pick an' pan an' cross  
the great divide,  
An' start a searchin' out the lay upon the  
other side,  
I'll scooch down by some ripplin' stream an'  
corkscrew, shake an' test,  
I'll I sight them streakin' prospects, 'n' you  
take all the rest.

ELVYN FREMONT BURRILL.

## DISCOVERY

YOU are the same; I have not changed;  
But the veil is gone.  
By some indifferent, stranger hand  
Withdrawn.

So now we stand apart, aloof,  
In quiet wonder how  
We did not see long years ago  
What we know now.

AMES PETERSON.

## THE TRYST

THE stars looked down and smiled at me,  
The Moon sailed high in scorn;  
Only the wind came out to greet me,  
Out of the tall green corn.

'Nay, we are both of the earth," it said,  
'She is a thing of the sky;  
'Strange flowers grow on the moon," it said,  
'But tonight the moon sails high."

What could it say to me who had seen  
The stars through her tangled hair,  
The spell of whose laughter, fairy laughter,  
Clung to me everywhere?

So I went alone with the wind that had  
turned  
Back through the tall green corn.  
The white stars watched me go, and smiled;  
But the moon sailed high in scorn.

AMES PETERSON.

## REFUGE

THE roar of the city  
Is set to the tune of the riveters—  
The crash, the clang of the riveters,  
Whanging a clamorous diapason  
Of the city-progressional—  
As the great red girders  
Swing aloft.

Humans swarm in awninged ways;  
Crowd before blobs of color  
In store windows; move on again;  
Pass in and out of swinging doors.  
One, youthful, steps consciously  
As to the rhythmic measures  
Of blatant orchestra;  
Another—the drifter—aimlessly,  
With clodden tread.

Faces, faces—  
Do they ever look up at the sky?  
Do these never turn their strained faces  
Of eager unrest  
Upward to the blue sky?

Street car gongs  
Clanging, dinning, warning;  
Brakes shrieking protest  
As taxis scream and jerk to a stop;  
Strident voices wrangling;  
The knelling of bells—  
These are the undertones  
To the tune of the riveting.

Shoulder brushing shoulder,  
Jostling, pushing, thrusting—  
See the red girders upswinging,  
Hear the clash, the clang of the riveters—  
I am borne with the human tide  
That stops and starts  
With the traffic signal;  
The city's processional.

Here on my hilltop, at nightfall,  
Gazing down on the lights of the city,  
Quiet.  
A pigeon's nests in my window-niche.

TORREY CONNOR.

## 1850 California Diamond Jubilee 1925

## MARIPOSA LILIES

MARIPOSA lilies dot the sloping hill,  
Hide in sunny canyons, nodding, nod-  
ding still.

Swaying with the breezes, nodding "How  
you do?"

Come and see the butterflies I have cupped  
for you.

"When the evening shadows tell of closing  
day,

All my petals fold them silently away.  
With the morning sunshine petals open up,  
All the lovely colors still inside the cup."

ADA KYLE LYNCH.

## COME OUT!

SOME out! Come out where larkspurs  
blue  
From green hillsides leap free;  
Come out! Come out where the heart of you  
May romp with the heart of me.

Come out where wild birds day long trill  
Heart-throbbing rhapsodies;  
Where Zephyr wantons with lake: at will  
A-quivering sets the trees;

Where nature, laughing mile on mile,  
'Round us bewitchment flings  
To merge our souls for a magic while  
With the jocund soul of things.

Come out! Come out where larkspurs blue  
From green hillsides leap free;  
Come out! Come out where the heart of you  
May romp with the heart of me.

HAZEL DELL CRANDALL.

## A SILKEN SHAWL

HE came to town from foreign lands,  
With silks and satins rare,  
Old Spanish shawls and fine brocades,  
And jewels for the hair!

He passed my door one fragrant dusk,  
And called me with his eyes.  
He laid a kiss upon my lips;  
Ah! he in love was wise!

A Spanish shawl he gave to me  
And many silks to wear,  
The maidens all stared enviously,  
To see me decked so fair!

But when the icy winters came,  
And locked the town in snow,  
He took his shawls and trinkets fine  
I stood and saw him go!

Two summers now have passed away—  
And merchants come to sell,  
Their silken shawls and other wares—  
I shrink to hear their bell!

ELEANOR ALLEN.

## FULFILLMENT

NOW death affrights me not  
For I have lived . . . .

Death frights me not . . . .  
Passionate rain hath kissed my lips  
At night—  
I have seen the gull who soars and dips  
To the foam, weaving patterns  
Of light.

Death frights me not . . . .  
For I have heard the singing trees  
Of God—  
Heard the note His wind doth seize  
From anguished hearts and wail  
Abroad.

Death frights me not . . . .  
For now the cup of life is filled,  
O'erbrimmed—  
The chords of heart and soul have thrilled  
To love—The lamp of death  
Is trimmed.  
Nay, death affrights me not,  
For I have loved.

M. E. COLEMAN.



# A House Divided

## CHAPTER XIII

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

FOR several months after the night of Sampson George's ball, relations of Phil and Madge remained at a comparative standstill. The morose disposition of Adam acted in Madge's mind as a perpetual threat. Once having allowed an actual show of feeling on the part of her new lover, she fought off further liberties. From that day onward throughout the ensuing spring and summer she maintained an attitude of distance and frigidity amounting almost to hostility. If Adam had felt any suspicions, he now forgot them. But so consistently unpleasant was the household atmosphere by reason of his inconsiderate manners, that Madge began finally to make frequent visits to her own home, where she was again made welcome, having attained the respectability of wifedom. She now began to shine in the halo cast about her through her martyrdom as an abused and neglected woman.

As her sense of security grew, and nothing seemed to be resulting from her clandestine experience with Phil, she began to feel a returning boldness. She had so lost any feeling of respect or regard for the rights of her husband in the matter, that a mood of growing recklessness increased rapidly in her mind as the summer waned and the time for picking corn again arrived.

Phil O'Meara, silent and uncommunicative, remained at his post. He was sufficiently a man to recognize his essential disloyalty to everything decent, in his weakness toward his love. But fight though he did and with some measure of success, against the spell of her personality, there were days when it seemed as if the air about him were charged with her presence. As he toiled in the fields, he could almost hear her light laughter on every wind. Distant bird notes and chance echoes of remote voices brought him about to look over his shoulder as if she called his name. In spite of the disdain which she habitually showed him, he was sure that her passion could not have cooled so suddenly.

Occasionally she came across the field on hot days bearing a mid-afternoon lunch. Her thin cotton dress, blown by the wind, disclosed a figure daily ripening to a fuller and more seductive womanhood. Her hair, red-gold, blew wildly, as her blue calico sunbonnet hung by its string over her shoulder. At such times she wore an air of listless indiffer-

### THE STORY THUS FAR

WHEN David Brock, after twenty years of farm life, rebelled against the worthlessness of his son, Adam, and the tirades of his wife, the brunt of running the farm fell upon Julia. There was no time for sentimentalizing, not even over Gene Palmer. There was work to do and she could not count on Adam. Phil O'Meara made a good hand on the Brock farm. Adam continued his waywardness until added to her other duties, Julia was allotted the task of persuading him to marry Madge Neith. After this marriage, Madge's dislike for Julia became intolerable and Julia moved to the city where she accepted a position as a clerk.

Summer passed into fall, and with lack of rains, Mrs. Brock was forced to mortgage her farm to Stewart Cook, a wealthy bachelor who had taken a fancy to Julia. The fall had brought other complications. Madge had evidenced an infatuation for Phil O'Meara, and Julia had "kept out of sight" of Gene Palmer.

Christmas season approached and gaiety increased. Adam and Madge with Phil had attended a party, Adam with his pugnacious tendencies. A fight followed in which Adam was badly hurt and escorted home. It was only natural, knowing Madge, that she stayed on, and that Phil declared his love while the sleigh bells tinkled and that upon arriving home, Madge felt just a little guilty when her mother-in-law announced "Adam's pretty bad."

ence, transparent to him because unnatural with her. She seldom met his eyes.

ONE morning Phil failed to appear. In his stead, Virginia, now developing rapidly into a young nymph of startling grace and beauty, came to the kitchen door.

"Phil's not comin' to work today, Mrs. Brock," she announced.

"Sakes alive, child, we must have him."

Virginia shook her head. "Phil's gone," she said. "He ain't comin' back for a whole year. He's tired of one place."

Mrs. Brock received the news in her usual mood of injured innocence.

"Adam," she said, "what're we goin' t' do?"

"Git another man, ma," responded Madge's husband. "There's plenty'll do as well as him."

Madge kept her eyes on her plate.

"A whole year—a whole year—" she kept saying in her mind.

With Phil gone, whispers ceased in the neighborhood. The second winter of David Brock's absence fell on the land with wind and snow and heavy ice. The entire Brock family, so far as those at home were concerned, seemed settling down to a passive living out of succeeding days. Julia kept her post at the New York Store. Stewart Cook, suavely self-assertive visited her across her counter. Gene Palmer plowed his field once more. He did not build the little house he had planned for the winter of eighty.

### BOOK 11

#### CHAPTER 1

THE state road, undulating with the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the rolling prairie, stretched its brown length between tightly drawn barbed wire fences, and was hemmed in on both sides by luxurious groves of soft maple, whose sweeping boughs were heavily laden with buds and blossoms that filled the day with vague sweetness. Along the fences, the wild plum and crab-apple trees flaunted their delicately colored and perfumed petals. The wild roses made a mild showing of leaves. Marsh grasses had sprung almost overnight in the pools and at culverts. Barn swallows darted to earth, vaulting on rapid pinion to hospitable lofts built into gables for their especial habitations. Cloud masses hung like great curtains in the blue; and the sun shone benignly through rifts edged with gleaming silver. A dalliant though chilling wind blew from the south bearing the odor of new-turned soil and springing vegetation. It was a world of exhilaration and promise.

On this particular morning, a slow-moving team and wagon passed along the highway. The driver sat as if plunged in deep thought. Occasionally he slapped the reins on the backs of the philosophic animals who in turn quickened their movements for a few moments only to fall gradually back to their normal stride of a snail's pace. Now and then the driver roused himself to gaze off across the sweeping landscape—a landscape dotted generously with maple-encircled farmsteads where huge red barns bulked against an emerald background and neat white houses with green blinds nestled complacently in plantations of spruce, pine and cottonwood. Over all the rolling vista brooded an air of peace and security. Through some six or seven miles of this pleasant



id fruitful country, journeyed David rock and then there rose up before in a small cluster of buildings at a crossroads. Here was a general store and a postoffice. He halted in front of the post office and clambered stiffly to the ground.

Entering the shadowy and clammy little building, a cluttered establishment reeking with the odor of kerosene, stale butter, broken eggs, calico, cheap candy and plug tobacco, he purchased from the portly and rather solid-looking man behind the counter a pen, a bottle of ink, and a packet of ruled writing paper. Resting the pad on a counter, he laboriously inscribed a long letter to his bank at Manchester, informing the management of his plans and turning over all monies of his there deposited to his wife, Lydia Brock. Carefully sealing the envelope he slipped it into the slot of the microscopic post office in the corner of the store. His air was one of utter unconcern,—in fact, he sighed as with relief from a great bondage. Now, casting his eyes about the place, he observed the tinned meat and fruit along a shelf, and also the large round cheese in a fly-screened case. He bought sparingly of the cheese, of the corned beef, and crackers. Silently he mounted to the seat of his wagon and moved off along the road.

The wind had increased by this time, and its effect was already apparent on the mud of the much traveled way, which formed now into dry ridges along the wheel tracks and broke up in stiff clods as the ringing wheels passed over it. The landscape gave the impression of trying to break loose from its anchorage. Itinerant crows, cawed aimlessly from fence-post and tree,—undecided whether to sojourn in that region or travel further north. The ubiquitous woodpecker uttered his shrill and staccato cry and tapped experimentally on the lightning-battered telephone posts and the rotting trunks of maples. Colts frisked in the green pastures, affectionately gnawing each other's necks. But David Brock's mind was only slightly occupied with these matters, though frequently he seemed forcing himself to consider the concrete and objective affairs of the nascent countrysides through which he was passing.

His mind was divided strangely between two worlds. Less than twelve hours before, he had been intent on the almost automatic routine of this thirty-five years of labor on an Iowa quarter-section. The chores, the plotting of fields for crop rotation, the performance of seasonal tasks from day to day and year to year, the management of divers loans and deposits at the bank, the careless perusal

of insignificant farm journals, these matters had comprised his intellectual life for a generation. But at a blow the whole succession of functions had fallen apart and he stood now in a great vacuum of thought and action, stunned and stupefied. He caught himself wondering occasionally as to what might be going on at the farm. Then he resolutely turned his mind away, for a dogged determination ran through all his reflections,—the old life was done, that book closed forever. He willed his eyes to see and his ears to hear what nature had spread so widely about him of sights and sounds. As the day wore on, and the miles lengthened behind him, old scenes seemed to sink like a continent beneath the horizon of this uncharted sea which he had so rashly embarked upon. He straightened his massive shoulders, drew in his chin, while a strange new mood settled upon him, half humorous, half cynical. Thus journeying, and finding shelter at hospitable farms along the way, he crossed the Iowa line into Nebraska.

**T**HE VALLEY of the Platte River is perhaps the most unmitigated example of prairie country in all the middle west. Here in spring the stream spreads out to the width of a mile or more in places, only to shrink during the dry season to the width of a man's hand or even to disappear utterly. The land itself is level as a floor outspread in spring beneath a fretful sky, blown upon by ominous northwest winds for a day and then by milder currents from the south. The sunsets in summer and autumn are usually blood red by reason of much dust in the air. A haze eternally veils the horizon. Mirages stretch to wavering and grotesque heights the grain elevators and gaunt station-houses along the railroad.

David Brock found his travels less carefree now, for mile after mile showed no sign of habitation. Colonies of prairie dogs sat upright on the brinks of their tunnels and viewed the phenomenon of his passing with profound contemplation. Squalls of rain, alternating with a ferocious and burning sunshine, preyed on the vitality of both man and beasts, but ever the wavering horizon, blood-red at evening with the enormous disc of the setting sun, lured him westward. Sometimes he spent the night in the friendly and echoing shelter of a hay-loft, and sometimes even in a hospitable spare bed but as the third week arrived, he found no human being at the day's end, so that a roll of blankets beneath his wagon, while the horses tethered near nibbled the sparse bunch grass, and the dying fire snapped and hissed, formed his usual resting place.

He thought deeply and widely. En-

forced idleness together with the accumulated vigor of his hale and hearty existence meant that some consistent effort must find expression in him if he were to maintain even a nominal equanimity. He fought down the many voices of self-accusation that struggled to make themselves heard in his mind. Often these voices insistently shouting their claims within him, brought him almost to the confession that he had acted harshly in his dealings with Adam. But in turn the infinite pains he had been to in setting the boy along the path of rectitude, the comfortable home he had given him, and the favors without number he had granted, as he remembered them, restored his confidence in the soundness of his act in deserting the family to its fate. He cultivated a mood of irresponsibility. He revelled in the sense of freedom from any other's claims upon him. He sought the good of one person only, himself. And as if in revolt against the hard and bitter years of toil and debt and responsibility now ended, he threw back his shoulders with an air of self-conscious liberty dearly bought, and which he would make the most of, come what might. He developed a theory of life to accord with his desire for this strange irresponsibility he had now attained unto. Life, he told himself, like one memorizing a catechism, was one huge joke on mankind, himself in particular. The best way to face destiny was to take it with the indifference of careless laughter. Wet or dry, hot or cold, it was all one. A cynical bravado fell upon him.

He contemplated the universal riddle; that chaos of night storms, when the blinding lightning flashed across the inky pall of the zenith, and the chariots of the thunder roared tumultuously from horizon to horizon; the inscrutable sounds of wind and grass and leaf communing with each other; insect noises on still nights; the spectacle of the level reaches of the earth burgeoning into summer plenitude; cloudy pageants on windy days when the air was hard and bracing; sultry hours along the way when every living thing drooped beneath the angry eye of a delirious sun. These matters became substance for a great curiosity to act upon, for he lived subject to their influence as a living, seeing, hearing, feeling consciousness, looking out on creation with eyes that saw as never before like a pilgrim in a land long dreamed of but seen now for the first time. The old fetichism of his church-going career fell from him; his shoulders lost their stoop; his eyes no longer peered from beneath beetling brows, but rather, with head thrown back, he gazed quizzically on the world and on man from between lowered lids that concealed the

(Continued on page 278)



# Californianization

By B. VIRGINIA LEE

"CALIFORNIANIZATION" should be adopted by every Californian as is Americanization by every American—a very broad and inclusive term, indeed. The first part of it is that we should know what California is and be conscious of her in all her various senses and moods and spirits. The seeming difficulty of making the person born in another state (we shall call them "out-staters" for convenience of this article), understand California, is first to make the California-born realize her natural resources of beauty; how large in activity, intellectual and spiritual, our state is. Too often do we take for granted the beauty of our own domain and seek the purple heights of far away pastures, leaving our wonders of color, back-ground of romance, with its historical landmarks for something we have heard of far away. Lured we may be to Yellowstone, Glacier, the Islands, even the Alps and Sahara. We excuse ourselves with, "We can always see what's here, but must make the best of our opportunities while they knock," and yet we advertise these same beauties, which we ourselves "leave for other times." What do we get? Out-staters, fortified by our advertisements, imaginations stimulated past their power of receptivity, arrive, are disappointed—disappointed because California must be felt for she is a thing of life; she is growing, climbing, struggling. She is thinking through her problems, groping through them, living through them. One can not accept the cup that runneth over, without helping fill it. To arrive at this point of understanding is to know her legends, her history. We must turn our imagination backward, recall the daring exploits or adventuresome enterprises of many a youthful breast with hopeful enthusiasm from Klamath Lake on the edge of Oregon down to the Imperial Valley in the south. We must see some of those superb things that God has made for the delight of his people—Mount Shasta, the Yosemite, Mount Whitney, the tallest mountain in the United States; and yes, the great red-woods, the oldest living things in this or any other continent. They were here, these great Sequoias, when Christ came upon the earth; they were here when Moses brought the ten commandments unto the people, five thousand, six thousand and more years old.

"Californianization" is no more or less than the interpretation of California in terms of California life, its strug-

gles, its rewards, its purpose and dignities—growing with her, understanding her history—sensing her growth as a mother senses the growth of her child. Out of her wealth in things of the earth and her greater wealth in things of the spirit is coming into existence,



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE

something different than has ever been. It is a tendency to appreciate more fully the God-given beauties—man's heritage.

We shall take Yosemite Valley for illustration. If the Out-stater could sense

it as perhaps Bunnell sensed it in 1851, or even as Joseph Walker must have felt it in 1833, unadvertised, bursting upon man as a creation of God, something sense by ones self, the unsullied beauty of the Yosemite Indians' summer playground, then California would be appreciated, known, loved. This playground is still here. The vision is the same, only there is plain evidence that man with his modern views of comfort has made a permanent invasion of this Paradise of America, which includes within its boundaries 1,000 square miles of scenic Sierra territory and its position today is due to the earnest work of men like John Muir and Le Conte and the eagerness of the Sierra Club to make for all time the certainty of this Paradise.

FOR a moment, let your imagination go back, say 75 years; let it follow the course of the Merced River toward Mirror Lake and you will see tepees of thatch, slabs of bark with thin wisps of smoke curling from the vent at the top and spreading a thin limpid veil of haze over the beauty of the bald cliffs and the distant barrens beyond Mirror Lake. You will smell the heavy dampness of fallen leaves. The Lunar bow is there, that delicately exquisite arc described for us in Indian legend, which enthalls the few who venture into the mists at the base of Yosemite Fall by the full of the moon in the Sixth month. If you are romantic you will see the Maid of the Mists in Bridal Veil falls beneath a sky star-studded with the lamps of God—and you will see love, sense it in everything beneath the moon, a something no pen can describe, a something which will fill you with stifling awe.

Bunnell tells a story of having had a glimpse from Merced trail above Ridley's Ferry of the stupendous cliff which later was named El Capitan and which, as a member of the Mariposa Battalion, he came to know and appreciate more fully when the battalion camped just across the river from this mightiest of rocks.

The effective discovery of the Yosemite might be placed here—the result of an expedition of the Mariposa battalion into the bowl against hostile Indians in 1851. White men, in search of gold, red men rallying to protect their natural heritage were really the causes which brought about the discovery and subsequent development.

The Mariposa Battalion was a company of hardy mining men and pioneers



organized in January, 1851, under the command of James D. Savage. In 1850 Savage had established a trading post on the Merced River about 20 miles below the valley. Indians attacked the post in the spring of that year but were driven off. Savage abandoned the post and set up new stations, one on Mariposa Creek, and another on the Fresno River. He had several Indian wives and through them for a time wielded a power which was far reaching. However, malcontents existed then as now develop in other professions, and desertion of his Indians followed the same year. His Fresno post was attacked and two men killed in December of 1850 and so ruthless was the invasion that armed forces were sent after the post scourges. On January 6, 1851, a volunteer company was formed under Sheriff James Burney and Savage and on the tenth of the next month the Mariposa battalion was formed.

About this time, United States Indian commissioners arrived and began treating with the Indians. March 19th a treaty was made and six tribes were removed to a reservation between the Merced and Tuolumne rivers. One tribe, however, refused to treat and the battalion started after it.

This company of horsemen entered the Valley possibly by the now well-known and so-called "old Mariposa trail." While these were the first white men to enter the valley on horseback, it was known that horses and cattle had been taken into the valley by Indians, therefore it was known that the trail was passable, but to those who are familiar with the snow fall in this region, the trip must have been an arduous one in March. While the expedition was not much of a success as measured by the number of prisoners taken, it accomplished a good deal in showing the Yosemite and old Tenaya, their chief, that the settlers could not be trifled with and that the mountain stronghold and deep valley of Ahwahne was not a safe refuge when the whites were aroused. On March 23, the day after the Mariposa Battalion sent him an invitation to "come in," old Tenaya appeared and promised to behave and to round up the recalcitrants.

Perhaps one can get a bit of an idea, of the feeling, from Bunnell's book, "Discovery of the Yosemite and the Indian War of 1851," of how the full beauty of the valley burst with unexpectedness upon them. As they gazed up the valley their eyes absorbed the glories of El Capitan, Bridal Veil Falls, Cathedral Spires, Half Dome, and the granite barrens farther back. It was on March 25, 1851, when the valley was wearing its

cloak of snow; while the Mariposa Battalion was encamped opposite El Capitan not far from Bridal Veil Falls, that it was suggested that the party name

may further be of interest to go a bit back—to the derivation of the name of the tribe. The legend goes that the tribe took its name from one of its Indians,

### Guide Map of Yosemite



the valley and it is to the honor of the good natured bantering of Dr. L. H. Bunnell that Yosemite was suggested and finally adopted. Yosemite is not the Indian name of the valley, as many people think, but the name of the Indian tribe which occupied it at that time, and which signified "Grizzly Bear." It

who unarmed had fought off a fierce Grizzly bear with only a stick.

Bunnell never claimed to have been individually the discoverer of the Yosemite Valley, but merely to have been in the company of white men first to

(Continued on page 281)



# A Home in the Desert

## CHAPTER TEN

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

THE winter stemmed endless that year. We children began to say that we couldn't remember anything but snow and wind. We complained bitterly at the long delay of spring. Even mother had a wistful look in her eyes as March came and still the cold continued.

But since the month had come in like a roaring lion, we pinned our faith to the ancient proverb, and hoped it would leave like a lamb. And so it proved.

The last days of March were clear and warm, and the roads ran deep with melting snow and slush. A warm wind came merrily sailing along our way, and the snow disappeared like magic. In a few days the bare, brown earth was with us once more. We welcomed it with joy.

Soon the sun shone warm and bright day after day. The soft green grass came springing here and there, bluebirds fluttered from tree to tree, the meadow-larks gave voice to the news that spring had come. Over and over their sweet notes repeated the glad tidings of great joy.

High overhead the wild geese were flying north, their harsh honk, honk, sounded clear above us, together with the rustle of their wings.

We often heard them on the way to school, and the boys threw back their heads and wished longingly for father's shot-gun. They yearned to be mighty hunters, and in fancy saw the wild geese falling at their shot, in a shower of feathers. The four of us drove carelessly along the road, the pony selecting his own way, our eyes eagerly watching the blue sky. Clear against it was the V-shaped wedge of geese, with usually two brave leaders striving for the honor of leading the band.

We pictured them far north in Canada, sailing the blue waters of some cold, crystal lake, that waited for their coming.

In May the wild flowers were out in sweet abundance, and the big bumblebees buzzed angrily about us, when we picked bunches to carry home to mother. The dry ditches were cleaned of the accumulation of winter, and soon ran bank-full of shining water.

Croaking frogs sunned happily by the rippling streams. The alfalfa fields became a vivid green, the apple trees blossomed, and all the world rejoiced in springing life.

June found a marvelous gold-green land, trimmed with many-colored blossoms, and sweet with a wonderful frag-

rance. The tall poplars and broad cotton-wood trees put forth their leaves, and soon cast a black shadow against the golden blaze of sunlight.

We had become good friends with our neighbors, the Gilbert family, and there was much visiting back and forth. Mother and Mrs. Gilbert attended the Unity Circle and church together, and took their sewing of an afternoon first to one house, then the other. Verna brought her doll for Ella to fit with a new hat, and little sister sat adoringly at her feet.

Mrs. Gilbert voiced often her joy at being in an irrigated country, after their experience in the Dry Land Region. Seeking to find a location in Colorado, Mr. Gilbert had purchased a small store in one of the towns there, while still engaged in his work of teaching.

When they went to look at their new possession, they found little chance for success. The previous season had brought forth but half a crop, leaving the farmers with scant means to buy at their store. The following year saw a complete failure of crops. Mr. Gilbert succeeded in trading his store for the white-topped wagon and team, that brought them to Greeley, and the cow that had proved of such value they were delighted to show her to visitors. From her milk and cream they had drawn new strength and health. She was a pretty little Jersey, fawn-colored, with big brown eyes, and gentle, and tame as a dog.

Mr. Gilbert had built a small porch on the brown house, out of some scrap lumber that father gave him, and here he had his bed, living outdoors from dawn until dawn.

Father introduced Mr. Gilbert to the bank with which he did his own business, and signed his name as security on the note that gave Mr. Gilbert five hundred dollars. With this sum he purchased the one big horse, and necessary farming tools to cultivate his five acres.

Early in June their strawberry bed was a wilderness of bloom, and before long the big red berries shone in marvelous abundance. The vegetable garden responded to the loving care given it by the three workers with a wonderful showing. Mrs. Gilbert and Verna gave all the assistance that lay in their power, and Nature proved very kind.

The rains fell just when most needed, the sun seemed to shine with extra

warmth over the strawberry bed. From that one acre Mr. Gilbert cleared a profit of over nine hundred dollars.

The hallows in his cheeks filled with firm flesh, and his tired eyes grew keen and bright. Returning health surged through his body in a healing flood, and he knew again the joy of living. He held his head proudly, as he drove to town each morning with his load of fruit and vegetables, which he peddled from door to door.

He had formerly been superintendent of the schools in a large town in the East, and possessed a mind of fine intellectuality. He and father discussed the issues of the day with keen enjoyment. Mr. Gilbert was anxious to experiment in the creation of new varieties of fruits and flowers. He talked much of an ever-bearing strawberry, and planned his first experiments along that line. He felt that a plant that would bear fruit early in June, and continue to produce the big, red berries until the frost came, would be of inestimable benefit to small farmers like himself.

Verna expanded like a plant suddenly removed from a shady corner into the full glow of the sunlight. Her cheeks rivaled our own in bloom, and her happy laughter rang from morning until night.

In August such a wonderful event came into our lives that Ella and I forgot all else. We were to go on a camping trip to the blue mountains in the distance, and we were wild with joy. The party consisted of eleven girls and three women. Our mother shook her head, and asked anxiously who would put up the tents, care for the horses, and bring wood for the fire? But she made no serious objection as the three women were members of the Unity Circle, and she knew them as capable workers. Also they had the reputation of being skilled campers, since they spent a portion of every summer in the mountains.

Father gave his consent reluctantly, fearing an accident, and his eyes were very grave when he finally said the longed-for "Yes."

Our outfit consisted of two white-topped wagons, carrying the camp outfit, and the eleven girls, and a light buggy for two of the women.

We took one team from our farm, which Ella drove, as she was very skillful with horses. Mrs. Law, mother of one of the girls, drove the other team.

Mother had secured a girl to help her



while we were gone, so we left with light hearts, knowing our absence would not entail an extra burden of work upon her.

For some miles our road wound its way beside the Cache la Poudre river, at this season of the year a sunken stream, gliding peacefully along with a low, rippling murmur. Vividly we pictured the same stream far up in the blue mountains. A foaming, rushing torrent, leaping from boulder to boulder, bordered with dark evergreen trees, and tall waving ferns.

We made camp that night in the low foothills, the beginning of the range of mountains. Great rocks were strewn carelessly about, and beyond rose the mighty snow-clad peaks.

One of the girls, Emily, possessed a deeply religious mind. She stood looking reverently at the boulders, and peaks, then turned to us and said in awe:

"Girls, isn't it wonderful what God can throw up?"

For an instant we struggled with our mirth, then gave it free rein in peals of laughter. Emily was vaguely puzzled, then she caught the meaning we had found in her words, and joined without resentment in the gale of merriment.

The night was clear and warm, with no sign of rain, so we decided not to erect the tents, but to sleep out in the open. The stars seemed very near, looking down serenely from the great night sky. The river murmured a lullaby, and the sweet wind caressed us lovingly.

For a long time we talked eagerly of the morrow, then our heavy eyelids swept downward and we slept. A sudden noise awakened us out of deep sleep. We listened, breathless with sudden fear. Silence, deep and unbroken surrounded us.

"What was it?" one girl asked another. Warily I responded, in a penitential tone:

"Go back to sleep, girls, and please forgive me for disturbing you, it was purely accidental. One of my thoughts rolled off and hit the ground, it was so weighty I lost my hold on it. While you were dreaming I have been thinking."

They kicked me vigorously, we all giggled, then unbroken sleep held us until the early morning light. At the first touch of dawn in the sky we were up, ready to break camp and be on our way.

We were wildly eager to see what lay beyond each great hill that blocked our way. As the day went on the hills grew higher, and evening found us camped in a lovely hollow, at the foot of a loft peak.

We planned to spend several days

there, so the two tents were erected, the horses hobbled and turned out on the grass, pine boughs collected and spread on the floor of the tents for a mattress.

Solemn and stately stood the dark spruce and pine trees, with tall columbines growing in their shade. A short distance away the river rushed over the huge black rocks that blocked its way, roaring, foaming and splashing, so that at last we knew the meaning of the words, white-water. Here the Cache la Poudre was a beautiful mountain stream, cold and crystal clear, and fully the river of our dreams.

When darkness came, and the fragrant night shut down about us, we piled high the fire with dry wood and watched the red-gold sparks flame up in a shining shower that floated above the trees and faded away into nothing. We sang one song after another—at last we sat in silence listening to the soft sounds that rose about us. The crackle of the fire, the wind in the pines, the fall of a cone, the far cry of some wild animal.

Deep, dreamless sleep enfolded us during the night, and we awakened with the dawn. The tent faced the east, and the flaps had been pinned back to admit the fresh air. With our heads resting on our pillows we watched the sun rise. First the golden light touched a hilltop, then it crept slowly down the slope, gilding the tops of the tall, dark trees and finally reached our tent. Lakes of warmth flowed into the green solitude, day was with us.

We sprang up and made for a pool we had discovered the evening before, to bathe before we dressed. Breakfast was consumed in haste, for the long hours were waiting, and we were anxious to be off and away.

Three of the girls who had camped before took their fishing rods and went up the river. Two of the women remained in camp, with several of the girls who had volunteered to help construct a rude table and benches for our meals.

The rest of us packed a lunch and went for a long tramp. The surrounding was familiar to our guide, for she had spent a month in the place the previous summer.

She led us upward, by winding trail, and canyon, through deep cool woods, that here and there broke into meadows of long grass and countless, many-colored flowers. Far beyond loomed pinnacles of rock and snow. We voiced the longing to go above timberline, and Mrs. Law, who led the way, promised we should do so before our return home.

She knew an old trapper who lived in a cabin some twelve hours journey from our present camp. In a few days

we would go on and he should be our guide to timberline.

We paused to eat a hasty lunch in the shade of a giant pine, and shortly after the noon hour we ended our climb by reaching the top of the hill we had elected to ascend.

We were silent at the great panorama that unrolled before our eager eyes. Far down below lay the place from whence we came. Like a patchwork quilt of many colors laid upon the earth, the cultivated area stretched away. Here and there shining lakes gleamed like diamonds carelessly tossed about.

North was a wide and desolate plain that had not yet been reclaimed from the desert by the magic of irrigation. Dull and somber the country lay, a barren, unpeopled region, contrasting sharply in its gloom with the many-colored irrigated area.

For a long time we looked down, feeling and thinking, but unable to voice in words the emotions that held us silent.

The cool wind from the snow-clad peaks beyond fanned our faces, and the air was like wine in our veins, filling us with splendid exultation, that broke forth in song. From hill to hill the echo rang, until all the world seemed alive with music.

When we reached camp supper was waiting, trout in great abundance, baked potatoes, coffee with condensed milk, bread and butter, and current jelly that Ella and I had brought in a big earthen jar. Never had food tasted so delicious.

We took turns remaining in camp, to have supper ready for those who went fishing and tramping. After the work was done I liked to wander away alone and lie for hours in the deep shade of a silent, fragrant grove. The wind sang in the leaves, the river roared over the rocks, birds twittered in the boughs, and the air was filled with the soft snapping and cracking of forest life. As vivid as if spoken in my ears I could hear mother say:

"I want my children to learn to love nature so they may, even as the great poet, Shakespeare,"

"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It was true, I said softly to myself, as faintly I grasped the message the master mind had passed down through the long years.

A day came when we broke camp to go still farther into the mountains. When we camped again it was near the cabin of the old trapper who was to take us above timberline.

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# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## LIFE

PERHAPS because we, as Americans, represent a Democratic form of Government, minus the usual trappings of romantic royalty, we are always interested in seeing how the other, or Monarchistic half of the world lives. The popularity of the present Prince of Wales was duplicated decades ago by another Prince of Wales, his grandfather. It was at the request of the present King of England, George V., that Sir Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," undertook the writing of the life of King Edward VII. It is based on documents in the Windsor archives and at Marlborough House, and on numerous collections of letters addressed by the late King to personal friends, and to men of prominence in official life.

This biography, the first volume of which deals in full detail with the prolonged period of King Edward's career as Prince of Wales, under the sovereignty of his mother, Queen Victoria, presents a signally humane, human and many-sided personality. It is interesting to note the formality of circumstances which shaped Edward's career from the very date of his birth. Among the personages present in the castle at Windsor on the birth of the young heir to the throne, on November 9th, 1841, was the Duke of Wellington, about whom the following anecdote was told. As the august babe was shown to the assembled peers and prelates, the old Duke inquired brusquely, "Is it a boy?" "Your Grace," was the feminine reply, "he is a Prince." And for once the Duke was crushed.

There was at that time inevitable artificiality in the Prince's upbringing. Albert Edward, as he was called, was a normal man, reared in an abnormal atmosphere, brought about by the brooding care of his mother, Queen Victoria. However, when the day of inevitable freedom came, the Prince rebounded to his natural instincts. He entertained, and was entertained widely, and cherished manifold interests in society, philanthropy, social reform, sport, the turf, and the theatre, which held parallel position with his study of international and political questions. Where as a boy the Prince had been taken to see Shakespeare, as a man he preferred musical comedy. This country still remembers the charm which Albert Edward possessed, and which is relived in his grandson, the present Prince, and it was Albert Edward who brought the two countries to such intimate friendliness. Everywhere Prince Albert was feted, and with Queen Victoria in the seclusion of her mourning, it was the Prince who conducted whatever there was in Britain of a court. Sir Sidney Lee tells us that among some of the observers there was a complaint of a lack of serious aim in the social rotations of his seasonal program. A critical sociologist pointed out in 1891 that according to the evidence of daily newspapers of the previous year, the Prince attended between the

first of January and the thirtieth of September twenty-eight race meetings, thirty theatrical performances, forty-three dinner parties, together with forty-five official and philanthropic ceremonies and eleven sittings of the House of Lords. The deduction was drawn that pursuits of pleasure figured disproportionately in the lists of the Prince's engagements, to the injury of the prestige of the monarchy. The Prince's secretary, Francis Knollys, took up the challenge, and pointed out that the Prince's position demanded that every year he should go through a certain round of social duties which constantly bored him to death. However, the truth of the matter was the Prince was not averse to the gayer side of life.

His marriage was arranged by his royal mother. The rendezvous selected for the prospective lovers was perhaps unusual. It was in the Cathedral of Speier that they were bidden to meet by chance and like each other. Whether the organ played soft music we are not told. But, writes Sir Sidney, "the romantic train was well laid, although Time was leisurely in applying the match."

At the University the Prince of Wales was a restless student, and it was his escapades which compelled his father to undertake the chilly journey that proved so serious. At the funeral the youth "showed a distress which pained all onlookers." The Queen, too, had her especial reasons for declining all consolation.

Condemned to await his real destiny until he was fifty-nine years old, the Prince of Wales displayed an astonishing zest for writing letters on all manner of subjects and for meeting all manner of people. It was on his accession to the throne, January 22, 1901, that his real career actually began, and it was upon this colorful pageant that this volume closes. The second volume is in preparation—covering the period of King Edward's reign.

KING EDWARD VIII, by Sir Sidney Lee. Macmillan. (Our copy gives no price.)

## FIFTH AVENUE OF TODAY

The seasoned art of Edith Wharton has achieved another brilliant novel in "The Mother's Recompense." Forsaking the old New York of her recent novels, she writes of the Fifth Avenue of today. A question of moral obligation furnishes the action and most of the tragedy of the tale—the question presented in the problem of an exiled mother who returns to find that her daughter is to marry the man who was her own secret lover of a few years past. Should the mother reveal this secret to her daughter? Mrs. Wharton, writing with all the deftness and polish which have made her the foremost American authoress today clothes the quandary with a dramatic setting and solves it in—but to finish would be to reveal the plot in its entirety. A strong and enthralling book; assuredly Mrs. Wharton's best since "The House of Mirth."

MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE, by Edith Wharton. Appleton. \$2.00.

## OUT OF DOORS

With the first warm days of spring, the most natural thing in the world is to want to escape from the city and wander down the woodland trails where factory smoke and office hours are but unpleasant memories. If you find enjoyment in tramping through the quiet woodlands of Connecticut and New York State, you are bound to aspire eventually to real mountaineering. Mr. B. W. Mitchell tramped and camped for nine summers in the Canadian Rockies.

Most of his trips were taken from the neighborhood of Field and Banff, with his guide and a few friends. He tells, in his "Trail Life in the Canadian Rockies," of making the circuit of the marvelous Yoho Valley, of an expedition among the high peaks of the Selkirk, a trip by pack train from Banff to Mt. Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of America, and a trip around Mt. Robson, and of a search for the sources of the Athabaska River, as well as other adventurous journeys. Mr. Mitchell has realized the dream we city dwellers who love the outdoors always cherish, of following zig-zag trails up mountains and down, driving pack trains across the uninhabited uplands, of camping hundreds of miles from your nearest neighbor with the smoke of the camp fire blue against the clearness of the night. We all long for adventure, and if we can't cast off the chains of our everyday business life, we can at least pipe-dream in the adventure books of freer mortals.

TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, by B. W. Mitchell. Macmillan Co. (Our copy gives no price.)

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## CHANGE IN LOCALE

Never before has Mr. Ames put into one story so much action and so interesting a group of varied characters. Leaving the Southwest, where most of his previous stories have been located, Mr. Ames sets "Loudon From Laramie" in Wyoming; introducing these characters: Tex Loudon, cowboy detective; Doug Ballard, Loudon's friend; Jean Sewell, the heroine; Eve Lanark, a most fetching villainess; Serena Baxter, a middle-aged, quick-shooting cowwoman; Col. Fairfax of Virginia, gentle in manner but deadly to vicious characters; and the four Lanark men, of the Hashknife outfit, cattle rustlers and bad eggs extraordinary.

Love and villainy and government gold, cattle thieving and a cowboy detective, kidnapping, murder, highway robbery—Mr. Ames weaves all these and more into this swiftly moving story of the West, which should achieve the approval of many thousands of his loyal readers and gain him more.

LOUDON FROM LARAMIE, by Joseph B. Ames. Century. \$2.00.



## A REAL WESTERN STORY

Mr. Buckley has written a western story that is a western story. A straight young fellow does his stuff with arms as hard as the metal of his Winchester and with cunning as adroit as the twist he gives the Mexican bully. Being a professional gunman he should. And being a professional gunman he should turn traitor for the favored wind of the moment, should capture the fair defiant girl to please his own particular fancy, should scheme for the thousands of dollars ransom, submitted as hush money by a wicked old corporation for its wicked old representative. But he wasn't a professional gunman. The reader has a ring-side seat for the whole performance, and knows a few things about the young man that the girl and the ranchman and even the sheriff never suspect. The story belongs really to the girl, the Sage Hen, whose Texas ranch is the objective of a huge meat corporation with a quantity of choice bad men ready to snatch the place and the girl up by the roots. When the jig is about up, along comes the professional gunman who sets out to lick the bunch. Immediately there is real western excitement, for the girl is a contrary piece, the hills are full of hiding places, a sheriff's star stands for law, and men hang for murder—even a hero. It is a story of high bribery, brave fighting and noble triumphs—a real western story and one of substance.

SAGE HEN, by F. R. Buckley. Bobbs Merrill, \$2.00

## CHARACTERISTICALLY AMERICAN

A Bachelier novel is as characteristically American as the Declaration of Independence. It always upholds the early traditions, is native in its humor, lofty in its ideals, homely in its philosophy. Its outlook is cheerful and its appeal is to the majority. A brilliant stream of history flows through "Father Abraham." We meet Lincoln at his home in Springfield and go with him on that portentous journey to Washington and follow him through the years of the war until peace comes and with it the final tragedy. There is a new intimacy in this contact with the Great Emancipator. The heart of the story interest belongs to a poor young Yankee whose realistic adventures lead him to Lincoln, to the great historic crisis of the time as well as to the woman he loves. The varying incidents of historical and romantic interest are woven into a fabric of fiction that gives to the facts an added significance.

FATHER ABRAHAM, by Irving Bachelier. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

## A NEW HICHENS

It is not often that writer is acclaimed by critics as a best seller at the age of twenty-two, but this has been the good fortune of Eric Maschwitz, the young author of "A Taste of Honey." He is a young Englishman of Polish descent whose career as a novelist promises to be a brilliant one. He is not afraid of life, he saves no energy in expressing his story of hot passion told with imagination savored with wit and against a wonderfully picturesque background. The story is set in an ancient city on the Danube which he called "Varvasch" and is the love triangle of two Englishwomen and a man, who work out their destinies while the gypsy music plays and the lights of the city flicker on the slow moving river. It is a well conceived variation of the triangle theme. As a first novel it is a remarkable achievement, for it contains all the ingredients of a potential best seller.

A TASTE OF HONEY, by Eric Maschwitz. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.00.

## TRUE DESERT PICTURE

To one who has experienced in the silent infinity of the desert, the cleansing of his body, mind and soul; who has felt that nearness of God, that mighty power from which nothing any longer diverts his attention, "The Lost Oases" will prove beyond value.

Two "lost" oases re-discovered, two correctly located, a far journey of 2200 miles made into unknown desert country, and little-known desert people visited—this is the story. Extraordinarily impressive and meaningful pictures as well as a beautifully written narrative give us the desert as fully as it can ever possibly be given to stay-at-homes through a book—not only in its ilimitable, overwhelming spaces, its mystery and beauty, its loveliness and brooding threat; but in its surprising variety in monotony, and constant interest. Hardly ever has the sense been conveyed so marvelously of the desert's spell upon those who have known it. And never before has just such a contrast of experience and background produced a book combining almost actual desert brown man's point of view with complete cognizance of European ideas and ideals. Ahmed Hassanein Bey is an Egyptian of high degree, descended from Bedouins of the desert, a graduate of Oxford and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He has been recently appointed Second Chamberlain to King Faud of Egypt.

THE LOST OASES, by Ahmed Hassanein Bey. Century. \$4.00.

## MYSTERY

There is plenty of mystery of the most delicate type in "A Son of Italy," by Pascal D'Angelo. What could be more alluring than the beauty-destroying tragedy of a woman? Whenever she loomed darkly in a sunny doorway there was an instinctive handing forth of gifts and the peasant wife would fall white-faced into a chair when the shadow had passed. Strange tales were told of her past. Was she a witch or was she a vampire? At times there is real humor in the story, namely when the boys of the town attempt putting salt on her head to see her writhe in agony, a prophesy of the men about town. There is also, along with the character portrayals, beauty of description of things and places. One will enjoy the book. It is "different."

A SON OF ITALY, by Pascal D'Angelo. The Macmillan Co. (Our copy gives no price.)

## STACCATO STYLE

The author of such novels as "The Sailor," "The Undeclared," and other stories, has written a novel of curious and powerful effect in "Thus Far." The theme of the story may be summed up in the words of one of the characters.

"You know, we nosing scientists are finding out too much. The creature man is getting too big for his boots. One of these days, if some of us don't watch out, there's going to be a terrible crash. There's no limit to the powers of science. But whether it is in the interests of humanity that it should be experienced is another story."

Or, again, and more compactly, "Man has only scratched the surface of knowledge, but has always to remember the old warning, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'"

Mr. Snaith has created an instance in which the warning is not heeded and the inevitable "crash" takes place. Written in Mr. Snaith's brilliant, staccato style, it is well worth the readers time.

THUS FAR, by J. C. Snaith. Appleton. \$2.00.

## CHINA

A comprehensive, first-hand and critical survey of this ancient empire of the East, now rapidly undergoing vast industrial, political and social changes—a book of outstanding importance, presenting an analysis of the developed and undeveloped huge natural resources of Manchuria with an estimate of their economic significance to the East and the West, is the book, MANCHURIA, by Adachi Kinnosuke.

The historical background and the political aspects of the Manchurian problem, with particular reference to Japanese-American relations and the situation of China, are fully treated.

The American share in the industrial and commercial growth of Manchuria is explained, with a forecast of the possibilities of the future. The text is supplemented with appendices containing the important notes, treaties and agreements affecting Manchuria.

MANCHURIA; A SURVEY, by Adachi Kinnosuke, with maps and numerous illustrations. Robert M. McBride. \$5.00.

## THOSE THAT COME BACK

I, too, have heard strang whispers, see  
A stealthy mist rise from the summer's green,  
And felt, even in the loud and candid noon,  
A central silence and chill secrecy  
Laid close against the human heat of me;  
But never under sun or moon,  
Nor through the choked, ambiguous utterance of the rain,  
Has any presence made his meaning plain...

Perhaps these ghosts are helpless ghosts and weak,  
Or when they see us, grow too sad to speak.  
From THE AWAKENING AND OTHER POEMS, by Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00.

## COMEDY HITS

The "Guardsman," produced by the Theatre Guild this last fall with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the leading roles, is one of the outstanding comedy hits of the year. It is a tale of theatre folk. A jealous young husband resolves on a desperate gamble to prove his wife's love, and disguising himself as a Russian guardsman, lays siege to her heart. Does she penetrate his disguise, or does she fall in love with her new suitor? The reader will probably find it as difficult to make up his mind as her husband does. Molnar's dialogue, as usual, is sparkling and distinctive.

THE GUARDSMAN, by Franz Molnar. Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

## HOUSEHOLD WORD

Such is H. G. Wells called. It is said, any book bearing his name, is bound to be of great interest, whether or not you agree or disagree with him. His latest work, "A Year of Prophesying," is a collection of weekly journalistic articles written from September, 1923, to September, 1924. In it topics appear such as the League of Nations, France's Occupation of the Ruhr, Government in England, the United States and elsewhere, commercial aerial passenger service, schools, literature, the labor government in England, youth, armament, religion, women in politics, fags, communism, sex antagonism, etc. It is great.

A YEAR OF PROPHEYSING, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. (Our copy gives no price.)

(Continued on page 283)



# STAGE AND SCREEN

By HAMILTON WAYNE

## DO DRAMATIC CRITICS DARE TELL THE TRUTH?

**R**ECENTLY, at a social gathering, some ladies and gentlemen asked the writer, and earnestly, if critics told the truth.

I was very happy to find such innocence left in this hectically wicked old world!

They said they knew that the dramatic critics on the magazines were more independent than those on the daily papers. I wonder!

The writer was dramatic editor on one of San Francisco's papers more than a year ago. He told the truth about the show. Only two theaters in the city advertised in the paper. One was a picture house. It ran the "enormous" space of one inch daily; and because its press agent could not also run the dramatic editor there was a continuous guerrilla warfare.

One might reasonably ask: Do critics dare tell the truth? Surely—if they don't care about their jobs! Walter Prichard Eaton some time ago told the truth about the Gotham shows and was "canned" from the *SUN* in New York City when that paper was *the SUN*. At one time the writer was dramatic editor on a Boston paper, supposedly fearless and independent. A musical comedy called "Have a Heart" was reviewed.

I told the truth! Lucky thing for me I was booked for a little frolic overseas with the United States Marines. Probably the publishers spared my editorial head for a target for a German bullet.

Recently the dramatic editor on a San Francisco morning paper, and a man whom I like immensely, quoted from a letter he received:

"For over a year, in a large city, I attended previews of moving pictures as guest and companion of the operator. I saw three or four a week, and listened to the critic pan, roast, razz and kid the pictures, and then when I read what each had to say in his paper I wondered if I were dreaming, the critique, as printed, was so opposite to the real, honest, expressed opinion."

Here is the comment of the critic in question on the above quoted letter:

"This gentleman mistook the badinage of a group of friends having fun together in an off hour, for the time given to previewing pictures is not regarded seriously by the men and women whose duty it is to look at them professionally. It is rather a free hour. They are gathering impressions of the film and at the same time picking out the flaws that occur in all of them, even the finest, and poking fun at these errors of judgment or taste, often ridiculous enough, but harmless, and matter for a witty remark at the moment. In a preview room, too, one misses the reaction of the audience to the story that is passing on the screen."

If I were replying to that correspondent I would tell him that I, too, used to sit in chilly preview rooms with my fellow critics.

As I did not believe in one-man judgment, I invariably had a guest with me. He, or she, would hear some of the critics unmercifully lambast the picture being shown in the preview room. And then later my guests would read a glowingly laudatory review of that picture written by the men who razed it truthfully among themselves—but not for publication.

But some of those particular critics were more keenly interested in the check they received from the business office of their pa-

plause winners were the members of the chorus, with their remarkably fine dancing.

Yes—the show was a heavy advertiser. And there is just about as much truth in the majority of the theatrical advertising as there is in the reviews. Each show is the greatest thing that ever happened. The press agent's chief aid is a book of superlatives. If all the shows were as great as their advertising proclaims, they would shake the North Pole loose and scatter it along Market Street.

But then you know what Barnum said. Yes, they like to be fooled, for apparently they fall for it!

\* \* \*

## Carol Weston at Pantages Theater

Pantages Theater, San Francisco, is now boasting the original lady director for a vaudeville orchestra, and featuring her at that!

Miss Weston, who was formerly a concert violinist, is individuality personified. She has a manner that takes the common out of commonplace and after having had an interview with her one steps forth with the right foot in a march to conquer. Miss Weston is also inspiring. She is a philosopher. But she is not a lecturer. She is a sympathizer—a satisfyingly thorough sympathizer.

"Everything comes out all right, if you mean them to—and whether you know it or not you always mean things right. Don't you?" she asks, and you agree in spite of yourself and continue to listen, because you are tremendously intrigued. You know it and you wonder why. You guess and answer her guesses.

"Sparkling, alert, farseeing brown eyes?"—partly.

"A vivid, green beaded dress strapped over sunburnt shoulders?"—partly.

"An unusually strong, keen comprehending facial expression?"—partly.

"But what's the big charm—the ensemble thing? Is it personality?" Of course.

And there you have it. Carol Weston has a short and long personality. It touched you when you sat in the back row and it touches you just as soothingly as you enjoy a close range interview.

Then you tell Miss Weston of your discovery about her versatile personality and she nonchalantly and unoffendingly tells you that she's heard that before and has given it her thorough attention as one of her duties of a showwoman striving for success.

\* \* \*

## "No, No, Nanette" Will Play Curran

"No, No, Nanette," described by some as the world's greatest musical comedy, is announced for presentation at the Curran Theater, San Francisco, following the engagement of "Lady, Be Good," which ends on Saturday evening, July 4th. "No, No,



CAROL WESTON  
Woman conductor of the Pantages  
Theater orchestra in San Francisco

pers as their commission on the theatrical advertising than their editorial salary! It paid better.

Probably I have exploded another bubble of the mythical power of the press. But it is a fact that some "critics" on the daily papers also handle the theatrical advertising. Naturally, they can't very well lampoon a manager's show one day and then try to solicit advertising from him the next!

Recently a musical comedy played in San Francisco. The majority of the critics—according to their writings—evidently liked it. Well, there were three legitimate laughs of worth while proportions. Some were scored on a deft use of profanity. One of the two principal numbers "flopped" owing to poor handling. There was not a real singing voice in the cast. The principal comedy role was handled by a player who was fairly good in vaudeville, considerably worse in pictures, and the wrong end of the superlative in this production. The biggest ap-



"Nanette" is at present the craze of three continents, and is playing to crowded houses in London, Sydney, Paris, Boston, Philadelphia, and is now in its fourth month in Los Angeles. It possesses every element that goes to make up the truly great entertainment in addition to a peculiar fascinating charm all its own.

Its music is the vogue of the day, and the popular demand for seats remains unabated in every city in which it is playing. Edwards D. Smith, who presents "No, No, Nanette" in association with H. H. Frazee, the original producer, has arranged to cut short the phenomenal Los Angeles run of the play while it is still at the height of its popularity in order to bring it to San Francisco three months before even New York is privileged to enjoy its fun and melodies. The cast of "No, No, Nanette" is headed by that splendid farceur, Taylor Holmes.

### "The Best People" Is Novel Comedy

"The Best People," a comedy of today, showing the determination of the younger generation to live its own life in defiance of its elders, is drawing crowds to the President Theater, McAllister Street, near Market, San Francisco, and is delighting them after they are in the theater. The play is full of laughs, has its serious moments and an undertone of tragic import—the plight of the older people who can no longer exact obedience from their children.

Henry Duffy has given the comedy a fine production, and the company is delightful in its embodiment of the various characters.

In the cast are Norman Hackett, Marion Lord, Eveta Nudsen, Robert Adams, Florence Roberts, David Herblin, Earl Lee, Marion Sterly, William Macauley, Olive Cooper, Eugene Baranowski and John Mackenzie.

### "Irene" Breaking Records at Alcazar

"Irene" is breaking the records established by Henry Duffy since he took over the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco last November, although some of them are pretty high. The musical comedy, however, has been doing consistently big business, and it is giving the utmost satisfaction to patrons of the house.

Duffy has given it a splendid production, has costumed it beautifully, has Harry James to conduct his orchestra, and has put the very best available cast into the piece, with Dale Winter singing the title role, a part in which she made a great name for herself all over America.

He brought the best actors from the various companies that presented "Irene" over the country for three seasons, and has combined them into the liveliest and best performance of the operetta that has been given in San Francisco.

### Big Feature Plays Imperial

Cecil B. De Mille's greatest picture to date, "The Ten Commandments," is playing at the Imperial Theater, San Francisco, for a limited run, being shown then for the first time there at regular motion picture prices.

Magnificent spectacle and tense dramatic story are joined in this film, several scenes of which were made in San Francisco—the sequence in the modern story that shows the building of the church. The first part of the picture is concerned with the Israelites and their flight from the bondage of Egypt, the giving of the Law to Moses on Mount Sinai, the worship of the golden calf and the crossing of the Red Sea.

### Fewer Extras and More Actors for De Mille

William de Mille has a decided flair for perfection of detail. The filming of his picture, "Lost—A Wife," which will be a feature at the California Theater, San Francisco, this month, called for continental types. The people whom Mr. de Mille chose were all 'hand picked.' They are men, who, in their own country, are famous. In Hollywood they are unknown, unrecognized. They are a colony of aristocrats striving for success.

Mr. de Mille believes in fewer extras and more actors.

The manager of the hotel in "Lost—a Wife," is Eugenio di Liguoro, the brilliant

actress who went to New York in 1917 with the Jacques Copeau Company of French actors. They played in the Garrick Theatre for three years a repertoire of famous French plays.

One of the butlers is Ole Theobaldi, son of Ole Theobaldi, royal court musician of Europe. Ole Theobaldi, Jr., has a war record of distinction. He is deaf from shell shock. Then there is Mario Carillo, an Italian nobleman.

And so on and then—who knows what they will write for themselves in the years to come?

Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissen, Paramount's new golden-haired beauty from Norway, and Robert Agnew are featured in the leading roles of "Lost—a Wife," which is a picture version of the stage play, "Banco," by Alfred Savoir.

### "Paths to Paradise" Granada Feature

The past and the present of comedy came together when Betty Compson and Raymond Griffith were assigned to featured roles in "Paths to Paradise," a screen feature this month at the Granada, San Francisco. Miss Compson will be remembered by many as the comedy star of Al Christie fun films before more serious roles called her. Griffith's work in "Forty Winks" and "The Night Club" has made his name a favorite with movie fans.

"Paths to Paradise" is the story of two crooks, but in the beginning the audience meets only Betty Compson, the pretty and fictitious queen of San Francisco's Chinatown. The cellar dive where she and her gang hang out is visited one night by Raymond Griffith, apparently an easy mark. In various laugh provoking ways they acquire considerable of Griffith's money. Eventually he tires of it, calls in a man from the street, both produce stars and declare everybody under arrest.

To escape jail the gang offers money and jewelry as a bribe, which is accepted, and the two men leave. After their departure Miss Compson picks up Griffith's badge from the table where he had purposely left it. It reads "San Francisco Gas Meter Inspector."

### American Plays Popular Abroad

What has become of the native-born American playwright? Intelligent followers of the theater, and particularly those interested in its literary aspect, are asking that question.

And William Parker, the well known critic, fires some more questions:

"How does it come that London theaters are playing practically nothing but revamped American plays and New York theaters are producing foreign plays?"

"The paradoxical situation came to light with London dispatches telling of the many American plays holding the boards in England.

"Then it seemed suddenly to dawn on New York dramatic critics that while American playwrights were popular abroad they were in the same category as a prophet in his own country.

"In Greenwich Village, where play writing is the most popular of indoor sports, with landlords keeping roomers against the time when they can 'get over' one of their plays, there was some consternation on reading the announcement of the Theater Guild for next season. The Village was somewhat dismayed, not to say chagrined, to find that the organization supposedly founded to encourage native playwrights was to produce nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of American plays next season."



JANE GREEN

Vaudeville's noted singing comedienne, who will appear at the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco this month.

and talented Italian director of the Cines Picture Company in Italy. He went to India and made the beautiful picture of "The Life of Buddha" from the story written by Tagore. Liguoro is a remarkably educated man, a writer, an actor and a director of note.

The maid is Marcell Corday, the French



# MOTOR-TRAVEL

## TUSTIN GIVES RADIO SET SEVERE TRYOUT

JOHN L. TUSTIN, the well known radio dealer of San Francisco, located at 428 Sutter Street, is one of those individuals who believes in making the products he sells "sell itself" to the prospective buyer.

Recently Mr. Tustin put the new Radiola Portable Super-Heterodyne to one of the most rigid tests that the writer has ever witnessed. However, it delivered, even to the satisfaction of Mr. Tustin, who was about the hardest boiled of the critics at the demonstration.

Tustin's first test was working the set on its loop in a heavily steel constructed hotel. That was satisfactory. Next he placed the set in the back seat of a closed automobile, and drove down the peninsula as far as San Jose, returning on the Oakland side. And Mr. Radio continued to deliver satisfactorily, in fact, just as efficiently as when tested in the Hotel Regent.

Taking his "grand jury" with him, Mr. Tustin crossed to the Oakland side on a Key Route ferry. He created something of a small sized riot when he casually opened what some of the passengers believed to be a handsome leather suitcase and brought in the voice of the KPO announcer with all the force and volume of a Billy Sunday batting at his best.

Dr. Robert Raleigh, the well known lecturer, who was a member of Tustin's "grand jury," then had a satisfactory demonstration by the set on his speedy motorboat. And that evening Tustin took the set to the Il Trovatore Cafe, where he gave Paul Kelli the pleasure of hearing his own music over the radio through KFRG.

"Well, at last I am satisfied," declared Mr. Tustin. The rest of the "grand jury" were previously, but Tustin "had to be shown." "I am satisfied that this portable, which is a portable in every sense of the word, will satisfactorily operate under any condition. I can unreservedly recommend them. They are a big novelty; and beside that they are a big convenience. Having one you can take it with you on your motor trips, to the seaside, out to a friend's home for dancing. In fact, wherever you go you can easily take your radio world along with you!"

What impressed the writer, aside from the portability of the set, was its rugged construction contained within that neat appearing leather case. It is about as "fool proof" as a high powered set can be. This instrument attests to the wonderful strides made in the development of radio within a comparatively short period. As Dave Cohn, manager of the Regent Hotel, declared: "Well, this is a wonderful age when a man will walk into the lobby with a thing in a suitcase, merely open it, turn a dial and instantly bring in various stations."

So evidently at last we have a radio set for all locations and all conditions. What next?

## Willys-Knight Offers Line of Fours and Sixes

With the long expected Willys-Knight six a reality and with many improvements adding to power and flexibility in the four cylinder line, these cars are now making the strongest bid in their history for first place in the interest of careful buyers of quality motor cars.

The four, which has been a standard production of the Willys-Overland Company for years, has been decidedly improved through the installation of the Lanchester balancer in the motor and through a new design of sleeve and changes in the intake and exhaust ports.

"The Lanchester balancer," says P. P. Graham, the live-wire sales manager, "is a mechanical device installed in the motor base that eliminates the last tendency toward vibration in the four cylinder motor. It is simple in construction, consisting of a bronze driving gear, operating as a part of the crank shaft, and two steel rollers with spiral gears meshing with the bronze gear. The rollers are hollow on one half and solid on the other and their operation is so timed that the weight of the solid portion comes up against the ascending weight of the pistons. This offsets the periodic vibration caused by the piston weights and gives a motor that operates with the same vibration free qualities as the most perfectly balanced six or eight.

"In the six cylinder motor, features of equipment are the oil rectifier which completely cleanses the oil in the motor with every fifty miles of car travel, and the air cleaner which effectively prevents any dust from getting into the motor through the carburetor.

"The four cylinder line is presented in touring, coupe, coupe-sedan and full sedan models while the six cylinder line is offered

in roadster, touring, coupe, coupe-sedan and sedan models.

"Bodies in both lines are of the finest craftsmanship with the finest of upholstery and with careful attention paid to the niceties of equipment which must be part of quality car finish.

"The four cylinder touring is presented in a rich green, with a high quality leather upholstery. The coupe-sedan and sedan are also in blue.

"A wide range of colors is offered in the six cylinder line, each model being colored to suit the particular driving service to which it is best adapted."

## Marin Offers Many Attractive Trips

Marin County is noted for the many singularly attractive trips that it offers to the motorist. And there is a fine short trip that can be made in an afternoon. It affords views of mountain and sea, a remarkable one of the Golden Gate and San Francisco with many little inlets and rocky bits of coast line that alone is well worth the trip.

The route lies out of Sausalito, with a swing to the left over the Government reservation road, through Fort Barry and on to the Point Lobos lighthouse that looks out on the Golden Gate.

After reaching the lighthouse, the return trip may be varied by turning off to the right after passing the rifle range. This road is the "skyline." It affords a wonderful sight of the city and the Gate. It has its outlet at Sugarloaf Bay, a tiny inlet that bears a great resemblance to Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

The entire route round trip covers approximately thirty miles, without taking into account the ferry portion of the trip. It is an ideal jaunt for an afternoon.



The new Nash Advanced Six Victoria, which is proving a winner for the Pacific Nash Motor Company, San Francisco



### Mt. Shasta District Attracts Motorists

The district of which Mt. Shasta is the center offers a variety of attractions to the motorist. A Jordan scout car sent out by the Chase-Morrill Company, Jordan distributors of San Francisco, visited this scenic region and brought back some interesting photographic records and news of road conditions in that vicinity.

Mt. Shasta is one of the most beautiful mountain peaks of the world. It marks the juncture of the Coast range and the Sierra and rises 14,500 feet into the line of perpetual snow.

The Coast range is at its most picturesque in Siskiyou county, the summits being very unlike the rounded hills of the bay region, for they rise with rocky formation of granite and slate into rugged and precipitous peaks. The Sierra also consist in great part in Siskiyou of rough and rugged buttes, much of the county thus comprising canyons, gorges, ravines, abrupt mountain walls, precipices and pleasant valleys.

Practically all of this wild country is covered with magnificent forests of redwood, fir and sugar pine, while the valleys and level lands along the rivers are exceedingly fertile. In the northeastern part of the county lie lava beds with curious caves of remarkable formation.

All of the country in the northeastern portion of the State, embracing Siskiyou, Modoc, and Lassen counties, is a high plateau, part of which is called the Central basin, and has beds of lava divided by volcanic peaks. This plateau is about 4000 feet above sea level from which mountains rise from 10,000 feet higher. The whole tableland would seem to have been formed by some great volcanic overflow of an early period of California history.

### Automobile Camping

In these days of exceptionally equipped automobile camps, the motorist who prefers to camp will find the finest opportunities, and under the best of conditions, along El

Camino Real. They have their choice of either in the mountains or by the sea. There are camps possessing every modern convenience. There are many that are somewhat primitive; and there are frequent places along the route where the motorist can drive off the highway, park the car and pitch the tent. These camps, and camping spots, are so numerous that the motorist does not have to "step on it" to make one by nightfall.

### Winning Car Roundly Praised

E. B. Wilson, Pacific Coast manager for the Rollin Motors in San Francisco, has been showered with congratulations on the victory of the Rollin car winning the Yosemite economy run. The car, piloted by Joe Bozzani, veteran economy run driver, not only walked off with the trophy in class I, but also annexed premier honors in the sweepstakes class, beating sixes and eights as well as fours.

Wilson is more than pleased with the showing of the Rollin. And he says that since announcement of the victory was made in Northern California sales have jumped to such an extent that his entire force is kept on the jump all the time taking care of the prospects.

### Redwood Highway Lures Sportsmen

Over the Redwood Highway to Lake County via the Redwood Stage is the latest travel wrinkle to attract the week-ender, the tourist and the vacationist according to Clyde Edmondson, General Passenger Agent for the West Coast Transit Company.

This is possible as the result of the purchase of the Ukiah Upper Lake Stage Line from W. H. Miller.

Passengers may now board a Redwood Highway stage at 75 5th Street, in the heart of San Francisco's downtown district—and ride straight through to Lake County resorts without being bothered with ferries and other changes, according to the new summer sched-

ules showing cars leaving San Francisco daily at 6:45 A. M. and 2:10 P. M.

A further interest is the through service recently announced to Portland via Eureka and Crescent City over the Redwood Highway. This trip may be made in three days on a through ticket at special rates. Through service is also offered to Oregon Caves, Crater Lake, Ranier Park, Seattle, Vancouver and other points of interest via Redwood Stage System.

The scenery along this route it is declared is unsurpassed, leading through one hundred miles of giant redwoods and enchanting mountain, river and marine scenery. It is claimed that California's sportiest hunting and fishing country borders the Redwood Highway along the Klamath, the Eel, the Trinity and the Smith Rivers.

The woods are full of game, deer, fowl and even bear. Truly, it is a hunters' and anglers' Elysian Field—where one's greatest sporting dreams may be realized.

### Yosemite Motor Traffic Mounts

Automobile traffic into the Yosemite Valley last year was sixteen times that of 1915, according to figures prepared by the park authorities. Two thousand motorists drove into the park ten years ago and more than thirty-two thousand made the trip last season. The normal rate of increase will bring nearly 130,000 visitors to Yosemite this year.

The completion of the all-season all-pavement route into the valley by way of El Portal will double this attendance record and will make the Yosemite excursion far easier for the driver of the small car. Fifty years ago the completion of the wagon road into the valley was delayed as it was believed that it would take away much of the wild attraction of the region.

Here is a summary of motor travel into the Yosemite National Park for the last ten

| years:     | Autos       | Persons |
|------------|-------------|---------|
| 1915 ..... | 2,070.....  | 7,377   |
| 1916 ..... | 4,043.....  | 14,527  |
| 1917 ..... | 6,521.....  | 22,456  |
| 1918 ..... | 7,621.....  | 26,699  |
| 1919 ..... | 12,109..... | 42,900  |
| 1920 ..... | 13,418..... | 46,074  |
| 1921 ..... | 18,947..... | 64,566  |
| 1922 ..... | 19,583..... | 64,737  |
| 1923 ..... | 27,233..... | 87,870  |
| 1924 ..... | 32,814..... | 103,453 |

### Rincon Shore Drive Pretty

The motorist, driving south over the coast route, after leaving Ventura, and crossing the Ventura River, in two miles drives down to the sea level and enters what is known as the "Rincon Shore Drive." It stretches for a distance of 30 miles, along the margin of the ocean at the base of precipitous mountains. The ocean and mountain views are strikingly beautiful. It is one of the finest parts of the entire route.

Kodak finishing done for the amateur photographer or camera man. Films developed, 3c roll. Prints 2c each. Quick service. Johnson Studio Brownsville, Tenn.



Our own "Miss San Francisco," personally known as Miss Edythe Flynn, the beauty contest winner, explains to her little pal the remarkably fine features of the New Overland Six, placed at her disposal by the Overland-Knight Company of San Francisco



## A House Divided

(Continued from page 267)

gleam of a sneer, such as is often to be observed in the glance of one who having lost hope, has also lost anxiety and dread.

One Monday morning, a month after his departure from home, he came to his first destination, a county seat. Here he would begin again; the team of horses and the wagon together with a few hundreds in his pocket would be his stock in trade.

Kearney, Nebraska, a town of some ten thousand souls, was a prosperous and thriving little city for that new and untried country. It boasted already a single line of electric railway over which ran at infrequent intervals a snub-nosed trolley car; a courthouse with a lofty and gilded dome that could be seen for miles across the stark reaches of that level world; and several streets full of neat Queen Anne cottages in a style of architecture at that time enjoying the height of its brief popularity.

As he drove contemplatively through Main Street, viewing the spick and span new business blocks, and catching in his nostrils the aroma of the merchandise for sale in many a thriving general store, his eyes dazzled at the unaccustomed gayety of the market place with its motley hues and infinite variety of goods for the seduction of the taste of the rural sojourner within the gates, his eyes fell on a sight of extraordinary interest. A team of gray horses, hauling a small frame house, mounted on wheels, advanced toward him, while the driver of the team walked alongside. David was forced to give up the entire right of way, for to turn the house into the gutter would have been to capsize it. This house, David perceived, as it passed slowly by, was mounted on two running gears and was about sixteen feet long. It was a tidy structure enough, with a neat sheet-iron chimney set in the slant of the freshly shingled gable roof. There was a staunch door under the front gable, and four-pane sashes were let jauntily into the side walls. The color of the paint was a glowing ocher—reminiscent of sunsets and dusty trails. David was fascinated. He drew up suddenly without knowing just why he did so.

"Whoa!" he said, so loudly that not only did his own team stop, but the weary beasts hauling the house as well.

"How d'ye do?" he addressed the driver who now mopped his brow with a bright red bandana handkerchief, and braced himself against the wagon wheel.

"Howdy," responded the custodian of the peripatetic house.

"Goin' fur with that?" David inquired pointing with his thumb at the house.

"About twenty miles,—out to my claim."

David was now suddenly struck with another impulse; one could scarcely call it an idea. He too would cast his lot with this new land twenty miles to the west. The gilded dome of the new courthouse gleaming benignly in the morning sun; the jaunty, snub-nosed trolley-cars—at which his team snorted and shied—moving complacently up and down the trim thoroughfare the spruce Queen Anne cottages; the fresh new store buildings; all these bespoke prosperity and progress and hope.

"How much d' you pay for a shack like that?"

The owner named a price that surprised David for its reasonableness. Perhaps his long exposure to the hardships of the open road intensified the glamour which the careening palace on wheels evoked within him.

"Want to look inside?" invited the proud owner, who expanded momentarily as he observed the gleam of desire in David's eye.

David needed no further invitation but stepped from his wagon to the sill of the door, like a mariner boarding his ship from a dory. He turned the white china doorknob and opened the little door to peer within. The interior was enchantingly lighted through a square window in the rear, through which David could look down the busy street of Kearney, Nebraska. The fresh, yellow glow of the unpainted pine of which the building was constructed imparted a mellow golden light to the whole charming little room. In a corner, at the rear, was a spick-and-span, bow-legged, cast-iron cookstove, shining with a fresh coat of polish and nickel trimmings. A cupboard was built snugly across the back wall. A two story bunk with gray woolen blankets balanced the left wall. A hinged table, having a red-checked tablecloth, along the right wall; a couple of yellow, round-backed kitchen chairs; and an array of shining tinware systematically arranged on hooks created the final effect of enthralling domesticity. Dave heaved a sigh and turned away. Slowly he lowered himself to the ground.

"Rather neat, ain't it?" observed the possessor, offering David a chew from his plug of Climax, which was absently refused. He paused in the

act of biting off a fair-sized corner of the plug at David's next words.

"How much do ye want fer that house?"

Profoundly ruminative, the owner settled the quid in his cheek and squinted at the elder man.

"What's yer hurry?" he asked cautiously.

"I like the thing," declared David Brock.

The owner further contemplated his prospect. "Ef it's any o' my business what'll ye do with it?" he inquired slowly.

David blinked, but came back with: "How much do you want fer your claim?"

The homesteader scratched his head. "As sure as my name's Lincoln Patterson Miles," he said, "you're a nervy party." And he named the price.

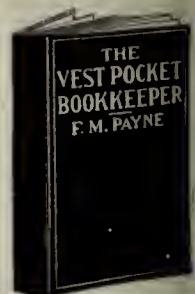
"Supposin' we take a look at it," said Brock. "You lead, I follow."

Turning, he mounted his seat, drove down the street a stretch, circled about, and came back behind the shack. "Parade

### THREE BOOKS OF REAL MERIT

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now starts, Mr. Miles," he announced as the amazed homesteader stood staring.

"You really mean it?" demanded Miles.

"I mean t' se that quarter-section o' yourn, if that's what ye refer to," replied David.

"Very good," said Miles, and spat energetically to one side. "Gee up, Bill, Maud!"

The two men developed a strong mutual liking. The self-reliant, sporting quality displayed by the possible purchaser was a thing in itself to commend him to L. P. Miles of Beals, Nebraska. "L. P." was one of the sort who are willing to try anything once. His venture as a homesteader had been such a trial. He needed ready money badly. He welcomed the prospect of relief opening before him. As for Brock, he perceived what seemed to him a fatalistic leading here. In the mood that possessed him, he felt that this was a hazard as good as might appear in months. He knew the soil, and he understood the ways of the prairie. Destiny seemed to be giving him another dare, and he was resolved to take it.

The two men walked together a good part of the afternoon. At night they drew to one side of the now scarcely discernible trail, tethered their teams, and entered the house on wheels. An oil lantern in a tin bracket against the wall was now lighted, and the yellow flame was reflected cozily back by the yellow luminosity of the unpainted, new pine lumber which formed the building. Brock brought in his supplies, and presently a savory meal of ham and eggs with black soffee was in preparation. Outside the prairie night settled down until an inky blackness was framed against the snug square sashes of the windows. Gusts of strong wind rocked the structure as if it were a ship at anchor, and a steady rain came up from the northwest and drummed on the thin shingled roof. The provident L. P. Miles slung a pail at a corner of the shack to catch the rain-water that now poured in a generous stream from the galvanized iron eavetrough, and the musical tintinabulation of dripping rain added the one wanting element to a situation in which both men took a keen delight; though neither mentioned this fact to the other.

(Continued on page 282)

## OVER-PLAYED

(Continued from page 261)

After a space Windy's heavy mouth opened and closed gaspingly, like a freshly caught trout's. Seth watched one thick eyelid lift slowly, disclose a lifeless

eye, and droop heavily shut again. Then he returned his attention to the freight train, which was now pulling out on to the main line, with many prolonged sobbing groans of the exhaust, and the hearty clank of side rods. He could see car after car jerk, jump, and then start crawling up the track.

A blast from the locomotive whistle filled the canyon with a rumbling below. The noise re-acted on Windy like a sudden noise that makes a climax for a vivid and unpleasant dream. He

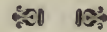
leaped to his feet instantly and stared all about him. His gaze came to a focus on Seth, who was staring at him from the opposite side of the fire, gathering his lips for another shot at the coffee can, his palm motionless on the end of his stump. Windy grinned foolishly and rubbed his eyes with the heel of his palm.

"Whaz 'zmatter—I faint?" he asked.

"No," replied Seth.

"Well, I'll be damned," he murmured wondering. "Say, I'll bet I

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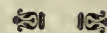
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know what. I betcha I fell asleep. Huh?"

"No," answered Seth. "I put you to sleep."

"Hu-u-u-uh? Put me to sleep?"

But the insinuation in Seth's words, along with a sight of his hand, which was swollen like he had been stung on the knuckles by bees, together with a thickness and stiffness about his own jaw, enabled Windy to piece out a pretty accurate idea of what had happened to him. And his face wilted in a way which, if he had been a dog, would have told anyone that his tail was tucked between his legs.

Then Seth explained matters.

"I'm that certain bird you want to meet. I'm the geek you want to bump off. I'm the little sweet daddy. I am the geezer Seth Palamountain. I am—" Here he tapped his stump with a significance that made Windy start wildly—"I am the guy that danced and yelped. I'm the bird with no grit."

Windy had turned the color of a tallow candle.

"What." He swallowed laborously. "What are you going to do to me?"

Seth stepped back to the fire very deliberately, smoothed off a place with his foot, and sat down. Then he took plenty of time to get his aim, and spat squarely into the coffee can.

"I've already done it," he announced.

With that he turned his attention to the train which came plunging around a turn near at hand, the wheel flanges squealing as they took the curve, the white-capped engineer leaning out of the cab, his eyes on the mouth of the smoke-blackened tunnel just ahead.

Then Windy saw a bandage on his

forearm, criss-crossed with black strips of electrical tape. Snatch. Whisk. Shudder. That bandage was sailing through the air thirty feet behind him. And before it touched the ground, Windy's face took on an expression that made Seth leap to his feet and start backing towards a bludgeon. His eyes never left Windy for an instant.

"Right in an open cut." There was an unlooked-for pathos in Windy's humming moan that gripped Seth by the throat. "I'll get it sure, M'old man—O-o-o-o-oh, a doctor. A doctor!"

Abruptly Windy ran towards the train.

He stood at the tie ends, his hands raising towards the grab irons on the front of each car as it approached, lowering as it passed him. The train was rapidly gathering speed. Seth could see globules of blood from his arm, like the drip of eaves caught in a gust of wind, sucked along with the rush of the train in a long slant. Instinct told Windy that to catch the train meant being jerked under the wheels and cut to pieces. The caboose was ten cars away. Windy commenced to whimper and dance like a child cornered by a cross dog.

Then there was a movement swift as sight. Windy was flat on his belly with his arm over the rail. Car after car rolled over his arm. The caboose jolted past with the conductor reading a newspaper in the cupola. The last springless cover of a journal box chattered into the tunnel and silence. The roadside bushes ceased to wave and turn the pale undersides of their leaves into view. The expanding rails cracked dully. The forearm, with the long slash in it, lay between the rails, the fingers folded loosely into the palm. The end of the stump was pressed together like a tube of wet paper cut with dull scissors.

Windy raised his face when he felt Seth putting a tourniquet around his arm. As yet he did not feel the full shock of the amputation. He was calm, very, very calm; indeed, the calmer of the two. You could see chills passing over Seth as plainly as you have seen chill follow chill down the spine of a dog on a frosty morning.

"I g-guess we're even n-now." The tiny laugh Seth forced out with this statement was ghastly.

"Doc," said Windy. "Listen, Doc, it wasn't me that shot yer arm off."

Seth's lips parted and the downturned corners lifted, but it could not be said that he smiled.

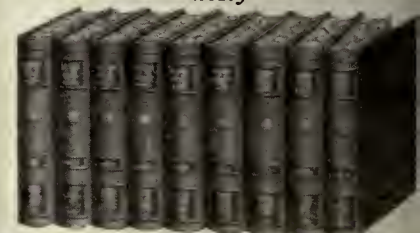
"I never, Doc. I never." There was an arresting note of truth in Windy's

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words. "Doc, I ain't right unless I'm bluffin', an' blowin' an' braggin'. That's my style. I never was married. It was my brother that shot yer arm off. He was *her* husband, and he treated her meaner'n hell. Doc, you read about me, didn't yuh? I'm the brother that tried to get on trial for her murder. I wanted to see my name in the paper M'brother's in Gumas, Mexico, now. That's where he skinned to. But I'm some actor just the samey. Huh, Doc. An actor once begged me—"

Windy suddenly fell back in a faint limp as a sleeping child.



## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 271)

The journey was a never-to-be-forgotten one. We rode on horses that he kept at his ranch during the summer months, for parties such as ours.

On and on, up and up, to the snow-line where millions and quillions of mosquitoes waited eagerly for our coming. They were small in size, but made up in active motion and vigor of sting what they lacked in weight.

At the edges of the drifts flowers grew in great profusion. The water trickled slowly into the deep moss and dead leaves under the trees. Here it was held in storage, and permitted to flow slowly into tiny streams and rivulets. Here and there they joined together, becoming at last the headwaters of the rivers that carried water for irrigation purposes to the plains below.

And the relation of the forest, to the reclamation of the desert, became clear to us at last. So long as the deep forests remained at the headwaters of these streams, the snow melted slowly and gradually, passing from its storage in leaves and moss, as the season advanced.

This kept the flow of the rivers uniform and steady, giving us the late irrigation water so necessary in July and August, except in extreme cases where the winter was one of light snowfall.

Where forests were permitted to be cut from the watershed it was easy to comprehend the result. The snow was not held in storage beneath the trees, but melting in the first hot days, rushed down the mountain side in muddy torrents, causing floods that spelled disaster, and sweeping away beyond recall the water for late irrigation.

As we went ever higher the vegetation grew scarce, the granite slopes were steep. At last we reached a rocky pinnacle and our guide told us we were above timberline.

Still on beyond us towered great peaks. I had fancied that when we reached timberline we should be at the top of the range. I was vaguely disappointed, for I longed to see down on the other side.

Here the tall and stately pines about our camp became queer, twisted things, grotesque and stunted, mutely pathetic as they told an eloquent tale of warring winds, and fierce storms which they battled ever, to hold their place among the rocks.

The silence was broken by a crash that sounded like mighty thunder. As we started in wild afright our guide said soothingly:

"Just a big rock rollin' down into the canyon. Tired and wants to go to sleep, I guess."

Suddenly the peaks were wrapped with gloomy gray-hued clouds, it grew dark about us, the air was filled with flying snow. There came a flash—rolling thunder—then the sun shone out again. As suddenly as the storm came, it vanished into the thin air.

"Here's the place where winter and summer run hand-in-hand," Ella said laughingly.

We did not dare tarry long, or nightfall would overtake us in the hills. We descended slowly, with many a backward glance.

All too swiftly came the day when we must start on the homeward journey. The mountain region had won our en-

Alfalfa stretched away, dark with purple bloom, filling all the world with its fragrance. Potato fields still held white blossoms here and there, and the golden grain fields had been laid low by the reaper.

As the sum of miles grew less we passed small towns, and at last, dim in the distance, the church spires rose above the deep green trees that hid the town of Greeley.

By nightfall we were home again. Far west lay the mountains. It seemed even now like a lost and beautiful dream, and this only was real.

Mother waiting with her loving kiss, the eager questions of our brothers and sisters, father, relieved beyond measure by our safe return, listening with twinkling blue eyes as we related our wonderful tales.

Home—the word took on new meaning. Not just a white farmhouse set in green, irrigated field, but a place of family love, that wrapt and enfolded in a mantle of peace.

## AT THE SEASHORE

I LOVE to watch the waves at play,  
They seem so awfully sad.  
I wish that I could do something  
To make the poor waves glad.

They're always roaring, all the time  
As though they'd never stop,  
I wonder why they like to roar  
Such an awful, awful lot?

Now when I go back home again,  
To the busy city-blocks,  
I'm going to write a story  
Of the seashore and its rocks.

MARY JANE FUSON.

NOTE: The editors offer the above poem as the promising efforts of a young authoress twelve years of age.

during love, and we resolved that every summer we would spend some weeks within its fastness.

When we reached the plains the great warm air enveloped us, and we were sad and grave for almost an hour. We looked long and lovingly at the first pine trees that stood guarding the world of the mountains.

Beyond them lay coolness, and fragrant green forests, still and deep, where foaming streams dashed white against the huge black rocks.

Here, below, were cottonwoods fringing the banks of sluggish rivers, that seemed to barely move, and air heavy with the scent of sagebrush. Still farther down the cultivated lands surrounded us, and dust rose thick from under the feet of our teams.

## CALIFORNIANIZATION

(Continued from page 269)

have entered it, and to have suggested the name. It has been established that other white men, notably of the party of Joseph Walker, crossed the valley on the Mono trail to the north and noticed the depressions and saw and remarked of the cliffs, probably Half Dome and Glacier Point. Evidence, however, shows that they did not descend into the valley.

With these facts in our hearts, with a history of the early developments of the Yosemite, a process filled with jealousies and criticisms, the dogged perseverance of such men as Muir and Le Conte and many others who have felt and sensed its natural beauty, who dreamed dreams, who had vision, we too may discover not only Yosemite but all of California for California is the result of men who have dreamed dreams and it doth not yet appear what she shall be—

Some of these dreams are written on paper, some on mountain sides in orchards, in mining shafts, in oil wells, in tall buildings of the cities; in safe docks for our ships, but the dream of dreams is that of Yosemite—the dream of men, the vision—of preservation of God's beauty for the eyes of man. Let us feel and sense not only California interpreted through Yosemite, which is only one of her wonders, but all of California alike. Then will come the ultimate dream of men dreaming dreams.



## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON  
JULY 4, 1826

Twas midsummer, cooling breezes all the  
languid forests fanned,  
And the angel of the evening drew her  
curtain o'er the land.  
Like an isle rose Monticello through the  
cooled and rippling trees,  
Like an isle in rippling starlight, in the  
silence of the seas.  
Ceased the mocking bird his singing; said  
the slaves with faltering breath  
"Tis the Third, and on the morrow Heaven  
will send the angel Death."

At his room at Monticello, lost in dreams  
the statesman slept,  
Seeing not the still forms round him, see-  
ing not the eyes that wept,  
Hearing not the old clock ticking in life's  
silence loud,  
Knowing not when night came o'er him like  
the shadow of a cloud.  
In the past his soul is living as in fifty  
years ago,  
Hastes again to Philadelphia, hears again  
the Schuylkill flow.

Meets again the elder Adams knowing not  
that far away  
He is waiting for Death's morrow, on old  
Massachusetts bay;  
Meets with Hancock, young and courtly,  
meets with Hopkins, bent and old,  
Meets again calm Rodger Sherman, firey  
Lee and Carroll bold;  
Meets the sturdy form of Franklin, meets  
the half a hundred fold;  
Who have made themselves immortal—  
breathes the ancient more again.

Once again the Declaration in his nerveless  
hand he holds,  
And before the waiting statesmen its  
prophetic hope unfolds;  
Reads again the world puissant, "All men  
are created free,"  
Claims again for man his birthright, claims  
the world's equality;  
Hears the coming and the going of an hun-  
dred firm set feet,  
Hears the summer breezes blowing 'mid the  
oak trees cool and sweet.

Sees again tall Patrick Henry by the side  
of Henry Lee,  
Hears him cry "And will ye sign it?"—it  
will make all nations free!  
Fear yet not the ax or gibbet; it shall top-  
ple every throne,  
Sign it for the world's redemption! All man-  
kind its truth shall own!  
Stars may fall, but truth eternal shall not  
falter, shall not fall.  
Sign it, and the Declaration shall the voices  
of ages hail!

Sign, and set yon dumb bells ringing, that  
the people all may know,  
Man has found emancipation; sign, the Al-  
mighty wills it so!  
Sees one sign it, then another, till the magic  
moves the pen,  
Till all have signed it, and it lies there,  
charter of the rights of men.  
Hears the small bells, hears the great bells,  
hanging idly in the sun,  
Break the silence, and the people whisper,  
awe-struck, "It is done."

1850

## California's Diamond Jubilee Celebration

1925

Then the dream began to vanish—burgesses,  
the war's red flames,  
Charging Tarleón, proud Cornwallis, navies  
moving on the James;  
Years of peace, and years of glory, all to  
melt away,  
And the statesman woke from slumber in  
the night, and tranquil lay;  
And his lips moved; friends there gathered  
with life's silken footsteps near,  
And he whispered, softly whispered in love's  
low and tender ear—

"It is the Fourth?" "No, not yet," they an-  
swered, "but 'twill soon be early morn;  
We will wake you, if you slumber, when the  
day begins to dawn."  
Then the statesman left the present, lived  
again and in the past,  
Saw, perhaps, the peopled future ope its  
portals grand and vast,  
Till the flashes of the morning lit the far  
horizon low,  
And the sun's rays o'er the forests in the  
east began to glow.

Rose the sun, and from the woodlands fell  
the midnight dew like rain,  
In the magnolia cool and shady sang the  
mocking bird again;  
And the statesman woke from slumber, saw  
the risen sun and heard  
Rippling breezes 'mid the oak trees and the  
lattice singing bird.  
And, his eyes serene uplifted, as rejoicing  
in the sun,  
"It is the Fourth?" his only question—to the  
world his final one.

Silence fell on Monticello—for the last dread  
hour was near,  
And the old clock's measured ticking only  
broke upon the ear.  
All the summer rooms were silent, where  
the great of earth had trod,  
All the summer blooms seemed silent as the  
messengers of God;  
Silent were the hall and chamber where  
old councils oft had met,  
Save the far boom of the cannon that re-  
called the old day yet.

Silent still is Monticello—he is breathing  
slowly now,  
In the splendors of the noontide, with the  
death dew on his brow;  
Silent save the clock still ticking where his  
soul had given birth  
To the mighty thoughts of freedom that  
should free the fettered earth;  
Silent save the boom of cannon on the sun-  
filled wave afar,  
Bringing 'mid the peace eternal still the  
memory of the war.

Evening in majestic shadows fell upon the  
fortress walls,  
Sweetly were the last bells ringing on the  
James and on the Charles,  
'Mid the choruses of freedom two departed  
victors lay,  
One beside the blue Rivanna, one by Massa-  
chusetts bay,  
He was gone, and night her sable curtain  
drew around the sky;  
Gone his soul into all nations, gone to live  
and not to die.

—Author Unknown.

(Continued on page 284)

### A HOUSE DIVIDED

(Continued from page 279)

DAVID BROCK awoke the follow-  
ing morning while yet Miles  
snored in the bunk below his. Glancing  
out of doors, he beheld a gray day with  
cloud masses heaping the sky with un-  
couth shapes. The horses were trampling  
and whinnying and tugging at their  
halter ropes. Throwing back the gray  
woolen blankets, he hastily drew on his  
clothes, stamped his feet boisterously into  
his cowhide boots, and moved across the  
narrow floor to a small oval mirror  
fastened to the wall. L. P. Miles opened  
a somnolent eye, shut it again, involved  
himself further in his blankets and  
turned his face indifferently away from  
an awakening and restless world.

Brock continued to survey himself in  
the mirror. He plucked meditatively at  
his grizzled beard. Presently he pro-  
duced shaving utensils and a small pair  
of scissors from a bachelor's bag he had  
bought just across the line in Iowa. With  
two vigorous strokes he cleared most of  
the "underbrush," as he was used to  
terming his beard, from his lower jaw.  
An irrevocable step was thus taken, and  
he was obliged to proceed with his shav-  
ing,—for the first time in twenty years.  
The feat at last accomplished, he began  
clattering the breakfast things. He was  
aware soon that L. P. Miles was awake  
and observing. He turned and faced his  
host.

L. P. Miles sprang out of bed, his  
eyes starting from his head. "My God!"  
he ejaculated. "Have I got 'em again?"

"Got what, Mr. Miles?" asked David  
Brock, complacently flipping a griddle  
cake above the fire and approaching the  
bunk to lean intimately above the fright-  
ened Lincoln Patterson.

"I knew it," moaned the victim. "I  
go to sleep with a grandfather in the  
bunk above me, and I wake up with a  
raw youth trippin' round my happy home  
and actin' as if he'd allus lived in this  
yere place. I knew it." He moaned  
again and continued: "Young man, never  
allow demon rum t' lead ye astray. The  
consequences—"

Brock roared with laughter. He seized  
the desperate Miles and drew him to his

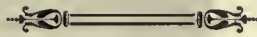


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feet. "None o' that, Miles," he said.  
"You know my voice, don't you?"

Miles led Brock to the window and  
peered long and earnestly into the strange  
face. He saw a strong, comparatively  
young-looking countenance, lined to be  
sure, but with a set of jaw and muscle  
betraying a firm and consistent purpose-  
fulness verging on stubbornness. Yet a  
subtle softness from within that gave  
Brock's face a strange inscrutability,  
made him pause. He relaxed his hold.

"By Heaven, Brock," he exclaimed.  
"You *are* a queer one!"

### BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from page 273)

#### POWER AND ACUTENESS OF VISION

Such a summary is truthful after read-  
ing "God's Stepchildren" by Sarah G. Mil-  
lin. It is a book full of fierce feeling and  
is written with extraordinary vivid thought,  
with swiftness and certainty and strangely  
holds the mind after the end is reached.  
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South Africa—the Baastards. The tale cov-  
ers four generations, starting with the ar-  
rival in South Africa of a poor missionary  
fanatic, who settles in a miserable village in  
the Hottentot country to teach the natives  
the meaning of the love of Christ. The  
Reverend Andrew Flood is a figure at once  
noble and ludicrous. His mission is a hope-

less fight against his own weakness, and  
the mocking stupidity of his Hottentot neigh-  
bors. He sinks slowly into squalor, marries  
a native girl and at last dies in wretched-  
ness. The fortunes of the daughter, the  
granddaughter, and the great-grandson of  
the Reverend Andrew Flood make the  
story.

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah G.  
Millin. Boni Liveright. \$2.00.

\* \* \*

#### HEART STORY

What was the story of the great, grim,  
old, white-haired O'Malley of Shanganagh,  
going up and down Dublin streets, still  
straight and clean and aware of himself,  
but none the less drowning in drink? That  
it was an uncommon one you would guess  
from the man—and yet, too, it was in a way  
that comes to many a man through the  
woman he loves if only she be taught young  
that this world is evil and the next the  
only good. But the way of it was strange  
enough, and Donn Byrne, who can pierce  
his readers more sharply with beauty than  
most other men now writing, has told a  
story so achingly lovely in its golden morn-  
ing, so poignant in its tragedy of bewildered  
human hearts that both the picture he makes  
of the men and women that live at his com-  
mand will stay long and wistfully in the  
memory of the enchanted reader. The scene  
is set in Ireland, where Donn Byrne is at  
his best and richest, and his story is simple,  
firmly held and strongly told.

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH, by Donn  
Byrne. Century. \$1.25.

#### NATURE'S HEART

Frederick Niven sings as if he possessed  
the heart of Nature for his very own. He  
chooses to live in the wilds of British Colum-  
bia on the shores of Kootenay Lake. In one  
of his poems, in "A Lover of the Land",  
he sings:

I took the purple of the heather  
And the white of a rose  
And the blue hill air, and the wild wet  
weather,  
With the thought of a woman my glad soul  
knows:

And I made me a wonderful magic world  
Like the globe of rain in a rose-leaf furled,  
A world complete and far more real  
That this that we seem to see and feel.

The majority of these poems are infused  
with the pure passion of an abiding love of  
the land-of God's trees and snows and rains  
and the manifold richness of a life lived  
in wild Nature's heart. The poems es-  
tablish one of the most distinguished of  
living novelists as a poet of the rarest charm.

THE LOVER OF THE LAND, by  
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#### MODESTY

WHEN I, through living learn to think  
The thoughts that are by far too wise,  
I'll wear a veil of golden gauze  
And hide those thoughts within my eyes.

IRENE MARIE STEWART.



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## From Kay's Scrap Book

### UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF LORD BYRON

My dear Girl:

Back of us lies a pleasant land, a country where you and I disported ourselves together in untrammelled freedom and unheeding joyousness, and for a time forgot that, certainly, sooner or later, the commonplace would inevitable encroach upon our domain. That time has come—we are at the parting of the ways and this letter is my kindly farewell to you. In it I shall write as if all the world could read, while, in very truth, the letter must be destroyed lest a fear and hate-encompassed people should happen upon it, and thereupon brand you with their unreasonable and uncharitable stigma.

The reason you meant so much to me is, that of those I have known, you are the one above all, who always and under every circumstance, played the game as if every pawn were a kindling brilliant. You know no weariness—in your philosophy there was only the NOW. You and I held always that each was necessary to the other's happiness, and yet, the fact that you must have known that our paths divided just ahead, occasioned you never a moment's depression. You may forget; your vows of constancy, if they ever occur to you at all, may provoke but your tolerant smile; but by the gods, the fire of laughing, reckless Youth still runs riot in your veins, and I shall ever remember that when the Past was yours, and mine together, there was never a moment when Life, for you, was not a

thing to be appreciated with the keenest zest, to be enjoyed with the utmost abandon, and to be remembered without a regret. Herein you were incomparable. I have known many men and women, but of them all, you got the most out of the chances that were yours. All others who have assisted me in decking with garlands of abandon the hours of recreation have had some compunctions abounded by either fear or conscience. You had none—I know them not, and so, between us, we made the world seem bright.

I am an idealist, a dreamer. Fancy carries me to a land where the eye grows never dim, where the ear is ever clearly attuned, where the step is buoyant, where is nothing that anyone fears; but life has shown me a world in which Death is inevitably the ruler; a world, the light of which lessens with every day that passes; a world wherein Fear compels us to a conformity and conventional poses, and in which the warm uncalculating love of Youth fades into the callousness and coldness and disinterest of Age.

You say I am moody tonight. No, my dear, I am only truthful. In the cheery, jolly days of a few years, I had but to beckon my friends, and they would gather with acclaim and sit down and hold revel while the red wine ran, and the flowing bowl was drained again and again. Mirth was King. His courtiers were madcap revelers and they were a loyal crew. Hebe was their divinity, but Time, Time the Tomb-builder, poured the waters of Lethe in their cups, and it corroded their veins and thin-

ned their blood; and their erstwhile joyous laughter became transformed to a discordant cackle, and their mirth changed to mocking. They say, and they believe when they say it, that Wine is an enemy; that women are wicked; and that Life is a Vanity of Vanities. Blame them not for they are old; grieve with them that the fires of exuberant Youth do not always burn.

Life is a servitude. The rulers of the world are slaves. To rule they must labor, and the labor crushes them with its inertia and the garlands they win do but deck tombs, and that, so long as the daylight lingers. Such garlands dissolve in the shadows of the first night, and the mist of the morning all on bare graves that they for the moment adorned.

Our only friend is Memory. Her eyes brim with understanding, her voice is caressing; her tender touch is magnetic with sympathy. Today, Youth lures us to go; tomorrow Age will command us to stay, and then will Memory be my sweet-voiced guest, and she will sit by my side, and look into my dimming eyes, and sing the songs of Yesterday. She will dwell on the glory of the morning; she will recall the friends who joined with me in ready homage of King Mirth; she will speak of Hebe; and then will come your name, my royal, clear-eyed, straight-limbed sweetheart; and at last will I know that Old-age is not too heavy a burden to carry in payment of having once been young.

Doubt will whisper, "She was fickle, inconstant. She really never cared for you"; but the Ghost of Youth, will flit across the



## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

strings of the heart, and that will pulsate, "She was young; she was beautiful; her kisses were endearing; her embrace was full of fire and passion and life; the response of her body was complete in its amorous abandon; and if she changed or forgot, we all change and forgot; but while the glamour lasted, its spell was transmuting, and that for which the Universe was created was our unstinted portion."

And when Time has taken me so far that even Memory's voice can no longer awaken the heart to answer, then will it suffice to record of me "This Man Lived." And as you and I wander through Life after Life in unlimited series, perhaps we will meet and like a rush of fern scents wafted from years long past, will come again, Memory, and you and I, though we know not why, will be glad; and it will be because we laughed and banded together long before, and had small heed to the droning world, which, had it known our hearts would have used our names to adorn the moral of one of its degenerate tales.

AND so Farewell, and Farewell.

## COME UP SMILING!

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh, trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
Or a trouble is what you make it;  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there—that's a disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, why the harder you bounce;  
Be proud of your blackened eye;  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;  
It's how did you fight—and why?  
—Annon.

## A THING YOU CAN'T BUY

IF YOU have wealth you can purchase one hundred outfits of wearing apparel, but you can only wear one at a time. Socrates never owned but one pair of shoes, but his name is immortal. If you have wealth you can purchase beautiful paintings and adorn your home with statues. That wouldn't bring you happiness. If you have wealth you can purchase furniture inlaid with gold and upholstered with fine fabrics That doesn't mean contentment. When Thoreau lived by Walden Pond he found a stone one day that he fancied and used it for a chair, but it rolled away later.

If you have wealth you can purchase a great park and erect a splendid mansion, but tradition tells us that there was a very happy man who lived in a tub, and when the King came to see him and asked what he could desire from the King, Diogenes replied, "That you would step from between me and the sun." If you have wealth you can possess an organ with golden pipes, but Beethoven composed his immortal symphonies on a cheap harpsichord. If you have wealth you can equip a luxurious studio, but Turner painted in a garret and mixed his colors in a broken tea cup.

Money can purchase copies of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but God gives the sunset away free. Money can employ musicians to perform for a private concert, but the song of

the lark in the tree and the music of children's laughter is for the millionaire and the poor man alike. Wealth cannot purchase the great things of life. It cannot purchase goodness and beauty. It will not afford loving memories of days that are past, or the smile of a true friend, or a mother's love. The great things of life are not to be bought and sold in the market places.

## BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

LET me dwell in a house by the roadside,  
Where men of the world drift past,  
Let me live as a friend to whatever end  
I may serve from first to last.  
I would not live in a cynic's home,  
Nor look with a cynic's eye,  
I would not condemn the weaker men  
As the race of the world goes by.

Let me dwell in a house with an open door  
By the road where men pass by,  
That the sad may find a word that's kind  
And a smile takes the place of a sigh.  
There are hermits who live in the midst of men

With a narrow and selfish code.  
But I'd live as a friend of man to the end,  
In a house by the side of the road.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul and the heart of man knows none more fragrant.

Never criticize a dreamer but watch him closely. They are generally the ones who impart to us much important knowledge.

Every man must live with the man he makes of himself; and the better job he does in moulding his character, the better company he will have.

## SKY VAUDEVILLE

NIGHTS fond old cavalier, the moon,  
Gave all her bright-eyed little ones a treat.

Host and clown, on the infinite stage of heaven,  
He played circus for their entertainment  
Like an apt juggler lying prone  
And poising on slender crescent limbs  
An immense shadow ball  
That earth had colored  
And tossed out to him.

(The moon adores our little world;  
Though dark and sad, she is his darling god-child.

He cheers her with bright gifts—  
Dresses of silver tissue and fairy tales;  
Love stories, mostly, bound in white gold;  
Which the stern nurse, morning, hides away.  
Often, he watches over her  
While that very brilliant lady, her mother,  
Is touring the Orient.)

His act was still on when night retreated  
Taking her blinking stars.  
There is a coolness between her and dawn  
Whose reaching red fingers clutched the horizon

As her eager face flushed with climbing  
Peered up from below.

Earth sent a breeze to wake her sleepers  
That they might witness the last scene  
But only the treetops looked and thrilled  
Only the cocks heard and answered  
And one pale poet at a dingy pane.  
These saw the curtain fall on tragedy—  
The weary wan old moon  
Drowned with his burden in a food of blue.

LILLIAN WHITE SPENCER.



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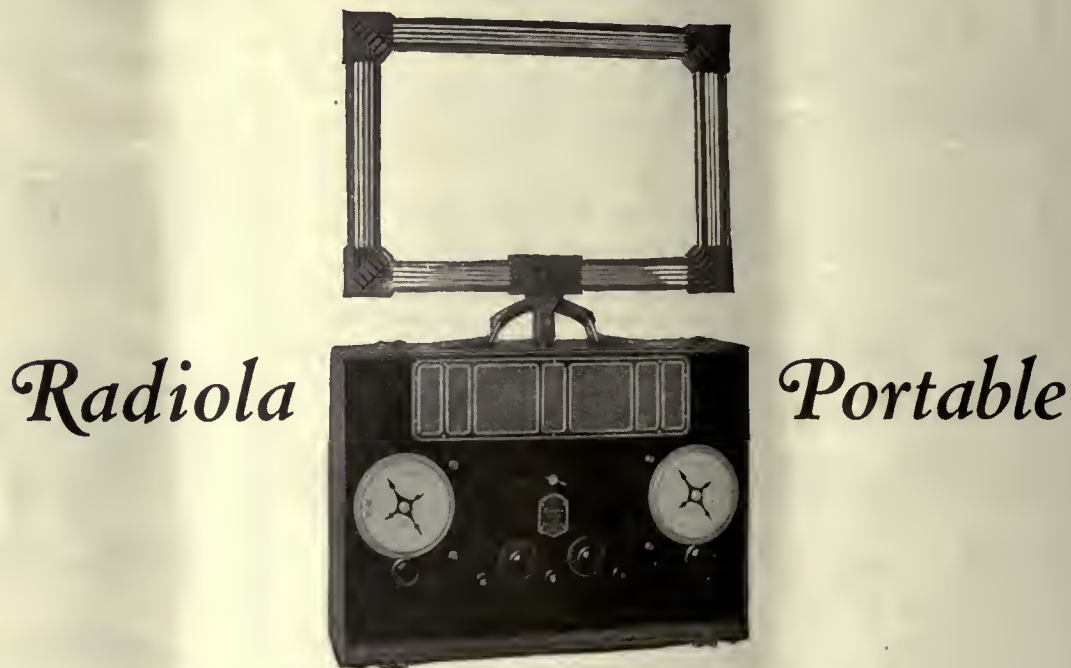


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AUGUST, 1925

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DECATUR, GA.

Number 8

# Overland (Monthly)

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AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE





## Within the means of all

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AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

AUGUST, 1925

NUMBER 8

## OUR AUGUST CONTRIBUTORS

S. OMAR BARKER needs no introduction. He is a writer of versatility. It is hard to realize which he is most proficient in, verse, feature articles or short stories. In September will appear a feature article from his pen.

CARYL DE VOE will be remembered for her AMERICA in JUNE OVERLAND. UNITY is worthy of her.

S. BERT COOKSLEY, upon inquiry, we find is quite a bit of everything. He paints a little, has had one or two bits shown here and there. He's taken up photography and can't help saying he likes the movies! To give a list of what he's appeared in would take up too much space, seems his name has graced every worth-while poetry magazine in the States, not mentioning Sterling's Anthology. This ultimate desire is to start THE WANDERER on his way again. With the association of Ethel Turner we are sure THE WANDERER will soon be seen wearing silk hat and tight shoes!

RANDALL GARRETT'S PONGO speaks for itself. Mr. Garrett is a man of deep understanding and artistic temperament. For some time he has been connected with the Gilson Players of Emporia, Kansas.

LILIAN SPENCER WHITE is well known to lovers of poetry. Her work has appeared in various periodicals. Forum being one of her mediums of expression.

ENID GRIFFIS' name is familiar to readers of Argosy, The New York Sun, and New York Times. There is something about MY ROOM which is sympathetically appealing.

It will be of interest to know that the story by PERCY E. NAYLOR, appearing in this issue, was suggested to the author after he had witnessed a fight between sword fishes and whales off the African Coast. Naylor is one of our old contributors whose success in other magazines has not made him "forget."

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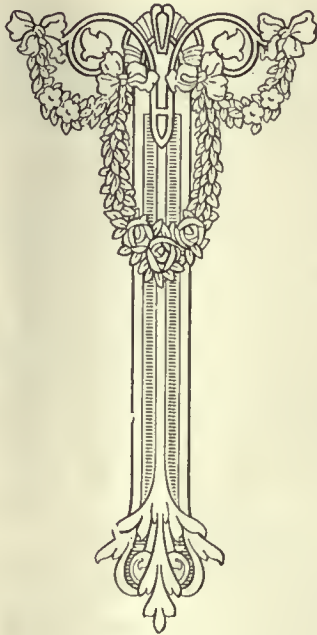
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# THE LAST CLAIM

By  
S. OMAR BARKER



## I.

LIMNED in the red of his evening fire,  
Spun out of flame from his heart's desire,

A young prospector, strong and bold,  
Pictured alluring nuggets of gold.  
Over the hills at the desert's edge,  
Somewhere yonder would be a ledge,  
Crannied and chinked with the yellow gleam,

Filled with the stuff of a miner's dream.  
Somewhere yonder the trail would end—  
Wealth in plenty to give or spend.  
Out of blue mists on a sun-tipped hill,  
Down from gray peaks where the firs are still,

In from the West where the sun-fires fall,  
To his gypsy heart had come the call.  
Oh, Youth is hope and Youth is June,  
And Youth must follow the yellow moon  
Out to the rim of the golden West,  
Over the world on the world-old quest.  
Warm in the peace of his ruddy fire,  
Dreaming he visioned his heart's desire.

## II.

SOMEWHERE out at the desert's rim,  
The dusk of evening over him,  
Old and grizzled as foothill sage,  
Leathery skinned and bent with age.  
He sat once more at his greasewood fire,  
Dusty and gray in his worn attire.  
There in the smoke's soft moving glow  
He saw old phantoms come and go.  
Into his soul in a purple maze  
Tumbled forgotten nights and days:  
Nights in some far distant spring  
When the golden moon had heard him sing;

Days when out of the desert sand  
He dug brave nuggets with his hand:  
Nights and days when hope was dead,  
And he followed wherever the dim trails led—  
But ever over the horizon's rim  
Trailing the lure that beckoned him.

## III.

HUDDLED there by his fading fire,  
He dozed as he dreamed of his heart's desire.

Oh, Age is silence and Age is sleep,  
And down from the hills vague shadows creep.

Out of the visions in the flame  
Into his heart the summons came.  
Forgotten now that body old,  
Remembered only the lure of gold—  
Not for its vaunted benefit,  
Just for the joy of seeking it.  
A chill crept over the wrinkled form—  
Its limbs grew cold though the fire burned warm—

A young prospector, joyfully,  
Had staked his claim in eternity.

—S Omar Barker.



## OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## The Magic of Water

By CHRISTIE SARTAIN DONNELLY.

THAT WATER plays a very important, if not the most important part of thriving industries in Alta California, has been recognized throughout the history of the state.

In the early stages of development when pioneering meant faith, hardship and courage, it was found that nature had been generous in its provision for water as well as for an even climate and rich soil.

As thought turned to conservation of water and irrigation, the white-capped mountains offered ways and means of future possibilities. The forest covered mountains, drained by rivers and smaller mountain streams brought to those, who had imagination and vision, a conception of what reclamation through water would accomplish.

There was enchantment in those dreams. Homes could be built, villages would spring up, industries be established and all this would aid in educational and social advantages. The pioneering has long been done; experimental days are past; the wildest dreams have become real. To those unfamiliar with the experiences of past and present efforts in combining the three natural forces of the State of California,—a grateful climate, fertile soil, and abundance of water,—the facts would seem amazing. However, miraculous results have been accomplished.

The years have come and gone making rapid strides in the march of progress. The state has developed into communities of prosperity, culture and wealth, proving the wisdom of the Indians who, in story and legend, named this promising country, "Guachama," signifying "Place of Plenty." From the early, vigorous, undaunted efforts and courage of those who began the developing of water, has sprung the hope of all industries in Alta California, making waste places a "Paradise," and causing "The desert to blossom as the rose."

Her high mountains of cloud-piercing eminence, arresting the vapors that are wafted in from the Pacific Ocean, constituting a volume of water that ministers to the welfare of humanity, are silently watching the dexterity employed

in one of the largest and most important projects in water development in history.

It has been stated somewhere in the early history of the state, that "one hundred million acres of land compose the area of California." A large portion of this area is irrigable. It has also been said that at least "twenty million acres were available twenty years ago." Up until that time it was not believed that water in great quantities could be secured for service. Under present opportunities the possibilities of the future are never doubted, and with the promise of a project which, when realized, will bring a development beyond out-lived figures, the reclamation work lives on.

Variable monuments of marble, the stately, snow-clad mountains rear their hoary heads against a background of ever changing shades of blue. Many a steadfast gaze is held enthralled through the understanding of supply, as well as beauty and charm, which meet the eye. From these lofty peaks come a promise of *water*. The most precious asset of California is not the gold, or silver, or oil, but *water*; for by its aid the soil will give forth crops more valuable than the total output in the same length of time, of the so-called precious metals. Nature's own vaults in the towering mountain peaks, pour forth streams of wealth, which fact was recognized by the Mission Fathers who came intent upon the cultivation of soul as well as soil.

With the desire for cultivation came the unquestionable need of water, and in the crude way they found to irrigate their gardens, began the water systems in the State of California.

TWO CENTURIES had passed after the discovery of New Spain ere the Spaniards came to California. It was in the year 1697 that the missionaries searched for two months before discovering a small spring within one mile of their mission. A narrow aqueduct was hewn into the rocks to conduct the water to their little garden without wasting one drop of the precious liquid.

When the Spanish Fathers came they brought with them the Moorish system of irrigating. There seem to be no new irrigating discoveries.

Egypt was in a state of bankruptcy when the proper control of the waters of the Nile Valley made the country financially sound. Under the same Pharaoh who built the pyramids, Egypt became a network of canals and reservoirs. The first canal connecting the Red and Mediterranean seas was built as an irrigating canal.

Arabia, Asia, Abyssinia, China, India, were practicing irrigation when the writing of history began, which proves that history not only "repeats itself," but that some pre-historic methods are worthy of investigation.

With the earlier systems in California, a system of "give and take" was practiced with land and water. For more



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than a century this old Mexican custom prevailed. Early in the season, after the rains were over, the irrigators would meet in a village, agree as to what should be done to put the ditch in order, allot to each one the amount of work required of him according to his ratio of acreage, then appoint one of their members Jun-Jero (water master) who served without pay. All of the water in the ditch was used for one irrigation, each holder using it all in rotation, the round being made every seventeen or eighteen days; the length of time being roughly agreed to. Each was entitled to use water, without incorporation, association, or record.

It has been said, and truly, that the water systems of California have developed through experience. As long ago as 1857, a group of stalwart philosophers organized, on a waste, cactus covered region, and began irrigating by waters conveyed by ditch from one of the larger rivers. The watered acres were set out in grapes which, in three year's time, were bearing and bringing good returns. Yet it was thirteen years before another experiment was made. However, the venture was remembered and pointed out as proof of what could be done. The whole world has been told of the wonderful water development in Alta California.

Those who remember, and those who take time to investigate, can appreciate the hardships and financial conditions incident to these early days. People from every walk in life, and from all parts of the country, gathered here to help make laws, to use water for irrigation, without the slightest idea of water right systems or irrigation customs. Misunderstandings, disappointments, dissatisfaction, discontent followed. One writer states: "Many and varied were the questions brought about between those who took the water and distributed it, and those who wished the waters to remain in the streams for their own personal interests."

#### KERCKHOFF POWER HOUSE

Most important in point of size and service is the Kerckhoff Plant on the San Joaquin River, forty miles from Fresno. This plant, constructed in 1919 and 1920, consists of a diversion dam 125 feet high and 570 feet in length across the San Joaquin River, a tunnel 18x18 feet and 17,300 feet in length. Water for this plant is delivered through ditches, tunnels, pipes, and flumes, and after passing through a small automatic power house, known as No. 1-A, enters a regulating reservoir 1,420 feet above the power house. The water is conveyed to the power house through two steel pipes. This plant is driven by impulse type water wheels actuated by a jet of water passing through a nozzle under a pressure of 615 pounds to the square inch. The water passing through this plant generates power for the fifth time.



*The green carpet spreads as the power lines extend into the desert wastes.*

Regardless of the many questions which arose concerning these problems, and how they could be solved, it would be impossible to relate all the propositions offered for their solution.

There was one phase of the question, however, upon which all seemed to agree; that the unfolding of California would be a revelation to the world; and that seekers after happiness would find a land of opportunity amidst remarkable climatic conditions.

A large part of the water law in California is the outgrowth of the practice and customs of the early mining days. When the "gold craze" had waned, and the hope and desire for real things began to stir the ambitions of the saner settlers, the work of reclamation began in earnest. Then came men of broader vision; men enthused with the possibilities of the west in general—and California in particular; men who could instill in the breasts of ardent followers a purpose, and as the years roll by we see the result of their untiring efforts.

It was to the men of whom we speak as the early pioneers, and the men of the hour, who are giving of their time

and unselfish thought to the water systems of today, that Rudyard Kipling penned the lines:

"If you can dream and not make  
dreams your master  
If you can think and not make  
thoughts your aim."

With the development of the soil came a second "harvest of gold" in the grain; and still a third golden harvest when the "Sun-kissed" citrus fruit found a home and welcome; and which have helped make Southern California famous.

Irrigation has removed all fear of perishing crops. Therein lies the secret of Alta California's achievements. Here prophecy and fulfillment blend. With a magical development that has amazed the world, the inaccurate statements and thoughtless exaggerations have ceased.

Three dry years in the early 90's brought about the necessity of Government control of waterways. Private enterprises had expended millions of dollars, yet a need was recognized that was not being met.





The earnest thinking people were beginning to realize that the irrigation problem in California was a big one, and they also realized it was too big for only a few to handle. After the early manner of irrigation, including ditches, pumps, etc., had appropriated all of the natural flow, unstable rainfall caused the supply to become uneven, which also brought up the question: Who was to receive available water during the dry season. Artesian wells and pumping plants were resorted to, which met the need for a time but growth in population demanded better service. The people as a whole began to awaken. A valiant campaign was opened which involved drainage and navigation, as well as irrigation. "National Control" became the slogan and the year which brought success to the Panama Canal Act, brought the National Irrigation Act as well; both of which were of vital importance to California.

**W**ATER conservation soon became a topic for much discussion, which led to the forming of an organization known as The Water Conservation Association, controlling three counties in the southern part of the state. It was the purpose of this association to spread the storm water of the Santa Ana River and its tributaries, hoping that the result would benefit all irrigation interests. After its formation, approximately 3000 acres of gravel and boulder land was secured on the debris cone at the mouth of the Santa Ana River, upon which to spread the storm water. This debris cone is about 5 miles easterly from and 500 feet higher in elevation than the great San Bernardino artesian basin, a natural drainage which flows through Warm Creek.

It has been found that it is possible to sink as much as 160 miner's inches, continuous flow per acre, on the debris cone. When it is remembered that ten to twelve inches per hour for twenty-four hours will properly irrigate the intensively cultivated land in three counties, it is seen that ten times as much water can be sunk in the debris cone as is ordinarily used for irrigation purposes.

Eminent engineers have reported that there are still 40,000 acres of irrigable land that could be irrigated from the waters of the Santa Ana River.

There has been wide-spread interest concerning this Water Conservation Association. Many inquiries from local and distant sections concerning its operation, have been answered. Similar work is being undertaken in different localities. During the past year the Association completed over two miles of boulder contour dam, of which 7805 feet was built by steam shovel.

To quote from one who has had a broad experience in water conservation: "As Californians, we pride ourselves in being known as 'The Golden State,' and we have a right to the title, for California has produced one billion, seven hundred six million dollars since its discovery in the state.

"We also pride ourselves on the tremendous production of citrus fruits and agricultural products, for California produces approximately seven hundred fifty million dollars in said products annually.

"We are also proud of the tremendous increase in population in California, its percentage being higher in the last decade than that of any other state in the Union and we are all going to be proud of our water resources in the state of California, for therein lies the future as well as the present success of the state."

The proper conservation of water for irrigation purposes carries with it the certainty of success in being linked together with hydro-electric energy, sharing the expense as well as the honor of development, one would be an advantage to the other. Development of water brings with it an increase in population, while electric power fills all other needs of a home seeking people.

It is the hope of the Water Conservation Association to establish the flow of water to lands now being irrigated so that there will be no shortage of water during the dry seasons, and eventually to provide irrigation water for all land that can be irrigated from this water shed.

Through the Great Western Power System came a very interesting development. The discovery was made by a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1901. The object in view was to utilize the north fork of Feather River for water power developments. For several years prior to

this time there had been considerable activity in the development of hydraulic power in the southern part of the state; and two principal companies in that region were planning to put in additional plants to the north of Kern River.

This activity brought to notice that near Big Meadows there was an exceptional cite for water storage. After diligent effort an amount of money was raised to organize a company named Western Power Company, a California corporation (March 24 1902). This company early discovered that within a few miles of their holding, at a point called Big Bend, a tunnel had been driven through to divert the waters from the channel around the bend, and then bare the steam bed sufficiently to permit placer mining. This project had failed, either because of lack of funds, or the lack of gold. However, it was later discovered that the owners had become aware of the opportunity offered there for the generation of power.

Two companies combined forces which helped make the Big Bend project a success. It then came to the notice of the Big Meadows Company that another company was considering the same project, although neither group were aware of the other's plans. The same day the Big Meadows Company filed claim the second group were also filing claims coming another way. Then conflicting circumstances made it difficult to finance the Big Meadows and Big Bend projects of Western Power Company.

After more than a year of untiring effort the way opened, and the Great Western Power Company was organized. By the fall of 1906 the work of enlarging the tunnel at Big Bend was begun and carried on until the plant was put in operation.

The Los Angeles aqueduct which was

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Logging by electricity at Central Camp of Sugar Pine Lumber Company.



# The Lost City of the West

By LESLIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

**B**URIED beneath the drifting sands of Southern Nevada has been discovered the "Lost City of the West."

Antedating the birth of Christ, centuries before Columbus dreamed of the existence of the Americas, a now-vanquished race flourished in what today is the state of Nevada.

These prehistoric Americans of thousands of years ago developed a civilization and a culture of their own, which may have been the first in this Western world.

By working in harmony, they built a great city—probably larger than any in Nevada today. They tilled the soil, irrigating crops suitable to the climate; they devised implements with which to hunt, to farm and to accomplish other productive tasks; they designed their own architecture, suiting it to their type of family life; they developed industries to form utensils from clay and to weave cloth for garments; to decorate their possessions, they developed a distinctive art; for purposes of worship, they erected temples; they evolved a written language to tell the story of their life.

Crude, in many respects, was this culture of 2,000 years ago, but it was far superior to that of savage state. These ancient Americans were men of intelligence, who developed a culture through harmonious living.

Today, under the skilled hands of archaeologists, the ruins of the buried city along the bank of the Muddy river, near St. Thomas, Clark County, Nevada, are telling the story of those who may have been the first inhabitants of America.

One of the most eminent archaeologists in the United States is making the excavations. Mr. Harrington, who has done most of the work with brush and trowel, is explorer for the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City, an institution concerned with the arts, history and culture of early American civilization. For the last eighteen years, Mr. Harrington has been engaged in the study of archaeology and ethnology for the Museum. Previously he was associated with the American Museum of Natural History, New York; with the Peabody Museum of Harvard University and with the University of Pennsylvania. His work has taken him throughout the United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico. "Cuba Before Columbus" and other volumes on archaeology and ethnology have come from his pen.

The Smithsonian institution of Washington, D. C., has assigned Dr. A. V.

Kidder of its staff, another well-known archaeologist, to co-operate in the excavations, representing both that organization and the Carnegie institution. Dr. Kidder is author of "Introduction to the Study of Southwestern Archaeology."

The state of Nevada, through Governor J. G. Scrugham, is co-operating with both organizations in the field.

A metropolis of the lost people probably existed 2,000 or more years ago and may have boasted a population of 20,000, scientists estimate.

"These ancient Nevadans probably were the ancestors of our modern Pueblo tribes, but of which tribe we cannot tell yet," declared Mr. Harrington, in speaking of his study in Nevada.

**T**HE ancient character of the city, its great size for a prehistoric town, and the fact that it is farther north than the Pueblo domain has been thought to extend have led archaeologists to declare the buried ruins one of the most important discoveries of its kind in America in recent years.

"Pueblo Grande de Nevada," the ruins have been named by Governor Schrugham, because of their unusual extent.

Ruins of the buried city lie along the Muddy river in a continuous line from

a point opposite the present village of St. Thomas to the vicinity of Overton. The remains of the dwellings are found in the valley and on the ridges of a series of low hills slightly back from the river.

Here, during the last few months Mr. Harrington has laid bare the ruins of the floor and foundations of a dozen prehistoric houses and fifteen tombs containing skeletons and artifacts of this unknown people.

What kind of people were these vanquished Americans? What was their manner of life? Why did they disappear? These queries are answered to a degree of probability by the excavated ruins.

The race was a people of small stature. Few of the adults exceeded five feet by more than an inch or two. Measurement of the skeletons, which are in a state of excellent preservation, yield these facts.

The skulls have broad brows, apparently indicating a race of high intellect and great intelligence for that period of history.

But the tombs contain more than the skeletons. Buried with the dead were the principal possessions of the departed.

Chief among these were the eating and cooking utensils of that day, in the form of pottery of artistic design and decoration. Work of the same kind



*General setting of Buried City. In the foreground can be seen mortars cut in solid rock; granite pestles in place, used for grinding corn by prehistoric inhabitants of Nevada.*



was uncovered in the rooms of the houses. Bowls, water bottles and kettles have been excavated, all in tasteful and original designs, and many artistically decorated. The painted ones are either white or dull red bearing a design in black. The most intricate work found is a vase-like vessel with handles. Stone matates for grinding corn have been recovered along with the pottery.

Products of the soil and of the chase probably were stored and cooked in these utensils. In the graves, also, Mr. Harrington has found remnants of the farming activity of the people. Grains of corn, corncobs, squash seeds and beans are sometimes in the tombs and are frequently found in the ruins of the houses. These were produced through irrigation, shown by the remains of ancient irrigation canals. The people of 2,000 years ago took advantage of native products, too, for remnants of screwbeans and the seeds of other desert plants are found by the explorers.

This race was not vegetarian, however. It subsisted, also, upon the meat of wild animals, which were killed with stone knives and with arrows. The graves have yielded bones of deer, mountain sheep and rabbits, as well as the means by which they were slain. A knife of jasper and a hammer head of jade have been discovered in the vicinity and may have been used by these prehistorics.

Precious stones existing in the vicinity were as attractive to the Pueblos as they are to Americans of today. Beads and pendants of turquoise and shell, cut into attractive shapes, lie now and then beside the skeletons.

That the inhabitants of the lost city devised attractive ways of covering their bodies with clothing may indicate the advanced state of their civilization. From wild cotton, or perhaps that which they cultivated, they wove blankets of fine texture and design. Shreds of these coverings still cling to the skeletons in the tombs. Or it may have been that they spun thread from the wild milk weed. Other members of the tribe cut rabbit skins and the hides of similar small animals into long strips, twisted them and wove them into blankets. One skeleton wore the shreds of what had been woven sandals. A few pieces of coiled basket-work have been found.

**T**HE graves are discovered beneath the floors of the ruined dwellings and outside the dwellings.

Often the houses are arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, so that all the rooms face a courtyard. Some dwellings consist of but one or two rooms, although most are of eight, ten or more. The chambers are small, averaging 6 by 8 feet. Usually they are rectangular,



*General plan of the Buried City.*

but sometimes those at the end are circular or oval in shape.

Only the floors and foundations of the houses have been found by the explorers, the walls and roofs having been lost through erosion. The floors are of adobe, which today looks like cement. Occasionally the floors were paved with flat rocks. Walls of the houses were constructed of sun-dried adobe bricks, shaped like loaves of bread, laid in adobe mortar and plastered with adobe. Sometimes the walls were strengthened with small stones. Judging from impressions of poles and branches in adobe ruins, scientists state that the roofs were made by laying sticks across the top of the walls, covering the poles with brush and then with adobe while it was soft.

Charred, bowl-shaped depressions in the adobe floors are thought to have served as prehistoric fireplaces. In the corners of the rooms raised rims of adobe served to confine the coals of a higher type of fireplace.

That the ancient people had a religion of its own is attested by what appears to be a kiva or ceremonial chamber, a separate edifice, circular in form. On the floor of this building were found remains of a number of tablets bearing painted hieroglyphics, resembling somewhat the altar tablets sometimes found in the Indian Pueblos in parts of the American southwest.

The Pueblo was occupied for many years. This is evident from the fact that the houses have been built upon the remains of others. Floors and foundations have been found at different levels,

each floor plan being different from the ones above and below. Between the floors are deep beds of ashes and fragments of pottery.

The mill of these ancient Nevadans is thought to be a ledge of sandstone found in front of a cluster of excavated buildings. Holes six or eight inches in diameter and equally deep have been drilled, into which corn probably was placed and ground with stone mortars, which still are found in place. Near the ruined dwellings are found hieroglyphic rock writings, thought to have been made by the prehistoric people. Scientists have been unable to decipher these figures, some of which evidently are in picture form while others represent language signs. The writings are

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*A typical tomb in Lost City of Nevada. These tombs contain rare pottery, turquoise, pearl and abalone shell beads, stone implements, seeds, etc.*



## When Sea-Leviathans Meet

By PERCY E. NAYLOR

**H**ISTO'S fin which was nearly the length of his long, lithe body, jutted out of the sea. A snappy wind breezed over the South Atlantic and gave power to this living sail and eased this survivor of an earlier age through the sun-lit waters without effort.

*Histo* was a gigantic swordfish and measured from the end of his sword to the tip of his tail some thirty feet. Nine of these feet constituted the length of his steel-like, saw-toothed-sword; and a terribly destructive weapon it was.

Just now *Histo* was looking for a fishing and breeding ground and he was scouting along just south of the equator well off the steamship lanes and too far off the coast to be bothered by the coasting steamers.

As he lazied along a school of porpoise crossed his path. Immediately *Histo* remembered he was hungry. In fact he had not eaten for some hours, so as the human sailor shortens his canvas, he furled his sail as the fin fitted snugly against his back, closing like an immense accoridian. Then his powerful side fin, tail and withy body co-ordinated and a thousand pounds of living, death-dealing projectile shot through the waters of the sea. There was a terrified scattering of the porpoise school and they made their get-away leaving three of their fellows impaled on the monster's sword.

The meal finished and the living sail again spread to the breeze, the sea-giant glided noiselessly through the brine of the ocean.

Trailing *Histo* was *Palgi* and a huge sulking shape he was. At first when *Histo* became aware of who was trailing him he was for a time wary, but *Palgi* was a wise Hammerhead Shark, therefore he kept his distance and feasted off *Histo's* leavings, for among other things, sharks are the scavengers of the sea. And besides *Histo* tolerated *Palgi* for other reasons, for, on one or two occasions when *Histo* had been hard pressed when attacked whales had turned on him the Hammerhead Shark showed that he was not devoid of loyalty!

**T**HERE is a spot in the South Atlantic about two degrees south of the equator and three degrees of east longitude that is a favorite place for the breeding monsters of the deep on account of the absence of treacherous currents, and the abundance of edible fish that the breeding female love to feast upon. As *Histo* cruised placidly towards his goal with his finny-sail trimmed at just the proper angle to take advantage of the freshening breeze, he

suddenly shortened sail. The breeding ground was in sight but to his rage he found it occupied by a company of large monsters!

With his finny-sail furled *Histo* slipped swiftly and silently through the water, edging up close to the strangers so that he could permanently catalogue those that were trespassing on his desired grounds.

He was not sure as yet of their identity. They might be of that strange breed of creature that shoot bubbling, silvery and terrible offspring from their side and surely no other denizen of the deep smelled as they!

*Histo* had learned by watching the sad experience of others of his tribe who had charged headlong at these strange sea-monsters before fully investigating, only to find that their hide was not penetratable and that it shivered the swordfish's terrible weapon as though it were the brittle arm of a star-fish!

Besides he had found that these strange things of the sea fought only their kind and those other un-understandable monsters that always floated on the surface of the sea. Outside of this it was peaceable and minded its own business but if these strangers were black whales they'd have to go elsewhere or stand battle!

*Histo* was old and shrewd. He was the veteran of a thousand tense dramas of the deep and open sea far from the track of steamers and the haunts of man. His body was scarred with the memento of those terrific encounters. But with every scar it made an impression on his brain, the reason thereof, and the lesson stayed with him, so in every succeeding encounter he was that much the wiser, and a wily foe was he, fierce and impetuous of attack and a perfect demon of defense and hate when assailed.

On account of his unusual intelligence he lived long; and grew to prehistoric proportions. Now he reconnoitered carefully, craftly, with every sense on the alert. He saw the creatures blow and then *Histo* caught the scent—yes, they were a herd of Black Whales, good enemies, good fighters, and good food!

Still, *Histo* did not charge blindly as would others of his kind at the thought of so much whale meat, for often a desparate charge of this kind ends disastrously for the charger. He played his cards well—looking for the leader of the herd. He thought he knew who it was, having caught certain signs and smells!

Ah! now he knew that he would meet a foe worthy of his wiles. Basking in the midst of a dozen spurting cows he beheld *Ceta*, the great Black Whale who was as famous as *Histo* for the numerous battles he had engaged in, the number of his victories and his great skill in fighting and outwitting his foes.

*Ceta*, was aware of the danger confronting him, for, suddenly the cows scattered and the great Black Whale with a body-guard of fighting bulls came charging *Histo's* way.

*Histo* displayed a bold front to his charging investigators, letting them get a full view of him. As a rule when others of the deep saw who was disputing the title to the feeding grounds they silently swam away leaving *Histo* to a bloodless victory, only too glad that they were allowed the privilege of going on their way unmolested. Frequently the first notice other denizens of the deep had of *Histo's* presence was when the gigantic fish with his bodyguard of fighting males dashed into their midst dealing sudden death and destruction. He noticed that the oncoming monsters were experienced fighters, keeping on each of his flanks and avoiding that long wicked toothed sword of his.

*Histo* charged his foes and they prepared for the onslaught, but just as he seemed about to pierce one of his enemies with his terrible sword he dove down into the warm depths of the dark green sea and disappeared. *Ceta*, glad of this bloodless victory, did not attempt to follow for this was the time of the year the mother whales had their calves and the fishing grounds were the best he knew of and he did not want to be driven away but live in peace.

But he reckoned without the wily *Histo* who with his hammer-headed shadow was dashing through the seas to where the rest of *Histo's* tribe were feeding and awaiting his return. However when *Histo* reached the feeding grounds there was no sign of his tribe. The big swordfish swam in a huge circle and picking up the scent of his fellows he headed due south followed by his faithful shadow. He soon came up to where the rest of the school were feeding and sought his mate; a winsome terror of the sea some twenty feet in length and as quick in her native element as a serpent's tongue.

*Histo* approached her, she would have nothing of him, flashing her sword wickedly at him as he drew near. After having his friendly advances repulsed several times *Histo* shot through the sea at a great rate and coming to where some porpoise were diving ramed into



their midst and returned to his mistress with his catch. She hungrily received his peace offering and without paying her consort the slightest attention outside of refusing to let him enjoy the feast she quickly disposed of the choice morsels.

OVER the feeding grounds where *Ceta* the great Black Whale and his herd held sway a storm threatened. The sky was dull as though covered with a leaden blanket and the blue of the sea reflected the gray of the sky. The wind had fallen and the sea had a sullen hushed calm about it as though it brooded over a tragedy. Even the waves had ceased their restless tossing and the water was a huge glassy gray blanket that seemed to cover the mysteries of the ages. Huge black whales dotted this sullen expanse of ocean sending great vaporous spouts against the sullen sky.

Nature appeared aware that momentous events were about to be chronicled and she prepared the stage for their enactment. The threat of the sea and air and sky warned *Ceta* to be on guard, so he had all of the cows in the center of the herd surrounded by his warrior whales, while he patrolled the outposts of his clan ever on the alert for something to happen, his hearing and smell attuned to the highest pitch as the whale is not acute of eyesight.

On the southern fringe of the feeding grounds there appeared a foam-like ripple, reminiscent of the boiling crest of a wave. Then to the east and west of this foam-like spot a whole line of agitated spots stretched across the sea disturbing its smooth surface as though suddenly a number of millraces had suddenly been born on the ocean's bosom. At the head of this series of disturbances was a patch of foam that moved with express speed. *Histo* and his warriors were charging *Ceta* and his clan to fight for the possession of the feeding and breeding grounds.

Quickly the alarm of the charging oemen spread and the cows plunged below the surface of the sea to escape the dreaded weapons of the charging uries.

*Ceta* seeing that escape by flight was impossible, at least for the males of the herd, gathered his fighting whales around him for battle. He was an experienced general and deployed his forces to advantage—the attacking swordfish were not going to have an easy victory.

*Histo* had two body guards. On his right his mate tore through the sea, and on his left charged the renegade *Palgi* who was anxious for the first meat of the kill, for he loved the flesh of these warm blooded animals of the sea.

A monstrous black whale loomed across their path and the three marauders catapulted through the water as one, intending to annihilate their victim with a lightning-like attack before the huge heast of the sea was aware of what was happening. But they reckoned without their "host" who when he discovered the charging hellions immediately faced them and shooting up two great columns of vapor quickly plunged to the bottom of the sea. His enemies followed as quickly as they could. They overtook him and *Palgi*, the hammer headed renegade, made a feint at his huge head thus diverting his attention for the moment. The whale charged full-tilt at *Palgi* who showed fight, and while the whale's attention was thus engaged the two monster sword-fish came charging underneath and the poor luckless beast was ripped open from end to end and his life's blood stained the ocean depths.

The trio of victors gorged on a few choice portions of their victim and cleaved the depths as they drove for the surface of the sea where now raged the Battle of the Leviathans.

No longer was the sea a glassy calm, though the sky lowered and appeared weighted. The smooth surface was broken up into a series of immense caldrons. A gigantic melo-drama of the deep was being enacted far from the haunts of man. The victorious trio topped the sea; they skirted the fighting groups searching for *Ceta* for they knew if they could slay the heroic leader—victory would be assured.

*Ceta* was not hard to find for the sea where he and his body-guard battled was one immense bloody caldron thick with the carcasses of crushed swordfish, and interspersed with the thick bodies of dying whales.

*Histo* and his bodyguard gathered speed for the impending charge. Never did the wake of torpedo boats battling in the North Sea, gurgle or boil or bubble more than they, as the trio tore with bloodshot eyes towards the huge black Leviathan that up to date had scorned all of his foes both of the sea and of the land. Here at last was a match worthy of the famous *Histo*.

*Ceta* caught the scent of his charging foes as with his bodyguard he dove and swam under the dead and dying to less obstructed spaces of the blood-churned sea. They burst open the sea and lay on its surface ready to give battle.

*Histo*, his mate, and *Palgi* flushed with victory, charged the whales, a long line of *Histo's* followers pounding hard behind them.

One of *Ceta's* bodyguard was badly torn from the ragged blades of its foes; so *Histo* and his companions rushed

madly, sure of an easy victory. The wounded whale was quickly slashed to death.

*Palgi* in his greed for whale meat that was still warm rushed in on their latest victim ready to gorge his full.

Seeing the greedy hammerhead shark, *Ceta* quickly maneuvered to get between him and his intended meal; then he gave a vicious snap of his mighty tail and *Palgi* slowly sank to the bottom of the sea a crushed and lifeless thing.

Now *Histo* and his mate led a charge with the intent of annihilating *Ceta*; but before they could reach their objective, the huge body of one of *Ceta's* followers intervened, thus breaking up the charge and focusing attention on the interrupter. The sea was quickly tinged with the gore of the warrior whale who in spite of the help of his mates was rapidly getting the worst of the encounter.

*Histo's* mate drew back a great distance from the fray and then she came charging with the speed of a hurricane, death flaming in her eyes. Just as she was about to gore the object of her attack, *Histo* inadvertently crossed in front of her hurtling mass, and in order to miss her mate she rose up out of the sea in a great leaping dive and landed on the other side of the whale she intended to attack.

This was what the brainy old sea-fighter *Ceta* was awaiting for, and with incredible swiftness he bore down on the female fury and suddenly swinging broadsides he crushed the swordfish between the huge bodies of him and one of his body-guard and another crushed and lifeless hulk sank to the bottom of the blood-stained sea.

*Histo*, when he saw his mate crushed to a lifeless pulp by his masterful foes planned quick revenge. Following the action of his mate he withdrew far from the confusion of battle and reversed and swam with the speed of a cannonball, a huge vengeful juggernaut. The sea around his gigantic charging body screamed and turned to a sizzling foam as he gathered speed that would put a torpedo to shame and tore through the maelstrom of fighting leviathans—aimed straight was his nine foot sword of terrible death for the huge hulk of *Ceta*. But the fortune of war was against *Histo*. His terrible sword pierced a floating carcass and lodged against his snout. This huge dead body hanging on his sword put a brake on his progress and interfered with his aim, and *Ceta* easily avoided the weapon of his terrible foe. As the big fish charged by, *Ceta* gave him a tremendous crushing blow with his tail, that would have killed anything that lived, outside of

(Continued on page 322)



# The Haunted Mill

By FRED B. MORRILL.

FRANK DABNEY and Philip Small stood on the rocky edge of a barren ridge overlooking a vast timberland below. There had been three of them twenty years before but now the timberland belonged to the two—the other had taken the long trail.

"Seems funny that all's left of the other company is that little bridge over the left fork," Dabney tapped his fingers uneasily with the reins of his horse, then kicked a clod of dirt over the ledge and smiled.

"And that the only remains of the Haunted Mill is in my library," concluded the other.

The two men were silent as they watched the slow yet ebullient flow of the river below.

Strange had been the acquiring of this timberland—as strange as any experience Dabney had ever had, and he had had many in his earlier life in the mining and lumbering camps on the Pacific Coast.

He was but twenty-one, mere boy, all bone and muscle, hard as a rock, when he landed in San Francisco, equipped with a sufficient understanding of the boot and shoe business to buy him a meal.

He worked at several odd jobs for a time and then started out, selling the line on commission. During the three years which followed, he visited every town, mining and lumbering camp of any consequence west of the Rockies. It was while making one of these lumbering camps near the coast in Northern California that he ran up against the Haunted Mill—and became acquainted with Philip Small. Small's capital had been depleted by the uncanny operations of the Haunted Mill and Frank Dabney and Joe Bender saw their opportunity. They took it became partners with Small and remained so until the Great Hand led Joe into the far "West."

Joe Bender at the time was traveling for a San Francisco grocery house. The two men made the territory together and divided expenses. There were no railroads in that part of the State at that time and even the wagon roads, as a rule, were not worthy of the name. Four and six horse stage-coaches were the usual conveyances but frequently they were obliged to hire teams in order to reach places not on any stage route.

Frank and Joe had engaged a two horse outfit for a three-week trip, together with a negro driver called Sam, and his bull-dog which was thrown in gratis. He was a big gamey brute, as ugly as he looked and could lick his weight in wildcats. His master was

built on the same lines and both were more inclined to look for trouble than avoid it. They were a good pair to draw to and despite their pugnacious proclivities they were always loyal to the outfit.

THE FIRST two weeks they covered a territory rarely visited by a traveling salesman and they gathered in big orders. The third week of their trip brought them to what was known as the *Haunted Mill*.

It was a big concern with an entirely new plant just commencing operations. It was located in a clearing only large enough for a saw-mill, lumber-yard and other necessary buildings. It was as complete an outfit as any one would wish to see. It was surrounded by a wonderful body of timber—perhaps the best on the Pacific Coast. Frank and Joe arrived, anticipating "whales" of orders.

As they neared the mill, they strained their eyes in that direction. The mill was idle. Some two-hundred or more men were gathered in groups about the bunk-houses and store buildings. Joe Bender took out his watch, put it back and turned an inquiring eye on Frank. It was fully two hours before quitting time! Neither spoke.

The main-office was a building by itself, located between two and three hundred yards from the mill, and to this they drove. They inquired of a man in the doorway for the superintendent.

This individual gave them numerous sample cases a critical survey.

"You needn't waste your time with the superintendent of this camp," he replied. "We're going to get out of this cursed place and let the spooks run it. They're doing it anyway and the longer we stay the worse they get."

Before he finished speaking the superintendent, a tall wiry man of about forty years, came to the door. He looked like a good fighter and a man not easily frightened, but at the same time he had the appearance of one who had thrown up his hands and was doggedly backing away from the fight, leaving the field to his opponent.

"Yes," he asserted after a pause, "we're going to pull out in the morning and there's no business here for you, unless," he added after a short pause, "you can get onto this spook business and put them out of commission. If you'll do that I'll give you the biggest orders you've booked for some time."

Frank looked at Joe and Joe looked at Frank, and Sam looked at his dog.

For a moment all three thought they had struck a lunatic asylum instead of a lumber camp.

The driver was the first to speak. "What for you talkin' 'bout man?" he broke in, with an air of one who was authority on the subject, "Dis heah nigger an dat air dawg can eat all de hants you's got 'round dis here place fo' brekfus. We'd radder hunt hants den possum, we had. Dos hosses don't go no fuder, so we'll just stop heah and see 'bout dem fool hants you's all talkin' 'bout."

Frank was not much interested in spooks, but he *was* interested in orders. He decided for Joe that they would stay for the night.

The superintendent regarded them a bit dubiously. "Mighty glad to have you stay," he remarked, "but if I'm not mistaken you'll be ready to go out with us in the morning."

"Do you mean what you said about those orders?" Frank asked.

"Yes. You get the spooks and you get the orders. If we're going to remain we'll need your goods and lots of them. But they've got us, and unless the thing is cleared up, you couldn't get a man here to stay after tomorrow for love or money. I've got to the end of my rope and am ready to quit with the rest. I'm just waiting for Small to come. Several of the boys have been pretty roughly handled. They're not ghosts; they're devils or old Satan himself," he concluded with emphasis.

Dabney set his jaw and looked at the body of men. There was undoubtedly something out of the ordinary to cause two hundred or more men, of the type to be found around the lumber camps to pull up and leave!

Sam stood listening and as the superintendent concluded, he pointed his finger at his bull dog and broke into the conversation, "Do yo se dat dawg?" he inquired, addressing his remarks to the men surrounding him. "Now, dat dawg knows more 'bout hants dan anybody. He can pick dem out in d' dak by d' smell. He don't hav' to see a hant t' know him, he dun't. Dat dawg aint 'fraid of 'noffin dat I knows of, on dis arff. But if he puts his tail 'tween his legs an' runs, den dis heah nigger runs, too. An' when he don't run I'se wid him 'til we gets what we's a lookin' fo'."

His eyes widened (if it is possible for eyes to widen) and he added, "If yo' want t' hunt des fool hants t'night dat d'boss's talkin' 'bout, dis heah dawg and dis nigger's at yo' service. But I'se gwine t' tell yo' right now dat if we find any sure nuf hants, yo'll find dat dawg and



dis nigger several miles down d' road in d' morning when yo' comes out."

Sam turned, muttering to himself and led the horses toward the stable while Joe and Frank went into the office with the superintendent.

**T**HIS THING commenced some time ago," he informed them, "as we were about ready to begin operations. The mill was completed, all the machinery installed, logs in the yard to commence manufacturing, and orders enough on the books to keep us going for six months if we did not take in another order in the meantime.

"The boys reported to me, soon after, that they had seen dim lights moving about the yard and mill, and when they went to investigate they were unable to find anyone and the lights would disappear and immediately appear in some other part of the yard.

"Sometimes there was only one and at other times there were four or five. They did not send out rays. They were dim and weird with no more effect upon the darkness of the night than a faint star in the sky.

"At first we treated it as a joke, although a number of the men quit and left the camp. It was undoubtedly having its effect upon the rest of the men. Orders were not out—there was a big calamity threatened, and I knew that unless the thing was stopped, Small would be a poor man before we got through. Companies were already threatening suits for promised contracts.

"A number of years before we came here an old half-breed couple lived where the mill is located and there was an acre or two cleared around the cabin that they cultivated. The story got into circulation that at different times in years past a number of people, in going up and down the river, mysteriously disappeared. It was believed by many that they were murdered by the old couple. Then one of the men unearthed a human skull and a few other bones."

Frank Dabney leaned over in his chair and regarded the superintendent. "How long ago was this?"

"About a week ago," answered the superintendent. "Since then we've done everything we could think of to get to the bottom of the mystery. Last night it ended by one man getting smashed to pieces and another so badly hurt that he hasn't come to yet."

There was a moments silence, then he continued. "It's not only the lights that we see, but it's groans and rumblings until you'd think the buildings were going to tumble down.

"The trouble last night came about through a dozen of us attempting to stay in the mill all night. We were armed with loaded rifles and revolvers

and were determined to see the thing through."

"Didn't you use them," asked Joe impatiently.

"Yes, we used them but the whole thing is more of a mystery than ever. The strange thing about it is that there is not a mark of any kind on any of us although we were all handled roughly; not even upon the man who was knocked unconscious, or the man who had both arms broken and one leg."

"What do you think of it?" Joe inquired of Frank as the Superintendent finished.

"I don't know what to think," he replied, "I only know that I want those orders and am willing to try for them if you are."

The question was settled. They looked the plant over. In the front part of the mill building was a room the superintendent used for his office. It was about fifteen by twenty feet in size and furnished with several chairs and a table in the center. From this room there was a flight of stairs leading up to a loft that extended over the greater part of the mill. It had been intended for a storage room, hut at the time was empty.

#### OBITUARY

##### WILLIAM JENNING BRYAN

"—and as a tune-swept fiddlestring, that hears the Master Melody—and snaps," his "golden voice" fades off into a twilight which greatly resembles the dawn.

Like a certain flower, like a certain wine, like a certain book, he grew fragrant, and rich and interesting with the passing of time. As Slow dawn—beautiful sunset. As in the Fable of Sheherazade, he escaped with his head and won the kingdom. A big order for a little kid, when he delivered the Cross of Gold Speech which paved the way to fame, but youth and his ambitions—ah! WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is not dead, he will live forever. His name will go down as one of the GREAT men—men who live ever in the annals of the day and the pages of history.

**F**RANK and Joe with Sam and the bull dog took up their position in the foreman's office about nine o'clock. It commenced to rain early in the evening and bid fair to be a dark, rainy, disagreeable night. They each had a bulls-eye lantern with a slide in front so they could turn the light on and off as desired. They decided to wait in darkness.

For two full hours they remained there in the darkness with not a sound to break the silence except the breathing of the sleeping bull dog, curled up under the table and the monotonous patter of the rain. It was two hours

by actual time, but it seemed like eternity.

Then the seance commenced. The door at the head of the stairs, leading to the empty loft, which was fastened on the side next to them, opened and closed with a bang three times. Then followed a rumbling sound that penetrated the entire building in such a manner that it was impossible to tell where it commenced or it ended. Two uncanny, round gleaming, holes, immovable in the darkness appeared fixed at the head of the stairs, like a pair of eyes. They disappeared as soon as the rumbling ceased.

All three jumped to their feet and stood facing the stairway until the last rumbling echo died away.

Sam was the first to be heard, "We's all right," he whispered, "cause if we wasn't, dat dar dawg would sure gone frew dat window fo' now and dis heah Sam right after him."

The dog growled and started up the stairs but Sam held him back.

"Don't turn on the light," whispered Joe, "and let's go up to the landing and wait for further proceedings."

They reached the landing. The door was closed but not fastened. In a few minutes it swung open and several of the dim weird lights could be seen moving about in the empty loft. Then followed that awful rumbling, and just as it ceased the door came to with a bang, but not until the dog, with a fierce growl, had rushed into the loft.

Sam had no notion of being separated from his dog and immediately flashed on his light and started to open the door. It was as solid as any other part of the building. For a minute or so they could hear the dog growling and snarling, and quite a commotion going on in the loft.

By this time all three felt the need of lights. Joe turned his down the stairway. Sam whipped out a formidable looking knife from somewhere about his person. He held it in his right hand with his lantern in his left, thrust out in front, and in the attitude he assumed in listening, looked like a fighting devil.

The wait was not long. The commotion ceased. The door swung open. The only thing to be seen unusual was the dog, stretched out on the floor near the center of the room.

Sam handed Frank his lantern and rushed to his dog, still holding the knife tense. He came out of the loft and the door came shut with a bang, followed by a harsh unnatural laugh that seemed to come from different parts of the building.

The dog was limp and lifeless, but before he lost the fight he managed to get in touch with his antagonist as he

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# The "Revolt From the Village" in American Fiction

By LOUIS WANN.

IF the shade of Oliver Goldsmith, the kindly author of "The Deserted Village," were now to revisit this earth, it would no doubt be considerably perturbed by the extent to which Sweet Auburn has given way to Main Street as the predominant picture of village life in the literature of the present day. But there would have been no real cause for perturbation if the visit had been made in 1900, or even as late as 1910. For one of the most noteworthy phenomena in the development of literature in the English language has been the long and curious persistence of the *complacent attitude* toward the village and all that it symbolizes.

It is just because of the long persistence of this complacent acceptance of the village that so many American readers have been startled, shocked, grieved, or disgusted with the comparatively recent and sudden onslaught on one of their cherished traditions.

The tradition is a very old one, and when Goldsmith published "The Deserted Village" in 1770 he merely gave classical and clear-cut expression to an attitude that was rich with the associations of generations, and one that has been preserved almost intact since his time down to our own day. Goldsmith was probably thinking of the Irish town of Lissoy, where he had spent most of his boyhood, when he painted the picture of "Sweet Auburn" and, although his purpose was to attack the growing luxury of the time and to lament the decay of the honest peasantry, the main charm of the poem to his readers was the faithfulness with which it reflected the universal eulogy of the typical village. The opening lines of the picture have become household words:

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;  
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

This benevolent attitude toward the village was continued by such successors of Goldsmith as Mary Russell Mitford in *Our Village* (1812), by Washington

Irving in *The Sketch Book* (1819), and by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell in *Cranford* (1851-3). During the later half of the nineteenth century, especially with the advent of the cult of local color, the eulogists of the village in America made it the subject of special study. All of its corners were combed for interesting characters, whose whimsies and amiable failings were painted with careful realism, combined however with sympathetic tolerance. As examples of writers of this school we had Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in her New England stories, such as *A Humble Romance and Other Stories* (1887) and *A New England Nun and Other Stories* (1891); Margaret Deland of Pennsylvania in her tales of "Old Chester" in such collections as *Old Chester Tales* (1898), in which the author's home town of Manchester, now part of Alleghany, is portrayed; and Alice Brown, born on a farm in New Hampshire, who gives us in *Tiverton Tales* (1899) a collection of short stories adding the town of Tiverton to the list of celebrated villages. No matter how varied the individual pictures, the essential spirit remained the same. The village was a sacred little world, set apart from outside contamination. It's "decent church," trim schoolhouse, and hospitable tavern, its general store, blacksmith shop, postoffice, and quiet cottage were its respected landmarks. Its parson, schoolmistress, and innkeeper, its blacksmith, small merchant, postmistress and spinster were its cherished characters. The individual inhabitants might now and then lapse from true decorum, but the village itself was a cherished symbol of comfort and innocence.

But there was a small minority of writers during the one hundred and fifty years since Goldsmith whom this picture did not entirely satisfy. Among these was Goldsmith's contemporary, the realist George Crabbe, who, less than fifteen years after the publication of "The Deserted Village," published *The Village* (1783) and sounded the first clear note of revolt from the old attitude. The following passage from Crabbe's poem must be set alongside of the opening lines of the picture of "Sweet Auburn":

I grant that fields and brooks have charms  
For him that grazes or for him that farms;  
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace  
The poor laborious natives of the place,  
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,  
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;  
While some, with feebler heads, and fainter hearts

Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts—  
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,  
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No! cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,  
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;  
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,  
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;  
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,  
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.

Crabbe's real successors are harder to find than Goldsmith's. They were so overwhelmingly outnumbered. But that there were at least a few that doubted the sanctity of the village is evident from such works as E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town* (1883), that somber picture of a Kansas village whose gloom is absolutely unrelieved by any touch of humor or sunshine. Then there are Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware* and Clarence Darrow's *Farmington*. Of most interest to the average reader, perhaps, is Mark Twain's story, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900), that rollicking satire on the village which prided itself so much on its virtue that its hidden corruption was unnoticed until, when the inevitable temptation came, the meanness and falsehood of the village were revealed overnight. So great was the stigma on the town that the legislature granted its petition for a change of name, and the motto on the town seal was changed from "Yield not to temptation" to "Yield to temptation." But aside from such isolated examples as these and the touches of kindly criticism in the realistic work of W. D. Howells, Henry James, and others, the complacent attitude remained undisturbed.

THE "Revolt from the Village" in American fiction is essentially a matter of the last ten years. The term has only recently come into use, and the dates of publication of Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River Anthology* (1914) and *The New Spoon River* (1924) embrace the whole movement thus far. It is essentially a part of that larger movement in American literature and criticism which is emphasizing the critical attitude toward everything as opposed to the complacent, the optimistic, the sentimental. The new attitude toward the village is best expressed by Sinclair Lewis, who, in *Main Street*, tells us that Carol Kennicott had, through the medium of popular stories and plays, found only two traditions of the American small town. The first tradition was that "the American vil-



lage remains the one sure abode of friendship, honesty, and clean sweet marriageable girls." The other tradition was that which still rules the vaudeville stage, the "rustic" tradition that makes the significant features of all villages to be "whiskers, iron dogs upon lawns, gold bricks, checkers, jars of gilded cat-tails, and shrewd comic old men who are known as 'hicks' and who ejaculate 'Waal I swan'." Carol realized, says Mr. Lewis, that this rusticity had passed away forty years ago. Yet why do so many small town people leave them for the cities or for California?

"The reason, Carol insisted, is not a whiskered rusticity. It is nothing so amusing!

It is an unimaginatively standardized background, a sluggishness of speech and manners, a rigid ruling of the spirit by the desire to appear respectable. It is contentment. . . the contentment of the quiet dead, who are scornful of the living for their restless walking. It is negation canonized as the one positive virtue. It is the prohibition of happiness. It is slavery self-sought and self-defended. It is dullness made God.

A savorless people, gulping tasteless food, and sitting afterward, coatless and thoughtless, in rocking-chairs prickly with inane decorations, listening to mechanical music, saying mechanical things about the excellence of Ford automobiles, and viewing themselves as the greatest race in the world."

The revolt is thus a revolt from mediocrity, from narrow Puritanism, from Philistinism, from dullness—in a word, from the Provincialism of America as revealed most typically by the small town of the Middle West. But this provincialism is not confined to the small town, nor is it confined to the Middle West. The Middle Western village is simply a symbol of American provincialism, wherever found, whether in Gopher Prairie or Chicago.

A striking feature of this revolt is that it has come from foreigners, who might be expected to prefer the cosmopolitan life of cities and who would not know the American village or be in sympathy with its spirit and traditions. It has come, without exception, from American-born actual inhabitants of the villages, chiefly, if not altogether, of the Middle West. Edgar Lee Masters, Zona Gale, Sinclair Lewis, Homer Croy, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Van Vechten stand respectively for the villages of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, and Iowa. It is likewise true that the comparatively few serious defenders of the village are American-born products of the village spirit—such as Vachel Lindsay, Booth Tarkington and Dorothy Canfield. The city writers and the foreigners are not engaged in the struggle—it is a fight between two classes of Americans, both of whom know what they are talking about.

The revolt began, it is now recognised, not with a novelist, but with a poet. What Crabbe and E. W. Howe and Mark Twain had failed to do was done by Edgar Lee Masters, largely by virtue of the startlingly new form which he employed. When Masters published his *Spoon River Anthology* in Reedy's *Mirror* in 1914, the supposed confessions of the dead inhabitants of Spoon River focussed the attention of the entire nation on the unbounded greed, hypocrisy, lust, dullness, hate, and general unloveliness that might be found in any American village if every individual would lay bare his own soul. The whole book must be taken to get the true picture, but the confession of Harmon Whitney may serve to suggest some of the indictments against the village:

#### HARMON WHITNEY

Out of the lights and roar of cities,  
Drifting down like a spark in Spoon River,  
Burnt out with the fire of drink, and broken,  
The paramour of a woman I took in self-contempt,  
But to hide a wounded pride as well.  
To be judged and loathed by a village of little minds—

I, gifted with tongues and wisdom,  
Sunk here to the dust of the justice court  
A picker of rags in the rubbish of spites and wrongs,—

I, whom fortune smiled on! I in a village,  
Spouting to gaping yokels pages of verse,  
Out of the lore of golden years,  
Or raising a laugh with a flash of filthy wit

When they brought the drinks to kindle my dying mind.

To be judged by you,  
The soul of me hidden from you,  
With its wound gangrened  
By love for a wife who made the wound,  
With her cold white bosom, treasonous, pure and hard,

Relentless to the last, when the touch of her hand

At any time, might have cured me of the typhus.

Caught in the jungle of life where many are lost.

As Byron's did, in song, in something noble.  
But turned on itself like a tortured snake—  
Judge me this way, O world!

The "village of little minds," "the dust of the justice court," "the rubbish of spites and wrongs," "the gaping yokels," the laugh raised at the "flash of filthy wit," "the cold white bosom" of the unfeeling wife—these hints and others were the ones which the novelists took for their *Main Streets* and their *West of the Water Towers*.

Nor has the hand of Mr. Masters relented. In *The New Spoon River*, just published, we have the same irony, the same satire, the same tragedy, as wit-ness, for example, the three utterances of Ezra Fink, the hypocritical judge, of Jay Hawkins, who proves the existence and the appeal of the enormous amount of evil in the world by the space the newspapers give to it, and of the prophet Hosea Chambers, in whose mouth

Mr. Masters has placed one of his most effective judgments:

#### HOSEA CHAMBERS

You can be sure, ye living ones,  
That every lie you speak or live,  
However small,  
Is like a brick or a board out of line or plumb

In the house of your life;  
And every lie that you speak or live  
Will call for another lie in line or in plumb  
with that lie,  
Till your house will lean and stand awry,  
Visible against gray clouds,  
And against moonless midnight;  
Visible even when the north star is hidden

It took some time for the revolt to pass over from poetry to prose fiction. But the fire finally got its stride, and now the whole prairie is ablaze. There are at least a dozen or fifteen American novelists and short story writers in the camp of the revolvers. Some of these are serious, some are not—all must be reckoned with. There are E. W. Howe, who followed Mr. Masters with *The Anthology of Another Town*; Sherwood Anderson, with his realistic stories in *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919) and *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921); F. Scott Fitzgerald, the "flapper" painter, with his *This Side of Paradise*; and Floyd Dell, who portrays, in *Moon-Calf* and *The Briary-Bush*, the difficulties of the poetic soul amid the restrictions of provincialism. Among the more recent arrivals is Homer Croy, author of *West of the Water Tower* and *R. F. D. 3*. In *West of the Water Tower*, Guy Plummer, the pride of the village, after being convicted of stealing money to help Beatrice Chew, whom he has ruined, gets out of his entanglement with her and leaves the little Missouri village for St. Louis, there to start his real career as a lawyer. As he leaves he tells Beatrice: "I don't want to be like so many people I see around me—small and picayunish. I see so much of it on all sides, so many gnarled, dwarfed souls. I'd almost rather die. I want to keep on growing—get something out of life." This dissatisfaction with the dwarfing environment of the village is expressed by Carl Van Vechten in *The Tattooed Countess*, that clever story of the Italian Countess who, after an absence of twenty years in sophisticated Europe, returns to her native town, Maple Valley, Iowa, and falls in love with Gareth, the alert high school boy twenty years younger than she. The Countess has just been telling the eager Gareth the details of her wonderfully rich life in Paris:

GARETH did not appear to be listening. After the Countess had finished speaking, he was silent for a moment before he said: "I was thinking how different life is in Paris. People there seem to be able to be themselves, to do whatever they

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# Helping the Other Fellow Make Good

By RUBY NORTHCUTT

ONE successful career is sufficient for the average man. Few of the most diligent aspire to more than two, yet Eugene McCann, founder and head of the Personnel Department of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of California, passed through three outstanding successes before he considered himself fully equipped for the career he early conceived as his eventual goal. . . helping the other fellow make good.

As Personnel Manager of a corporation of over 8,000 employees, McCann holds in his hands the reins to those 8,000 lives. He is the touchspring of the organization. He is counselor, father confessor, judge, friend and companion. He advises the men and women in their most vital decisions as well as in the most trivial. They come to him with their grievances and with their joys. His office is always open to them. "The boys ask me about their sweethearts and the girls about their beaux," he confided to me unsmilingly. "It isn't how their problem strikes you; it's how important the thing is to them."

McCann is the court of last appeal. No man or woman who has been with the company five years or more can be dismissed without a hearing. Anyone can demand a trial.

McCann built his department out of a pet theory of the company's president into a concrete reality. He breathed life into a job that could easily be only a name. He gives vitality to the undertaking because his heart and his head are constantly working together. His work is almost a passion with him. It is because he sees the thing so intensely that his results have been so startling.

The department is less than four years old yet today it controls the destinies of all the 8,000 'children' of the organization. It knows more about each man and woman in the company than any manager head knows. McCann keeps a file system that shows at a glance a man's birth, education, environment, disposition, characteristics, whether he has a family, his industry and all his qualifications for holding down a job. Thus this department does away with the tragedy of a man growing old. . . a round peg in a square hole.

When a man is needed in some department, McCann consults his files. He picks the man best fitted in his opinion for the position. The rest is up to the department calling for the man. McCann never forces either man or manager. If the latter doesn't consider McCann's choice satisfactory, back the

man goes, and McCann picks others until the job is filled to the particular manager's satisfaction. It would not do for department heads to later blame poor work on the Personnel department. No, McCann's job is chiefly one of suggestions. And delicate ones at that.

"I HAVE to make the other fellow see my point of view and accept my verdict, thinking all the time it is his own conclusion in the matter," Mc-



Eugene McCann.

Cann explained to me apropos of a manager firing a man who had been with the company many years. The manager had talked over his predicament with McCann. He complained that the man in question, after ten or more years of good service, had for some time been neglecting his duties. He was slipping. His work was poor.

The next morning McCann found the man waiting in his office for him. The fellow didn't know he had been practically dismissed. When McCann explained the situation to him, the man was amazed. "Let me tell you my side of it," he said to McCann. And he did. And McCann saw that the man was justified. The manager had 'slipped' up himself! And now came the delicate job of reinstating the man in the manager's good graces without ap-

parently forcing the issue. Of course McCann could have insisted that the man be given back his job. But that would have meant friction. There would have been a continual 'hard feeling' between the two. After a little diplomacy however, the manager appeared to see that he had been at fault. The man was taken back and all was well.

"You know I haven't any real authority in this job at all," McCann added. "I never was given any. But," he smiled "just the same, things revolve around this department. They just naturally have to. It's the axle of the organization."

And that's just what it is. It has to be, because it is the human touch to an enormous machine. The Personnel Department of any company is the humanizing element that is gradually bringing corporations to a consciousness of the individual.

There is a continual shifting in the organization, so that no man need feel that he has to go out of the company he has grown up in for the 'chance' he deserves. Somewhere in that vast 'machine' is the job he is best fitted for by birth, training and inclination.

"What first made you want to help the fellow lower down?" I asked, curious to know the beginning of so unique a career.

McCann looked at me for a moment. "I think it must have been my realization that obstacles don't exist . . . except in our minds. When a man understands that, he can go as far as he likes!" Then McCann told me the story of his feet! He was born with both feet twisted up against the inside of his legs so that the big toes rested close to the legs several inches above his ankles. There was no such thing as a heel to his feet. Handicap? Most of us would think it a pretty tough one. But McCann took it differently. For the first seven years, he lived with his grandfather, who was a doctor. At that time the little feet, with the constant use of braces, began to be fairly normal. But at this critical period his grandparents moved away and the small chap returned to his parents. The braces broke and were not replaced. Through negligence the boy's feet were allowed to sink back into their natural deformity. After three years his grandfather again took charge of the boy. But now it was too late for natural correction. The small bones had hardened. Only an operation could attempt to straighten them out. But young McCann, at the profound age of ten, persistently refused to stop school long



enough to go east across the continent for the experiment.

"Hav'n't you always regretted that?" I interrupted impulsively.

"Never," the answer came spontaneously. "I've always looked upon my feet as my character builders."

By the time McCann was fourteen he was so frail, his body was so delicate and out of proportion, that his grandfather persuaded him to join the Y. M. C. A. in Los Angeles. After having paid his fee and having gone through the first class, the gymnasium instructor called him aside. "You're too deformed for this sort of thing," he told the boy kindly. "You'll get hurt. You go get your money back."

Most boys with crippled feet or any apparent deformity are diffident. They prefer being onlookers. That is natural. But the instructor's words awakened all the fighting spirit in McCann. He'd show them!

There were four squads in the gymnasium, graded according to physical ability. McCann was placed at the foot of the fourth squad. Every six months the squads were examined for readjustment. Four months after McCann had entered the class he was in the second squad. Six months later he was in the first! Not long after that he became gymnasium champion for all of southern California. All this time his feet were gradually improving from the vigorous exercising. So that later when Doctor Lousley, instructor of gymnastics in all the public of Los Angeles was called away, McCann took over the job. He was a high school student during this time. It was in his first year at Stanford that he again came in contact with Doctor Lousley, who is a graduate of Johns Hopkin's and at the present time a prominent surgeon in New York. Just before young McCann was to enter college his grandfather lost his fortune. The boy had just twenty-five dollars when he landed in Palo Alto. Doctor Lousley got him a job in the college museum, straightening out the damage done by the earthquake four months previous.

"I owe a great deal of my early inspiration to Lousley," McCann told me. "His hand was always extended to help some struggling, ambitious chap over the first hard ropes, finding him a job, showing him the way, giving him courage and faith in himself. It was under him that I first consciously decided on what I should like to do."

Later McCann 'came into' the laundry route at Stanford, a sort of co-operative laundry that passes automatically from a graduating student to the most worthy aspirant, both financially and mentally. This netted McCann seventy-five dollars a month. Shortly

after when he conceived the idea of joining forces with another college laundry, he cleared one hundred and fifty a month. This he continued through his four years at college. He was also gymnasium instructor. So that between his studies and his work he acquired necessarily a remarkable concentration which laid the foundation for a tremendous industry later on.

McCann graduated from Stanford as an electrical engineer in nineteen-eleven. He remained there as instructor in that field the following year. From there he went into the Pacific Gas and Electric Company as cadet engineer. "Which is chiefly messenger boy," as he explained

#### MY ROOM

IT'S as trim a room—as prim a room,  
This one they've given me,  
And as neat a room, and sweet a room  
As one could wish to see.  
With its wee white bed and dresser,  
And its prim white chair or two,  
And its cherky, frilly chintzes,  
Gay with roses, pink and blues.

But of all the things—the many things  
About it, I like best  
The cheery little, knowing little  
Window, facing West.  
I can see the sunsets through it,  
And the new moon, silvery, low;  
And the trail, a-winding westward  
That I pine to travel so!

And at nights when I lie wakeful  
In my wee white bed, alone,  
The sounds that drift in to me  
Are the soothingest I've known.  
There's the chorus of the drowsy frogs,  
And close against the pane,  
The trembling of the poplars  
Makes a sound like summer rain.

And sometimes when I'm lonesome,  
I lean here on the sill,  
And look away beyond the town—  
Away beyond the hill.  
And if I drop a tear or two  
Why there's no one to see  
But the friendly little window  
That keeps looking West with me.

—Enid Griffis.

to me. Two years later he had worked up to a position that warranted his marrying 'the girl.'

"I've been waiting for the 'woman in the case,'" I interrupted smilingly.

"Oh, she was in it years before, at Stanford," he said quickly. "She's behind anything worthwhile I've ever accomplished. I have never made an important decision without first getting her judgment on it."

After McCann had been married a short time he decided that engineering wasn't enough to satisfy him. He must equip himself better. He took up law . . . at night. After working all day, he got home about five-thirty. He slept until six-thirty. Dinner was over by seven and from then until ten-thirty he applied himself to his new calling. Four

years later he passed the state bar examinations with the highest honors in his class!

I talked to A. U. Brandt, McCann's superior officer during those strenuous years. "Didn't it ever show in his work . . . this intensive night study?" I questioned.

Brandt smiled. "You wouldn't ask that if you knew McCann better, he replied. "No, never once do I recall the slightest falling off of Mac's work during that time."

"What would you say was his outstanding characteristic . . . the thing that makes for success?"

"Why, sticktoitiveness," Brandt said unhesitatingly. "That and a remarkable frankness, with himself as well as with others. He knows what he wants . . . and he goes after it."

McCANN looks at it a little differently. "When I was a small chap," he told me, "I read about a banker in New York who had climbed to the top from the humblest kind of beginning. At a dinner one night the subject came up. One of his friends said, 'Why I remember when you shined shoes on the streets of New York!' And the banker waited a moment before he replied, 'Well, I shined them good, didn't I?' I have never forgotten that story," McCann added thoughtfully.

His chance . . . the thing he had been preparing for . . . came four years ago. After having tucked away his lawyer's degree and having a seven years successful engineering record behind him, he had served another term as head of the company's valuation department. In other words an appraiser of the physical properties of the corporation. For some time now the company's president had been silently nursing a dream of a personnel department. The logical man from both training and character was McCann. But the president hesitated in drawing him away from his present work. Finally he offered McCann one of three big opportunities. One in the engineering field, one in the sales department; and, the building up of a system that would humanize the corporation.

McCann talked it over with his wife. Together they realized it was his chance. He took it. Today it is a vital, active, potent reality.

"Just one thing more," I said when he had finished, "what is the next step? What are you planning further? You can't stand still . . . now you've got it breathing . . . what's next?"

McCann brought his eyes back from the window. They are unusually candid, warm brown eyes. "That's a hard question," he said finally. "I can't answer it—yet."



# A House Divided

(Continued from Last Month)

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

## STORY THUS FAR

PROCEEDING a distance of about ten miles further into the prairie wilderness, David Brock and his companion penetrated to a district composed of six or seven sod houses, together with a larger frame building bearing a sign, "Beals Post Office and General Store." Apparently, a colony, members of which had procured adjacent claims, had built shelters as close together as possible and within hailing distance of this base of supplies. L. P. Miles brought his horses to a stop and entered the store to make a few purchases.

The sky had cleared completely during the morning. David Brock, bathed in sunlight, and swept by a cool wind, rested by a wheel of his wagon and gazed about him. On all sides spread an infinite expanse of almost level land. Beyond the few farm buildings and sod huts in the foreground, not a sign of human habitation was visible. The line between earth and sky was veiled slightly in a scarcely perceptible mist. There spread toward him from all sides this mysterious, silent, dun-colored expanse, solitary, forbidding, yet charming and challenging. Already the breaking of the sod was advanced considerably on several prospective plantations. New-turned sod had always fascinated him; the smooth black sleekness of the freshly turned earth lying in straight folds and ridges, not a clod misplaced, seemed almost a miraculous thing, though he had broken sod himself from his youth up. Nearby, a team of three powerful gray horses approached, behind them a tall and angular individual who controlled the handles of the clean-scouring plow. David's eyes watched the irresistible sweep forward of the straining, blowing team; he saw the coal-red of their dilated nostrils, the satiny shine of their hot bodies. There was also something suggestive of life—sentient life—in the shining coulter of the breaking-plow as it bit into the passive breast of the earth, and of the keen share as it hurled aside the flesh of that newly opened wound, savagely seeking more, and yet more. There was the musical cracking of hame and harness and collar, the rhythmic thud of ponderous hoofs upon the yielding earth. Blackbirds trailed almost beneath the heels of the plowman; who now brought his team to a halt at the end of the furrow and sat down on the plow handles, speculatively surveying the palace on wheels. He said nothing.

Miles appeared with numerous packages and a solitary piece of mail, a letter, which he handed to David. "The

WHEN industrious and ambitious David Brock left home, after twenty years of farm life, the brunt of running things fell upon his daughter, Julia. On top of her farm worries came that of her brother, Adam, a wastrel and an ill-natured loafer. Through Julia's persuasion Adam married Madge Neith. After helping Adam through his difficulty Julia was one day brought to realize she could no longer endure Madge's actions toward her and so she accepted a position which had been offered her in a dry-goods store of Manchester.

Summer passed into fall, and with lack of rains came financial difficulties. Mrs. Brock was forced to borrow money from Stewart Cook, a wealthy lawyer of Manchester. There had, however, been an ulterior motive back of Cook's altruism—Gene Palmer, an old friend of Julia. This fall had brought forth other complications. Madge evidenced an infatuation for Phil O'Meara, the hired man, and Julia had "kept out of sight" of Gene Palmer.

Then came the Christmas season with its gaiety. At a nearby farmhouse, during a dance, a fight between Stewart Cook and Adam took place. Adam was hurt and taken home. The escort of Madge naturally fell to Phil and on the way home he had declared his love. To escape from this attraction of the girl-wife, Phil left the neighborhood for parts unknown.

### Book Two

David Brock had in the meantime traveled by team to Nebraska, and here he had met L. P. Miles, a homesteader. From Miles he bought a prairie shack, and in Miles' company set out to look at the Miles' homestead.

lady inside says it's fer me," he explained. "I dunno whether it is or not, bein' a leetle weak on readin'."

"The lady inside" appeared at the door. She was a comely person, with slightly graying hair, which apparently had once been a lustrous golden smoothed over the back of her head, but with a peculiar redoubt, or front piece, constructed of tightly curled or "frizzed" forelocks, rising aggressively just over her brow. She wore a dark blue cotton dress which had narrow, perpendicular white stripes approximately half an inch apart. Her face was benign but shrewd, the cheeks rounded and had a peach-blow coloring. Gold-rimmed glasses, rather low on her slightly up-tilted nose, allowed her pale blue eyes to peer over them when she gazed into the distance. Hands on hips,

her white-bibbed apron giving her a peculiarly domestic and comfortable air, she stood in the doorway of the reeking little general store and examined David Brock with an appraising though not disapproving air, which was mingled with a kind of complacent expectancy and acquiescence. L. P. Miles, catching the implication of her general demeanor, braced himself for the ordeal mopped his suddenly flushing face with his red bandana handkerchief, and opened his mouth:

"Mis' Beals, this is our new—inhabitant, Mr. Dave Brock."

"THE new inhabitant" rose valiantly to the occasion, and bowed and when Mrs. Beals, descending the two steps of the narrow porch, advanced with outstretched hand, he took her plump but firm fingers in his own and shook them up and down solemnly three times. On relinquishing them, he was aware that she seemed to cling just the fraction of a second longer than necessary. He was aware of a slight agitation likewise in the region of his heart.

"Mr. Brock," the lady was saying, "it does seem good to have another man around the place. You know it says in the Bible, 'There shall come a time when seven women shall lay hold of one man. Now 'tain't quite that bad here, but almost."

David's eyes unconsciously cast themselves about on the various sod dwellings situated thus intimately on these adjacent quarter-sections. At each four-paned window he could almost imagine he saw the face of a representative of the opposite sex who eagerly watched proceedings. A momentary sinking of spirits assailed him; he felt ruefully at his smooth, almost boyish chin; years of protection by means of that dense growth of beard had left his visage as fine and tender as that of a sixteen-year-old. But immediately the old mood asserted itself. He bent upon the cordially welcoming face of Mrs. Beals a look of commensurate gallantry. He eyed her from beneath lowered lids, a quizzical smile lighting up his countenance.

"I'll do all I can to save the situation, ma'am," he responded jovially. "It's been a pleasure indeed t' meet you, and of course we'll see more of each other."

She dropped her eyes, then shot him one swift glance. Afterwards, pondering it, David was not sure whether shyness, or invitation, or humility, or mere



friendliness was predominant in that eloquent look.

"Drop in any time, Mr. — Mr. —"  
"Brock."

"Yes. — Goodbye."

She mounted the porch and watched the outfit move off, as gazing after them when they had passed some distance down the street.

"Fine woman," vouchsafed L. P. Miles, tentatively. "You a married man?"

"Yes, of course," replied David. But something in the ring of his voice caused Miles to turn upon him in denial.

"Don't believe it," he declared, searching David's face. "You don't act nor look like a married man."

"Very well, Miles," answered the inscrutable Brock, "have it your way then."

Thus the matter rested.

In a comparatively short time transfer of the claim was effected, and David Brock became its owner. The shack was slid to the ground and firmly founded on planking. And the transplanted farmer industriously set about breaking his newly acquired acres for the fall sowing of winter wheat.

Mrs. Beals, during the days that witnessed the beginning of the second phase of Brock's reincarnation, kept a close watch on proceedings. She observed that his mail was entirely of a commercial nature, for the envelopes bore the printed legends of a bank back in Iowa. She even went so far as to keep a copy of the name and town of the institution. She seemed to have no motive beyond a genuine curiosity about the incomings and outgoings of this stranger. He baffled her, he attracted her.

She was the owner of a large field-glass which possessed a single tube that might be extended to the length of three feet. She made frequent use of the instrument as she stood at a side window upstairs whence was an outlook that included the demesne of the now steadily engaged man. She was unable to ascertain as much as she could have wished as to his domestic comfort, though she formed some notion of his diet from the purchases he made over her counter. Months fled by, and gradually she saw the gray prairie transformed into a field; and one day she beheld the new neighbor, his right arm swinging rhythmically, pouch slung before him, scattering seed for his first crop. She sighed, folded her telescope, and sat for a season in deep reflection.

Just what might have been the burden of her thoughts would be hard to tell, for she scarcely knew herself what subtle influence was at work in her. A frequent visitor and patron of her store,

David made no advances toward a personal acquaintance. He paid cash, with which he seemed plentifully supplied, and kept a discreet silence. Before leaving, L. P. Miles had let drop the hint of the singleness of life indisputably the stranger's. This had of course sunk in to Mrs. Beal's plastic memory as a flat statement on the part of Miles that Brock was a bachelor. As no letters from individuals having private hold on him came through her post-office, she was further satisfied that he was alone in the world—like herself. Perhaps pique was the dominant sensation in her uneasy bosom, pique and a desire that she would not confess even to herself.

### SKY VAUDEVILLE

Night's fond old cavalier, the moon,  
Gave all her bright-eyed little ones  
a treat.

Host and clown, on the infinite  
stage of heaven,  
He played circus for their entertainment

Like an apt juggler lying prone  
And poising on slender crescent  
limbs

An immense shadow ball  
That earth had colored  
And tossed out to him.

(The moon adores our little world;  
Though dark and sad, she is his  
darling godchild.

He cheers her with bright gifts—  
Dresses of silver tissue and fairy  
tales;

Love stories, mostly, bound in  
white gold;

Which the stern nurse, morning,  
hides away.

Often, he watches over her  
While that very brilliant lady, her  
mother,

Is touring the Orient.)

His act was still on when night  
retreated

Taking her blinking stars.

There is a coolness between her  
and dawn

Whose reaching red fingers  
clutched the horizon

As her eager face flushed with  
climbing

Peered up from below.

Earth sent a breeze to wake her  
sleepers

That they might witness the last  
scene

But only the tree-tops looked and  
thrilled

Only the cocks heard and answered  
And one pale poet at a dingy pane.

These saw the curtain fall on  
tragedy—

The weary wan old moon

Drowned with his burden in a flood  
of blue.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

*With apologies we are reprinting  
the above poem, which appeared in  
our July issue under FROM KAY'S  
SCRAP BOOK.*

THE EDITOR.

But she made much use of her telescope, and the habit grew daily.

### CHAPTER III

THIS was the posture of affairs for over a year. David Brock kept closely to himself. He harvested his first crop. He took occasional trips to Kearney. Returning from this base of supplies with loads of lumber, he built a neat stable for his team, and painted it with ochre paint trimmed in white. The shack also received its coat of yellow-brown, and with the co-operation of Mrs. Beals, David hung white muslin curtains at the small square windows.

As the second fall advanced and the first indications of the imminent winter began to make their appearance, the first fever of his new enthusiasm began to leave him and a mood of loneliness and despair settled upon his soul. The long season of fall plowing was near its close. Already frost had bitten an inch deep into the earth. Squalls of sleet stung his cheek as he breasted the gale on the last day between the plow handles. Yet he clung to that last day's work afire as if to cease his toil were to end life itself. Toil had been the means whereby he maintained his equanimity.

To the end that the desolate days pass rapidly, he had built his new barn, painted his shack, set up a picket fence along the trail which was soon to be "Main Street, Beals, Nebraska." To this end, he had ceiled up the inside of his dwelling with red tar-paper, fastening the material to the studding with shingle nails driven through small tin discs the size of a quarter-dollar. To this end, he had put up the muslin curtains. To eke out the days with action, he continually scrubbed his floor, scoured his cooking utensils, blacked and polished his microscopic stove. He spaded and graded up a neat walk leading down to the front gate. In the eyes of the other inhabitants of Beals, he was an example of thrift; they began to look up to him. He was considered a coming man.

There arrived a day when a new outlet for his intense energy presented itself. As the community increased in numbers, Mrs. Beal's store grew in significance as a base of supplies. This woman, though possessing a genius for business, looked on herself as a servant to all about her. She had not the acquisitive instinct so fully developed that prices at the general store ever seemed extortionate, though, just at this juncture, having no competition, she might have cleared a net profit far in excess of her actual gains. Hitherto she had purchased stock at Kearney, having it delivered by the weekly stage, that came across the prairie drawn by a team of

(Continued on page 317)



# A Page of Verse

## FOR A BOY

I DO NOT think his vanity will be  
So dominant when years have had  
their way;  
Time shall mark him as it has marked  
me  
With common bitterness . . . the vivid  
clay  
Will lose its colored splendor in the  
sun.  
I think he will be happy just to hold  
The melancholy dream of what is done  
In muted hours to the red and gold.

For beauty is a flower and a dawn,  
The purple road across a farther lea;  
Beauty stays a moment and is gone  
Like some mad wing behind the sleep-  
ing tree.  
He will have prayers to offer candle  
light  
For that small loveliness day gives to  
night.

S. BERT COOKSLEY.

## IN PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

OH, who would go a-voyaging,  
A-voyaging with me,  
Upon a ship in Portsmouth Square  
Across the western sea;  
To find doubloons of fancy  
And mystic islands bright  
With minted gold of old Romance  
In which our souls delight;  
With R. L. S. for Captain,  
And a spanking off-shore breeze?  
Come, let us sail with R. L. S.  
Across those magic seas!

ANNA LOUISE BARNEY.

This was inspired by the little ship  
appearing on the Robert Louis Steven-  
son Monument in Portsmouth Square.—  
The Editor.

## VACATION

WEARY NOW, she turns the pages  
back,  
Draws thin white fingers over violet  
eyes  
And rests her golden head . . . The  
languid track  
Of orchard and the stillness of the  
skies  
Grow suddenly apart: Great her desire  
For scented nights and shadowed cav-  
ern space  
In Persian hills . . . She hungers for a  
fire  
Smoldering on the midnight desert's  
face.  
The thrush darts out across a breast of  
green;  
Great flowers rest upon the crumbling  
gate—  
She feels the silence, sees the young  
trees lean  
And gently bend and quiver and then  
wait.  
Her book is closed. The moments tip-  
toe by—  
A white bird calls—and she begins to  
cry . . .

S. BERT COOKSLEY.

## CANDLE-LIGHT

I PLACED the 'candle high above my  
head  
That its bright ray might penetrate the  
gloom  
Of solitude and stillness in the room  
Where-in I lay. And soon the light soft  
shed  
A radiance of Springtime round my bed  
And brought me dreams of lilac-trees in  
bloom.  
The flickering shadow-flame against the  
wall  
Evoked a thousand fancies, subtly born,  
A thousand shifting pictures to adorn  
The cold, grey room; I heard the faint,  
clear call  
Of bird to waiting mate; the rise and  
fall  
Of music, life a far-off elfin horn,  
And then, the candle was a feeble spark,  
It fluttered . . . fainted . . . died . . . and  
all was dark.

I closed my eyes and tried to make be-  
lieve  
It still was there—that dim, enchanted  
light—  
That Spring's sweet lilac-blooms were  
real, that night  
Had passed. Alas, to try to so deceive  
Myself! to ever think again to weave  
A shattered pattern! With every breath  
a flight  
Of memories arose and hope was swept  
Away . . . Then shining fingers touched  
my face,  
A silvery light illumined all the place,  
And soothingly across my worn heart  
crept  
The calm of moonlight fields where  
lambs have slept,  
The peace of winging birds through open  
space.  
And from my soul in accents strangely  
clear  
Came a celestial whisper, "I am here."

PAULINE ADAMS.

## THE DANCER

LONG has it been since your swift feet  
Flashed through the mazes of a  
dance;  
Long has it been since your gay laughter  
Flung out its careless gage to Chance.

And that red mouth; whose lips remem-  
ber  
Lotus blossoms gathered there,  
What wrinkled hands are left that once  
Knew the soft wonder of your hair?

Of all your loves, only the wind  
Still comes at night to look for you;  
By the broken stones of your shadowed  
terrace,  
In your garden where purple asters grew.

But I am glad the blade of a knife  
Cuts deep, for Age has a crueler way;  
Old leering Time still chuckles over  
The score he hands his guests to pay.

So I like to think of you as you lived  
Oh, years and years before I was born,  
A flower of the braver gayer days,  
A scarlet blossom Romance has worn!

AMES PETERSON.

## PONGO

FAR FEARED was the broad knife of  
Angan  
In the bandacs and in the uplands,  
Old Angan, the Moro head-hunter,  
Old Angan with blood on his hands.

And once he came down from the up-  
lands  
To the place where the white soldier  
stay.  
Old Angan sneaked down with his broad  
knife  
And carried a white head away.

Snake like he entered a grass shack  
And carried away a blond prize.  
He carried the head of a soldier,—  
Old Angan with blood in his eyes.

The white soldiers' captain held council  
He called for the Moros to come;  
He called for the best of the spearmen,  
Who marched to the tap of a drum.

And there in the barrio plaza  
They gathered to hear the white chief  
And there, with his head bowed, stood  
Pongo,  
Who slunk in the crowd like a thief.

Now Pongo had served with the captain  
For many a weary, long day;  
He'd cleaned up the captain's soiled  
saddle  
And put his side-pieces away.

He'd gone with the captain to dinner  
He'd gone with the captain to fight  
He'd slaved day and night for the cap-  
tain,  
And the captain had treated him white.

And so when the captain called order  
To the blare of a brass bugle's sound  
And told them he wanted old Angan,  
Young Pongo looked up from the  
ground.

'Now, who will go after old Angan  
And bring his head back on a rod?'  
Asked the captain. And young Pongo  
answered,  
"Sir, I'll go and get him, by God!"

Young Pongo was off in the morning;  
Ten days from that time he came back  
And brought to the captain at midnight  
A hideous thing in a sack.

He rolled the thing out on the gravel  
Then held it arm's-length by the jaw  
"Old Angan," he said, "was my father.  
But the wish of the Captain is law."

RANDALL GARRETT.

## ADDENDUM

AND JUST a moment: There is one  
thing more,  
Something I cannot give to you again—  
As unrecoverable as the rain  
That fell in April, now that frost is hoar  
Letters and gifts returned, there still is  
this:  
An only, inretrievable first kiss.

ALICE LOWRY GOULD.



# A Home in the Desert

(Continued from Last Month)

By IRENE WELCH GRISSON

THE UNION COLONY was established as a temperance community, and strict prohibition enforced. In every deed of land was inserted a clause of forfeiture, that he who dared to sell intoxicating liquor should lose his title to his land.

Our orators on the Fourth of July made much of this fact, and we of the younger generation grew proud with our elders of saloonless Greeley.

It set a fine example for the rest of the world, with its splendid school system, many churches and high moral tone combined with great prosperity.

In Evans, distant only four miles from Greeley, there were many saloons, and this town, although surrounded by a rich farming country, never prospered. The streets remained mere country lanes, dirty and unpaved. The only busy places in the town seemed to be the many saloons.

Mother was horrified when one of the churches at Evans was sold under a forced sale and turned into a saloon. I never passed it without a shiver of terror, so vividly had her consternation impressed me.

We children enjoyed the Fourth of July celebration, and even listened with attention when the orations were not too long, and punctuated with jokes that we could understand. How we whooped and yelled with the crowd, despite mother's efforts to keep our enthusiasm within decorous bounds!

There were many jokes at the expense of the early pioneers, and one story in particular caught and held my attention.

The speaker had word, so ran the story, from a friend who died and went, so he supposed, to hell. Saint Peter had separated him from the other spirits and pointed sternly to the downward path. He followed along it forlornly, dreading his first sight of the fiery pit, when far away his eyes caught a glimpse of vivid green that reminded him of Greeley.

He went faster and faster, finally breaking into a run, and arrived at last in the midst of fields of alfalfa, green trees, singing birds, and rippling streams of water.

He saw a familiar group in the distance, with irrigation shovels on their shoulders, and hastened toward them for an explanation.

They told him that several of the early colonists had taken the road to hell by mistake, as Saint Peter afterward explained to them, since no man

was sent there who had experienced what they had in reclaiming the desert.

He immediately sent messengers after them, when he saw them going rapidly down the wrong road. But these messengers, once out of sight of Saint Peter, played by the way, and did not arrive for several years.

During this time the few brave spirits had somehow obtained a water right from above, for use on the section of hell they appropriated as their own, and commenced the construction of irrigating ditches.

Next they burned the saloons that trespassed on the area they claimed as their particular property. The fire lighted up hell for miles around, so that even the Devil came to see what was up. He grinned in derision when he saw their irrigating ditches, and told them they were welcome to all the crops they could grow in that place of torment.

Left undisturbed by the powers of good or evil, they worked out their own salvation, which resulted in a bit of heaven, there in the depths of hell.

This story was greeted with wild applause by the audience, and father and mother discussed it on the way home. Mother thought that the story was sacrilegious, and not the thing for children to hear. Father characterized it as, "Bully!"

Then how we reveled in the hitherto forbidden word! It embellished our conversation on every occasion to mother's great disgust.

But finally the novelty wore off with its repeated use, and we forgot it in favor of some new slang phrase we heard at school.

Mother struggled valiantly to keep our English pure and undefiled, but it was a hard job. The new slang lured and fascinated us, and we much preferred it to the more formal mode of speech which she patiently endeavored to have us employ.

The word, kid, in particular pleased me when first I heard it, and I used it often to mother's dismay. She endeavored to reason with me.

"A kid is a little goat. I want children for my sons and daughters, not an animal such as that."

"Well, but mother dear," I giggled, "we are like goats. You know yourself how we climb the haystacks, jump the fences and run and play. Please let me say it, kids sounds so much more frisky than just children."

She sighed, and her face saddened, and feeling that for some strange reason it hurt her feelings, I abandoned the use of the word thereafter, when she could hear me say it.

AT ABOUT this time in my life I began to wish that father had continued in the practice of medicine and surgery. According to the talk I heard at school, the daughter of a physician had a social standing lacking in the child of a farmer and sheep owner.

I thought about it a great deal, and finally talked with father about the matter, telling him wistfully that I thought it would be ever so much more tony if he would sell the sheep and the farm, and move to town and go to doctoring sick folks.

"Tony!" he repeated in deep contempt. "Never let me hear you use that disgusting word again!" Then as my face flushed crimson with humiliation—I was unduly sensitive to criticism—he continued kindly:

"Tony is a word used only by people lacking in education and good breeding. It is usually employed by those whom we term snobs. You don't want to be a snob, do you Rene? I hope that can never be said of a child of mine."

I shook my head vigorously. I did not, most emphatically. Some of the girls at school were called snobs and all the rest of us disliked them.

He continued slowly, his eyes on the green fields that stretched away from where we stood:

"I gave up the practice of my profession because I prefer the great outdoors. It's in the blood, love of land. I inherited it from my father, as I hope you children will from me. I like to see things grow, animals and crops. There is a wonderful sense of accomplishment when I look about and see the life, dependent upon my efforts for its existence, flourishing and thriving."

He looked down at me and smiled:

"Then, too, I thought that a farm was the best place to rear my sons and daughters to safe manhood and womanhood. It's the only life for children, to my way of thinking. You are not really unhappy over my calling. Just now you think it matters greatly because of the false standards some foolish people have set before you. Later on you will understand. You are eager to learn of life and the years will bring you wisdom."

He kissed me, and I left him with my heart comforted, and my faith renewed.

Some weeks after my talk with father one of the great men of our state came

(Continued on page 326)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## GERMANY

This is an extremely candid, simple and unaffected account of the brief travels of an American lieutenant, who steps out of his uniform and wanders about what is left of the German Empire during the period just following the entrance of the Allied armies of occupation into the Fatherland. This narrative is also responsible for the coining of a new verb, to-wit: ostentated; but the style is in the main clear and vigorous, and not obnoxious to either special or general demurrer, as the learned Chief Justice would say.

Every American prohibitionist ought to read this tale, since what the United States Government is facing in its problem of controlling bootleggers of liquor, the German government faced and vainly combatted in the bootlegging of food-stuffs. Mr. Franck's account of food conditions in Germany is most interesting. One of the most forcible things in the book is the author's account of the average German's reaction to the defeat his nation sustained, and his absolute inability to conceive that Germany had been in the wrong at any time during the entire war.

In brief, here is an extremely valuable and entertaining book, written by a man who possesses the priceless gifts of clarity and simplicity, who knows what he is writing about, and who proceeds to record his impressions and experiences with engaging directness and force. I unhesitatingly recommend it to everyone but dolts and flappers.

VAGABONDING THROUGH CHANGING GERMANY, by Harry S. Frank. (Reviewed by Ames Peterson.) The Century Co. \$4.00.

## UNDERSTANDING

WE head this review "Understanding" for such is the reward when one has finished the very excellent and valuable book *The Way of the Makers*. Undoubtedly this book should be in everyone's library. It is a study on the way poems are made. Questions of inspiration, technique, form, substance, which have never been fully answered are here for those who wish to write poetry, or read it, with insight and full understanding. When you have finished this book you have also an understanding of the makers of poetry. "Spiritually, the poet is 'Man and woman and child, all three having the passion of the world's manhood, the intuition and sensitivity of womanhood and the child's overwhelming zest of life and joy in play.'"

Throughout are passages from poets of note for illustration. Truly this is a book of rare value.

THE WAY OF THE MAKERS, by Marguerite Wilkinson. MacMillan, \$3.00.

## THE INDIA OF KIM

AGAIN Talbot Mundy! We feel like stopping here, for certainly Mundy has that rare instinct which gives us just what we want, mystery, danger, unknown lands, occult realism of Eastern thought. There is information within the pages. A Lama is the Central figure, a character unique and impressive, winning, compassionate heroic gentleman. From this story will come an understanding which no work of fiction, to our knowledge, has given previously.

O M, by Talbot Mundy. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.00.



## SARGASSO SEA

THE Isle of Dead Ships" compares with Jules Vern's imagination plus intrigue, built upon that wonder of mariners and inspiration of wried legends—the Sargasso Sea, that mid-atlantic pool of floating weed. It is a story of just another ship, carried by the current into that inexorable tangle of kelp and grasses. On board there are three survivors, two men, one of whom is a prisoner, and Dorothy Fairfax. There is jealousy—there is rescue there is a motley colony of others who have drifted in on other wrecks upon an island of thickened yellow seaweed, living under the rule of Forbes, tryant and bully. And there is a law that women must marry before 24 hours on the island, and Dorothy is a victim of the law and is compelled to make her choice. The plot is great but the descriptions of that isle of dead ships is even greater, parots and the monkey survivors of wrecks, hulls of forgotten galleons and whose trees are the spars of derelicts of all ages and nations.

THE ISLE OF DEAD SHIPS, by Crittendale Marriott. Lippincott. \$2.00.

## UNAFRAID

FRANZ MOLNAR is quite as interesting in his novel, "PRISONERS" as in his great plays. He leaves nothing overshadowed by make-believe. He is not afraid of his frank championship of the fallen or the contempt in which he holds conventional morality. It seems that he has brought all his dramatic potentiality all his gifts of characterization and understanding and placed them in a mixing bowl and with some supernatural seasoning has brought forth a delicious delicacy which will suit all classes of novel readers.

PRISONERS, Franz Molnar. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.00.

## FROM 1619 TO 1925

IN THIS work is to be found the highlights of our American ideals, as manifested in political utterances during the last 300 years, a book of true patriotism. We indorse this book highly for the home library, a book of reference, of knowledge and foundation.

THE ESSENTIAL AMERICAN TRADITION, by Jesse Lee Bennett. Doran. \$3.00.



## FOR LOVERS OF WORDS

## APPEALING

## THE PLAY

UNLESS one loves words, and enjoys seeing them in unusual settings and revels in their exotic surroundings when come upon in unexpected glades and palaces of thought, one may weary of the story of Ethan Quest's life.

Erotically-worded is this book, the pathetic life story of a lonely boy whose father shirked his responsibility and left the care of his only son to the faithful mother.

Heredity plays an important part from the author's standpoint, and is used as an excuse for the son following the example set by the father—"walking out of the door of the home, and never coming back," repudiating the vows taken at marriage, and following in Ethan's case, the will of the wisp of Oriental lure, glorified by the knowledge gained through reading, and magnified by the acquisition of a sarong, the gift of a sailor who told tales of wonder to the small boy, which colored and influenced his life up to the time the author leaves him, unceremoniously, the bitterness of life as gall in his heart, and the hopelessness of continued failures coloring every move.

Curiously enough, the author of this book, Harry Hervey, sailed from San Francisco for China, it is stated, the week before its publication, and is on his way to visit many of the places he takes his "hero" (?)

May the itinerary bring to the author less of disappointment, less of life-weariness, of unsatisfied ambitions, than he vouchsafed Ethan, for although word-painted linguistic gems voice the story, it is nevertheless the story of a frustrated, abortive life, left drifting without a rudder. (Reviewed by Ada Kyle Lynch.)

ETHAN QUEST, His Saga, by Harry Hervey. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.00.

\* \* \*

COMPARABLE TO RUSSIAN  
REALISTIC WORKS

SUCH a piece of fiction is "BEFORE THE DAWN," by Toyohiko Kagawa, translated from the Japanese by I. Fukumoto and T. Satchell. It is probably the first piece of serious realistic fiction by a Japanese about the Japanese that has been translated into English. We on the West Coast will particularly be interested. We may agree, most likely we will disagree, we are a bit provincial in our opinions; we have a preconceived idea which we refuse to change. However, the picture *Before the Dawn* presents is so utterly different from the popular idea of Japanese character and life that the book will open a new world to the reader. The characters of the story are not mere members of an alien race, but natural human people whose babies cry like babies anywhere else, whose old people are as garrulous and young people as foolish, rich men as acquisitive and poor men as patient as in any other quarter of the globe. If for no other reason, it should be read through curiosity—to see how the Japanese mind works in literature—and to see the gap between that language and mode of expression to our own and the power of reciprocity we Americans possess.

BEFORE THE DAWN, by Toyohiko Kagawa. Doran. \$2.50.

SO APPEALING has "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems" been that it is a hard matter to pick a representative one for review. Nathalia Crane is but a child. Her poetry has that something which strikes a responsive note in her in this review those poems which were readers. If an attempt were made to name most distinctive, the contents would have to be reprinted—yet here is one—

OH! ROGER JONES

Oh, Roger Jones! Oh, Roger Jones!

Oh, Prince! Oh, Knight! Ah me!

We used to play at keeping house,  
Beneath an old oak tree.

Your hair was red, your eyes were brown,

You had a freckled nose;

You were the father of my dolls,

My husband—I suppose.

Oh, Roger! You were only nine,

And I was half-past eight;

It really was romantic, or

As good, at any rate.

THE JANITOR'S BOY AND OTHER  
POEMS, by Nathalia Crane. Thomas  
Seltzer. \$ 1.50.

## HISTORY

ARE the American people concerned only with material ambitions? This is one of the questions Mr. Myers emphatically renders void. He maintains that American history, to a supreme degree, has been one of exceptional and distinguished idealism.

This book covers concisely the entire period from settlement times down to the present day. Beginning with the establishment of absolute religious freedom—the American people have been engaged in a succession of great idealistic accomplishments, one leading to another. This is a book for every American, full of all the things everyone should know.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN  
IDEALISM, by Gystavus Myers. Boni  
& Liveright. \$3.00.

## TRAVEL BOOK

VIVID, thrilling and novel is "Grass," a true story of life, depicting the migration of a shepherd nation in Mesopotamia over the snowy passes of a lofty mountain range to its summer pasture in Persia. Cooper and Schoedsack not only traveled with the tribes but lived their life, played their games and with the wild Baktuari fought and conquered the icy torrent and terrible passes.

The book is profusely illustrated with "stills" from the remarkable film of the gigantic human endeavor.

GRASS, by Merian C. Cooper. Putnam.  
(Our copy gives no price.)

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT!

THERE is nothing one is more interested in than good things to eat. Dutton has brought out a book of intense interest and invaluable help to the housewife. Of special notice is the way it is compiled—sections covering "Salads," Eggs Meat, Hors D'oeuvres, Vegetables, Deserts. Madame de Pratz has selected family recipes from all parts of France, many of which have been used for generations; copied by the author from small, hand-written cook-books handed down in French families as heirlooms and lent to the author as a personal favor. Further, these recipes are not expensive to make. They are suited to the tastes and pocketbooks of people with small kitchens and few or no servants.

FRENCH HOME COOKING, by Claire  
De Pratz. E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.

THAT the play is the victim of society is no fallacy or illusion. How it suffered in the 17th century is well portrayed in "Comedy and Conscience After the Restoration." The coarse taste of the nobility, for whose sole benefit and entertainment the stage was set where the most reckless of this class saw their follies and vices wittily and realistically presented, had established the tradition that the more debauched the hero was the more completely he was a hero and that the chief occupation of a gentleman was the pursuit of women.

With the introduction of Christianity came its effect upon literature. Rymer is accredited with being the first critic in England while John Dennis the first to make a living as one and Jeremy Collier as the most severe. Many of the ideals set down by these early critics Mr. Krutch weaves throughout his book . . . that the end of all knowledge is virtuous action . . . 'Tis to expose the singularities of pride and to bring everything that is ill under infamy and neglect . . . as schools are for teaching children so the stage should be a school for men of riper years and judgment . . . Parents were warned to encourage their children to intellectual pursuits instead of refining their conversation . . . The ancient philosophers had urged the contempt of pleasure because pleasure was undignified and because in the end it was not found to be really pleasure.

The two periods in English literature, why the stage was first raised, the reason for its fall and ultimate victory, the theories concerning the entertainment of the masses, the attitude of playwrights and critics and the establishment of new precedents, all of the 17th century, are not nearly all the material to be derived from this author's work. (Reviewed by J. R. Graetzer.)

COMEDY AND CONSCIENCE AFTER  
THE RESTORATION, by Joseph Wood  
Krutch, Ph. D. Columbia University  
Press. \$2.50.

## COLORED STORIES

SEVERAL millions of magazine readers have laughed over the exploits and misadventures of Octavus Roy Cohen's negro characters. In "Bigger and Blacker" he tells a series of stories dealing with the various members of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.—of Birmingham, of course, where most of Cohen's felicitous characterizations originate.

The ever-resourceful Florian Slappey makes his appearance in several of these stories. His ingenious scheme to join the staff of this highly successful company producing two-reel-comedies, as given in the story, "A Little Child Shall Feed Them," is one of the brightest in a group of stories scintillant with humor, while "Inside Inflammation," in which the chief properties are a timid leading man and a few drops of oil of mustard, is a close second.

The stories begin with the advent of Midnight Pictures Corporation in Birmingham and its attempt to sell stock, as they take the company through a series of events attendant upon the increase in popularity with the public of its comedies. Slap dash, rollicking fun these stories are, and most of them with some agreeably surprising twist in the conclusion.

BIGGER AND BLACKER, by Octavus  
Roy Cohen. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.



# STAGE AND SCREEN

By HAMILTON WAYNE

## Out of Focus of "The Lucky Devil" Camera

In a certain garage in Lakewood, N. J., there is a colored man who is—or was—an enthusiast on the subject of racing automobiles. He loves them as a groom loves a race horse. He washes them, he sits in them, whenever he gets a chance.

Recently he had a number of chances and took them. Frank Tuttle had twenty racing machines parked in the garage for five nights while he was doing scenes in the neighborhood for Richard Dix's next starring picture, "The Lucky Devil."

The first day the colored man was a big help. He would take out the spark plugs and clean them, he would aid in the greasing. It was like having an extra mechanic. All the drivers liked him. That night he sat in one of the cars and moved the gearshift back and forth. And he left it in first.

Morn came of the second day, as they say in Lakewood. It usually does. The driver took his seat, the colored man grabbed the crank to start the motor for him. There was a roar, the car shot across the garage; the colored man disappeared.

As the car passed over him he grabbed the front axle. The car had dragged him on his back the length of the garage. They stood him up, swung his arms up and down and made him walk. He seemed little the worse for wear, although he had enough grease on him to keep a fleet of cars running smoothly for a month.

That night the racers returned with a flourish. The colored man ran across the garage floor to greet them. The first car tried to stop and skidded, knocking the colored man over backwards.

They picked him up again. All parts seemed to be functioning.

The colored man is still fond of racing automobiles, but not when they're running. He has grown to admire them when they're quiet.

\* \* \*

## Casson Ferguson Coming to Front

Casson Ferguson recently cast for one of the four featured roles in "The Road to Yesterday," Cecil B. de Mille's first special production, is rapidly earning the title of Hollywood's "leading man." His work opposite Vera Reynolds in this picture will add another to the long list of cinema charmers with whom he has appeared.

In the course of his career Ferguson has played opposite such actresses as Mary Pickford, Pauline Fredericks, Betty Compson, Geraldine Farrar, Mae Murray, Constance Talmadge and others.

## "Getting On"—Meujou's Rule for Real Success

"Develop a sense of humor if you haven't one already—and hang on," says Adolphe Menjou, who has a very definite idea about his career, and a lot of other things. "I always knew I could make good if the opportunity presented itself. The trick of the entire thing is not to go into the game of life or any other game, no matter what it is, with a losing spirit," says he.

"Always feel sure that you will win out in the end. The thing we want most in our lives is quite possible if we are serious about it and concentrate all of our efforts towards that one goal."

"The trouble with most people and the reason they lose their grip lies in the fact that they are not really concentrating on one thing. People waste too much. They waste time, they waste energy, they are constantly wasting the best part of their lives thinking that tomorrow they will do it. And tomorrow has a strange way of slipping past them."

"The key-note is . . . ambition, then the indomitable courage to work hard for it . . . then you will succeed."

Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a gambling husband in William de Mille's comedy-drama, "Lost—a Wife." It is one of the most amusing pictures he has made for Paramount which Clara Beranger adapted to the screen. It is decidedly French in spirit and the action is fast moving from start to finish.

Greta Nissen, the little Norwegian girl with the golden hair, plays opposite Menjou. Robert Agnew is also featured in the cast.

\* \* \*

## Duffy Plans More Interesting Plays

Henry Duffy, the pronouncedly successful young producer, has three remarkably fine productions waiting to appear upon the theatrical horizon of San Francisco.

"Merton of the Movies" is scheduled to follow "Irene" at the Alcazar Theater and when "The Best People" leaves the President Theater "Spring Cleaning" will set in. Aside from these two acknowledged successes, Duffy will essay an experiment and produce "Judge Not According to Appearances," written by a negro bellhop of San Francisco, and said to be the first full-length play ever written by an American negro.

"Merton of the Movies" was dramatized from a popular novel by Harry Leon Wilson. It was made into a play by those past masters of satiric comedy, George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. With Glenn Hunter in the title role it achieved an enormous success. He was seen last season in San Francisco in the piece.

## "Rugged Water" Fine Cape Cod Sea Story

Few walks of life are more fraught with drama or danger than that of the United States Live-Saving Service on treacherous Cape Cod. Every thrill experienced by the courageous men, who frequently gamble their own lives against the fury of the elements in an effort to save other lives, is depicted in "Rugged Water," Irvin Willat's new production for Paramount, which plays the Grand Theater, San Francisco, this month.

In the screen story Warner Baxter expects, as Number One man of the tuckit live saving station, to succeed the retiring captain, but politics result in the appointment of a man from another station, Wallace Beery, who arrives with his daughter, Lois Wilson, upbraids the crew for no reason at all, insults Baxter and gets himself disliked generally.

Baxter's rapidly developing interests in Lois Wilson causes him to remain at the post instead of resigning. When he rescues her from the incoming tide she begins to feel a deeper interest in him. He feels he cannot yet propose to her because, due to his lack of knowledge of women, he has permitted an ambitious girl in the neighboring village to make him think he has proposed to her. She wants him to make Beery's work so hard for him he'll be fired for incompetence. But Baxter, chiefly because of Lois Wilson, protects the tyrannical captain's job.

The worst storm of the winter comes and Beery delays going out after a S.O.S. signal has been given. He insists God intends to look after the ship without human help. Baxter then leads a mutiny and launches the life-boat in the raging sea. The events that lead to the climax from this point make the finish unusually dramatic.

"Rugged Water" was adapted by James Shelley Hamilton from Joseph Lincoln's novel of the same name. Mi Wilson, Baxter, Beery and Phyllis Hav are featured in the cast, which includes among others, Dot Farley, James Mason Willard Cooley, Jack Bryon and Warren Rodgers.

\* \* \*

## Picture Actor's Life Not Roses

From blizzards to blistering heat, hunger, affluence then hunger again and finally the ordinary comforts of life for which one has to put in from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

This is the story of the climb to fame and fortune in the land of the celluloid drama, according to the story of a Western youth, one William Eugene, who claims San Francisco, California, as his home. The lad last was seen in the



Warren Kerrigan picture of "Captain Blood" produced from the story by Sabatini. He took the part of the son of the Spanish Admiral, and his work is beginning to attract the praise of the critics in general.

Eugene's experiences of the past few weeks, are said to be typical of the experiences of the young man or woman trying to climb in the movie world. He was idle in Los Angeles. He received a call to see Reginald Barker, the director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was taken with a company to West Portal, Colorado, on the top of the Rockies to film blizzard and snow scenes. It was the fifth time that Barker had called for him, which means something in the movie world to an ambitious young man.

In the company were Eugene, the director, Pat O'Malley, Claire Windsor and many others. The picture was "The White Desert" which has just been released. Eugene takes the part of a young telegraph operator, a friend of O'Malley's on the screen. The blizzard shots were real and according to the story told both O'Malley and Eugene fell gasping and coughing clots of blood time and time again while shooting the scenes. The intense cold and extremely rarefied atmosphere affected their lungs.

Finally the picture was taken and the entire company moved back to Los Angeles. Arriving there, Eugene was offered a part in a Lasky picture to be taken 75 miles south of Tucson on the Mexican border. The picture was a Harold Bell Wright one entitled "The Son of His Father" and was one of the type "westerns." In this picture Eugene fills the role of the heroine's brother who becomes entangled with a gang of outlaws. The heroine is Bessie Love and the hero, Warner Baxter.

\* \* \*

### Greater Movie Season Soon Gets Under Way

Choosing the greatest picture obtainable for launching simultaneously Greater Movie Season and the opening of the new St. Francis Theater, Market Street, opposite Mason, formerly the Strand, San Francisco, D. W. Griffith's latest and by far his greatest triumph has won the coveted place to represent these two events.

Griffith has completed his new picture, and his last for United Artists Corporation, "Sally of the Sawdust," which features Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Broadway funny man, and Alfred Lunt, in the leading roles.

Mr. Griffith is now cutting and editing the picture, which was adapted to the screen by Forrest Halsey from the musical comedy "Poppy" in which Madge Kennedy and Mr. Fields played a year in New York.

The interiors were made at the Paramount Long Island studio, and include, among other imposing sets, a huge circus and carnival scene for which one whole stage was set aside. The exteriors were filmed at Greenwich, Conn., and along the Motor Parkway, and in various towns and villages on Long Island.

In the supporting cast are a number of leading stage players. Glenn Andres of "They Knew What They Wanted," played the chief heavy role; Alfred Lunt, playing the title part in "The Guardsman," has the main juvenile role; and others

prominent on the stage were Effie Shannon, Florence Fair, Charles Hammond, Dorothy Bicknell, and Marie Shotwell. Erville Alderson, who acted in the capacity of Mr. Griffith's assistant, also played one of the important roles. Mr. Alderson has been seen in other Griffith picture, notably, "America," and "Isn't Life Wonderful." "Sally of the Sawdust" will be generally released early this fall through United Artists Corporation.

\* \* \*

### Romance Galore in California Feature

Romanticists will revel in a feature the California Theater, San Francisco, will offer this month. "In the Name of Love" is its romantic title; Richard Cortez and Greta Nissen are the romantic lovers; and a wonderfully realistic provincial French background is the romantic setting for the romantic action.

The plot has been liberally garnished with humor, to that when you are not sympathizing with Cortez or admiring Miss Nissen, you are laughing at the antics of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, whose sense of comedy almost overwhelms their moments of villainy. And for good measure, there is Lillian Leighton, who adds to the hilarity of the picture by her capital performance as Greta's over-dressed newly-rich mother. Edythe Chapman and Richard Arlen round out a brilliant cast.

"In the Name of Love," which Howard Higgin directed, is based on Sada Cowan's adaptation of Bulwer-Lytton's romance-Idyll, "The Lady of Lyons," which was famous in the last century on two continents as one of the great stage successes. As the story unfolds on the screen, one can readily understand why it has remained, even in our modern day, one of the enduring love-classics.

Reduced to its skeleton outline, the plot deals with the ingenious efforts of Cortez to recapture the love of Miss Nissen, who had been his childhood sweet-

heart. When the former returns to France after having gone through a ten years process of Americanization, he finds that the girl he left behind has been metamorphosed into a proud and haughty heiress, socially ambitious to marry a title.

With the courage born of desperation, the young lover decides upon a bold stroke—nothing less than to impersonate the Prince of Como, reported as traveling in France, incognito. The masquerade succeeds in so far as fooling the girl is concerned, but unexpected developments pile up which threaten disastrous results for a time though eventually they lead to a thrilling and happy ending.

\* \* \*

### "No, No, Nanette" Continues Big Hit

"No, No, Nanette" is duplicating in San Francisco the success that it has had in all the other large cities of the country that it has played. It is at the Current Theater, and capacity houses are the rule every night.

Taylor Holmes creates much amusement with his very individual style of comedy, and another big laugh comes from Angie Norton as the slangy maid, Nancy Welford is the dainty prima donna of the piece.

"No, No, Nanette" richly deserves its pronounced success. In its respective field it is in a class by itself. There is comedy galore; and it is clean, wholesome and refreshing. The various numbers are snappy and catchy. The majority of musical comedies are lucky if they possess one outstanding song hit. This production has three or four.

The action of the piece is as bright as the music. It is a long show, but there is not a dull moment in it. It is tastefully set and gorgeously costumed.

And the work of Mr. Holmes, Miss Welford, and also Marie Wells, is a delight.



Richard Cortez and Greta Nissen in "In the Name of Love"—Paramount



# MOTOR-TRAVEL

By HAMILTON WAYNE

## Final Ruling Given Motorists

Evidence secured through the operation of a speed trap is incompetent to secure a conviction for speeding, according to an opinion just handed down by the California Supreme Court approving the constitutionality of the provision in the California vehicle act which provides that evidence gained in such a manner shall not be admitted in court.

Although holding that it was beyond its legitimate power for technical legal reasons to disturb a judgement of the Superior Court of Orange County convicting a motorist on speed trap evidence, the Supreme Court issued an opinion approving the constitutionality of section 155 of the vehicle act.

This opinion from the highest tribunal in the State supporting the constitutionality of the law excluding speed trap evidence, should carry sufficient weight to settle all future question of its validity, George E. Sanford, attorney of the California State Automobile Association, contends.

## Nevada Roads Are Improved

Nevada, with the smallest population of any of the states of the Union, is nevertheless taking long strides in the development of its State road system, particularly along the route of the Victory Highway, national memorial transcontinental motor highway from San Francisco to New York City.

A vast amount of construction work has already been done in Nevada, and a great deal more is under way. The completion of the Wendover cut-off in western Utah will give access to this improved highway from now on.

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## Touring Will Reach Big Proportions

A nation-wide survey of the touring possibilities of the 1925 season indicates that the swelling tide of long-distance automobile touring will reach unprecedented proportions this year, according to a forecast issued from the National headquarters of the American Automobile Association.

The 1925 crop of motor tourists, the A. A. A. survey declared, will be worth two and a half billions of dollars to a thousand and one communities located along the play-grounds of the nation and along the highways and trails leading to the centers of motor tourist traffic.

The figures used in the forecast are conservative and are based on data supplied by pivotal sections of the country where the business of catering to motor tourists traffic has been placed on a dependable basis. The demand for touring information and facilities and the preparations already made for the season all go to indicate that previous records will be broken.

Florida's harvest of tourist gold is estimated at \$500,000,000; California is making preparations for a million motor tourists this season, with also half a billion dollars as its goal; the Northwest with Colorado as the gateway of the region, will run a close second to California and Florida; 125,000 cars registered in Colorado last year, according to the Denver Tourist Bureau and at the rate of yearly increases the mark for this season is 175,000 to 200,000 automobiles. According to official figures 75,671 motorists entered the state of Oregon last season. As compared with 315,916 cars which registered in the National Parks last year, the Park Service is now looking forward to a banner year with 400,000 cars as the objective. Three A. Clubs alone will route more than 300,000 tourists into New England.

With conditions for touring more favorable than ever before there is every reason to expect at least a 25 per cent increase in the number of automobiles that will make long distance trips, the national touring board of the A. A. A. predicts.

There are more roads and better roads for tourist traffic; many new links have been filled in; there is better touring information available, largely due to the more efficient organization of motor camps and better camps, while more hotels along the highways recognize the importance of better service to the tourist trade.

Not only is motor touring a gigantic business and a great community builder but the growing habit of using the automobile more and more for long-distance trips is one of the most healthful phases of motordom today.



*Fishing is excellent in the high Sierras. This photograph shows a Buick, sent out by the Howard Automobile Company, San Francisco, parked at the north fork of the Yuba River while the motorists indulge in another pastime.*



## Both Crater Lake Routes Are Open

Both the Klamath Falls and the Medford route to Crater Lake are now in very good condition, according to the touring bureau of the California State Automobile Association, which announced that hotel accommodations as well as excellent camping facilities are now available at Crater Lake.

\* \* \*

## Warning Other Cars Ordered

Although motorists generally are observed to be careful in giving the prescribed signals indicating their intention to stop or to turn corners, a very large percentage are negligent in giving a signal indicating their intention to leave the curb.

An analysis of replies received from motorists who have been written letters by the California State Automobile Association calling attention to their failure to signal before leaving the curb and turning into traffic shows that most of them are completely ignorant of this requirement of the California vehicle act.

In a statement on the situation issued recently, the Automobile Association's public safety department called attention to section 130 of the motor vehicle act which provides that "The driver of any vehicle upon a public highway before starting, stopping or turning such vehicle shall first see that such movement can be made in safety, shall wait until it can be made in safety; then, if the operation of another vehicle may reasonably be affected by such movement, the driver shall give a signal plainly visible to the driver of such other vehicle of the intention to make such movement."

Careful observance of this rule by motorists would eliminate a great many accidents.

\* \* \*

## Motorists Are Asked To Be Careful

THE burden of fire prevention in the forest reserves of California rests with the individual motorist. California motor car owners who answer the call of the open road this year are urged by the touring bureau of the National Automobile Club to observe the rules and regulations of the United States Forest Service, not only in the letter but in the spirit.

The forest areas of California belong to the motoring public. The motor car has furnished a means of transportation so that the dweller in the more congested sections may, on week-end excursions or during the vacation period, enjoy the contact with Nature mid delightful surroundings. There is, therefore, placed on the shoulders of the individual motorist a responsibility not only to observe the utmost care to avoid the fire menace in the forests, but to assist the forest service in preventing the spread of fires in every way possible.

One of the great tourist lures of California is to be found in her great forest area that invites the motor camper and the nature lover to "commune with Nature" and with "Nature's moods."

Thousands of acres of delightful camping grounds are burned over every year on account of the carelessness of some individual who did not see that his campfire was properly extinguished, or

who heedlessly tossed a burning cigarette stub or a flaming match into the dry shrubbery along the highway.

Just as the accident rate from automobile hazards will be reduced when the individual motorist realizes his responsibility, so will the tremendous loss from forest fires be held to a minimum when the man who answers the call of the out-of-doors shall delegate himself as a protector of the forests, not only in his own interest, but in the interest of those who may come after him.

## WANTED:

By A. Fisherman

A rocky nook  
Where rushing brook  
Pours through its waters troubled,  
Into a pool,  
Green-deep and cool;  
A crystal mirror bubbled.

Low hanging trees,  
Fir-scented breeze,  
A warming sun to shine.  
In such retreat,  
Joy'll be complete  
With hook and rod and line.

Earl Mac Towner.

## Back Country Beautiful Now

Late rains have brought to Northern California a much more attractive spring than it has enjoyed for years past. The motorist who goes out into the real "back country" of Northern California will find it more beautiful during the next two or three weeks than for many months past.

"It is a good time to visit the Yosemite," declares C. J. Simpson, general manager of the Pacific Nash Motor Company, who visited Yosemite Valley recently.

"Not enough San Francisco motorists visit our back country during the early spring months when nature has her Easter clothes on. The Yosemite mountain resorts are now open, as are the resorts in the northbay counties, and there are many attractive places to stop. There are several roads which will bring you back to San Francisco and home over a different route. We brought back pictures last week which emphasize how much there is well worth seeing on such a trip."

## Quake Fails to Hurt Roads

No apparent damage was done to the State Highway or State Highway bridges in the vicinity of Santa Barbara as the result of the recent earthquake.

Engineers of the State Highway Commissions have been investigating the situation and making a careful examination of the bridges and culverts, and their reports to headquarters indicate no appreciable damage to either the pavement or structures. The highway through this area is open to traffic.

There was practically no damage whatever to pavements. Slides were caused in two cuts, but these have been cleared away.

## Velie Roadster Wins Approval

Coming as it does at a time when the open roads have a special allurements for lovers of outdoor freedom, the announcement of a new sport roadster by the Velie Motor Corporation, is especially well-timed, says Lee L. Gilbert, manager of R. A. Doty, Inc., San Francisco and Oakland dealer.

"The new Velie model is a pleasing departure from the prevailing modes in the sport models, in that it shows more than the ordinary amount of thoughtfulness on the part of its designers to make it a car of comfort as well as a car of dash and splendor," says Gilbert.

An extra door at the side of the car permits easy entrance to the rear compartment—a great improvement over the step-plate heretofore common to cars with rear-deck seats, as it eliminates climbing over the rear fender. A top over the rear-deck seat is another feature of importance from the standpoint of comfort.

"A choice of two body colors is offered, light tan or gray, with upholstery in green Spanish leather adding a high spot of color.

"A detailed check-up of the new model's equipment discloses the fact that in addition to possessing such features as hydraulic four-wheel brakes and balloon tires, it also has a host of supplementary features, including a cigar lighter, clock, dash gasoline gauge, automatic windshield cleaner and scuff plates. It has, besides, all of the more common accessories, such as bumpers front and rear, motometer, stop lights and cowl lights."



R. A. Doty, San Francisco and Oakland distributor, offers this snappy club roadster as the latest and smartest thing in the Velie line.



# Victory

By ROD BRINK

**A** PURPLISH haze seems to roll down the mountain sides on hot days, clouding the valley and leaving the gray and tan rocks of the stony peaks bare and broiling in the sunlight. From afar the valley looks shaded and cool, but that is only one of nature's illusions. In reality it is far warmer than the barren peaks that seem to be scorching in the dazzling glare.

Almost in the geometrical center of the box-like valley, which is surrounded by sky-high mountain ranges and is pierced by the rocky domes and humps of lesser hills, lies the old army flying field—one of the many that buzzed like bee colonies in the days of the war, all silent, abandoned and crumbling now.

Twelve long white hangars in a row, black asphalt roads running the full length of the row of buildings and on each side. Another strip of paving jutting at right angles from the center of the hangar row far out upon the broad landing field. Headquarters office with its flag pole and pivoted bugle megaphone just behind the two central hangars. Flanking lines of barracks, repair shops, mess halls, hospital, a weedy railroad track laden with idle refrigerator cars.

And towering above all, visible for miles and miles—constant beacon for homeward bound flyers in the old days—is a huge wooden water tank, painted white, held high by stilt-like legs of steel. The white, cylindrical tank sits nearly one hundred feet in air. From a distance its steel supports are invisible and the tank appears to hang rather than stand high above the squat squad of hangars.

Nowadays the headquarters flag pole floats no colors. It even has no halyard with which to haul them aloft. The asphalt roads are wrinkled and cracked, and green things sprout through the cracks. Hangar doors, all closed and padlocked, are streaked with rust where rain has dripped against them from the iron tracks on which they hang. Fire left a gaping, blackened hole in the corner of one of the barracks buildings nearest the parade grounds, and it has never been repaired. The window pane in the front door of headquarters building has been smashed out. Dead weed stalks of last year's crop—and for several years before—cover the once well kept grounds. The flying field itself has a rumpled, messy appearance. It retains nothing of the military neatness that once made of it a vast lawn.

There are no airplanes in the hangars. An army plane, passing through, lands

on the weedy field once in a great while, and a gasoline truck by pre-arrangement brings it fuel and oil from the town ten miles away.

A caretaker, invisible most of the time, appears occasionally wearing an army uniform. A light in one of the barracks windows marks his presence at night. An occasional soaring buzzard, a few bold jack rabbits and sometimes a band of sheep are almost the sole visitors.

**H**OW different late in 1917 when Henry Westover and his companions of Squadron No. 10 arrived from ground school.

Fresh paint on new lumber. New turned earth. The clatter of hammers. A locomotive scurrying back and forth on the new railroad track. A big banner whipping straight out in the wind from the flag pole. White, arm-like wind indicators floating from hangar tops. Airplanes circling everywhere. Demounted motors roaring on the test blocks. Machine guns hammering all day long down at the gunnery pits.

Spick and span, these new flying cadets, in the tailored khaki serges and whipcords of prospective officers. Cloth shields—white propellers on a field of blue—adorned their shoulders. Broad bands of white silk circled their wide-brimmed field hats and marked them for what they were—beginners in a dangerous game.

Eager-eyed, earnest, absorbed in every detail of the fascinating hubbub of the flying field, they went quickly about the business of buying helmets and goggles, and drawing leather coats and gauntlets from the field's commissary.

There were days of lectures by experienced, commissioned pilots, hours of assignment to instructors and classes, nights of rapt and admiring attention to the flying talk of older cadets in barracks. How they sid-slipped, tail-spun, looped and flew formation! Barrack flying, they called it.

And then, momentous day, the first flight with Lieutenant Dewell, in whose charge Westover, with five others, was placed.

Lieutenant Dewell called it a joy-ride, and it was. Westover, though frequently alarmed—the Lieutenant put their two-seater through the most impossible convolutions—enjoyed the flight immensely. It was a thrill.

"Always been dizzy headed in high places," he told his instructor before they took to the air.

"This is different," Lieutenant Dewell assured him. "Not a bit like going aloft. It's no more dizzying than riding on a railroad train—except the stunts, of course."

And it wasn't. That was the strange part of it. Westover had the feeling experienced by all air voyagers on their first flight, that he was sitting in a most secure and stable place, and that the world was merely settling comfortably away beneath him. Except, as the Lieutenant had said, in the stunting, which was something altogether different, indescribable.

In Westover's flying class, also under the tutelage of Lieutenant Dewell, was Jo Alexander, a wiry, confident youth who had enlisted in aviation with Westover, who had worked in the same office before enlisting.

In those mad days when the United States was hysterically striving to form a mammoth army out of little but patriotism, the fellows in the western executive offices of the Model Oil Company ignored the coming draft and enlisted in the various service branches that appealed to them.

"Me for a quick death and a certain one if I'm going to die in this fracas," Henry Westover had said. "I don't hanker to be buried alive in a dugout or crawl around wounded in the barbed wire for a week and then be knocked in the head. Aviation for mine."

The logic of this apparently appealed to Jo Alexander, too, and together they visited aviation enlistment headquarters. Enlisted the same day, they were ordered to ground school on the same date and consequently reached flying field at the same time. Grouped with nearly thirty others of the same ground school squadron, it was mere chance that placed them in the same flying class of six cadets. They were not chums not even constant companions. The circumstances that had thrown them together had bred no firm friendship.

The fourth day of their flying schedule was disarranged by a tour of guard duty. Cadet Nestrom, named corporal of the guard for the day, and two squads of other newcomers to the field were assigned. Prospective army officers must know the ritual and duties of the guard.

Westover found himself on the third relief, eight hours off duty, four hours on, eight hours off, then four hours on. Opposite his name on the guard roster was written the post he was assigned to patrol—the water tower.

High on the stilted water tower structure, just at the base of the wooden



water tank, was a narrow platform, edged by a hand rail, on which a guard was stationed every hour of the day and night. His duties in the daylight hours were to watch for and report by telephone to the guard room, planes in distress. At night the high-posted guard listened for belated planes and watched for their riding lights, reporting any such so that flood lights might be turned on the field for a safe landing.

After guard mount Westover, proud in his first possession of a bayonet worn at his belt—badge of guardsmanship—loafed back from guard house to barracks to get blankets. Guard duty requires sleeping in the guard room.

He halted with some of the other guards under the water tower, all considering its lofty structure sagely. The wooden tank, still new and not yet swollen tight by water, was leaking. Many tiny streams dripped from its bottom high above and dug deep holes in the hard red soil with the force of their fall.

The four flimsy-looking supporting legs of the structure, braced and bound together many times between the ground and the tank, were square, hollow beams of fabricated steel. The fabrications were placed in zigzag formation, and the zigzags formed ladders on which the lookout guards mounted to their post. Those below could see the first relief guard on duty high above them. He was leaning over the web-like guard rail, peering eastward in the direction of a group of planes zooming and swerving in combat practice. Planes practicing take-offs and landings around the field seemed almost to touch the top of the water tower as they coasted, motors throttled low, toward the landing T out in the center of the field.

Westover shuddered. He was, as he had told his flying instructor, giddy in high places. As he gazed upward at the tower it seemed to rock and sway. The steel legs of the thing looked insurmountable. He turned his gaze downward to steady himself, and found the ground was swimming lightly around him.

The others were laughing and jabbering. The guard post on the tower, it seemed, was highly desirable. It gave the guard on duty there a view of all activities on the busy flying field as well as a position of importance during his brief tour of duty.

"I'd like to be up there," said Jo Alexander, who was also a member of the third relief. "I guess you have to have a pull with the commandant to get that post. How'd you get it, Westover?" he asked, turning to Henry.

"If anyone gave it to me as a favor he can have it back," Westover answered. "I'm not wild about crawling up that contraption. 'Rather do my climbing in the mountains.'"

"I'll trade you posts," said Alexander, quickly.

"It's a go," Westover returned, just as quickly.

So the two exchanged posts, with the sanction of Nestrom, corporal of the guard. Westover took a post far down the hangar line. Twice for four hours he marched around and around three of the big, barn-like buildings, carrying a heavy rifle, saluting all officers who came within range—in accord with the rules in the guards' manual—and pacing ceaselessly. It was a tiresome job, as all guard duty is, but it did not make him dizzy.

Cadet Westover developed into what was known among the cadets as "a good flier." In his first solo stage he bested the other five of Lieutenant Dewell's students in landing for a mark. Later on, flying figure eights around a pyloned course, he won the attention and commendation of the flight commander for his pretty work.

Then came stunt flying and cross-country trips, in both of which Westover won good marks, and finally formation flying and combat practice.

Guard duty came along with clock-like regularity, a day of it about every two weeks. Once more, in the course of things, Westover drew the post on the water tower. And one of the other fellows, one who apparently knew of his dislike for the place on high, suggested a trade. Westover took it.

Several times while his group was engaged in formation flying, Lieutenant Dewell called for a volunteer to lead the V-shaped formation of seven planes in flight.

Westover did not volunteer once, and Lieutenant Dewell noticed it.

"What's the matter, Westover, don't you like to lead?" he asked one day in front of the group.

Westover reddened and stammered.

"I—I thought some of the other fellows were a little better at it," he finally answered.

"All the more reason why you should have the practice," said the Lieutenant, and he put Westover in the lead of the squadron for the day.

The drafted formation leader was nervous and made a poor showing.

That night in barracks, after lights were out, he asked himself again Lieutenant Dewell's question.

Somehow he connected his lack of initiative in this matter with his evasion of the climb up the water tower. The

connection was vague, however, and did not trouble him very much.

Westover's war experiences were not severe. He was given a rating as a bombing pilot instead of the pursuit rating that was the ambition of all pilots. Alexander won the pursuit rating and the two went overseas attached to different units. Westover rather unconsciously attributed his poorer rating to his defeat by the formidable water tower on the training field "back home."

He and his companions of the squadron to which he was attached flew over the enemy lines frequently, and several times the bombers found themselves in tight places. One member of the bombing section was shot down in a sortie with an enemy pursuit squadron, and two pursuit planes and pilots attached to Westover's squadron were lost in the free-for-all fight that followed. The enemy lost, in all, four planes and pilots.

There were plenty of thrills, plenty of action, but it did not last long. Also, it is ancient history and has no place in this narrative. Westover's squadron was on one of the first troop ships leaving France after hostilities had ceased.

He wasn't proud of his war record. It had been mediocre rather than brilliant, not at all the record he had imagined for himself in those early training days at ground school and flying field before he went to France.

Like hundreds of thousands of others who went overseas he told himself and his chums just what he would and would not do when he got "back home." Most emphatically he would not return to his old job in the western executive offices of the big oil company. Prosaic business no longer had any attraction for him. He spent several miserable weeks looking around for something that suited him better, but in the end reported to his office and took up the thread of his pre-war existence just about where he had left it.

And eventually he met Marjorie.

The social circle of the office in which Westover labored touched, at one point in its rather unsteady whirl, the considerably larger social orbit that bounded the activities of Marjorie Drew. Specifically, Jo Alexander brought her to one of the dances given by the office crowd.

Henry danced with her and was smitten. Or rather, he was smitten then danced with her and knew that his affliction was fatal.

Alexander grudgingly gave him two dances with the girl.

"She'll think I'm dumb," he told Westover. "In her sorority crowd two dances together all evening."

Marjorie was bewitchingly small and danced like a sprite. The crest of her



brown, bobbed head came just above Henry's shoulder. Her brown hair had a roving disposition. It fluffed in his face once or twice, deliciously. He was seized with a strange desire to crush the little hand that rested in his. Her clinging gown of black, silky stuff seemed fairylike. But it was her eyes that smote him hardest. When she looked at him he felt, somehow, that they had secrets together, that they knew things no one else ever could know. His first dance with her was bliss the second poignant, almost painful joy.

"You must dance a great deal," Henry told her. It was a diplomatic variation of the ancient compliment, "you dance divinely."

"I'm just out of school," she said, her eyes twinkling merrily up at him, "and when a girl's just out of school she goes everywhere and all the time for fear the world will run off and leave her sitting in a corner."

"The world revolves around certain people, whether they sit in a corner or not," said Henry, quite seriously. "You are one of those."

"That was nice," said Marjorie. "Now I'll think of one for you. I think your molasses taffy hair and blue eyes match each other perfectly. The old vikings must have looked like that."

Henry thrilled pleasantly to her banter. Shortly afterwards he gave her up to Jo Alexander, who was maddeningly proprietary.

Henry arranged later, by bringing to bear some friendships, to be at a weekend house party she was to attend.

Before that happy occasion came to an end he knew positively, irrevocably that he belonged to Marjorie. But he was far from certain that she wanted him. And there was no indication whatever that she belonged to him or desired to. There was the message of her eyes, of course, but perhaps they flashed that message to others as well. Perhaps Jo Alexander saw the same thing—or more—in them. That thought hurt bitterly.

One evening not long afterward he called at her home. To make conversation, which he found somewhat difficult when alone with this rare girl, he told her of the plans of his company to extend its business across the Pacific and throughout the Orient.

"Joe told me about it," she said. "He's anxious to go out there. A few years in China, he says, would be broadening."

"Broadening, or perhaps flattening," was Henry's comment.

"Oh, I think it would be fine for a man," Marjorie exclaimed. "What an opportunity."

Henry remembered only too well the

homesickness of a year in France. The "opportunity" offered by several years in that outlandish country across the Pacific had little appeal. And even that little was dimmed by the dismal doubt that he was fitted for the sales organization task that would confront the new trans-Pacific manager.

The glowing curve of Marjorie's cheek, the bend of her lashes when her eyes flashed in accompaniment to her exclamation, made the project seem romantic. But other more distant, vaguer considerations worked to nullify that romance.

"It would be just like exploring a new world," Marjorie went on. "I should think that would appeal to anyone, especially to anyone with molasses taffy hair and blue eyes—like the vikings."

In the office Westover could feel the undercurrent of tenseness created by the possibility of advancement contained in the plan for territorial expansion. Perrin, office chief, western manager of the company, was to choose the field force that would be sent to China to establish the business there. The manager of the new enterprise undoubtedly was to be picked from the western office.

And then one night, late one night, at five minutes past midnight, to be exact—after a cozy and confidential evening at the home of Marjorie Drew—Henry Westover knew all of a sudden that he must try to get the place of manager of the China branch—must get it.

And, very strange to say, a tall white water tower seemed to stand between him and the achievement of his desire.

He gazed fixedly at the apparition, and cursed it, cursed it again and then turned impulsively to the telephone.

"Hello, hello!" Yes, it was Mr. Perrin, sounding very sleepy. No, he hadn't been disturbed—much. Got to go away? For how long? Somebody die? Oh, just urgent. Well, he hoped it wasn't serious. Be back in a week? All right. Go ahead.

"What's that? Leave the management of the China branch open until you return? Well, that's a funny one, Westover. All right. There's no hurry. Go ahead. Good-night."

Henry packed a bag and caught the 3:25 train eastward.

Sergeant Good, lone care-taker of an army flying field that had once sheltered twelve hundred men, was wrathily indeed.

Hearing the purr of a motor, he bobbed out of a barracks doorway and saw a yellow taxicab haul up in front of headquarters building. A man

climbed out of the rear door and went toward the building. Sergeant Good fully realizing the importance of his own position, hastened in that direction.

The taxicab driver sat lighting cigarette as the sergeant passed him. The passenger had disappeared. He had vanished in the direction of the headquarters building, and that building was tightly locked, although the window pane in the front door was smashed out as it had been for months.

Sergeant Good circled the building to the rear, looking on all sides for the taxi passenger.

Something like a groan from the air above him attracted his gaze upward and there, mounting one of the rusted supports of the unused and useless water tank, was the man he sought.

The rascal had climbed right over the black and white sign on the stilted structure, a sign which, though badly weathered, still bore very legibly this legend: "All persons are warned to keep off the tower except on business, by order of the commandant."

Then Sergeant Good yelled. The man above him, now about a quarter of the way up the tower, was moving slowly. When the sergeant yelled he hugged the fabricated girder all the tighter, but looked neither down nor to right nor left. He kept his eyes fastened on the opening in the wooden platform that surrounded the parched water tank high above him.

The sergeant yelled again, this time with an oath. But still the other paid no heed. He mounted painfully the zigzag ladder, a foot at a time.

The wrathful sergeant put a foot on the bottom rung of the girder as if to start aloft, then realized, apparently, the futility of such a course, and stepped back from the tower a few paces to the point from which he could better see the slow struggles of the dizzy climber. The sergeant cursed softly, continuously.

The man above paused once for a minute or two just a few yards below the platform and the tank. He did not look around, but lay close against the rust-crusted steel. His face was still turned upward toward his goal.

Starting again, he made the last part of the climb even more slowly. Reaching the platform's opening, he fumbled there for a moment as if making sure of a grip that would lift him securely to the planking above. Another instant and he was through the opening and safe on the platform.

He held for a brief moment to the flimsy hand rail that bordered the platform, but released it soon and marched boldly around the water tank.

Sergeant Good yelled into the air



again, telling the man above that by the eternal divinity he'd better come down from there or face a lot of blasphemous and dire results. The breeze must have swept his words away, for the man on the tower gave them no notice.

He strode full way around the platform, once, twice, three times, halting occasionally to gaze far out over the mountainous landscape.

Then he started his descent. He closed the opening in the platform, carefully pulling a trap door shut after him, holding to his high perch by only one hand during the process. And he came down the vertical girder with a surer step, faster, quite nimbly.

As his foot touched the ground Sergeant Good stepped forward, raging.

"Whatchoo doin' up there?" he demanded, thrusting a thumb skyward. "Whatchoo doin' on that tower?"

"Doin'?" echoed the other, "Why, I was just inspecting it. You see, it's my tower."

"Your tower!" Sergeant Good was torn between his rage, incredulity and a desire not to be indiscreet if the other happened to hold any authority. "Your tower! Who t'hell are you, Uncle Sam?"

"No, I'm not Uncle Sam, exactly," said the other with a grin, as he counted the stripes on the sergeant's sleeve, "but I'm distantly related to him. You see, Sergeant, I'm Colonel Towers. A lot of these things have been named after me. There's one that bears my signature on every flying field."

The sergeant's jaw fell. The magic word "colonel" had done the trick. Perhaps this was a personage. He had a military bearing.

"You can have that tower now, Sergeant, I'm through with it," the other continued. "It isn't high enough. I used to think it was plenty high, but I find it's nothing much but a toadstool. Accept it with my compliments, Sergeant."

And Henry Westover turned and walked with a military gait to his taxicab. "Beat it," he told the driver.

Sergeant Good barely resisted an impulse to salute.

The same Henry Westover, but equipped with some new and strangely effective motive power, returned to the office of his company two days later. He rushed from the train to the office in the mid-afternoon and rather callously intruded his presence upon Mr. Perrin in his private office.

"Ah, there, Westover," his chief greeted him. "Your emergency past?"

"It's just beginning, Mr. Perrin," Westover responded, eagerly. "I asked for the week off so's I could whip the only thing that's ever beaten me to-date.

And I whipped it. Mr. Perrin, I want that job of opening the China branch for the firm. I can do it and do it right. If you'll give me the chance I'll put it across in a way that will make you proud you gave me the chance."

His eyes fairly glittered with enthusiasm, and his voice rang with sincerity and confidence.

Perrin looked his surprise.

"What's the big idea?" he parried. "You haven't shown as much interest in China lately as some of the other fellows. Why all this suddenness?"

Westover clenched his hands and spoke with calm earnestness.

"I wasn't sure of myself before, Mr. Perrin," he declared. "I wanted the place badly enough but didn't want to boast that I could handle it. That's changed now. I know I can do it, not only as well as anybody else, but better."

"Hm!" Perrin was deliberating. "Some of the other fellows in the office feel a good deal the same about it," he said. "Confidence is a good thing, but there are other factors to consider. Jo Alexander and some of the other boys have asked for the place too. Alexander, for instance, has shown pretty fair ability in sales organization. I'll have to consider—"

Westover interrupted this negative train of comment abruptly.

"I've handled the Asiatic correspondence ever since the war," he rattled. "I know every customer we've shipped to across the Pacific by his first name. I know enough of Chinese to pick up a commercial vocabulary in a very short time. The sales organization work hasn't come my way because I've been busy with more important things. But I can do it, Mr. Perrin, I can do it. And I'm all set to give China a whirl she'll never forget in our particular line of business."

Perrin's face was wreathed in a puzzled smile.

"Well, you've certainly come across a new line of selling chatter about yourself. We'll see."

"If I could only know for certain right away, Mr. Perrin," said Westover, almost interrupting his employer again, "I could race ahead into some studying and preparation that will be pretty necessary for the fellow who's to manage China for us. I've figured it out mighty closely and I know just what—"

"Go ahead and prepare," he almost snorted. "You seem to have given yourself the job. You can take it for the first six months, and if you don't deliver we'll send somebody to replace—"

But Westover was gone. "You won't need to send any replacements," he tossed over his shoulder as he went out.

Eleven minutes later a taxicab drew up in front of Marjorie's house.

"Girl," said Henry, when the astonished Marjorie came downstairs to greet him, "I'm going to China. Will you go?"

"Go to China?" Marjorie, amazed, merely echoed his words.

"Yes," he said, "to China. I'm going out there for the company—to establish the new Asiatic branch."

"Why," said the girl, "I thought Jo Alexander—"

"Jo Alexander," Henry interrupted, "will probably be promoted to my old job—handling Asiatic correspondence. I'm going to China. Want to go?"

"Why, Henry," she gasped, "I don't know what it means."

Westover took her hand almost roughly.

"It means," he said slowly, "that the viking is going exploring on the other side of the world and wants to take his bride along. Will she go?"

For answer Marjorie, stunned and wondering, swayed toward him. Taffy-golden hair and roving brown locks mingled as he held her and told her of his dreams.

#### THE JUNKMAN

"RAGS—bottles—sacks!" Is the junkman's cry.  
I have plenty to give him when he comes by.

Rags of friendship, frayed and dim,  
(Once they were cloth of silver and gold.)  
Bottles long emptied by arid years,  
(How they bubbled with laughter and song to the brim!)  
And sacks—all gaping and mildewed with tears—  
(Where are the dreams they used to hold?)

"Rags—bottles—sacks!" Is the junkman's cry.  
I have plenty for him when he comes by.

LORI PETRI

\* \* \*

#### THE KNIFE-GRINDER

"DING-DONG! Ding-a-ling-dong!  
Any scissors or knives to sharpen today?"

Scissors—scissors—in all the lands  
Guided by patient woman-hands!  
Cutting woollens for wee pink mites;  
Plying thru homespun, shaping clouds  
Of rainbow silk for carnival nights—  
Trimming the chill white hems of shrouds!

Knives—knives—men must eat,  
And gratefully they cut the meat .  
And bread they have won by hardy toil.  
Knives—knives—O, men must slay,  
And the bright blades flash by night, by day,  
For God, for love, for a robber's spoil!

"Ding-dong! Ding-a-ling-dong!  
Any scissors or knives to sharpen today?"

LORI PETRI



# From Kay's Scrap Book

## SLAVES OF THE LAMP OF SCIENCE

UNDER the wild aurora, where shimmering ghost fires glow,  
Where the sunbeams glitter at midnight on everlasting snow;  
Where the muskox browse on the tundra; where the seal and the killer whale  
Play hide and seek in the northern ice, and the frost fiends ride on the gale—  
Country of cold eternal; Home of the Eskimo:  
It is there, if you seek, you will find us—  
Far as a man could go!

Slaves of the Lamp of Science, forever and ever we roam,  
With God's blue sky for a roof tree, and God's green earth for a home.  
Astride of the hot equator, where the tropic jungles stream—  
Where the molten wings of the butterflies slip by like a softened dream;  
Where death lurks grim in the palm fronds; where fever basks in the flowers;  
Where the jaguar prowls, and the hell-mouthed snakes are close companions of ours.

Little brown savage headsmen—blowguns, poison and spears—  
They hold no power to harm our kind, we who have lost our fears.  
Slaves of the Lamp of Science, we carry no gun or knife  
For he need not heed the arrow's speed who has nothing to lose but his life.  
Why do we travel you ask me? Why do we journey far?  
Go, beg the comets to tell you the why of the falling star;  
Whistle the ranging cayote; speak to the startled deer  
And your answer from these will be but the breeze that blows in your empty ear.

Slaves of the Lamp of Science! And, oh, but our task is hard.  
It has brought us nothing of riches, but foreheads wrinkled and scarred.  
We are the earth's lazy gypsies; we are her roaming seed;  
When her uttermost covert is ended, then falls the last of our breed.  
But we live or we die for a purpose, and who can gainsay us then,  
Who live for the joy of creating the understanding of men?

## IMMORTALITY

IMMORTALITY cannot be demonstrated like a problem from Euclid on a black board. How can I prove the Spirituality of Beethovens music to one who has never cared for music? Life comes first, beliefs afterwards. Stars were before astronomy; flowers before botany; language before grammar and religion before theology. We must live before we can believe. We must seek this immortal life here and seek it from the God who is here, and seek it through the channels that he opens for us. To have faith in immortality we must practice it.—Abbott.

THAT man I think has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—Huxley.

## FROM KAY'S SCRAP BOOK

IT was in February that Kay's Scrap Book came under the observation of the Overland Editors. Because Kay was a widely known man, yet condemned by convention because of his peculiar independence, we undertook the first investigation of its kind, the test of a man by the quality of his soul. We maintain, as then, that a man who has the appreciation of the art of living that his collection has indicated, is a man high above the forest-fire like scandal which occurs when people take the words of others without investigation. We feel we have done more than prove our point and we hope that our readers have found his selections as beautiful as we have found them, a truly great appreciation of the Good and Beautiful of Life.—THE EDITORS.

## L'ENVOU

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie us down for an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work a new!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair,  
They shall splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of Comet's hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul.  
They shall work an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money, and no shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees IT for the God of Things as They are!

—Kipling.

## LET ME LIVE OUT MY YEARS

LET me live out my years in the heat of blood!  
Let me die drunken with the dreamed wine!  
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud  
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine  
Let me go quickly like a candle-light  
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!  
Give me high-noon—and let it then be night!  
Thus would I go.

And grant me when I face the grisling thing,  
One haunting cry to pierce the gray Perchings!  
Let me be as tune-sweet fiddlestring  
That hears the Master Melody—and snaps!

—John Niehardt.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS

LIFE is full of beauty. Happy the man whose eye is so adjusted that it sees and appreciates the radiant glory with which we are enveloped. The Good God has hung the tents of life with glowing tapestries of entrancing splendor. The pillars of the morning are translucent with the lights of heaven. The star-spangled curtains of the night are woven of bright dreams and unspoken yearnings.

Even the commonplace things conceal beauties that touch the heart to tears. The iridescent dew upon the tender grass, the faery glint in old china, the mystic message woven into baskets of reeds, the evanescent sparkle of the fire fly on a summer's evening, the pollen dust on a butterfly's wing, the look of devotion in the eyes of a faithful dog, a chance phrase from a half-forgotten love song, the flutey plaint of a bird disturbed by the wind at night, the utter perfection of a snow crystal caught on a coat sleeve—why the world is crammed with heaven!

Blessed are the discerning eyes.

CULTURE is the hope of the world. If men were interested in themselves—in their minds, in their understanding of the great thoughts of the great seers in the beauty of art and literature, in the ecstasy of creative genius, in the sheer thrill of living intelligently, they would find means of escaping the evil of poverty and sufferings. Thinking people can make a living easily, because this world, after all, is tremendously productive, with possibilities for wealth beyond our powers to even imagine. And the best way to improve our lives is by digging down into our own selves, rooting out the bunk, the superstitions, the hypocrisies, the laziness, the unwillingness to think, and the inability to see clearly.—E. Haldeman Julius.



## A HOUSE DIVIDED

(Continued from page 303)

rawboned mules. But now there was needed more service than the stage could manage. One day, therefore, she stopped David as he was on his way out of the store.

"Mr. Brock," she said. "Are you all through fall plowin'?"

"I guess it's through with me," said David, turning his quizzical gaze on the comely lady who now leaned confidently across her counter. She smiled appreciatively at his humor.

"And you're through paintin', and buildin', and house-cleanin'?"

"For a while at least," said David, resting his sack of flour on the counter.

"Mebby you'd like to hear of somethin' to keep ye interested through the winter."

"Certainly," asserted David. "I allus had the habit o' keepin' busy."

"How'd you like to bring back a load o' things fer me from the city?"

"Say when it'll be, and I'm your man," said David.

"Tomorrow."

DAVID rose at four o'clock the next morning, fed generously on bacon, eggs and coffee, and by five o'clock was on his way, with Mrs. Beals' list of orders in his pocket. He was dressed in a cowhide fur coat, felt boots, a thick woolen cap with snug ear-tabs tied under his chin. The wind was in the north, and chilled him to the bone. He was glad to turn his back upon it as the slow-moving team drew out upon the road and took up their deliberate stride for town. He calculated on a day for the trip in, and a day for the trip out, hoping to do most of his buying on the evening of the first day. It was November 12th, and a cruel morning even for so late in the prairie autumn. He felt a slight elation as the team moved out along the trail which lay due east and into the gray sunrise.

Slowly the horizon line disengaged itself from the somber clouds of dawn. A lurid red suffused the gray curtain of the sky, and now gained in power and brilliancy until orange and silver edges appeared along the sunward stretches of low-lying vapor. Clouds began to stand out clearly against the indigo background of the infinite ether. A sense of prodigious space and the sadness of life's inscrutable mystery lay on all, as it also lay upon the spirit of the lonely man. The shadows of the horses and of the wagon-wheels stretched, long and attenuated, upon the ground as the great iridescent disc of the prairie sun swung slowly above the tawny horizon. These shadows shortened as the cold eye of the great ball lifted slowly into the higher

levels of the heavens. Clouds disappeared as by magic. It was full day.

Still the sighing of the prairie wind continued unabated. It sang a sonorous diapason across the levels; it swished and hissed in the bunches of buffalo grass; it howled in the gulleys; it roared throatily over the slight knolls that abounded in certain regions. It said constantly in a thousand voices and undertones, "I am alone—I am alone."

Far out across the plain, beneath that cold November sky, David saw an infrequent sod hut. He looked for smoke from the chimneys. Sometimes he saw a faint wraith whisked violently away. But oftener there seemed no sign of life.

The road grew rutty and full of half-frozen pools through the icy covering of which the iron shod hoofs of the team crunched with an almost musical sound. The wagon jolted and creaked and

## UNITY

WE ARE ONE with the clouds and the sky and the rain,  
And with all things of heaven and earth;  
With the magic of sunshine and flowers and dreams,  
That we know from the day of our birth.

We are one with humanity, wretched or not,  
As the child and the mother are one;  
As the drops of the vast and the wave-wrinkled sea  
Are a part of the vapor and sun.

We are one with the universe, all of one mould—  
With our brothers who labor and plod;  
For each soul is a link in a limitless chain;  
We are one with divinity—God.

CARYL DE VOE.

banged over the congealed mud, the iron tires sang a melancholy monotone as they rang against the unyielding earth. To this accompaniment of sound and motion, Brock turned a scarcely conscious ear. He sank into a semi-conscious condition, occasionally lashing out threateningly with his rawhide whip.

But his mind was busily engaged in the old cricle of his thoughts. The jocular and quizzical David Brock was now vanished. The old David Brock sat on the lurching spring seat of that jolting lumber wagon. The cold gray eyes gazed straight ahead—into the east where, hundreds of miles away, were the scenes of his old life. He was again reviewing his case in the courts of conscience. That review led him back forty years to his own boyhood on the home place in Iowa.

There was the first week of school, when, on the final Friday, his mother had literally driven him to school, with

a whip. He remembered the lantern-jawed spinster who presided over that somber company of children. He remembered a brief tutelage in the three r's, accompanied by frequent ministrations of the ferrule on his bare palms. He could hear still the brazen voice of the large hand-bell wielded at the door by the spinster at the close of recess. This brief period of school had somehow brought him to a state of mind where any sort of play seemed somehow sin; to a feeling that life was for one thing only—work—work unremitting under the shadow of an ever oncoming night. From his earliest youth the virus of the fever of labor had been injected into his inmost life.

Another high light in his career recurred to him often. When he had attained the advanced age of fourteen he had been sent forth to watch the cattle of his father's flock as they over-ran a portion of open field lying next the closing season's crop of ripening corn. In some way never known to David, certain of the herd got into the corn, gorged themselves and died. The fury of old Adam Brock's soul was a never forgotten thing to this son David.

These two influences, serious attention to the two r's and a never-to-be-forgotten "hiding", had done their work on David. He was a convert to the law of the pioneer world of his era—labor early, labor late, and keep your eyes on your business.

The third event of far reaching effect on David's life was his marriage. Being the son of a couple well along in years, he found himself, while yet a young man, sole possessor of the Brock acres. With his usual eye to business, he now sought a wife. Being a shy and retiring youth, he here chose the line of least resistance. The courtship and marriage of Lydia Pool had taken less than six months of his time. He had chosen her because she had already chosen him. She was, as a girl, a handsome, rather loud-voiced daughter of his nearest neighbor, Andrew Pool. A month after his marriage the truth became known to him that he had married a shrew.

Lydia Brock indeed had led him a pretty dance for twenty years. She was not of the same philosophy as David, and she possessed none of his judgment. The habit of bickering, of infuriating opposition, of senseless controversy, had filled his ears and those of his children for almost two decades. David finally took a course of pursuing utter silence; but there came a day, when the voice of Adam, grandson of the old Adam, seemed more and more joined with that of the mother.

The departure of David Brock from  
(Continued on page 325)



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### THE MAGIC OF WATER

(Continued from page 291)

five years under construction, and which brought the waters of the Owens River across 250 miles of desolate, rugged, and rocky country, set a new standard for the public service of water. Those who took part in the building of the aqueduct held a world's record for efficiency

and economy; and, as they thought at that time, the water question was solved, and there would be water for all time to come, in and around this vicinity. The work was begun in 1908 and in 1912 water was brought into San Fernando. The aqueduct consists of a series of six storage reservoirs with 215 miles of conduit. The largest site is on the main stream at Long Valley, with an elevation of 6,650 feet. Fifty miles below this site the main canal with a capacity of over 800 cubic feet per second, and a width of 65 feet, diverted the rivers and various tributaries as they passed, discharging into Haiwee reservoir, 60 miles below the intake.

The tunneling of the Sierra Mountains is interesting history. For 50 miles the line is forced into regions of great topographic severity. Along the eastern face of the Sierras, tunnel follows tunnel, mile after mile. Canyons are crossed with steel pipes under pressure heads, varying from 60 to 850 feet. The materials for construction work were conveyed up the mountain side, in many instances, in aerial trains. Practically all of the rock tunnels were driven with machine drills. A total of 164 tunnels were excavated, and all of them were driven from two or more headings.

Through the Mojave desert there are 70 miles of cut and cover construction work. Here steam shovels played an important part, excavating a trench about 12 feet wide by 10 feet in depth, through which the aqueduct was built. The cover was kept below the surface of the ground in order to form no obstruction to occasional cloudbursts which at rare intervals ran down the desert slopes.

The jawbone siphon was the most imposing piece of work on the aqueduct. Its total length was 21,767 feet, varying in diameter from 7 feet 6 to 10 inches. It was reputed the most noteworthy pipe in the United States at that time. The steel pipe for this siphon was furnished, rolled, and finished by the Ritter Conley Manufacturing Company, at a cost of \$1.50 per cut, f. o. b. factory at Leetsdale, Pennsylvania. It was shipped, nested, and the rate of freight to Mojave was 80 cents per cut. The haul from Mojave to the siphon was 35 miles. Twelve-animal teams were used in this haul, the average load being a little more than a ton to the animal. A team made 20 miles a day with a load, and it took three days to make a round trip. The cost for this long haul averaged 12 cents per ton to the mile.

It was the original intention to do this construction work by hydraulic process, but the water supply was found

to be insufficient during the summer months to permit this method of work, while the material available at proper elevation contained too many boulders.

It is claimed there was not an error in the instrumental work, either in line or grade in any of the tunnels or elsewhere on the job.

Hydro-electric power has held an important part in the utilization of California's greatest asset, water, along hydro-electric lines. Towns and industries spring up which water and electricity combined make possible. Nearly a third of a century ago some hydro-electric pioneers submitted plans and specifications to eastern manufacturers of electric equipment, regarding bids for the installation of a three-phase system to be built at the mouth of one of the canyons. It was considered "a foolish piece of business." However, the General Electric Company agreed to build two kilowatt three-phase generators. Thus the enterprise and resourcefulness of these people are responsible for the first hydroelectric, three-phase, long distance plant on record, and is now the property of the Southern California Edison Company.

The production of electric energy by water power means the utilization of water without diminishing the supply. The water simply passes through the turbines, the power is extracted and it then passes down to irrigate and make fertile our interior valleys, while the electric energy is distributed to the homes, factories, farms and electric railways and keeps turning many wheels of industry in California.

The Southern California Edison Company, incorporated in 1909, has large resources of water power in the High Sierras, and claims over 215,000 customers who are dependent upon the Edison Company for service.

The Southern Sierras Power Company has its story of great constructive organization in its pioneering days, which are not without history and romance.

In 1905 the Nevada California Power Company was formed to bring power to the newly discovered bonanza camps at Tonopah, Nevada. A small plant was built there and one on Bishop Creek in northern Inyo county, generating 1,500 kilowatts, and a line was carried across the White mountains at an altitude of 10,000 feet, to deliver to the Nevada camps.

Constant increase in demand followed this successful development which necessitated the building of plants on Bishop Creek, followed by a clamor for power in Southern California, from a region rich in mineral, chemical, agricultural, horticultural and industrial resources,



that was not served by any power company. To serve in California there was formed The Southern Sierras Power Company, as an associate of the Nevada-California organization. Behind this company are nine reservoirs in the High Sierras, having a potential total capacity of 83,632 acre feet. Transmission systems extend from the middle of the state to a point opposite Yuma, Arizona, 539 miles, the longest high voltage transmission line in the world.

This company, with its associated companies, serves 52,000 square miles of territory in Eastern and Southern California, and west central Nevada. This area is rich in mineral and agricultural resources, and contains over 1,500,000 acres of land capable of intensive cultivation by water electrically pumped from underground basins.

During the summer of 1880 a survey was made for the purpose of installing a reservoir in Big Bear Valley, and it was reported as one of the best locations for the purpose in Southern California. At that time there was no water running out of the valley. Owing to the high altitude its precipitation is largely received in snow.

Construction work began in 1883. In order to test the water producing capacity the first year, a temporary earthen dam was built across the valley about two miles above the present dam site. This proved to be a fortunate move. The waters held back during the following winter furnished a supply during the summer to enable the constructors to keep a lake surface of sufficient depth to enable them by means of flat boats, to transport stones from the quarries in an economical way.

So, on and on, down through the history of California, the magic of water is unfolding ways and means of development. When this most "precious asset"—water—is recognized, a new story of cultivation and progress will be told.

Thousands of acres of well watered soil, guarded by encircling ranges of forest covered mountains, with their lakes and streams contributing to an unsuspecting world, are waiting to welcome rediscovery; and a vast stretch of unclaimed desert with its treasure of mineral untold, await the time when they will meet the need of mankind.

#### THE LOST CITY OF THE WEST (Continued from page 293)

remains for two thousand years. Some in different colors. Of the remnants of the lost race, these rock writings are the most baffling.

Why the inhabitants of this great city deserted it and where they went can only be conjectured. Perhaps the coun-

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try gradually became arid until the soil no longer could be irrigated to support the crops of the city and the wild animals which were killed for meat. Perhaps a more warlike tribe descended upon the inhabitants of Pueblo Grande

de Nevada and drove them away. No one knows. But that they did leave their city, that the roofs of the houses fell in, the walls scrambled, that the desert sands drifted in and hid them  
(Continued on page 322)

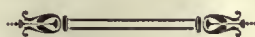


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*It is not the intention to stress adventure or enterprise of the days succeeding the gold rush, but to emphasize the solid founda-  
tion on which the cultures of the communities rested. California's literary and artistic beginning were distinctly classic de-  
spite the newness of the surroundings.*

### RULES

*The story must be from 4,000 to 6,000 words in length, and must be written by a bona fide resident of California.*

*Stories will be judged both as to construction and technique and as to their presentation of the life of California within  
the time and place specified.*

*Manuscripts must be submitted anonymously and bear no mark of identification other than the title. (The approximate num-  
ber of words should appear on title page.) Accompanying the manuscript should be a sealed envelope bearing the title of the story  
only. Enclosed in the sealed envelope should be (a) stamped and addressed envelope for return of manuscript, and (b) a slip  
bearing the title of story, and name and address of author.*

*The story must be an original work and previously unpublished, in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story be-  
comes the property of Overland Monthly without further compensation.*

*The judges will give "honorable mention" to the next best story according to the judges' decision. The contest is open to  
subscribers and non-subscribers alike.*

*Manuscripts submitted in this contest must reach Overland Monthly not later than January, 1926. Address all manuscripts  
(only one may be submitted by each contestant) to SHORT STORY CONTEST EDITOR, OVERLAND MONTHLY, 356  
Pacific Building, San Francisco.*



# Why Do They Do It

By PORTER GILES

WHY do intelligent and conscientious men and women, with habits of probity and virtue fixed by years of circumspect living, sometimes suddenly throw discretion to the winds, indulge a momentary impulse toward evil, and mar or wreck their lives by some silly act quite inconsistent with their well established reputation?

Why do people who are well informed of the snares and pitfalls of business, experienced people, men and women who have learned caution and conservatism by bitter battle with the world, occasionally let go all sense of self protection and conservatism and stake the savings of a lifetime on some vague hope of getting something for nothing?

It can't be done, of course. They know it. Everybody does. Everybody knows that you cannot play with fire without the chance, or probability, of getting burned. Everyone knows that you cannot gamble without the likelihood of losing. Yet people try it every day, people who know better than to try it, who know full well the fallacy of what they do, yet who shut their eyes, take a deep breath, and jump.

Why do they do it? Is there an unsuspected opening in every character through which one's very soul may be led to slaughter when the devil discovers it? Is there a spot in every brain which, when touched at a certain time, stops the normal action of one's mind and leaves him defenseless before his undisguised enemy? Bob Trebor has no answer to make. He doesn't know why. He only knows that he is one of the many exhibits by which this question is constantly kept before us.

Bob Trebor is a cautious and canny old chap and for many years avoided the pitfalls laid for him by those who had designs upon the little hoard of savings he had garnered for the "rainy day." Trebor did not speculate. He was no gambler. He took no chances. He had always worked hard for his money and he valued it accordingly. He indulged in none of the "big profits" enterprises so earnestly commended to him by "high pressure" salesmen. He knew that, in investments, safety and yield must balance; that promise of big returns always means certainty of a proportionate risk and that "six per cent and safety" is not merely a trite phrase.

For many years he had been investing his money consistently in securities of unimpeachable character sold by a house which had operated for a generation without a loss to any investor. Year by

year he added to his holdings in these safe securities until he had nearly enough to yield him a comfortable annual income and to enable him to resign his modest clerkship and enjoy for his few remaining years, the fruits of his frugality and industry.

And then came a day when the confidence he had acquired in the house with which he dealt, and the prestige of of the house, itself, was used by a clever swindler for Trebor's undoing, a day when his long continued patience was worn thin and the difference between six per cent and eight per cent income from his bonds, brought, in his mental computation, the day of his retirement into the immediate future. To begin that long contemplated vacation at once was a delightful thought and the method by which it might be done seemed wholly sound, as explained to him by a polite stranger who called at his home one evening.

Even then the lure held out by his visitor would have been given no consideration but for the fact that the stranger represented himself to be an agent of the investment concern which Trebor knew so well and knew to be of the highest integrity. This man proposed to exchange eight per cent bonds of this same house for the six per cent paper Trebor held, assuring him that the offer was being made "only to some of the oldest investors" of the house.

Trebor made the exchange. He turned over his negotiable six per cent securities and received the man's receipt for them, together with a written agreement to forward the "new eight per cent issue" the following day. The day came but the bonds did not, nor did the affable stranger. It was then that Trebor telephoned the manager of the investment banking house and learned to his amazement and chagrin, that the house had issued no such securities and that the stranger was an imposter.

Why he did not communicate with the manager before he parted with his securities, Bob Trebor cannot explain, nor why, after twenty years of consistent avoidance of such traps, he accepted the stranger's engraved card and persuasive words at face value. Perhaps the psychologists can explain, but to Trebor this is a horrible mystery. For a day he was in despair and even now he expects to sustain a heavy loss even if he recovers his bonds. Unfortunately, he had not registered them and, although they may ultimately be recovered, it is probable that the stranger promptly disposed of them to an "innocent third party" whose

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WHY DO THEY DO IT?

(Continued from page 321)

rights, of course, the law will protect, at least to the extent of his actual investment.

Every investment house is occasionally called on to help some client, so far as help can be given, in recovering stolen property. Every District Attorney is familiar with such stories as this of Bob Trebor. Every investigator for the Better Business Bureau has heard the tragic details of such cases and has helped to "lock the door after the horse has been stolen." There is not much that anyone can do to restore Bob Trebor to the condition he enjoyed before he fell a victim to this accomplished swindler. No one can wipe out the years Trebor must continue at his toil before he can take that well earned rest. But one thing can be done by all of these and is being done as effectively as publicity can do it, and that is the carrying of a message to everyone, a message of warning and caution, not new but ever timely, "Investigate before you invest."

WHEN SEA-LEVIATHANS MEET

(Continued from page 295)

*Histo* himself. Yet he was partly stunned and sank below the surface of the sea to recover from the effect of the devastating blow.

It looked for a time as though *Ceta* and his clan were the victors.

WITHOUT warning out of the green and red haze of the sea dashed *Histo* his eyes bloodshed with the desire of further battle, and to avenge the death of his mate, and wipe out his foes. The tide of battle went against *Ceta* and his clan and the blood-dyed sea was thick with the carcasses of dead and dying whales. It was a horrible sight and to add to the confusion of the near-dead and dying, and to those that still battled, night was drawing its curtain and nature as though revolting at the terrible slaughter she was witnessing commenced brewing a storm.

The wind came in great gusts and the glassy surface of the ocean was rapidly breaking into mountainous waves. The uneasy sea opened up a lane that was clear of obstructions—that led to the terrible *Ceta*.

*Histo* charged.

*Ceta* saw him coming and swung his huge body around so that he faced his foe. But he was not so fortunate this time, for the great jagged sword of *Histo* tore a great rending gash down the long side of the whale.

Again *Histo* swung around and faced his foe. Then he came tearing through

the sea on a return attack; but, *Ceta* was a crafty old sea-fighter and he out-thought and out actioned his opponent. The gleaming sword missed him by inches and as the implacable *Histo* foamed by he gave a mighty slap with his tail crashing against *Histo*, stunning him so that he sank once again beneath the madly tossing sea.

It was pitch dark now, and the sea ran mountainous high.

*Ceta* looking around him at the sickening destruction that the swordfish had wrought upon his clan—conceded another victory to *Histo the Terrible* as he clove through the storming seas due north to where the cows and a few survivors of the battle awaited him.

THE LOST CITY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 319)

from the knowledge of man for two thousand years is known.

Only the dry air of a semi-arid country could have so well preserved the of the recovered utensils apparently as perfect as when they were made. The slow erosion has given science the opportunity to read the life of a lost people.

The Indians now living in the vicinity of the buried city show none of the initiative and skill of the ancient inhabitants. When asked by Mr. Harrington whether they knew anything of the ruins and the rock writings, they answered: "No make um. Work of a little devil," indicating an elf or fairy. Other Indians have declared the ruins to be the work of the "Coyote people."

DISCOVERY of the buried metropolis of a prehistoric race came in the autumn of 1924. It was directly brought about by the interest of Governor Scrugham in the development of Nevada archaeology.

While prospecting for signs of a beaver along the Muddy river about 1827, Jedediah Smith, a trapper, discovered a mountain of salt in which was a cave giving evidence of occupation many years before. The trapper set forth the details of his discovery in a letter to William Clark of Lewis and Clark expedition fame, who was the United States superintendent of Indian affairs.

A copy of this letter recently came into the possession of Governor Scrugham, who set out to gather more information about the ancient inhabitants of Nevada. While reading Bancroft's "History of the Pacific Coast," Governor Scrugham found reference to a report of the "Morgan Exploring expedition" which was published in the New York Tribune in 1867. The correspondent, after mentioning the sal-



mountain and cave, wrote: "In another section of the same valley was a curious collection of rocks, mounds and pillars, covering several acres in extent and resembling the ruins of an ancient city. . . . The impression forced upon our minds was that the place had been once inhabited by human beings somewhat advanced in civilization." Bancroft stated that he did not believe in the theory of such a hurried city.

A few months ago a report reached Governor Scrugham that John and Fay Perkins, two brothers living in the vicinity of the salt mountain, had found evidences of the buried city. Governor Scrugham at once organized and headed an expedition to hunt for the lost metropolis. Among the explorers was Mr. Harrington. So the "Lost City of the West" was discovered.

Thousands already have visited the lost city. Approving of the public interest in archæology, Governor Scrugham has set aside the territory of the ruins as a public recreation grounds. Archæologists are preparing exhibits of recovered articles and clearing away the debris so that the life of the ancient people may be revealed. As the ruins are but a few miles from the Arrowhead trail, a transcontinental automobile road between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, numbers of tourists are stopping to view the vestiges of a vanquished race.

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## THE HAUNTED MILL

(Continued from page 297)

still retained in his mouth a torn piece of white cloth about the size of a pocket handkerchief.

For a time Sam did not have anything to say and proceeded down the stairs with the dead dog under his arm. He reached the office. Carefully he laid the dog upon the table. He had relied upon the fighting qualities of his bull dog partner for a long time, and together they had come out victorious in many a close scrap. Sam's courage commenced to ebb with the death of his dog. The two white men followed him to the office and lit a large lamp which hung over the table and Frank joined Sam in looking over the dead canine while Joe stood watch. But they did not proceed far in the examination when Sam straightened up with a jerk, rolled the white of his eyes and broke the silence.

"De old Devil hisself dun killed dat dawg," he declared, "dare aint a mark on him or a whole bone in his body. De devil he jes tooked de life out of dat dawg, I'se tellen' yer, but he's not gwine t' get dis Sam."

Then with a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche he made a bolt for the door. As he passed out into the darkness there came another of those unearthly laughs followed by a wilder yell from Sam, and that was the last Frank or Joe saw or heard of Sam until late the next afternoon.

Their fighting force was considerably reduced and nothing had been accomplished toward solving the mystery. So far they had been defeated. Neither of them were inclined to venture into the empty loft, and after a short discussion of the situation they decided not to retreat and acknowledge that they had been entirely beaten, but to remain there and see what would turn up.

They did not wait long. They were sitting facing each other, one on each side of the table with their backs toward the opposite walls of the room, occasionally conversing in a low whisper, but engaged principally in listening for any suspicious sounds or movements. All at once Frank's attention was attracted to the wall back of Joe which seemed to be slightly moving inward. Then before he could realize what was happening the wall opened like a folding door and a figure filled the opening in the wall. At the same time, and before he could make a move or even an outcry, biff went a paper weight that Joe happened to have in his hand. It was aimed at an object behind Frank and a heavy body tottled over onto him and fell in a heap on the floor. The figure behind Joe grabbed him from the rear and they both went down together. The figure in the open space in the wall started toward them with a peculiar looking club raised to strike Joe when ever there was an opening. Frank jumped over the table and got it an uppercut where he thought its head ought to be, if it had one. It appeared that Frank landed in the right place for the figure piled up in a heap of white in the opening. Just at that time something landed on Frank's back like a thousand of brick and Frank went down, and with him went the thousand of brick or what ever it was, on top of him.

The lights were put out by some one or something and they were left in the darkness. Frank found that the thing that had brought him down was neither brick nor spook, but a big husky man with plenty of well trained muscles. Frank was getting the worst of the deal. His man had come down upon him from behind, throwing him flat upon the floor. He was not only on top of him with one knee planted firmly in the small of his back, but he had gotten hold on his throat and was making pretty successfully an attempt to shut off his wind. At last the hand relaxed and Frank was

released of the weight of his body, after a good fight.

Joe called for a light. Frank was a little groggy for a few minutes but he managed to strike a match and lit it. The room was a sight. The table and chairs were overthrown and more or less broken. The man that Joe had hit with the paper weight lay unconscious in a pool of blood. There were two more laid out and Joe was holding down a fourth whom Frank immediately proceeded to safely tie with some rope.

PHILIP SMALL pushed a clod over the edge of the cliff and as if his mind had been wandering back over the time of the Haunted Mill he said: "They certainly almost had me wiped out."

"And who ever thought that the little bit Joe and I had could have saved you from ruin." Dabney paused, then added, "that company sure thought they could get possession by planting the mill."

"And Frank," remonstrated Small, "those four men I trusted. They were all carpenters while the mill was being constructed and they worked on its construction without being discovered. There was real genius in the way those stones were tied to ropes in the partitions, so that by pulling them the stones would make that rumbling. But the slickest contrivance was the door that opened into the loft."

"Yes, I've often thought of that. There certainly was a head hack of it all—to think that by the manipulation of some ropes and fastenings that could be attached and removed, one of them, when concealed in one corner of the loft, could open and close the door and even bolt it at the top and bottom! Then those lights—simply phosphorescence, and the breaking of the arms and legs of the men, and the breaking of the bones in Sam's bull dog without leaving any marks - - -" Frank paused.

"Well I have the club, or one of them in my library. They were something in themselves, weren't they? made of strong, thin leather about two and one-half feet in length and something over an inch in diameter, filled with small shot, and on the outside a covering of a lamb's skin with the wool side out. To this was attached a wooden handle and they certainly made a formidable and effective weapon."

"Any way Small, they didn't get the Haunted Mill, after all, did they?"

"But if they had carried the bluff another night they would have had all the timber. I couldn't have fought against them, that's all."

The men were silent for a moment, then Frank spoke, "Over there," he said, pointing down toward the river, "is the place for the new mill."



Philip Small mounted his horse and Frank Dabney did likewise and as they rode away Small commented dryly, "You'll have to see that the Adjax Company doesn't try to make a Haunted Mill out of this one. You know twenty years has put some fool ideas into people's minds about spooks."

Frank laughed as they rode away leaving a trail of dust that arose from behind the rapidly moving feet of their horses, then settled slowly down and gave way to the natural fragrance of the surrounding country.

## REVOLT OF THE VILLAGE

(Continued from page 299)

want to do, to live for love or whatever it is they want to live for.

It is quite true, the Countess replied, and I know what you are thinking about. Life is inverted here in Maple Valley. At first I couldn't understand it: everything seemed so queer. Everybody is busy trying to conceal his vices or amiable faults, or what others consider vices or amiable faults; one only tells the public how good one is, how intelligent, how charitable. These, people—I feel I can speak frankly to you, Gareth—have their love affairs, you must be aware, just as we—just as people in Paris do—but they have them behind closed doors and make clothes for the orphan out in the open. It is quite the opposite where I come from. People there are generally kind, good at heart. They do wonderful things for one another, but secretly—while what here would be called their private life is all on the surface. Everybody knows about it, yet nobody cares. It is, the Countess added, the existence I prefer.

So would I! Gareth asserted fervently, but how will I ever be able to break away from this place.

Mr. Van Vechten and some of the others cannot really be taken seriously. But there are two who are thoroughly in earnest, who have advanced the revolt more than the others, and who are most representative of the movement. These are Sinclair Lewis and Zona Gale.

Sinclair Lewis, the leader among these revolvers, is not a man of one or two books, nor was he a man of limited experience when he produced *Main Street*. Graduation from Yale, some ten years in newspaper and magazine work in Connecticut, Iowa, California, Washington, D. C., and New York City, extensive travel and living in the majority of the states of the Union, the writing of numerous short stories, and the publication of four novels constitute the unusually wide and diverse preparation of the author of *Main Street*. Moreover, if one examines these four novels (*Our Mr. Wrenn*, 1924; *The Trail of the Hawk*, 1915; *The Job*, 1917; and *Free Air*, 1919), he sees in all of them Mr. Sinclair's conviction that it is to those people of the Middle Class who display alertness, the sense of romance,

the love of beauty in the midst of the commonplaceness which envelopes them that we must look as the hope of democracy. In all of them we see that careful observation of the ways of American life which is the quintessence of *Main Street*. It is then no real wonder that this novel is the most comprehensive document that any American has written on the typical American town.

The mere story is familiar enough—how the alert college graduate from Minneapolis, Carol Milford, binds herself to a commonplace Minnesota village Gopher Prairie, through her marriage with its chief physician, the good-hearted but practical Dr. Kennicott; how she senses the utter dreariness of her environment and tries desperately to improve the town how, realizing her failure, she escapes to the national capitol to do war work; and how she finally knows that the pull of her husband's love is too strong and she must return, temporarily beaten but unconquered in her conviction that her idea was right.

But the mere story could have been told in a few pages. It is the mass of details, the numerous full-length portraits, the collection of completely told episodes characteristic of small town life that make the book. The satire is unrelenting, the irony is ever-present. Yet human sympathy is abundant—Mr. Lewis loves both of his main characters with a love that can expose the weakness of the revolter and reveal the strength of her husband, who stands for the provincialism of the village. Striking passages are abundant. None is more memorable than the description of the meeting of the Thanatopsis Club, which is the keynote to the provincialism against which Carol is revolting. And no description is more significant than that of the passage of trains through the village—symbol of all of the remote, unrealized beauty of life which causes the revolt in Carol. She and her husband were spending a part of the summer at their cottage on the lake. She missed the trains poignantly:

In town, she listened from bed to the express whistling in the cut a mile north. Uuuuuuu—faint, nervous, distraught, horn of the free night riders journeying to the tall towns where were laughter and banners and the sound of bells—Uuuu! Uuuu!—the world going by—Uuuu!—fainter, more wistful, gone.

Down here there were no trains. The stillness was very great. The prairie, encircled the lake, lay round her, raw, dusty, thick. Only the train could cut it. Some day she would take a train; and that would be a great taking.

Carol valiantly struggles to improve the Club, to get a new town hall, to introduce community drama. But she fails in these and other ventures. She is bucking a stone wall of mediocrity. She

flies to Washington, but she gets no solace—she perceives that mediocrity is not confined to the village. She returns to Gopher Prairie and her husband. And the story ends with that ironic bed-time conversation, in which Dr. Kennicott heartily admits that she has kept the faith but is much more interested in the prospect of having to put on the storm windows the next day and in knowing whether the "girl put that screwdriver back." What can Carol's faith do against storm-windows and screwdrivers!

*Babbitt* is not a sequel to *Main Street*. It is an extension, showing that the mediocrity of the village can be found in the prosperous city of 350,000 inhabitants. For, though the beautiful and progressive city of Zenith has introduced all of the material improvements that were lacking in Gopher Prairie, the life of its citizens is still mediocre. *Babbitt* revolts against the essential meaninglessness of his life. He makes silly and futile attempts to escape, but he gets nowhere. At the end, he hopes that his son will do better. But we doubt, if he will, just as we doubt if Carol ever made another attempt to realize her faith.

If Sinclair Lewis has given us our most comprehensive documents of the revolt from the village, Zona Gale has given us the most condensed, artistic pictures of the revolt. She is also noteworthy as one who shows in her own person the transformation of a writer who once held the complacent attitude but has gone over to the camp of the revolvers. *Friendship Village* (1908) is a collection of short stories about the friendly village to place alongside of the stories of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Deland, and Alice Brown. The Author's Note prefixed to this collection, which proclaims Miss Gale's former allegiance, ends with this significant passage:

To those who have such a bond [home town associations] to cherish I commend the little real home towns, their kindly, brooding companionship, their doors to an efficiency as intimate as that of fairy fingers. If there were shrines to these things, we would seek them. The urgency is to recognize shrines.

And this is the Zona Gale of those three superb studies—*Birth*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, and *Faint Perfume*.

*Birth* (1918) presents "the tragedy of the superfluous man," the story of the poor little salesman in a Middle Western town whose whole life and whose very death constitute a ridiculous failure. In its realistic portrayal of the life of the small town it anticipated *Main Street* by two years. Unnoticed at the end of the War, it has since acquired new significance in the light of *Main Street* and *Miss Lulu Bett*.



*Miss Lulu Bett* (1920), produced on the stage in 1921 and winning the Pulitzer prize, has shared with *Main Street* the popularity that has attached to realistic attacks on the village. In the creation of the poor, despised Lulu, Grandma Bett, who has tantrums and refuses to eat, the spoiled child Monona and the gay-spirited Di, Zona Gale has achieved a clear-cut picture of those representative elements in the domestic circle of the small town which are charged with dangerous electrical antipathies. The revolt of Lulu against the pious criminality of the Deacons is paralleled by the revolt of the gay young daughter Di against the smothering restrictions of her parents. In sharpness of outline, crispness of language, and illumination of humor and satire, the author shows her artistic superiority to the author of *Main Street*.

*Faint Perfume* (1922) is even more artistic—more subtle, more delicate, but equally tragic in its implications. Another girl tries to escape from the smother of a commonplace family. Like Carol Kennicott, like Babbitt, she revolts in an unconventional way. But like them she is defeated. Her story suggests the "faint perfume" of beauty which is drowned by the stench of mediocrity, convention, and economic pressure.

OF such nature is the Revolt from the Village. Has the village no defenders? Yes, a few—but only a few who can be taken seriously. We cannot call the host of local colorists who write sweet stories for the popular magazines real defenders of the village. They seem unaware that the village has been attacked. We cannot find real defenders in the countless best sellers of Harold Bell Wright and his clan. The scores and scores of these novelists lack the first requisite of one who will enter the struggle—the power of criticism. It is to writers like Vachel Lindsay among the poets, and Booth Tarkington and Dorothy Canfield among the novelists that we must look for any real defense. Many would rule out Tarkington as essentially too light-hearted, though in *Alice Adams* he has shown that he can face a problem with seriousness and work it out to its inevitable, grim end.

Vachel Lindsay has always had faith in the village from the time, back in 1910, when he issued his *Village Magazine*. And that he has maintained his faith is evident in *The Golden Book of Springfield*, in such poems as "The Building of Springfield," and in the charming poem which sounds a delicate reply to *The Spoon River Anthology*s

#### THE PRAIRIE BATTLEMENTS

(To Edgar Lee Masters, with great respect)  
Here upon the prairie  
Is our ancestral hall.

Agate is the dome,  
Cornelian the wall.  
Ghouls are in the cellar,  
But fays upon the stairs.  
And here lived old King Silver Dreams,  
Always at his prayers.

Here lived gray Queen Silver Dreams,  
Always singing psalms,  
And haughty Grandma Silver Dreams,  
Throned with folded palms.  
Here played cousin Alice.  
Her soul was best of all.  
And every fairy loved her,  
In our ancestral hall.

Alice has a prairie grave.  
The King and Queen lie low,  
And aged Grandma Silver Dreams,  
Four tombstones in a row.  
But still in snow and sunshine  
Agate is the dome,  
Stands our ancestral hall.  
Cornelian the wall.  
And legends walk about,  
And proverbs with proud airs.  
Ghouls are in the cellar,  
But fays upon the stairs.

Dorothy Canfield, almost alone among serious novelists, must bear the burden of the defense so far. *The Squirrel Cage* (1912), *The Bent Twig* (1915), *The Brimming Cup* (1920), *Rough Hewn* (1922), and *The Home Maker* (1924) all hint at or urge the necessity of the return to the village and a re-evaluation of its essential worth. Without being sentimental, Dorothy Canfield presents the primal dignity of family life, the saving power of simple, wholesome relationships, the largeness of the commonplace duties and obligations and joys of the millions that make up our American citizenry.

It must be admitted that the great preponderance of talent lies with the revolvers and not with the defenders. And the changing conditions of life are largely with the revolvers. For the village can never mean what it did a generation ago or even ten years ago. The permanently changed temper of American society, with its necessity for thoughtful criticism, has banished the commonplace acceptance of almost everything. What provincialism there is in American life must be faced and admitted. What is undesirable in this provincialism must eventually be removed. Improved means of communication will help—the automobile, the radio, the airplane. The phonograph will help to bring the needed touch of beauty to far-away hamlets. The books of the revolvers themselves will help—it is inconceivable that the hundreds of thousands of readers of *Main Street* can remain what they were before they read it.

But while satire and ridicule may be necessary for a time to shock American provincials into attention, we must look for the true picture of the whole American village, its undeniable virtues as well as its vices, in the works yet unwritten, which will combine the courage

of a Masters, the faithful observation of a Lewis, the artistry of a Zona Gale, and the constructive sympathy of a Dorothy Canfield.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED

(Continued from page 317)

the home of his childhood came after years of turmoil; when his own philosophy of "work and attention to business" seemed about to be substituted for one of easy going inefficiency and careless investment of hard-won funds in what seemed to him unwise projects. Adam's fall from grace that final morning had been the one straw to break the camel's back.

"God knows I stuck to it," he murmured. "And I'm not called to go back. Never!"

THAT first journey to Kearney was the first of many. It served as a basis for a partnership which was now established between David and the amiable Mrs. Beals. Neither of these two people knew aught of the other's past. Yet each instinctively trusted the other. David still maintained his attitude of jovial good will; but he was not sure that Mrs. Beals did not see through it. Often during the days in the store when they were both engaged in the arranging of stock and caring for the increasing trade, he caught her eyes upon him, calmly searching and speculative. Yet she said nothing to repel him; he would have fled her presence and withdrawn utterly into himself at that stage of his experience if she had shown the slightest tendency toward a cheap inquisitiveness. He did not know of the lady's telescope.

Christmas brought the fiercest throe of the yet young winter. After a leaden December day, snow began sifting down about five o'clock, while yet a gray evening twilight pervaded a quiet world. This snow produced a low, steady hiss among the branches of the young maples beside the general store. It lay lightly upon the face of the immensely reaching prairie. It lay thick like wool upon the scattering roofs of the village. Wagon tongues, the tops of buggies, the upper circumferences of the wheels of all vehicles, pump handles, and the limbs of all trees were loaded with its silent whiteness. Then suddenly the temperature fell to ten—twenty—thirty below zero. A high wind sprang up from the northwest, screaming at corners, banging loose shutters, shouting down chimneys, and flinging this loose powder of new snow to the four corners of creation. In half an hour the prairie had changed its mood from one of tranquility and repose to one of savage fury and



riot. Beals, Nebraska, vanished from the sight of man in an engulfing cloud of shrieking terrors.

David Brock, sensing the closeness of the storm, and recognizing the inadvisability of remaining a prisoner under Mrs. Beals' roof, made shift to reach his own dwelling before the storm rendered it impossible. There was a sufficient supply of fuel to last him forty-eight hours, and he was generously provisioned. The howling blizzard without, which momentarily increased its violence, buffeted the frail building from all sides, while the now icy-hard flakes of snow beat savagely against the opaque panes of the frost-laden windows. He lighted the oil lamp in its tin bracket, heaped the low fire with willow and soft coal, prepared himself a generous supper of warmed potatoes, sliced ham, and a segment of apple pie provided by the altruistic Mrs. Beals. He even made himself a pot of green tea to take the chill out of his bones.

Today a feeling of peculiar freedom from old ties had been his. The measuring of calico, the cutting of wedges of cheese, the weighing out of butter, the counting of eggs,—these tasks had been soothing and calming. And the pleasant conversation with the Christmas shoppers, raillery over prices, good natured disputes as to correct measure and count, all had brought him into a sense of intimacy with human beings which touched secret springs in his mind, opening doors of life-vistas till now locked and bolted.

As he sat in the snug interior of his shack, he was conscious of the presence of other little rooms like his, lighted with yellow lamps, warm with the flame of soft coal, fragrant with cooking, and all hid away from the rest of the world by the great snow. In his imagination he reached out into the peril of the night and looked upon the life about him. A new grip on the problem of his being was made his. He saw the army of pioneers,—a struggling, wide-eyed procession,—pushing intrepidly against the barriers of hostile nature. Here was he, here were his neighbors, sitting composedly within the very jaws of death, daring the great dare—that of the outposts of civilization. Compared with these people in the welter of the tremendous wind and snow without their flimsy cabins, his own people at home were safe indeed. Rows of windbreaks deflected the gale for them. Staunch walls resisted the gale; years of successful combat with the powers of cold and hurricane had left them victorious and secure. Not so these seekers after fortune in a new and untried soil. He felt a new sense of interest in, and responsibility for, these hopeful and courageous

souls about him in the shrieking gulf of the furious night. The old weight felt lighter and still lighter on his shoulders. Had the old life let loose its grip, he wondered.

Peace came upon him such as he had not known in months. He fell into a deep sleep, in his bunk, while outside the storm ceaselessly bombarded his tiny citadel with its fusillade of wind and snow.

(Continued next month)

## A HOME IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 305)

to visit the schools. He had gray hair, a kind, tired face, and keen, bright eyes. We viewed him with reverence for his fame went abroad through the nation.

When the members of the High School had gathered in the assembly room he talked to us briefly. I listened idly, with slight interest, until I caught the words:

"And who, then, is responsible for the miracle that has been wrought, this fair city rising where once the cactus plants and the rattlesnakes held full sway? Hands up, let me hear what you have to say."

Smiling kindly, so that no one feared him, he looked down on the eager, uplifted faces. One by one the pupils answered him.

"The hanker," said a boy proudly, whose father was president of the large bank in town.

"Why?" came the question. "Give us your reason."

"Because," answered the boy slowly, "he furnishes the capital without which there cannot be large development of any kind."

The great man shook his head, smiling still, and requested other answers.

They came quickly. "The engineers who planned the irrigation system by which our crops are raised," said one.

"Partly, yes," he was assured. "That is a good answer but not the correct one."

"The merchants," called a pupil, whose father owned the largest store on Main Street.

"Why?" he was questioned.

"Because he furnishes all the things the farmers need to till the land. Without merchants there wouldn't be anything."

"You are all wrong," the great man said, his face suddenly grave and his eyes very earnest.

"It is the farmer to whom we must give the credit for this fair city and the country about it. He it is who, by his unceasing toil and unflinching faith in a new country, has made possible the banker and the merchant. They are only here because he has created the need for them. Your industry is purely agricul-

tural, there are no factories or mills with a pay-roll. If, for any reason, the farmer should quit his job, your banks would crumble, your stores fall into disrepair, your streets, now thronged with traffic, become empty and drear."

"Are there any pupils present whose parents live on a farm? If so, please rise in your places."

Ella was seated across the room, as she was two classes ahead of me in school, but as we rose, in company with a number of other pupils, we looked at each other with shining eyes, and heads held high.

He stepped down from the platform where he had been standing, saying as he did so:

I want to congratulate you young people in your choice of parents. I want each one of you to feel a special pride in the work they are doing, that makes the world a better place in which to live. He who makes ten blades of grass grow, where before there was none, only arid, barren plains and desert waste, is greater by far than the financier who makes millions of dollars by manipulation of the products the farmer grows.

"A day is coming when the world will accord that profession the position it deserves in the affairs of man. Let me take you each by the hand, in token of the honor I wish to do your parents."

When he took my hand in his firm, friendly clasp, I looked up at him and said breathlessly: "Oh, thank you so much for what you said. I didn't understand before. Now I do. I'm proud to think that my father is a farmer."

He smiled and asked: "What is your name, my dear?"

"Irene Althea Welch," I answered, giving it in full.

"Are you a daughter of Doctor William Welch, who lives on the farm across the road from the County Fair Grounds?"

"Yes, sir."

His face lighted up with a quick pleasure. "I know your father well. I am proud to call him my friend. Please remember me to him, and to your mother, also, when you go home."

Sleep didn't come to me that night until long after my head had touched the pillow. A throng of new thoughts rushed through my mind, filling my heart with exultation. I felt a passionate pride in the calling my father had elected to follow. Already, I said softly, I understood, as he had said I would some day.

Lying with flushed cheeks, and hands clasped tight above my fast-beating heart, I reviewed, again and again, each incident of the afternoon. I smiled at the darkness, and it seemed to enfold me in a soft embrace.

Smiling still I fell asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



*Time for Luncheon*  
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## *Special Features for September*

READ ABOUT OUR CALIFORNIA POET, GEORGE STERLING, AN APPRECIATION, BY S. BERT COOKSLEY.

CHAUNCEY PRATT WILLIAMS CONTRIBUTES A TIMELY ARTICLE ON JOHN COLTER, THE DISCOVERER OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

ASSEMBLYMAN McDOWELL IS MOST CONVINCING IN AN ARTICLE ON THE MUNICIPAL COURT.

THERE WILL BE A FEATURE ARTICLE OF EARLY-DAY CALIFORNIA BY GEORGE D. LYMAN, M. D.

S. OMAR BARKER IS WITH US AGAIN, THIS TIME IN AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE I WENT TO AN INDIAN FAIR.

"We have gone to the ends of the earth to copy and imitate—Greek architecture and drama, Italian music, British literature, Russian dancing, Hindu philosophy, Etruscan pottery, Persian weaving, Egyptian design—often improving in our adoption, but borrowing nevertheless. Just now we have learned that here in our own country we have native inspiration for many of these things as artistic, as distinctive and as ancient as those resources half a world away." And Mr. Barker proves his assertion to be true!

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# Overland Monthly

FOUNDED BY  
BRET HARTE in 1868



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE





## The telephone door

More people enter our homes and offices by telephone than in person. Through the telephone door, traveling by wire, comes a stream of people from the outside world on social and business missions. Important agreements or appointments are made, yet the callers remain but a few seconds or minutes and with a "good-bye" are gone. We go out through our telephone doors constantly to ask or give information, buy or sell things, make personal calls and on dozens of other errands.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

NUMBER 9

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## EDITORIAL

WE EDITORS believe it is time to come forth from the gloom of musty book shelves and subdued light. They believe it is time to make a running broad-jump; proving, to the enormous astonishment of a few packages of Cynical Brethern and a handful of Dead Ones that *Overland*--The *Overland*, remember,---is abreast of the times. Nay, let it be whispered slightly ahead of the times---in the matter of Western Advancement and Western Magazine Representation.

.....

TIME was when the world looked eagerly forward to articles on the perfection of parlor sofa stitches and backyard lawn culture . . . Ah---but no more! We have learned to leave such vital detail to the well-oiled administration of machines. We have learned that Progress is not synonymous with the Present. We have come to believe---rightly---that the Magazine of Today means the Magazine of Tomorrow.

.....

THEREFORE, to our readers of the Past, of the Present, and of the Future, let it be said at this time of Celebration and Jubilee, that *Overland* is in the midst of preparation for *The* broad-jump. That fine grace of expression, that rhythm and health everyone knows is of the West, everyone knows is represented by *Overland*, will carry it over the foot-prints of contemporaries to the fair goal that is labeled *New Record*.

.....

THE SATIRE, the Warmth, the delicious sweetmeats of literary effort that are eternally being concocted by Western writers, that are forever in demand for their freshness and originality, be it once more remembered, are synonymous with *Overland*.

.....

NOW! If the gallery spectators will quiet down, if the drink vendors will toddle back to aisle entrances, *Overland*---just *ahead* there, in gold and purple---will take its place at the line. Alright. Let's go.

The Editors.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

### George Sterling—An Appreciation

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

THIS is not the first nor the last appreciation of George Sterling, of his poetry and his charm of personality. We who are of the West lean to him for song when song is needed. His is the tribute that bears the true grace of the West. Always to him will belong the fineness of poetic production that is not tinted with the ultra-modernist's twisted expression, the impressionist's unbeautiful jargon. In the last decade, while great armies of California poets drove madly into the turmoil of modernism—and oblivion—always could be heard that high sweet singing of this George Sterling. Always, weary at last of confused voices, we return to his clear note of sincerity, sensing the rhythm of his poetry as one senses the peace and quiet of the summit after the crowded valley. That we know poetry, the fineness and the ultimate inspiration of it, is proven in our naming this man who lives in a State of poets, California's greatest poet.

Way back in 1903 "The Testimony of the Suns," his first great poem, was published in San Francisco. A silver note of announcement this, that echoed over the entire country, giving his next long poem, "Wine of Wizardry," a harbor in *Cosmopolitan* in 1908. It is certain the construction of both of them is too delicate to tamper with in excerpts. But a continual output of poetry, sustaining in beauty and original freshness its individuality through nine volumes, three of which are dramatic works, and an endless series of poems published in magazines over the country, have made George Sterling not only of California, but of the United States one of the few great present day poets. Space will not allow a representative printing of his work. I quote from four poems, widely different in mood and construction, that some brief glimpse may be had of the power given his carefully placed words, the versatility that seems never to tire. In the selection, "To a Girl Dancing," from *Continents End, An Anthology of Contemporary Poets*, of which he was one of the editors, may be felt the rhythmic intensity and fierce sympathy of which Sterling seems so easily master:

MORE THAN the ripple of grass and waters flowing—  
More than the panther's grace  
Or lily moved by winds from sunset blowing,  
Your limbs in rapture trace  
An evanescent pattern on the sight—  
Beauty that lives an instant, to become  
A sister beauty and a new delight.  
So full you feed the heart that hearts are dumb.



Those little hands set back the hands of time,  
Till we remember what the world has dreamed,  
In her own ellme,  
Of Beauty, and her tides that ebb and flow  
Around old islands where her face has gleamed,  
The marvelous mirage of long ago.  
Ah! more than voice hath said  
They speak of revels fled—  
The alabastine and exultant thighs,  
The vine-encircled head,  
The rose-face lifted, lyric, to the skies,  
The loins by leaping roses garlanded.  
The sandaled years return,  
The lamps of Eros burn,  
The flowers of Circe nod.

And one may dream of other days and lands,  
Of other girls that touch unresting hands—

Sad sirens of the god,  
To some forgotten tune  
Swaying their silver hips below the moon.

Dance on, for dreams they are indeed,  
A vision set afar,  
But you with warm, immediate beauty plead,  
And fragrant is your footfall on our star.

O flesh made music in its ecstasy,  
Sing to us ere an end of song shall be!  
O fair things young and fleet!  
White flower of floating feet!  
Be glad! Be glad! For happiness is holy!  
Be glad awhile, for on the greensward slowly

Summer and autumn pass,  
With shadows on the grass,  
Till in the meadow lowly  
November's tawny reeds shall sigh  
"Alas!"

Dear eyes,  
What see you in the azure of the skies?

Enchanted, eager face,  
Seek you young Love in his eternal place?

Round arms upflung, what is it you would clasp—

What far-off lover?  
Hands that a moment hover,  
What hands unseen evade awhile your grasp?

Ah! that is best; to seek but not to find him;  
For found and loved the seasons yet will blind him.

To this true heaven you are—  
That moth unworthy of your soul's white star.

Dance on, and dream of better things than he!

Dance on, translating us the mortal's guess

At Beauty and her immortality—  
Yourself your flesh-clad art and loveliness . . . .

From this play of color and emotion, we swing down another trail, coming suddenly upon "The Voice of the Dove," from selected poems published under Henry Holt a melody quiet and lonely, something of a marshland evening:

HEAR I the mourning-dove,  
As now the swallow floats  
Low o'er the shadowed oats?  
Soft as the voice of love,  
Hear I her slow and supplicating notes?

O fugitive! O lone!  
O burden pure and strong  
That summer moons prolong!  
O link in music shown  
Between the silence and an angel's song! . . . .



So broken waters hold

A voice to sorrow set—

A world's foreknown regret,  
Immutable, untold.

So seas remember, though our souls  
forget.

And in *The House of Orchids*, an early volume, we find in another mood his sonnet "The Black Vulture." An impersonal aloofness, a note of cold high winds, their hunger and restlessness—

A LOOF WITHIN the day's enormous  
dome,

He holds unshared the silence of the  
sky.

Far down his bleak, relentless eyes  
desery  
The eagle's empire and the falcon's  
home—

Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;  
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;  
Serene, he hears the broken tempest  
sigh

Where cold sierras gleam like scattered  
foam.

And least of all he holds the human  
swarm—

Unwitting now that envious men  
prepare

To make their dream and its fulfilment  
one,

When, poised above the caldrons of the  
storm,

Their hearts, contemptuous of death,  
shall dare

His roads between the thunder and the  
sun.

One might follow indefinitely over the trails this poet has blazed, through the pine groves of Carmel whose haunting scent clings to much of his early poetry; over the dunes and bypaths of this colony of writers and artists started by Sterling, gathering the color, the inspiration and the honesty of a spirit still young. To gather some of that spirit in words is in itself a poem of great beauty. That it is human, with a warm understanding of things human and that it is sympathetic, is clearly witnessed in a final selection from Sterling's volumes:

HE WAS a tall, greedy, cynical gentlemen. He had luscious dinners, dreamy breakfasts and exquisite luncheons. Not because he wanted them necessarily, but because the lovely light-haired creatures who cared for him would insist he eat such fare. Prize cattle, peacocks and baboons must be shown the same consideration. He lived in a suite of colored beauty in one of the great hotels,—a Jap, a roadster and a habit of binding up his moustache at night.

There came a day when our greedy gentleman's imported silk hat was sent up to his rooms in a monstrous gilt-and-varnished edifice. Standing before the

#### WILLY PITCHER

He is forgotten now,  
And humble dust these thirty years and  
more—

He whose young eyes and beautiful wide  
brow

My thoughts alone restore.

Dead, and his kindred dead!  
And none remembers in that quiet place  
The slender form, the brown and faun-  
like head,

The wildly wistful face.

And yet across the years  
I see us roam among the apple-trees,  
Telling our tale of boyish hopes and fears  
Amid the hurried bees.

When I am all alone  
By the eternal beauty of the sea,  
Or where the mountain's eastern shade  
is thrown,

His face comes back to me—

In memory unsought—  
A ghost entreating, and I know not why—  
A presence that the restless winds of  
thought

Acknowledge with a sigh;

Till I am half content  
Not any more the loneliness to know  
Of him who died so young and innocent,  
And ah! so long ago!

TO KNOW George Sterling is to write of him in even another mood. To meet him, to be his friend, is not to meet a great poet, to be the friend of a gifted writer. Rather it is like meeting one who will talk of everyday things and make them interesting; who will leave with you something strangely intimate—like the coming and going of a woodland breeze. Or like the sudden glimpse of bright slopes through a hedge of rain-washed leaves.

I do not know that I draw his character as the usual sketches are drawn; in even platitudes, covered with the fine dust of eternal correction. I only know that George Sterling is to be written of as a human, as one who is an honored friend. His poetry, as much of him as

the grasses are of the hill, is not needed to strengthen an appreciation. Tall, straight shouldered, dressed in conservative broadcloth, he might be taken for one of the business world—if one does not catch too close a glimpse of the Nordic profile, the grey eyes that have an eternally burning softness, and the finely cut lips that speak words of different color than those spoken over the desks of finance.

To lunch with him in the quiet of the Bohemian Club is to spend an hour rarely so enjoyed. He will tell you of the writers, the sculptors and painters whose work is everywhere over the shelves and walls of the club. Or he will speak of the news of the day, of Russian table manners or grape culture in India with equal interest. His is the gift of conversation that does not tire, that portrays the brilliance of a mind always seeking the motive, the underlying reason for the moods and manners of people. And when you leave him you will feel a little jealous of this man who does not allow you the whole day!

To go with him of an evening through the San Francisco he so well knows, to hear him speak of old haunts, of the studios and restaurants and the people that were of them, is to acquire a sudden knowledge of his playground. The great playground of old San Francisco. And all the while you wonder at this man's freshness, his boyish enthusiasm this man whose friends are spread over the literary world, poets, painters, captains of finance, beggars and actors, students and professors alike. All the while you wonder at the naturalness of this intimate of Jack London and Ambrose Bierce; at the humanism of this man who wrote "Wine of Wizardry" and "The Testimony of the Suns." It is strange to find one with so much chance for egotism to have none. It is good to call him a friend for himself, forgetting his fame and his famous friends.

When time came for collection, the greedy gentleman deposited an excellent 20 dollar bill in the plate for Starving Alaskans or what ever it was the minister had said needed money awfully

So the minister, who was a publicity loving gospel-lover, and the Greedy Gentlemen both profited greatly—twenty dollars is an event in the church plate, and public praise is an event in an invert's life—by their meeting. Let it be further said that it has always seemed futile to this writer to preach a long sermon or to be parsimonious with easy money.—S. B. C.

mirror, his cynical lips puckered with careful disdain, he balanced the glistening silk purchase on one side of his smooth, brush-weary head. He bathed his finger tips in lemon and rose-clove and, selecting a cane, stepped forth to church, humming with an exclusive sachet and seven ounces of violet bath salts.

The minister preached a sermon that had a great deal to do with one particular form of sin which is called Love of Self. As he preached he cast occasional glances down from the pulpit upon the Greedy Gentleman, and thought it expedient to leave a little out of the sermon.



# Ram's Horn For Jubilee

By G. B. LAL

GET OUT your ram's horn, long and strong, and blow upon it lustily—*Diamond Jubilee, you know!* The Jubilee is not new, it is old—old as ages. Down the patriarchal beard of the ancient Hebrew language has it trickled and from Egypt the Israelites borrowed their priestly and astrological codes, in which seven and sabbath, and sabbatical years figured prominently, and also ram's horns that one could blow upon after each forty-nine years, the grand sabbatical year, "yobel," Ram's Horns year—Jubilee!

Seven stars, seven wise guys, seven wonders of the world! Seven sins, seven arts, seven sorts of chastity, seven forms of prohibition! Beware of seven, even when it represents the age of innocence of a flapper. The number is mystic, cabalistic, directly descended from those ancient days when the star-gazers looked for Isis, the goddess of female pulchritude and puissance, on the boulevards of the Milky Ways above the Nile.

However their ideals were not matched by fulfillment. Always was there a golden promise of a heaven. Seldom did the heaven materialize. Particularly the things failed when the paradise was expected to descend upon the earth.

In the sacred books, the jubilee was pictured as the time for Liberty and Play. The slaves were to be set free, and toil was to cease.

In return for food, fig leaves, and a thatched roof the poor Jews sold themselves into slavery. The Jew became the slave of the Jew.

Another sort of misery existed. Some people had their patches of the ancestral land pass out of their hands in payment of debts, or through some other process of eviction.

Now, with their sure instinct for the balance the Jewish lawgivers perceived that society would grow crazy if a sharp line of division was created between the rich and the poor, the masters and the slaves.

So, after every spell of forty-nine years, the slaves were to be freed. The confiscated or mortgaged lands were to be returned to their original proprietors or their heirs.

A pretty notion! But it didn't work out.

Liberty can hardly be entrusted to the good impulses of the master class. The slaves remained enslaved, mostly. But there was the dream enshrined in law books, for the poets and the boosters to toot upon the ram's horn, and on the first day of the Jubilee a good time was had sufficient to sustain them in happiness for the forty-nine years to come.

Trickled down the beard of time, Hebrew dreams and codes—they affected the happiness and conduct of even the white Caucasian folks of Europe.

The Jubilee was given a peculiar Latin twist by the Romans. They thought the word meant shouting, and having a general good time. Some such notion, no doubt, still infests the skulls of the French and Italian cafe owners in San Francisco's Latin quarter. Toot the ram's horn, fellows, in our blind pigs and spaghetti caves—Toot with Latin gusto!

As Old Sol sucked more and more the vapors exhaled from the myriad vineyards of this earth, during the six thousand years after the day of creation, the "jubilee" gained some more dimensions.

The middle ages came! Church supremacy, religion above everything salvation became the chief business, the main concern of life. A new color, the Jubilee took on.

Pope Boniface VIII revived the Jubilee, year 1300 A. D. He ordained its recurrence each century. Sinners from all over Christendom flocked to Rome. Wholesale indulgences were promised and rest—rest from the gnawing of that rat, the sinful conscience, within.

If, as a side issue, pious coin poured into the treasury of the great church, and into the coffers of the Roman merchants, that too was a very meritorious consumption. Later these Jubilees were made more frequent, every 25 years. The last one at Rome was held in 1900. There is one going on now.

Mediaeval kings imitated the great Church in matters of ceremonial splendour. Kings Henry III and Edward III of England held lavish jubilee celebrations, after they had lorded it over their Saxon and Celtic subjects for seven-time-seven years at a stretch.

It must have been with mingled feelings that George III celebrated his jubilee in 1809 or so. The American colonies had been just lost, Napoleon was threatening the very existence of the British Isles: His Majesty did need a jubilee.

Notwithstanding the great upheavals, the British monarchy managed to survive and grow stronger. Benjamin Disraeli put a new substance into the monarchical notion, declaring that the Queen—it was Victoria—had a "constitutional function," and was not merely a figurehead, taking orders from the Premier.

With such able ministers, Queen Victoria had no difficulty in really reigning. Fifty years passed by, peacefully. The feat was celebrated by a Royal Jubilee in 1887. London went wild.

Ten years later, the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was held, with the whole empire wearing Victorian crosses, and tooting horns; but, not ram's horns—because the Victorian age was very strict about the kind of horns the good people could blow in their exclamatory and playful moods.

Not ram's horns, but golden and silver bugles were flourished and Tennyson, or some other poet laureate, said the innovation. Industrial Revolution had made Britain so rich, so strong; precious metals,—Bank of England credit; Empire-on-which-the-sun-never-set. Strict morals, which could be violated decorously and *sub rosa* only. And Temperance societies . . . oh, dear, so much progress! All this was in the air that was lunged out of the bugles celebrating the mighty Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

That's how the slogan has come to us: The Diamond Jubilee. Since that day, pretty close to the date of creation, five thousand years ago, when the jubilee was opened in Egypt, we have traced it down to 1925.

And what is the significance of the Diamond Jubilee to us?

What is it that we are girding our loins for? What new liberty, what new sort of recreation, what new twist of business, what strange empire . . . is in our dream, today?

You see, we just ask these questions because we don't know.

Perhaps we are growing pious and sabbatical like the far-away Hebrew priests. Then the Jubilee may mean more blue laws. "Shut down all places of dancing and drinking—keep Sundays strictly for repenting . . . and so down the line of moral purity and censorship."

Perhaps, we are in the Greco-Roman mood—thinking of a grand time—with pageants, wine, women and song—old fashioned emotional outbursting, such as the old folks have not seen since the old Spanish days.

Or are we, by any chance, thinking of more liberty and of Finer and More Abundant Play?

Maybe we are asking too many questions, on such a lovely day as this. Let the matter rest here: in this state, there is every sort of man thriving. Some men have the biblical mind, they haven't moved since the Egyptian days, mentally speaking. Others have their souls

(Continued on page 362)



# Aesculapians of Spanish California

THE medical history of California, owing to the three governments, which at different times have held sway over her, naturally falls into three divisions. History and medicine have progressed side by side, and it is difficult to give a survey of the latter without recording the events that moulded its development. On this account, California Medical History is here described under the following heads:

The Spanish Period, 1769-1822.

The Mexican Period, 1822-1848.

The American Period, 1848-

THE SPANISH PERIOD, 1769-1822

Baja, or Lower California, having been settled by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century; and missions, to proselyte and educate the Indians, having been founded first by the Jesuits and, after their expulsion in 1767, by the Franciscans; Galvez, the Royal Spanish Visitador-General, and Fray Junipero Serra, the president of the Franciscan establishments in California, decided, in 1769, to found a mission in Alta California at a place called Monterey, which Vizcaino, the Spanish navigator, had first visited and taken possession of in the name of the King of Spain in 1603. Accordingly, two expeditions, one by land headed by Portola and Fray Junipero Serra, and the other by sea, set out for Monterey, California. The sea forces were transported in two paqueboats, the San Antonio and the San Carlos. It is interesting to note here that the San Carlos, the flagship, also bore the name of the "Golden Fleece," interesting in that the Argonauts, California, and the Golden Fleece became synonymous just eighty years later.

So on January 9, 1769, Galvez, having delivered a stirring farewell oration to the future colonists, and the venerated Padre Junipero Serra having blessed the flags and administered the sacrament, the paqueboat San Carlos, the Mayflower of the Pacific, set sail from La Paz, Mexico, with Monterey as the goal, and San Diego the first rendezvous. There were sixty-two persons aboard that ship, including Commander Vicente Villa and his crew, a Franciscan Friar, Fernando Parron, Pedro Fages, a Lieutenant in the Royal Spanish Army, who later became Governor of California, Constanco, the diarist and engineer, twenty-five Catalan soldiers, a baker, two blacksmiths, a cook, a bleeder and the one who concerns us most, Pedro Prat, the surgeon. Bancroft says that he was a Frenchman, but he was a native of Barcelona, Spain, and a graduate in medicine from the University of Barcelona, where he was

By GEORGE D. LYMAN, A. B., M. D.  
San Francisco

a surgeon of note. Holding the rank of Captain in the Royal Spanish Army, he became the first Surgeon-General in the Royal Presidio of Monterey, and the first resident doctor in California. And so the medical history of California goes back to the cradle of the new Spanish province; the sword, the cross, and the scalpel proceeding hand in hand, and had it not been for the presence of Pedro Prat, it is probable that the projected province would have miscarried and never withstood the travail of its birth.

Eventually there were four presidios in California—in the North, San Francisco and Monterey, and in the South, Santa Barbara and San Diego—and the twenty-one missions were divided among them; but because Monterey was the capital of the province, the Surgeon-General remained at the Royal Presidio there, and Monterey became the medical center of the province.

The following is a complete list of the Surgeon-Generals of the Spanish Army who were stationed at the Presidio of Monterey during the Spanish regime:

Pedro Prat, 1769-1771; Pedro Castan, 1773-1774; Jose Davila, 1774-1783; Pedro Carbajal, 1785-1787; Pablo Soler, 1791-1800; Juan de Dios Morelos, 1800-1802; Manuel Torres, 1802-1803; Jose Marie Benites, 1803-1807; Manuel Quixano, 1807-1824.

The only surgeon of this time connected with the Mission Dolores was Jose Davila, a Spaniard. Very little seems to be known of him except that he picked the site as a healthy one for the Mission. He was present with Palou, Lieutenant Moraga, etc., when the cornerstone, not only of the Mission, but of the civilization of San Francisco was laid. And there he buried his first wife, Josefa Carbajal in November, 1780. The doctor did not endear himself to Governor Neve, and as early as 1781 he favored granting the surgeon leave to quit the country, as being incompetent and capious, but in 1783 both men died and were buried in the Mission church.

In 1792, Jose Antonio Romeu, the fifth Spanish Governor of California, lay dying at Monterey, and history records that it was Dr. Pablo Soler who made the diagnosis and prognosticated a fatal issue. This Dr. Pablo Soler, a native of Barcelona, Spain, and a graduate of the university there, was the most noted and probably the most skill-

ful of the Spanish Colonial Surgeons General in the Californias. He arrived at Monterey as an officer in the Spanish Royal Navy about 1789, and for a while was very contented in this frontier capital, but at length he became weary of his seclusion from learned men of his class. In 1798 he wrote to the King of Spain complaining of his sad and unhappy fate in being thus confined within the walls of a remote presidio surrounded by Gentiles and comparatively deprived of society, and begged to be relieved. At the same time he gave an account of his services to the California colony; his gratuitous attendance upon officers, missionaries, soldiers, pobladores or settlers and Indians, both Gentile and Christian, when called on his traveling to remote ranchos, sometimes as far as forty leagues, to visit a sufferer and the difficult operations he had performed. In one case he had saved an Indian who had been gored by a bull so that his entrails protruded and dragged on the ground (and this in a time and region when anesthetics, sepsis, and sterilization were unknown). In numerous cases and during severe attacks he attended those afflicted with scurvy, chronic dysentery, and dropsy. The following entry from the old Spanish archives of the Mission San Carlos has this to say: "Dr. Don Pablo Soler is a great physician and a great surgeon. Had not his humanity prompted him to give his profession to the service of the California colony, he would have been renowned in Spain, but he gave the best years of his life for the welfare of the people, traveling many miles to minister to officers and soldiers, to settlers, rich and poor, to the missionaries, and to the Indians, to all with equal kindness. He was unable to cure Governor Romeu, but his consummate skill was none the less brilliant." About 1800 the King of Spain relieved Dr. Soler, and he was followed in quick succession by Dr. Juan de Dios Morelos, 1801-1802; Dr. Manuel Torres, 1802-1803; Dr. Jose Marie Benites, 1803-1807.

Although Robert Koch, the great German bacteriologist, did not discover the bacillus tuberculosis until 1882, Spain and Italy were the only countries in the earlier part of that century that believed that the great white plague was contagious and could be imparted one to another. That Dr. Juan Morelos shared this opinion cannot be doubted. In 1800 the Commandant, Hermenegildo Sal, died at Monterey of phthisis, and Bancroft is the authority for what follows: "His disease was in those days



considered as contagious and therefore, at the recommendation of the surgeon (Juan Morelos) all his clothing and bedding were burned, as was the roof of his house after the plastering had been removed from the walls." Again quoting from the same author, we find the following during the medical regime of Quixano: "On one occasion, while Governor Pablo Vicente de Sola ruled the Californias, a wealthy Spaniard died, leaving the whole of his property to the 'fondo piadoso de las Californias'; but, as he had been a consumptive, his furniture and clothing were burned, and in the excitement of the occasion his jewelry and money were lost or stolen. When the case was reported to the Viceroy of Mexico, the president of the College of San Fernando, who had been made administrator of the estate, began suit against the authorities of the then Province of the Californias, from whom he claimed the full value of the property destroyed." These facts speak for themselves and for the Monterey surgeon in a day when neither the bacillus tuberculosis nor its etiological relationship were established.

In the year 1807 there came to Monterey Dr. Manuel Quixano, the last surgeon of the Royal Spanish Army, in which he also held the commission of Capitan. He was a native of Leon, Spain, and a graduate of the Royal Medical University of Madrid. Dr. Quixano first appears in history as a witness when, on August 10, 1809, in the hall of the Mission of San Carlos, Monterey, Jose Joaquin de Arillaga, the eighth Spanish Governor of California, was required to take the oath of allegiance to Fernando VII, Charles IV having abdicated the Spanish throne. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Governor entered the hall and, in the presence of the Friars, Surgeon Manuel Quixano, and the army representatives, knelt before the crucifix; placed one hand upon the Holy Evangelists, and holding up with the other the cross of his sword, swore to bear true allegiance to King Fernando VII.

To Dr. Quixano belongs the honor of having performed the first recorded autopsy in California. On October 12, 1812, Padre Andres Quintana of the Santa Cruz Mission was found dead in his cell, with the door locked on the inside. He had been ailing for some time, and when found the Holy Oils and consecrated Host were clasped to his breast. He was buried as found. Two years later, an old Indian neophyte of the Mission lay dying and requested the rites of the Church, and on his deathbed confessed that the good Padre, having been summoned in the dead of night to a dying Indian, had been treacherously murdered under a tree.

Later the corpse had been placed in his own bed, and the door of his cell locked on the inside. Dr. Quixano being summoned from Monterey, the poor Padre's body was exhumed from his tomb in the chapel, and an autopsy was performed, disclosing that the Fray had been murdered in a most cruel manner, the details being so revolting that they were withheld from the general records.

Under date of 1815, we find the following entry in the San Carlos records: "Dr. Quixano made a tour of medical inspection of the missions, as serious illness afflicted especially the missionaries and Indians of Southern California. In every mission he was treated with respect due to his rank, but especially due to his ability and benevolence."

Up to this period the trend of California's civilization had been upward, and Monterey may be considered the cradle of this culture, but in 1822 the missions were secularized and in 1823 the rumble of revolution made itself heard. Mexico declared herself independent of Spain and claimed California as hers. A period of decadence was ushered in. Spain withdrew her troops from the Royal Presidios, and Dr. Quixano, with the rest of the Spaniards, retaining their allegiance to the Spanish Crown, resigned. On leaving his offices and those of his predecessors in the Monterey Presidio, the Spanish Government presented him as a souvenir the office chair which had been used at consultations by himself and his predecessors. This chair, the mahogany box which contained his fine medical instruments, and the scales in which he weighed drugs are now in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Maria Antonio Field of Monterey. After relinquishing his Spanish commission, Dr. Quixano retired to private practice among the settlers on the Monterey peninsula. He died in 1825, and his residence and office are now occupied by his descendants.

For seventy-five years and more following the foundation of the Presidio Real at Monterey, the three other presidios, the twenty other missions, and the numerous pueblos were absolutely without skilled medical attendance, and a sick or injured person was dependent upon the missionaries, the "hechiceros" or Indian medicine men, or the stranger within the gates. Occasionally, as we have seen, the surgeon was summoned from Monterey, or the medical officer from some visiting man-of-war or trading-ship was pressed into service. If the stranger within the gates happened to be an American or Englishman and the emergency required it, he was immediately summoned, as "an Anglo-Saxon in those days was synonymous with an M.D."

The Indian medicine men or "hechi-

ceros," in spite of their weird performances, undoubtedly possessed considerable ability. Our pharmacopoeia has been enriched by three valuable vegetable additions discovered and used by the California Indians. *Eriodoyction glutinosum*, which grows profusely on our foothills, was used by the medicine men in afflictions of the respiratory tract. So efficacious and so valuable did it prove to the missionaries, that they called it "yerba santa" or holy plant. The second, the rhamnus purshiana, which grows luxuriantly in the timbered mountains of Southern California, was used extensively as a cathartic. So highly esteemed was it by the followers of the Cross, that they christened it "cascara sagrada," or sacred bark. The third grindelia robusta, was used in pulmonary troubles and as external skin applications following exposure from the rhus toxicodendron, or poison oak. That these "medicine men" possessed considerable knowledge of anatomy and drugs and their uses is beyond question. Bustamente, in his "History of Mexico," narrates an amusing incident of one of these medicine men or "hechiceros" who was called to the City of Mexico and summoned before the College of Physicians, on the charge of being a quack. In reply to the accusation, he asked his judges to smell a certain herb, which quickly produced a severe nose bleed, and then invited them to check it. Seeing that they were unable to do so, he administered a powder which immediately had the desired effect. "These are my attainments," he exclaimed, "and this is the manner in which I cure the ailments of my patients." So adroit was the fatal Borgia-like decoction which the Indians administered to Father Pujal at San Miguel, that Surgeon Morelos, although summoned there from Monterey, was unable, in spite of an autopsy, to ascertain its nature.

The Padres possessed considerable medical knowledge and were capable of doing minor surgery and even more complicated operations, and they were really the medical Gibralters in their establishments. Bancroft speaks of one of the Fathers, Marcelino Marquez of Santa Cruz, as being particularly adept in medical matters. Each mission had its hospital, a single ward supplied with mats instead of beds, and each Padre had his little medical and surgical kit, one of which is still preserved among the treasures in the Mission of San Juan Bautista. A case is on record of one of the Padres amputating the arm of a disabled Indian, and doing it so cleverly that years afterwards its success was attested by one of the Friars of San Buenaventura (Bard).

(Continued next month)



## Fool's Paradise

By "NAGEL"

JOHN DURKHAM walked slowly along the road, his head bent forward and his eyes fixed upon the roadway; no part of it escaped his intent gaze.

Overhead, in the West, the sun just lingered above the distant hills. There was a hush and stillness in the air; a silence in which mingled the indistinct hum of insects, the twitter and song of birds, the faint tinkling bell upon the leader of the far-off homeward-moving herd and the mellow tone of a distant church bell, subdued, dreamy—sublime! A meadowlark hovered, soared and circled over the adjacent field, warbling its evening song. The whistle of a quail called to its mate. The faint perfume of clover blossoms, mingled with the odor of new-mown hay, floated up from the meadow, impregnating the air with pleasant fragrance. The treasury of Man! Yet Durkham was unmindful—the beauty was not for him.

"The gold piece, the gold piece, the gold piece," he muttered to himself. "Right here, right here, here is where I lost it."

Since morning had he searched. All day nature sang untiringly, "Open your eyes for the treasury of men," but John Durkham had eyes that saw not; and having ears, neither did he hear! His mind was centered on the recovery of that yellow piece of metal which had slipped to the dusty road that morning. Now as the day waned his anxiety increased. Twice he took his gaze from the road and fixed it toward the west, then his heels beat again in rhythm to his mutterings.

His life had extended beyond the half-century mark and during that time accumulation had been his one aim and ambition—now his obsession.

Only the continuous warning from the horn of an automobile made him raise his eyes from the roadway. For the moment he stood, cursing the driver of the car, "Fool, looking for Fool's Paradise!"

Fool's Paradise! The driver of the car kept his eyes riveted upon the roadway; his foot pressed down on the throttle and Nature sang her evening song: "Open, open your eyes to the treasury of man," but like Durkham, having eyes he saw not, and having ears, neither did he hear. Through his mind ran quotations of stocks and bonds. Once he cast his eyes from the road to the west, pressed his foot harder on the throttle and the trail of dust that rose from behind slowly settled down and the strong odor of gasoline gradually gave way to the natural fragrance of the country.

John Durkham took up again his search for his missing treasure, un-

mindful of the momentary interruption and the peaceful harmonious music—the chorus of the summer evening, descended like a benediction.

Again Nature sang her song. Durkham cast a hasty glance up the road. The heavy thud-thud of a warped wheel over the stones in the roadway! He knew the sound of that wheel. It was Ezra Marks and his wife. He had passed them early in the morning driving some cattle to the market. Now Ezra counted a roll of bills while his wife looked on with eager eyes; some bright, new and clean, others old, worn and grimy. Neither noticed the quiet and beauty of the evening, or a pair of eyes, fierce and covetous, that watched them from behind a clump of bushes by the roadside; that gleamed from a face hard and merciless, sodden and reckless; eyes that a moment before were engaged greedily contemplating a gold piece for the recovery of which John Durkham was making a useless search.

The fierce and covetous eyes watched him as he carefully laid the bills in a leather wallet. The sun gradually disappeared in the glowing west and as the darkness of the night softly gathered over the peaceful landscape John Durkham reluctantly abandoned his search and the man with the gleaming eyes, silent, determined and alone, watched and waited as the minutes and hours slowly drifted into the past.

ONE by one the stars—faint lights from other worlds, became visible in the firmament above, but he heeded them not. The weird hoot of a lonely owl floated down from a distant wooded hillside. The hoarse croak of the leader of a bull-frog chorus followed by the contralto notes of his smaller companions, resounded from the meadow slough. The chirping cricket concert, subdued, insistent, continued on. Then came low mutterings of distant thunder, but the man with the fierce and covetous eyes was unmindful of the sounds and the voices of the night, or of the approaching storm. His mind was intent upon a roll of bills that he had seen, some of them new, bright and clean, and others worn and grimy.

At last his vigil by the roadside came to an end. Cautiously arising from the place of concealment, he made his way stealthily to the little homestead. Silently as a shadow, he carefully examined the premises and disappeared into the woodshed attached to the rear of the house.

The bull-frog continued to lead his piping chorus. At intervals the owl sent

forth his lonesome call while the rumblings of the approaching storm became more certain and distinct. Within the house all was darkness and quiet, silent and still, yet to one who was awake there could be heard the occasional creak of a floor board, the almost indistinct movement of a creeping, crouching body, a hand carefully feeling along the wall. Then a cry out in terror and alarm, a shrill, sharp, shriek of terror, followed by the sound of savage blows, the dull thud of a heavy body, a short struggle, a few faint gurgling gasps, and then—a dreadful, awful stillness, interrupted by a peal of rolling thunder. A feeble, flickering light glimmered for a moment, aiding a pair of fierce and covetous eyes in their eager search for a leather wallet containing a roll of bills that those eyes had seen; a wallet that was quickly discovered under a pillow of crimson and white. Then the light went out, and again the house became enveloped in darkness, more gloomy and dismal than before. A door creaked upon its hinges as it was slowly pressed open a few inches by a hand that left upon it a stain of red. A head cautiously appeared and stopped in an attitude of attention, looked into the darkness of the night and listened. All that was to be heard was the intermittent patter of heavy rain drops and the sounds of the approaching storm. Then the crouching figure of a man silently stepped forth and hurriedly disappeared into the darkness.

Through the fields, pastures and woods he went, stumbling and falling over stones, roots and stumps, but the bruises and scratches he received he heeded not. The rain beat down and flashes of lightning penetrated the dense darkness of the night—weird and unnatural, followed by black impenetrable gloom.

Once he fell into a stream and muttered low oaths until he felt the wallet. He stopped long enough to carefully wash his hands and then hurried on. Sometimes when he fell he lay quite still, with his hands pressed over his heart to stay its throbbing, and anxiously listened, then hastened to make up for the time he had lost. In hurrying across a rough pasture he stumbled and fell over a sheep coiled up under the shelter of a rock, and as she rose with a bleat of alarm and disappeared into the darkness, he uttered a hoarse cry of fright, and for sometime lay unnerved and exhausted, his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling, a wet, sodden semblance of a human being. He partially recovered his self-control, settled down beside the rock on the spot left dry by the



frightened sheep and stared into the night until the storm had subsided, and a grey tinge in the east heralded the approach of another day. He slowly arose, stiff, sore and lame, and soon disappeared into the damp and dark depths of a woods a short distance away.

The tinge of grey made way for the stronger lights and colors; the birds, with song, gave welcome to the coming day, and soon the sun came out of the east and poured its light and splendor over a smiling world. The storm had disappeared and a new day, bright, clear and beautiful was ushered forth from the darkness of the night.

Its rays rested upon a house silent and deserted and sent bright streams of light into an open doorway from which in the night, a man had silently gone out into the darkness and storm. Though silent, the house was not unoccupied. The body of a man lay upon the floor, and upon a nearby bed reposed the form of a woman, but neither responded to the morning sunlight; from their staring, glassy eyes all light had departed.

Flies, big, bottle-green, loathsome, buzzing flies, came in through the open doorway and settling down upon their faces, crawled along their lips and into their eyes and then after buzzing here and there around the room were content to dabble in a dark pool upon the floor. And there was no one to drive them away.

A restless cat roamed about the house with round wondering eyes. Cautiously she contemplated the motionless figure upon the floor, and as she looked her back curved up and her tail enlarged. Thus for a moment she stood, then noiselessly started to cross the room, but suddenly feeling a dampness upon her paws, with a spit of alarm, quickly jumped to one side and scurried out of the house into the sunshine. Here she carefully licked the dampness from off her cushioned feet; occasionally stopping to look at the open doorway with eyes still round and wondering.

IT WAS John Durkham, on his return for his search early that morning, who hesitated at the gate of Ezra Marks. It was long past milking time and the cows were impatiently giving vent to their feelings by long lowing sounds. The pigs, hungry and noisy, squealed for their breakfast, and in the stable the horses pawed and whinnied for recognition. Startled by the unusual noises, the ducks quacked and the hens cackled.

Twice Durkham started on; twice he turned back. There was something unusual—he went to the open door and knocked. He knocked again, then listened and waited. As he waited he saw upon the floor within, the crimson im-

prints of the paws of a cat; some of them clear and some very distinct in the sunshine, as it lit up the floor by the doorway, and others beyond in the shadow. And that was not all. There was the imprint of a human hand upon the door; an imprint in the same crimson stain as those upon the floor. He stepped back a few paces. The silence of the house and the things he had seen gave him a momentary chill, even in the warm sunshine.

Once more he approached the door and knocked hard and long, then he stepped inside and called several times. Only the sounds that were from his own voice came back from the silent rooms. The doorway through which he had entered led into the kitchen. He glanced at the stove. It was cold. He stood for some time still, intent—listening. He wanted to call again, but he could not break that dreadful, uncanny silence of those deserted rooms. The door between the kitchen and dining room was open. Carefully he tip-toed across the room, making as little noise as possible. A door on the opposite side of the dining room was partially open.

There were stains upon the floor, dark red stains, made by the paws of the cat, his eyes followed them along the floor to the threshold of that partially open door. And there just beyond that threshold his staring eyes saw something that caused a clammy dampness to gather upon his forehead. He could go no farther; and like the cat, he hurried out into the sunlight. There upon the floor, just inside the room beyond, he had seen an ax, not an ax with bright clean, shining blade, but dark, discolored and gruesome, sanguineous—an ax though mute and motionless, explained the cause of the silent rooms.

The alarm was given—soon those rooms were no longer silent and deserted. A crowd gathered, anxious, curious excited men, women and children.

They stared at the house and looked into the windows and open doorway; they gathered in groups and conversed in low, restrained voices. Some went inside and nervously looked into the room where lay an ax and then went out and eagerly described what they had seen, to others, who listened with blanched faces, and eyes round and wondering like those of the cat.

And there came Dave Hines, the village constable to take control until the sheriff and coroner arrived. He looked at the imprint of the hand on the door. There would be a reward, five hundred, possibly a thousand dollars for this man . . . yes, there would be a reward in money!

He fed the animals, and fowls, milked the cows and drove them to pasture. But

he did not return to the house. He strolled through the nearby field, pasture and meadow, his eyes intently fixed upon the ground.

"This man in his flight would not go along the highway" he reasoned and then a trail through the tall, heavy grass of a meadow precluded that he was right in his deductions. He followed the trail and came to a small stream and in the soft, moist earth on the other side were several foot-prints of a man, and beyond that, the trail led on through the tall grass to a broken fence and into a pasture.

He did not attempt to follow the trail. He crossed the field to his home and silently completed his preparations which consisted of a rifle, a box of cartridges, a supply of provisions and a dog—a large, long-eared dog with a loud resounding bay that would carry far across the valleys. Then he returned to the fields, through them to a broken fence and from there the man and his dog proceeded to locate the trail of the man who had entered the pasture.

The storm the night before made their task difficult. The rain had almost obliterated the scent, but a track here and there could be traced out by the man and an occasional odor yet remained for the guidance of the dog. Slowly and carefully they followed the trail across the pasture, then through a field of growing grain into another pasture in which grazed a flock of sheep. And just as the glow in the west faded into the dusk of the evening the dog picked up the trail, strong and fresh to his sense of smell . . . a trail that started from a large rock and led into a wood a short distance beyond.

Here, well within the woods, the man and his dog camped for the night. As he lay with his dog for a pillow, another man, miles away, struggled and stumbled on. His body was bruised, lame and stiff; his face and hands scratched and bleeding. He was hungry and foot-sore, weary and exhausted from travel and lack of sleep. At last when he could go no farther he crawled far under some fallen trees like a hunted animal, and with his hand thrust well into his inside pocket of his ragged coat, tightly clutching a leather wallet, soon became unmindful of the dark and dreary surroundings.

As soon as the first grey light of the early dawn permitted, the man and the dog took up the trail, but the man under the fallen tree slept on. And as he slept the sun came up over the tree tops, and the man and the dog, like relentless fate, kept steadily along the trail, and though still many miles away, rapidly shortened

(Continued on page 358)



## I Went To the Indian Fair

By S. OMAR BARKER

I WENT to the Indian Fair (to parody the old song)—the birds and the beasts were there. So were the snakes, the deer, the mountain lions, the clouds, the lightning, the trees, the leaves and the lizards. Not in reality, of course, but in dozens of such exquisite, patternistic basket, blanket and pottery designs as have not been seen this side of Egypt. On some of the *ollas* the chaparral bird, that long-legged Ichabod and alleged snake killer of the mesquite plains, appears in startling reality, and yet with meticulously lined and balanced decorative effect. On others he appears so thoroughly patternized that his clownish body is now but a jet triangle with two straight black lines for a tail, and one curved one for head and beak. Elsewhere in the pottery exhibit you are not sure whether a certain sinuous design is a plumped serpent or a striped eel. All you can assert without doubt is that here is conventional embellishment par excellence.

Yonder in a basket some artist has woven a leaping deer; in another, an eagle. Forked lightning has found its way into the woof of a Navajo blanket. Masterpieces of bead design on buckskin adorn the walls. There are carved stone peace pipes, heavy silver concha belts, moccasins, rain gods, hunting fetiches, and Katchinas. A thousand amazing and attractive articles are on display.

It is a Fair, indeed, and yet notably absent are the aimless crazy-quilt designs that so often embellish the vegetable displays as the artistic expression of rural America at County Fairs. For, purely American though it is, this is another sort of exhibition. It is an exhibition calculated to help perpetuate for America one of her most priceless and neglected heritages: the arts and crafts of the American Indian.

There have been no exhibits from Oklahoma, I believe, and it is because those tribes have already forgotten whatever arts they ever had. If the Indian can get more spot cash money out of farming, repairing automobiles, trading horses, playing baseball, making moonshine or boring for oil, than he can out of his ancestral arts and handicrafts, these heritages are thrown overboard. Indian art in Oklahoma has disappeared under a film of petroleum and become lost in a maze of brightly unholstered automobiles. Fortunately for the cause of native American art and culture, the nomadic tribes now domiciled in that oily commonwealth had far less to lose along that line than have, for instance, the Pueblos and Navajos.

Yet the fact that there come no ex-

hibits out of the Oklahoma tribes is a warning of the tendency that threatens the loss of those distinctive tribal arts that have thus far survived. That they will actually go by the board unless something is done to keep them alive, is evidenced by the fact that practically every Indian Agency in the country reports a steady drift on the part of its red charges toward agriculture and mechanics. Chairman J. D. DeHuff of the Indian Fair Committee for 1923, solicited the cooperation of at least one hundred superintendents of Indian Schools in preparing the exhibit at San Fe. "Comparatively only a very few," said Mr. DeHuff in opening the 1923 Fair, "of those hundred have responded with substantial exhibits. From the others, all too frequently came the reply: 'My Indians have forgotten their ancient arts and turned their entire attention to

farming. If you can use an exhibit of agricultural products, I can send you something good.'"

HERE, then, are the primary purposes of the Annual Southwest Indian Fair and Industrial Arts and Crafts Exposition: To encourage native arts and crafts, to revive old arts and to keep the arts of each tribe or pueblo as rich and distinctive as possible. Obviously the way to accomplish these ends is to convince the Indian that it pays—that even from a strictly commercial standpoint, it is worth his while to spend his time on these things rather than on farming, hauling wood and fixing flivvers.

The trader, concerned with quantity rather than quality, has often tended to degenerate what once was symbolic and significant handicraft into slipshod puttering. "Never mind your art," he said to the red man, "shoot me all the pottery and moccasins and blankets you can turn





out. The white man doesn't know the difference and what he doesn't know won't hurt him."

Perhaps not, but it did hurt the Indian. The inevitable result was that often he no longer considered the quality of his work—unless perchance, he made a water jar for himself—and ancient art received a blow that made it groggy. The white man, who, it seems, did occasionally know the difference, came to look upon Indian stuff as factory-made fakes, and quit paying fancy prices for it. Then whenever an *olla* or a blanket came on the market that did actually represent much time, painstaking effort and artistic skill on the part of its maker, the usual price, established by shoddy stuff, would not recompense the maker even for his time, much less his skill. This is only one of many conditions that have discouraged the Indian craftsman.

Just why the preservation of Indian art should be a matter of so much concern to America may not be apparent to those who are somewhat unfamiliar with it. The reasons are easily set forth.

America, cultural offspring of so many different European nations, has likewise been a sort of variant stepchild in art, in architecture and in literature. It is only within the past few years that we have had any visible indications of the possibility of this greatest and richest of nations creating a culture purely its own. We have gone to the ends of the earth to copy and imitate—Greek architecture and drama, Italian music, British literature, Russian dancing, Hindu philosophy, Etruscan pottery, Persian weaving, Egyptian design—often improving in our adoption, but borrowing nevertheless. Just now we have learned that here in our own country we have native inspiration for many of these things as artistic, as distinctive and as ancient as those sources half the world away.

Take, for example, the ceramic art of the Pueblos. The community-living, cliff-dweller ancestors of the Pueblo Indians were making pottery and covering it with rich symbolic patterns and embellishment while Europe was still barbarian. Today in more than half of the twenty-five pueblos or tribal villages of the Pueblo race, pottery is a still-practiced ancient art. It is not merely a mechanical trade with a turning wheel for shaping and stencils for pattern stamping. It is an art requiring not only unbelievable hand skill but also creative imagination of the highest type.

The potter, almost invariably a woman, sifts carefully chosen clay with somewhat more care than an American housewife does her cake flour. Then she wets it and kneads the yellow-pinkish mass into a round ball of dough. Using a flat, woven plaque of yucca fibre—the

uncompleted bottom of a basket—she fashions on it with her bare hands, the bottom of the pot, *olla*, water jar, *tinajon* or bowl she plans to make. Out of remaining mud she rolls round ropes and lays them carefully, one upon another around the edge of the platelike bottom she has started. Thus, coil upon coil, she builds whatever shape she desires; using a paddle made of dried gourd for formative smoothing. This is manipulated inside the jar with her right hand, while the sensitive fingers of her left press the clay into shape. The pot takes form almost magically—and indeed it is magic of a sort. The rim is trimmed and shaped with a semi-sharp tool—a tin can top is what Maria Martinez, famous potter of San Ildefonso, uses.

When the vessel has dried in the sun it is smoothed still more and painted with a slip or sizing made of native materials. It is this slip and the number of coats of it that determine the color of the piece. For red ware six or seven coats must be applied. Before the slip is entirely dry the pot is polished with a stone. Infinite care in polishing is one mark of the truly good potter.

When this is completed our artist of the desert's edge brings her modest selection of paints—black, cream, brown, polychrome—all made from native earths, and proceeds to picture on the smooth surface of the vessel certain harmonizing, well-balanced and significant patterns. For this work she uses a brush made of yucca fiber. She does not cuddle the pot and work with short, cramped wrist movements like a high school china painter, but holds it almost at arm's length and paints with little bend in her arm and no elbow support. Yet the design often has fine lines that would baffle a draftsman, perfect geometric figures, and invariable balance and symmetry. She has no pattern to work by, this simple, calm-faced Indian woman, except the vision in her own mind, and yet there is never an erasure, never a change, and every figure, curve and line means something.

#### TO A NEWSBOY

**L**ITTLE boy of eager eyes,  
Selling daily papers,  
Taking pennies from the wise,  
Cutting silly capers;

Tell me, little, funny boy,  
Have you never sorrow?  
Always you are full of joy,  
Some of which I'd borrow.

Let me know, my little lad,  
How you get so jolly.  
Whisper to me why you're glad:  
Sootlie a man of folly.

—Henry Harrison.

**I**S IT good artistic sense, is it wise Americanism, is it good business, to chance the loss of such an art here in our own country and then run to the Orient in search of new design motifs? A lost art cannot be regained through a want ad column. Once gone it is departed. Luckily the ceramic art of the Pueblos is still alive, and as such institutions as the Indian Fair prove it to be profitable it will grow and develop even more.

Life forms, as I have intimated before, play an important part in pottery design, yet there is little or no effort at photographic realism. This doesn't mean that the Pueblo artist does not observe closely nor that he cannot draw animals as they are, but rather that he possesses certain sound instincts for decorative design and only uses life forms for his basic ideas. Thus he is, and always has been, a creative artist, making good use of his own imagination.

The study of Pueblo patterns is vastly interesting and revealing. In ancient times form and decoration apparently were uniform in all the Southwest. Since the Spanish conquest in about 1540, distinct motifs have developed in each pueblo. Thus there is the Santo Domingo bird—obviously derived from the "road runner" or chaparral bird; while the Acoma bird is a parrot. There are frequent cloud symbols in San Ildefonso designs—groups of half-egg circles one upon another like rolls of cumulus cloud in the sky. The deer is frequent on the Zuni pieces, always with the white patch on the rump and with a white-outlined red line running from mouth to heart with a quaint X-ray effect.

Most interesting of all is the circular line called the "exit trail of life" that runs around the neck of Zuni and many other jars. On the ancient pieces, painted in those dim days before the legend of the Seven Cities of Cibola brought adventurous Spaniards across the seas to this remote people of mystery, this life line has no break. The Zuni, hearing a ringing tone whenever he struck a water jar, conceived the idea that the sound was the voice of the spirit confined in it. Indeed this belief in the spirit personalities of clay vessels is not peculiar to the Indian. When he found a pot broken he imagined that the struggle of the confined spirit to escape had done it. Naïvely and yet with a somewhat poetic symbolism, he figured that the continuous line was what bound the spirit against its will, and so the idea of having a gap in the neck line was evolved. Look at any modern Zuni *olla* and you will find this break. In the Cochiti exhibit in one of the exhibitions you will invariably find the same thing.

(Continued on Page 354)



## Colter

By CHAUNCEY PRATT WILLIAMS

**M**ORE than half a century ago; to be specific, on March 1, 1872, the Congressional enactment creating the Yellowstone National Park became a law. Previous to that time the region thus preserved for the enjoyment of future generations had been known for more than sixty years to certain mountain men who told tales of its wonders that the public refused to believe.

The first white man to visit the region within the present boundaries of the park, to see its geysers and boiling springs and to tell about them, was John Colter and to him belongs the credit for its discovery.

Born a Virginian, he removed to Kentucky and in the autumn of 1803 joined the Lewis and Clark expedition at Maysville. He accompanied it to the Pacific, rendered efficient service and returned with it down the Missouri river to a point some fifty-five miles above the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota. Here he obtained his discharge and on August 15 or 16, 1806, joined two Illinois traders named Joseph Dickson and Forest Hancock and set out up the river with them.

Exactly where Colter passed the winter of 1806-7 in the upper country is uncertain, but in the spring of 1807 he came alone in a canoe down the Missouri river as far as the mouth of the Platte where he joined the party of Manuel Lisa, a noted trader of Spanish extraction, from St. Louis, who, later in 1807, constructed the first building erected in the present State of Montana. This trading-post was called Manuel's or Lisa's Fort and it was located on the Yellowstone river at the mouth of the Big Horn.

On the completion of his fort Lisa arranged with Colter to establish trade relations with the Crows and other adjacent Indian tribes. Colter set out on his mission equipped with a thirty pound pack, his gun and ammunition and travelled afoot and alone, making a round trip of eight hundred miles. He discovered the Wind River range, Union Pass, Jackson Hole, Teton Pass, Pierre's Hole, the Three Tetons and the headwaters of the Colorado of the West and of the Snake Fork of the Columbia. He was wounded in the leg in an Indian fight in Pierre's Hole, St. Anthony, Idaho, and then he struck directly across country northeasterly some three hundred miles for Lisa's Fort. It was while on this last lap of his journey that he discovered what is now the Yellowstone Park.

Colter's achievements deserve a conspicuous place in the annals of American

exploration, but what has gained unusual distinction for him in the list of the early western frontiersmen is the story of his escape from the Blackfoot Indians in the autumn of 1808. This affords a striking example of the use of the strength, courage, endurance and resourcefulness in desperate situations that characterized the American pioneer.

The Missouri river is formed by the confluence in southwestern Montana of the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin forks. Lewis and Clark had named them. They were called the Three Forks of the Missouri and at the period of Colter's miraculous escape were plentifully inhabited by beaver. They were some two hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Lisa's Fort and were in Blackfoot country.

On the occasion of Colter's escape from the Blackfeet, referred to above, he had penetrated to the Jefferson river, the most westerly of the Three Forks and the one that runs nearest the mountains. He was accompanied by John Potts, who was one of his comrades on the Lewis and Clark expedition. In search of beaver they were proceeding up the Jefferson river, each in his own canoe, when suddenly they heard a noise like that made by the trampling of animals, but they could not see the cause of it, as the high river-banks interfered with their view. Colter immediately decided that the noise was caused by Indians and counseled instant flight, but Potts charged him with cowardice, insisting that the trampling was made by buffalo and so they continued up the river.

The accuracy of Colter's decision was soon proven when a war party of about five hundred Blackfeet appeared on the east bank of the river. The chiefs hailed the trappers and ordered them to come ashore. Colter, expecting to be robbed only and realizing that any attempt at flight was hopeless, dropped his beaver traps into the shallow water over the side of his canoe away from the Indians and promptly obeyed the orders of the chiefs.

When he reached the shore and landed from his canoe he was seized, disarmed and stripped naked. Potts remained in his canoe in mid-stream, observing the result of Colter's landing. Colter called to Potts and asked him to come ashore, but Potts refused, saying that he might as well be killed as to be treated as Colter had been. Immediately an Indian fired and hit Potts in the hip. Potts dropped into the canoe, but at once arose with his rifle in his hands. "Are you

hurt?" said Colter. "Yes," said Potts "too much hurt to escape; if you can get away, do so; I will kill at least one of them." With this he aimed, fired and shot one of the Indians dead. Instantly Potts was riddled with bullets and arrows and a crowd of savages dashed into the stream and pulled ashore the canoe in which lay his gory corpse. They dragged it from the canoe up onto the bank, hacked it limb from limb with their hatchets and with their knives cut it all to pieces. They threw the viscera of his heart and lungs into Colter's face.

**T**HE dead Indian's relatives were furious and with tomahawks in hand they strove to reach Colter, but were restrained by the others. A hasty council was held over him and his fate was soon determined. When the council was finished, one of the chiefs pointed to the prairie and motioned to Colter with his hand saying in the Crow language "Go away." Colter thought that this meant to shoot him as soon as he was clear of the crowd and presented a good target. He started at a walk when the old Indian, with signs of impatience, told him to go faster and when he still walked the same Indian indicated his desires by more violent gestures and exclamations. When Colter had attained a distance of eighty or a hundred yards from the Blackfoot party, he saw that the young warriors were taking off their blankets, leggings and other impediments as they were preparing for a race. Their intentions became plain to him. It was to run a race, the prize being his own life and scalp.

Colter was fleet-footed and he started off like the wind and ran with all the strength that exalted nature could impart. Hope and fear imparted almost supernatural vigor to his frame and the speed that he was able to make surprised even himself. War-whoops made a welkin ring and on looking back he saw a large number of young warriors armed with spears swiftly pursuing him. The Madison fork lay about five miles directly ahead to the eastward from starting point. He had covered half the distance when he felt his strength fail and blood started from his nostrils. He stopped and looked back. He discovered that he had far outrun all his pursuers and that he might get away from them if his strength would only hold out.

One Blackfoot, far ahead of any others, was rapidly approaching with a spear in his right hand and a blanket flying out behind from his left hand and shoulder. Colter, in desperation waited for his pursuer and called to him



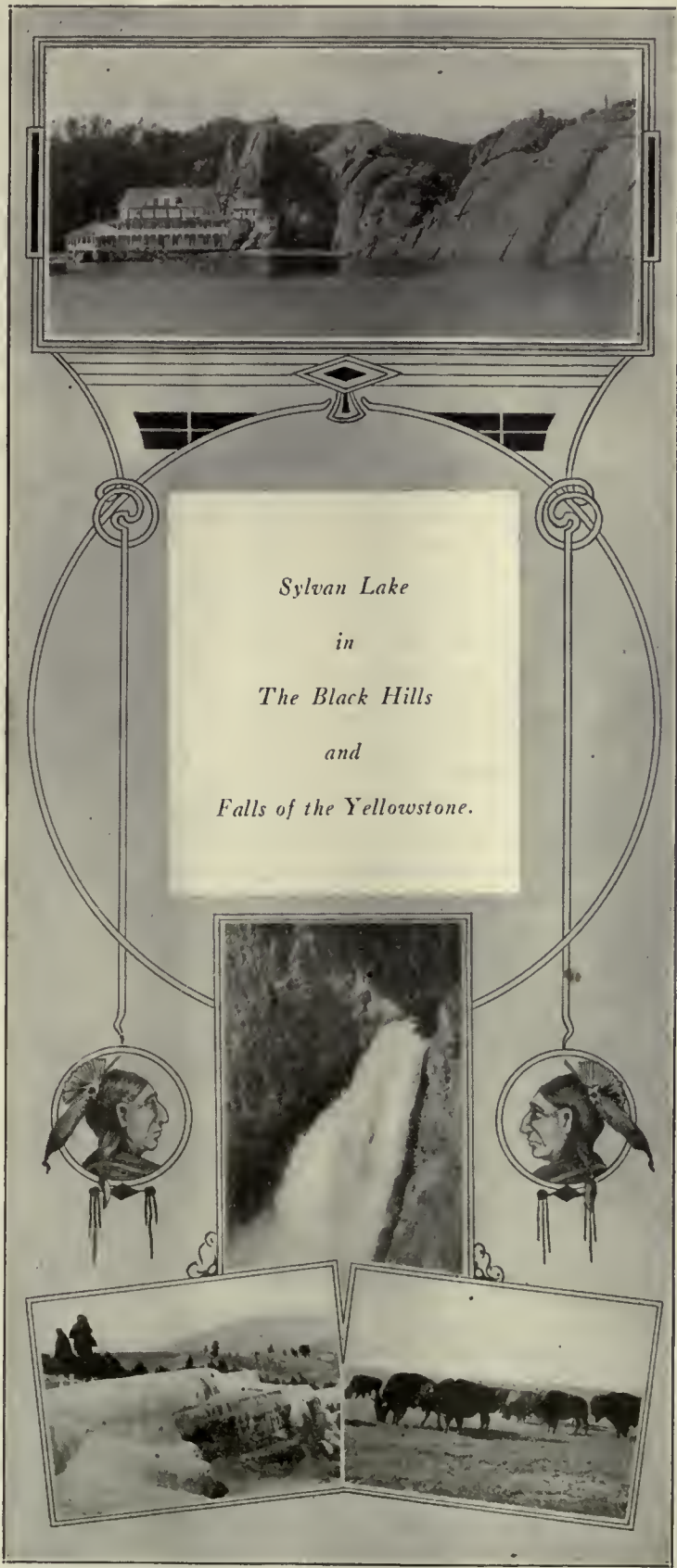
in the Crow language, to spare his life. The young Indian appeared not to hear him, but throwing away his blanket and gripping his spear in both hands, he charged at Colter naked and defenseless, and made a desperate lunge at him. Colter, however, was able to seize the spear near its head with his right hand and using his whole strength and taking advantage of the weight of the Indian, who stumbled in the fury of his onset, he broke off the shaft below the iron spear-head and retained it in his hand while the Indian fell to the ground and lay there disarmed.

Then it was the Blackfoot's turn to beg for mercy and this he did in the Crow language, raising his hands imploringly; but Colter was not in a frame of mind to apply the golden rule and he lost no time in pinning his adversary through the body to the ground with one thrust of the spear-head. Then quickly withdrawing the weapon from the body of the dying savage and taking his blanket as the spoils of war he set out again with renewed strength, feeling as if he had not run a mile.

From his rear came the yells of his other pursuers as if from a legion of devils and he saw the prairie behind him covered with Indians in full cry. Therefore running more swiftly than ever he arrived at the Madison river, the finish of his five mile race. Rushing through the willows that skirted its bank he plunged into the stream close beside a beaver-lodge, standing mound-like about ten feet above the surface of the water, which was here of nearly the same depth. This beaver-house offered a refuge from his blood-thirsty pursuers and he immediately availed himself of it. Swimming under water he was able to gain access to the interior of the beaver-house where he found a dry and tenanted resting place on the upper floor of his odd structure. The Indians soon arrived and in their search for him they stood on top of his house of refuge and expected momentarily to hear them breaking into it. He was also apprehensive lest they should set it on fire.

After a diligent search on the west side of the river they crossed over to the other side to look for him and in the course of two hours they again returned to his temporary refuge where he had obtained rest for his body, but with little peace of mind.

Old-time beaver houses often had two stories and were sometimes large enough to accommodate several men in a dry, if not a comfortable, lodging. In such a refuge Colter remained until night. The cries of his ferocious enemies had gradually died away and it was quiet when he ventured to leave his hiding place





# A House Divided

## CHAPTER IV—BOOK II.

By RICHARD WARNER BORST.

IT WAS now late summer of the second year of David Brock's sojourn in the land of prairie and bunch grass. A fresh, moist odor rose from the earth. The sun smiled benignly in a turquoise sky. Sparrows fluttered about the now numerous farm establishments.

Beals was already quite a town. The General Store had a new lean-to. There was a schoolhouse with three windows on a side and a neat fence enclosing a playground. David's shack was now in the center of things and a carefully lettered sign on the door read "Real Estate."

The journey to Kearney was now over a well-traveled road. David made frequent trips thither, though he no longer rode the swaying spring seat of the jolting lumber wagon. He drove, these days, a well-conditioned bay team and sat, protected by a yellow linen duster, in a neat buckboard, which gleamed with nickel trimmings and shining crimson wheels. The sprightly bays were guarded from flies by tidy nets made of narrow leather thongs, while a tasselled yellow sun umbrella of broad expanse, set into sockets behind his seat, fended from the magnate of Beals, Nebraska, the torrid beams of the late August sun.

He met today frequent travellers to whom he spoke with his usual jovial cordiality. Occasionally he "cut out around" and passed some slowly progressing farm wagon with a wave of his shiny whip and a smile of greeting. All who knew him paid him the deference that his prominence demanded and that whole-hearted regard prompted. He was thoroughly satisfied with life so far as one might see, and life was satisfied with him.

Arriving in town, he put up his team at a boarding stable and advanced to the Kearney House. In the afternoon he stood, satchel in hand, duster over arm, awaiting the east-bound train. A slight man with a furtive air appeared, carrying a pad. The two shook hands and exchanged a few words. The next morning's "Clarion" stated in prominent type the following item of local news:

"David Brock, well-known capitalist of Beals, departed yesterday afternoon for Omaha on a business trip."

David Brock had so far succeeded in a financial way that he felt none of the old inhibitions of former penury. He was alone in the world. A project to bring a railway connection to Beals was already under way and was the immediate reason for his departure for

### STORY THUS FAR

WHEN David Brock left home the duties of the family fell upon Julia, his daughter. Then came in rapid succession Adam's problem with Madge Neith, their marriage; intolerable days and the final separation of Julia from the family; the acceptance of a position in Manchester; lack of rains and financial difficulties which forced Lydia Brock to borrow money from Stewart Cook; Cook's altruism and the motive Gene Palmer—Julia's attempt to see nothing of Gene and the growing infatuation of Madge for Phil O'Meare.

While this reaction was taking place in the home from which David Brock had gone, his own life was not without complications.

#### Book Two

David Brock had in the meantime traveled by team to Nebraska, and here he had met L. P. Miles, a homesteader. From Miles he bought a prairie shack, and in Miles' company set out to look at the Miles' homestead.

And there was the woman, the woman in the personage of Mrs. Beals who immediately took a fancy to David. Mrs. Beals owned the general store and there was much for David to accomplish as her friend. A fast friendship developed and through her help David Brock rapidly rose to a powerful citizen of Beals, Nebraska. But there must always be equilibrium. Mrs. Beal's altruism was not less evident because of her desire for companionship and David found himself grappling with a problem of greater magnitude than any he had heretofore encountered.

Omaha. As soon as he was located in his section of the Pullman, he tipped the porter so generously that this colored gentleman became as putty in the "Jedge's" hands. The great train, one of the finest specimens of rolling stock this wealthy line possessed, roared eastward beneath a darkening evening sky.

David now moved luxuriously toward the observation platform and sat on a collapsible stool that George—as he called the porter—now produced. Far to the west the silver lines of dwindling rails met at a point in the perspective.

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A sky, full of heavy, leaden-hued clouds was slashed horizontally with livid purple and crimson gashes. At great distances solitary lights shone in lonely farmsteads. The scene was mournful, oppressive, and he sighed as the mighty coaches plunged onward through the thickening darkness. As if to cast off his sudden melancholy, he rose hurriedly and sought the cheer and comfort of the dining car. But in spite of the obsequious servants and the bland deference of the uniformed official who slid a chair beneath him as he sat down to a damask-covered table, which was set with gleaming cut glass and shining silver, a fever of sadness seemed running in his blood while relentlessly the throbbing wheels clickety-clacked, clickety-clacked, over the streaming silvery rails, toward the Iowa line.

### CHAPTER V.

ARRIVING early the following morning in Omaha, David Brock alighted from the Pullman under the administration of the enthusiastic George. Generously rewarding the dusky and loyal vassal, he grandiloquently hailed a passing "hack" and drove to the leading hotel. Here he engaged a suite of rooms and established himself for several days' sojourn. The boy carrying his bags threw open a heavy door and David beheld in the vista a generous-sized sitting room, with a center table of elaborate workmanship, and settee and easy chairs in red plush, with golden tassels.

Left alone in such splendor he moved restlessly about, and finally thrusting aside the lace curtains of his sitting room he peered out on the street.

Omaha was by this time a thriving town and the lure of the throbbing industry around him drew him presently out of doors.

Swearing teamsters driving satiny gaitic draft horses of dappled gray sat perched on the high seats of dray wagons, which rumbled past, loaded with beer kegs or covered carcasses of recently butchered bees. Dust, smoke, discordant ugliness, and the fever of toil! Somehow the man in the slouch hat, the white waistcoat and the yellow linen duster felt a strange indifference.

He stood gazing toward the further bank of the great river. Yonder was the Iowa line!

In the afternoon he made connection with the officials whom he desired to see. They seemed satisfied that the time was ripe for a branch railroad to be run from Kearney to Beals. They said s



and David found himself again adrift.

Once again in the hotel, a continued restlessness consumed him. He paced up and down the red carpeted suite. Occasionally he stopped to stare eastward across the tin roofs of the store buildings to where he could see the long brown levels of the Iowa prairies, stretching pleasantly in the long slanting rays of the low lying sun.

Occasionally across wide spaces, he could see the tall towers of windmills, their great white wheels whirling briskly in a steady gale.

It seemed as if some malicious destiny were setting traps for him. There was a small variety house a few blocks up street, and here he found himself in due time standing in line at the box-office. The faces about him appraised him indifferently. Some even saw something amusing in his appearance—he could see that. Their faces wore the acute and flinty eagerness of close and strenuous competition; he was not used to this, since the prairie, capricious and cruel though it may be, does not cramp and dwarf the minds of men as do the streets of cities and the niggardly conditions of squeezing commerce. Uneasy under the sophisticated scrutiny of his fellow theater-goers, David was glad to sing into the obscurity of his seat.

The clog dancing, suggestive through its perfect rhythms of the essential order we all more or less successfully seek in a chaotic universe, soothed him. Two clowns, one prodigiously fat, the other preternaturally thin, finally had him convulsed with mirth and the tears running down his face. A burnt-cork artist enlivened the assembly with various accounts of chicken hunting "way down in Alabam'." And finally the curtain lifted slowly on a rustic scene. Two lovers quarrelled by a mossy well-curb, the curly-haired swain, in the costume of fifty years ago, finally flinging off in anger to disappear in the shadows of the hedge while the girl, in a hoop skirt, with a kerchief demurely crossed upon her breast, sank in sudden contrition to the ground.

As the curtain rose on the second act of this little drama, an old woman rested by the well-curb; saplings of the previous scene were now observed to have grown to sturdy trees, whose branches spread wide a gentle shade about the seat where the old lady in a cap sat knitting. When, finally, an old man, hobbling in with a cane that trembled in his palsied hand, made himself known, begged forgiveness—and received it—there was a moment of silence throughout the house followed by a roar of prolonged applause. The lights flashed up, and, with a sense of misery such as he had never known in all his life, David Brock made

his way out into the hurrying street.

"Brock," he muttered to himself, "You're a —" But he could not bring himself to say it. The next day he returned to Beals.

**B**Y THE time David reached Beals once more, his struggle with the past had apparently lost its violence. He gave no sign of having gone through a mental climax that had tried his soul. Now, however, his enthusiasm over the new railroad was enough to serve as a sort of antidote to his sufferings; the spell of his adopted home town also returned.

David was now a man of real consequence in Beals. But this exploit of his had further effect in setting him on a pinnacle of power in that remote settlement. Fall had brought new settlers,

#### DAHLIAS

**T**O KING SUMMER'S last parade  
Came his stately youngest  
queens;

All their gorgeous pomps displayed.  
Each on her green sceptre leans  
And their crowns are, every one,  
Color wrought into a sun.

Lying in his garden bed  
Summer watches beauty pass  
Smiles upon each ardent head  
Grieves that he is old—alas!  
But? a lover even thus;  
Is in death voluptuous.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

and need for local government now resulted. The day after his arrival home from Omaha with the good news, he was elected Justice of the Peace.

As magistrate, he was a prodigious success. As a marrying judge, his fame spread far and wide across the brown desolation of the prairie until Beals became a very Gretna Green for miles around.

**S**PRING being propitious, with copious rains through April and May, the first crop of winter wheat was a sight to see as the first pallid blades appeared, covering the vast reaches of that bare world with the tender green of thriving vegetation which rapidly took a deeper and deeper hue and presently covered the prairie for mile on mile with a luxuriant growth of billowing grain stalks. Almost as if by magic the full-eared heads appeared, bending low the slender stems that now grew yellow with maturity. And finally, like a golden floor, under the azure dome of the zenith, wealth lay, from horizon to horizon, awaiting the eager blades of the clashing harvesters.

Late in October the cashier of the First State Bank of Manchester had occasion again to remark as he thumbed his ledger:

"I see old Brock is still alive and kickin'."

The morning of that day he sold his shack to a newcomer, and moved his few personal belongings over to the new hotel, a frame structure situated on a lot which he had accomodatingly sold to the present owner.

He took leave of his shack with real regret. The dwelling had sheltered him for two busy summers and throughout the rigors of his first winter in Beals. He stood a moment at the door to take a final look at his former home.

David's office was in a corner of the new lobby. No longer an assistant in the general store, but now a part owner, he had plenty of time for the prosecution of a vigorous real estate business. The duties of Justice of the Peace were neither irksome nor onerous. He made rather a fine figure in his Prince Albert. It presently came to be the custom to hail him as Judge. George, the porter's, appellation had been in a way prophetic. And the outer metamorphosis of David was complete.

The inner David also was undergoing readjustment even more profound. That final struggle in Omaha had left him convinced of one thing as never before. Had he loved Lydia Brock as he felt women should be loved, nothing would have held him from return. Since he had come again to Kearney, he now saw that, throughout those years there on the old place, his life had been one of semi-functioning—a nocturnal, subdued, misshapen thing.

The constant din of Lydia's bickering—could he really face it again? As he gained perspective on that former life, he apprehended the underlying reason for his departure; a departure that he himself had never been quite able to explain. Lydia's personality came more and more into relief in the sombre background of his midnight musings. She stood forth now, menacing, turbulent, infuriating. She appeared as one utterly without genuine intelligence, completely selfish, and possessing a sort of perverted materialism. Constantly afflicting her two children, at the same time—in crises of controversy such as had occurred that last bitter morning—she had irrationally championed the caprices of the recalcitrant Adam.

He remembered numerous small kindnesses of Julia's which he had till now not accounted to her for much of anything. That time when she had remembered his birthday with a tie bought with some of her first school money, came back to him with a pang. He regretted his failure to do more than gruffly thank her. He excused himself on the grounds that Lydia had never been

(Continued on page 361)



# A Home in the Desert

## CHAPTER XII.

IRENE WELCH GRISSIN

ONE Monday morning when I went to school I found the girls of my class standing in little groups, talking together, their faces very sad.

In hushed accents they told me that our class-mate, Mary Madison, had died late on Sunday night. She had been taken ill the Friday previous, and all efforts of skilled physicians had not availed to save her life.

It did not seem possible. We could not adjust our minds to this sudden passing of our friend. A gay, delightful girl, usually smiling happily, she was favorite with us all. We called her, "Merry Mary."

Mrs. Madison sent word to our teacher that if the class-mates of Mary wished to come for a final farewell, they might do so that afternoon at the hour of three.

During the noon intermission we decorated the desk, that still held Mary's books and paper, with flowers and white ribbon.

Shortly before three o'clock we formed in line and passed down the stone steps, across the school yard, up the street to a house where the door was hung with white crape.

Silent and sadly we passed through the room where lay all that was mortal of Mary.

The still, white figure lying there with closed eyes and hands crossed upon the breast, flowers heaped about it, filled me with a wild and unreasoning terror. It was utterly strange.

The heavy fragrance of the room seemed to stifle me. The subdued sobs of the girls were sounds from far away. When we left the room one of them reproached me for not crying, saying:

"Rene doesn't care like the rest of us. She hasn't shed a tear. She is a hard-hearted girl."

My loyal chum stepped quickly to my side and threw a protecting arm about me, saying indignantly:

"Crying doesn't mean much. See how white Rene is, and she's shaking like a leaf. Don't you dare say another word against her!"

We fell silent again, and I clung close to the embrace of my defender.

When we went home from school I told mother, in a hushed voice, that "Merry Mary" was dead. She was inexpressibly shocked and saddened, for she knew the parents well, and felt what anguish must be theirs.

Seeing the terror in my eyes mother spoke comfortingly and soothingly. She carefully explained that the body Mary

had laid aside was only the shell of her soul, that had passed into a new life, fully as real as the one she left behind.

I could eat no supper, and went to bed early. Mother came and sat beside me in the darkness, talking in a gentle tone of many things, hoping to take my mind from the death of my friend, and soothe me to sleep.

At last, under the steady murmur of her tones, I fell fast asleep.

I wakened suddenly at the sound of my voice crying out. I was sitting up in bed, and the room was black with the dense shadows of midnight.

While I sat there, my breath coming in terrified sobs, mother entered the door and came quickly to my side. I clung to her wild with fear. She pushed me over, and lay down beside me, one arm enfolding me closely, endeavoring to calm my nerves that were completely unstrung.

I slept fitfully, wakening often with a start of fear, and feeling to see if mother was still beside me. In the morning I was white and heavy-eyed. Father looked at me with a quick, questioning glance, and said I might stay away from school that day, and go with him on a long drive he had to make.

It seemed very strange to watch Ella and the boys drive away together in the cart, while I remained at home.

About ten o'clock father and I left for a twelve mile drive down the river. He took the bay team and light buggy, and we rolled away swiftly down the dusty road. A light wind was blowing that carried the dust behind us, so we did not mind it at all.

Father handed me the reins, saying he wished I would drive while he read again a letter he had in his pocket. This seemed to take a long time, mile after mile passed by and still we sat in silence.

Unconsciously the beauty of the day calmed and soothed me, and when father turned to me at last I smiled in answer to his words.

But I could not keep my thoughts from this terrible new experience that had come into my life, and presently we were talking of it together.

"I can't understand about it, father," I said wistfully. "Mother said her soul, the real Mary, had entered a life in a new land. But, Oh, how does she know? Where is that land? How can anybody know for sure about it? They don't see them go. They just guess and hope. Maybe there isn't any other life and

when we die it's just the end. I'm frightened, father," I clung to him trembling in sudden fear.

"How are you different from that horse, Rene?" father asked suddenly, pointing with his whip at the mare we called Fanny, a favorite of mine.

I was puzzled at the change of subject. "Why," I said wonderingly, then paused in thought, "I can think, and talk, and read and study."

"Yes, you can do all that and much more. You can reason with your mind. You have a conscience that tells you what is right and wrong. This inner life of yours, which no physical eye can see, is the thing that for loss of a better term we have called the soul. It is the mysterious spirit principle that makes you human, different from that horse, possessed of only an instinct. It is the divine spark in all mankind. You can understand that clearly, can't you?"

I nodded my head thoughtfully, and said slowly, "Yes, father."

"So much then, for your soul. You know that you possess an inner life, unseen by all, yet fully as real as your physical body that eats, sleeps and breathes without much conscious effort on your part. That which takes your careful study and thought is the development of your mind and conscience, the thing neither you nor I, nor any other can see."

He paused, looking at me keenly, and I nodded without speaking.

"Where do you suppose your soul came from, Rene?" he asked suddenly.

I considered a long moment, deeply puzzled. "Why, I don't know, I guess it was just in me when I was born, same as my tongue and things."

"Yes, it was in you when you were born, the same as your physical organs, but all unseen and unknown. It came into your body from out of an unknown land. When you come to die it will pass out of your body to enter again a state of being of which no one can tell.

"Dying is as natural as being born, you must learn not to fear it. They are the twin forces of the universe, operating ceaselessly. But the desire to live is natural and necessary, an instinct implanted by Nature throughout her kingdom, to perpetuate and develop all species to the highest possible point. It is right to love life, for it is a gift divine."

He paused for some moments, and I sat very still, striving to grasp his meaning. Presently he continued:

"You do not need to concern yourself greatly as to that unknown country the soul enters after death. It is as safely



hidden from prying, mortal eyes as the mysterious land from whence it came."

"What must I do, then, father," I questioned anxiously.

"Put all your efforts into making the life you live here the best possible. Have faith in God and man, do your share of the world's work without shirking or complaining, and strive earnestly to make each tomorrow a little better in every way, than today. If you follow faithfully this simple rule, you will develop your soul so that you need not be ashamed of it when the time comes to pass on.

"Since fame, riches, all earthly possessions must be left behind it follows naturally that the state of being entered into will be happy or unhappy, according to the reward merited by the good, or bad deeds done on earth."

Again we sat in silence while I endeavored to comprehend these conceptions of life and death that his words had given me.

In the distance we could see the lonely ranch house to which we were bound. Suddenly it caught and held my attention, and my thoughts centered about it. I wondered about the people who lived there. First my busy fancy painted a family with many boys and girls, then swiftly a silent, lonely childless home.

Dozens of surmises rushed to and fro in my mind.

Father got out and opened the barbed-wire gate. I drove the team through, and presently we halted before an open door.

We found only a woman at home. Father left me with her while he drove to the far side of the ranch to find the man he had come to see.

She was a sweet-faced woman, with eyes that smiled in a deep, serene happiness. I liked her instantly.

Presently there came a cry from the next room, and she hurried away.

She returned with a babe in her arms, a daughter six months old that very day. I exclaimed in delight over the tiny fingers, the wide blue eyes, and the dimpled, white feet. Together her mother and I wondered and admired, at the shrine of her enchanting charms.

She wrinkled up her face and wailed for her dinner, drinking in the milk with a long, gurgling sigh of satisfaction. At last she paused, smiling up at her mother and cooing softly, as if to say: "Thank you so much for that nice dinner."

In a flash many things became clear to me and I exclaimed eagerly:

"Why, already her soul is developing! How wonderful!"

In answer to curious questions I explained carefully the facts I had just learned concerning souls, and life and death. In the effort to make plain to an-

other these vital truths they became clear in my own mind.

Father returned, accompanied by the husband, and we were urged to stay and have dinner. While the meal was in preparation I held the baby, cuddling the soft, warm little body against my breast with a feeling of infinite satisfaction.

When, at last, we left for home, I was quite my usual self again.

The sun shone warm and bright, the wind was cool and fragrant, and the mountains smiled down on us like dear, familiar friends.

I chattered merrily, building one tall air-castle after another, and father listened, asking an occasional question that served to keep the flow of talk steady. The vague thing called my soul was filled with peace.

My friend was still "Merry Mary," for she was living somewhere. True, it was in a mystical, unknown land, but she lived, that was enough.

#### MARSH MARIGOLDS

MARSH MARIGOLDS beside  
the stream;  
I saw their gay heads not between  
The canopy of rush and grass;  
Me thought I saw your shadow pass  
As in the mazes of a dream.

The golden glory of your hair  
Brushed close my cheek; beside  
me there  
I felt your presence in the bright  
Marsh-Marigolds.

Wide, laughing eyes peeped out at  
me;  
In every blossom I could see  
The haunting beauty of your face,  
The swaying liteness of your  
grace.  
When I lost you, God gave to me—  
Marsh-Marigolds.

HELEN THURSTON.

#### CHARTER XIII

AN ORATOR who addressed us  
One Fourth of July used these  
words:

"It overreaches the imagination of man to prophecy the future of irrigation. Great as the results have already been the progress of the future will be astounding. And of this one thing can we be proud: the science of irrigation was born, reared and nourished in the Greeley district, and by the people we see and speak with every day on the street."

This statement made a deep impression on my mind, and I talked it over afterward with father. As I grew older, and left childish rebellion behind, we often reasoned out things together.

Father was growing old rapidly. His shoulders, once so erect, were stooped, and deep lines of care and weariness had engraved themselves upon his face.

All too clearly had the struggle sapped his physical strength. But his blue eyes were clear and fearless as ever. They flashed with the light of a conqueror as he told me, in swift, vivid words, all that irrigation had accomplished and the wonders yet to be unfolded.

We talked of the early history of the colony until it became as familiar to me as if I had helped in the construction of the Number 2 canal, the first ditch that brought water to the arid uplands.

The irrigation era was in full sway throughout the western half of the United States, once referred to as "The great American desert."

Father did much of the irrigating of the farm himself, as the hired men were frequently careless, and did not conserve the precious fluid, so that each little stream might go to the place where it was most needed by the thirsty crops.

He wore a white helmet, cool and light, that protected his head from the hot rays of the sun. His soft shirt was open at the throat, and his corduroy trousers tucked into high rubber boots.

Sometimes I went with him, following along on the ditch banks, and together we watched a stream of shining water run down a dry and dusty row, and marveled at the revival of the drooping plants.

I had turned again to poetry, and this marvel of the long ago and the present day ran in and out of my mind until I voiced it in verses that I called, "The Irrigator."

I repeated them shyly to father one day.

When father said briefly, "I like that," I glowed with pride, feeling as if life had suddenly laid a warm kind hand on my soul.

The growing of potatoes had now become a large industry, and many acres were planted to the crop each year on our farm.

At first the yield was heavy, but as the land was farmed more and more to potatoes the production began to decrease. Father questioned whether it was a success or not.

The fame of the Greeley potato went far and wide. It was featured on the menu of the dining cars, and in the great hotels of the East. When cooked it was dry and flakey, falling into a mass of white granules, differing from the soggy potato grown in many parts of the country. We were proud of the perfect vegetable we produced.

It was a beautiful crop at various stages of its growth. When the tiny plants first forced their way to the light they stood in long rows across the field, and looked like bands of green velvet laid on the earth.

(Concluded Next Month)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## FIFTH PRINTING IN MAY!

DO NOT confuse the Boyd of Drums with Thomas Boyd or Ernest Boyd, but remember and watch him. From the quality of his first novel, the most brilliant future would be a poor estimate of his abilities. Drums is a story of Johnny Fraser of North Carolina and the American Revolution. One can easily imagine the atmosphere detail of the story as existing at that time. There is something in each of we Americans that cherishes the stories of our "making." Drums is that story which easily transplants the reader to pre-existence and lets him live for the moment in the tales of his great-grandfathers. Boyd is unusually clever in his dialect, yet as in most "first" novels there is something missing, but the mere fact that that something doesn't detract from the popularity of the story, gives to Boyd, the credit of choosing for his theme, what the public wants. We are growing patriotic. Boyd is yet a bit stiff; he does not write easily. One has the sense that he has an abundance of power he is withholding for a mighty race—that he is the jockey of his own "racer" and that he knows the power he is holding back, is confident—but sparing. Some day he will loosen up on his style; he will write with fire; he will lose that solidness; he will not be so weighty—but if he never writes another book, Drums will be something to make his name live.

DRUMS, by James Boyd. Scribner's. \$2.50.

## OF NATURE

JAMES CURWOOD is different in this new story. With the same power of description, the lure of Nature's grandeur, Curwood weaves into THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY a charming story. All that an old road can suggest, a road blazed by explorers, worn by adventurers, of home seekers, of fugitives and pursuers, is this story woven of, and so delicately is there the underlying current that one finishes with a cleanness and memories.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY, James Curwood. Cosmopolitan. \$2.00.



James Oliver  
Curwood  
Author of  
"The Ancient  
Highway"

## ANOTHER SIDE

THERE is always another side to every story! So Ferrero has shown in "The Women of the Caesars!" If there is a "bright side" an alternative for constructive criticism we have it. Tiberius no longer remains the tyrant we have always believed him to be; Augustus, even Caligula and Nero are in a measure exonerated. It has once been said, "Behind every throne is a woman." "Women of the Caesars" certainly proves this. Greek and Roman history for the most part is a Masculine History, yet always there has been the mystery of "Why"—why did they do this, why that—etc., Ferrero answers that why. Expansion always means repression! This is certainly shown in the history of nations most particularly in the Roman era. Ferrero writes of that period where the world was progressing from the old world into a new, a most tragic of phenomena, when one is still sufficiently strong to resist the assaults of the other, and the other though growing—yet too weak to annihilate that world on the ruins of which alone it will be able to prosper. It is at such a time that men need women; and such a time that women make history.

In this book, Ferrero, greatest of the living Roman historians, tells the story of the virtuous Livia, the wilful Julia, the evil Agrippina, and many other women of the Caesars. They rise from his pages living, in a fascination seldom equalled by the pen of any historian.

THE WOMEN OF THE CAESARS, by Guglielmo Ferrero. Putnam. (Our copy gives no price.)

\* \* \*

## WESTERN

DOUBLEDAY PAGE AND CO., have put out a most delightful piece of fiction from Miss Monroe's pen titled BEHIND THE RANGES. Helie is an admirable girl, a fighter, a fighter for rights. It is a story of cattle stealing, riding, fighting, love and romance of the Western spaces. It is a story one could read twice, three or more times without regretting!

BEHIND THE RANGES, Anne Shannon Monroe. Doubleday Page and Co. \$2.00.

\* \* \*

## AGAIN CHARLES MAJOR

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER — DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL! Does ROSALIE need any more introduction than that the author of the mentioned books is also the author of the last? Rosalie could have been written by no other person and it is not disappointing.

ROSALIE, Charles Major. Macmillan. \$2.00.



Percy  
Bysshe  
Shelley

## INSPIRATIONAL

INSPIRATIONAL is the work of Ariel. To know a poet and then read Andre Maurois' life of Shelley is to say the author knows the inner nature better than perhaps the poet himself. There is the keenest pleasure experienced in reading of the maddest romances, recklessness, sincerity—all fascinating! Ariel and its delicious wit and unbounded charm is felt with a sustaining power which one seldom encounters.

ARIEL, LIFE OF SHELLEY, Andre Maurois. D. Appleton. \$2.50.

## OPPENHEIM

VERILY, there is no limit to the ingenuity and resources of E. Phillips Oppenheim, master story teller of two continents as his publishers call him. Every new book from his pen is a surprise because one picks it up incredulous that it can avoid a re-hashing of some one of the author's previous ninety-odd novels, only to find that the impossible has become possible to the author's skill and it is a new and vivid creation of fiction.

Oppenheim's latest, "Stolen Idols," is no exception. The story begins in China and reveals to us Gregory Ballaston, who has helped to steal two ancient temple idols, reputed to contain a fortune in gems—Gregory, intent upon restoring the fallen fortunes of his house, Ballaston Hall, filled with art treasures and burdened with mortgages. Unfortunately, Gregory takes back to England with him one of the twin idols which, named Body, the other being named the Soul, brings to the surface and intensifies all that is evil in its possessor. He disgraces himself with the girl he loves and when he goes back to England finds himself involved in a mysterious robbery and murder.

The mystery is a perplexing one and suspicion points convincingly to several individuals before the final pages, and solution, is reached. The plot is absorbing and there is adventure and excitement enough to stir the pulse of the most blasé reader of fiction for entertainment.

STOLEN IDOLS, by Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.



## DARWIN OR GENESIS!

**T**HERE IS NO such thing as love at first sight, strip the dime novel romance from the thing and it stands naked, a mere sex impulse, fierce, savage, blind." Such is what Allen tells Donna. This book, by Thomas Dixon, is strangely true to life; the first part we should say, contains a lesson for sweet-hearts. Banning's philosophy, later in the book, of why he is a crook, is worthy of mention. Mr. Dixon has a way of baring a man's soul as no one else does. He is daring, unafraid—with the courage of his convictions pulsing through every line of his story. Love Complex is indeed a timely hook and will probably become a Best Seller.

THE LOVE COMPLEX, by Thomas Dixon. Boni Liveright. \$2.00.

## AGAIN—THE TRIANGLE!

**I**F YOU ARE interested in a novel with no beginning except upon the first page, and no ending except upon the last page and in which certain puppets, whom the author would have us believe are men and women, move about incomprehensibly to no conceivable purpose, then read THE GOLDEN DOOR by Evelyn Scott.

The story is briefly about the dilemma in which a young man and his wife and another young lady find themselves; a variation of the eternal triangle. In order to give freshness to this badly mildewed theme, the man is depicted as having something of the characteristics of Christ, Tolstoi and Marcus Aurelius; and it seems that he has retreated with his girl-wife to a farm near some ocean or other, though where one can't imagine, where, when the story opens, they are leading a simple if somewhat uncomfortable life. What aims and purposes in life this peculiar individual, whose name is Paul, may have had, fails to get over; but he seems to have been in revolt against the conventions and injustices of the world and was apparently perturbed because men did not love one another in the spirit exemplified by Christ's teachings. His wife, May, is desperately in love with him; but she is supplanted by one Nina who, the author would have us believe, understands more perfectly the soul of Paul. At any rate, his wife is ousted from her domestic sovereignty and returns to her people; and Paul and Nina for a while live in a rather open disregard of the conventions upon the farm, neither apparently deriving any great comfort from this not at all unusual but horribly managed affair.

The book leaves one unmoved and its style and general arrangement are without conspicuous or even noticeable merit. (Reviewed by Ames Peterson).

THE GOLDEN DOOR, by Evelyn Scott. Thomas Seltzer, N. Y. \$2.50.

## AMBASSADOR TO HAPPINESS

**J**EAN EVARTS found it when she had given up her faith in God, when she was in the last stages of tuberculosis. As a ray of light came her help, which is so ably put forth in THE DIARY OF JEAN EVARTS. Through this book one may find his own Ambassador to happiness. At least one will find topics of the day, and whether you will agree or not they are there, simple truths of evil, disease, decay and death. It may change your entire life and again if it only makes you think it has done something.

THE DIARY OF JEAN EVARTS, by Charles Francis Stocking. E. M. Maestro Co. \$2.00.



## AN INSPIRATION

**Y**ES, TRULY Noon is an inspiration. It is but again one of those tales of struggles of a now prominent and successful authoress. Kathleen Norris is comparatively a young woman and she is a California woman—her childhood, a greater part of it was spent in our dear Mill Valley. In Noon, she tells of that childhood; of her old home in San Francisco, of her mother and father; of her meeting Charles G. Norris, then on Sunset, whom she afterwards married and how they lived on 25 a week in New York. Yes—her scripts came back—came back from everywhere and then—then they didn't come back—at least her worry ceased—Charles Norris became her business manager. This autobiography is stimulating—it is interesting—it is intimate. Can more be said?

NOON, by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page and Co. (Our copy gives no price).

## THE MASTER OF HATE

**E**LEMENTAL and realistic—Liam O'Flaherty has a way of comparing his characters' feelings with the elements of the earth, sea and sky with an

impetuous power and burning sincerity which holds his readers spell-bound. The Black Soul is a story of "little" Mary, a woman of wild illegitimate birth, scorning her husband—and there is the Stranger whose soul is black for he has denounced God and all things beautiful. It is through "Little" Mary, whom he scorns at first, that he finds the salvation of his soul, through learning to love her, for is not love the master of hate?

THE BLACK SOUL, by Liam O'Flaherty. Boni Liveright. \$2.50.

## GENIUS

**S**OME ONE has said "Genius consists not as a creator of beginnings or fancying what does not exist, but consists in discerning more truth than ordinary minds." So it is with Laurence W. Meynell, for surely he does discern more truth than the ordinary mind . . . he leaves one with a sense of some strange emotional power which has rung true to match the flashing wit of the story. There is not a page one turns but that there is some truth of life, some epigram, some echo of his own feelings and convictions. And there is that personality around which three men turn, Rachael Massinger. Rachael is one we have always seemed to know, yet always about whom we speculate lazily, find confusing and accept for what she seems to be, a personality which stimulates Hugh, Vivian and Chickie. It is around these characters that Meynell weaves his story, with the restlessness of post war conditions in England as a background carrying Rachael forward to the day when she finds herself tricked by life and the men in whom she delighted dispersed. Yet one sees her lifting herself, in her charming manner above the hitherness of living, and looking out upon the future with hopeful, adventurous eyes . . . Mr. Meynell has a power of telling the story which is new, which deserves thought. One is conscious of but one point of view, yet whose point of view is the question. After reading MOCKBEGGAR one will naturally look for Mr. Meynell's next—and there must be a next, the public will demand it because it likes just this kind of a touch of sophistication as a reminder that there is irony of life which is tart—but good.

THE MOCKBEGGAR, by Laurence W. Meynell. Appleton. \$2.00.

## OBITUARY

**A** ROMANTIC career full of the extreme contrasts came to an end on May 1st, when Mrs. Bertha Pearl Moore, aged 35, died at the John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, after a lingering illness.

One may well remember SARAH AND HER DAUGHTER, a story of New York's Ghetto, depicting accurately the life of the Ghetto family from day to day. Though this story was written while Bertha Pearl was in a Sanatorium, it does not depress one for there is laughter mingled with the tears and suffering. In Sarah and Her Daughter, one may sense in a way an autobiographic sketch of the author's own life, the struggles toward culture by an American-Jewish immigrant. Minnie, the heroine is a faint reflection of Miss Pearl herself. One should keep this book in his library.

SARAH AND HER DAUGHTER, by Bertha Pearl. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.25.



# The Old Book Shop

S. BERT COOKSLEY

**S** EVEN STEPS DOWN, a brief clatter of the iron knocker, a sudden breath of dust and paper and ink, a hint of someone slipping quickly out of the picture—and you are alone in the gloom and quiet of the book shop. The faint echo of a clock, a restless flutter of papers stirred by your entrance and already settling back to sleep—and you are in the autumn of green and silver that is the atmosphere of the book shop. . .

No one comes to sell. Nothing stirs. You walk to the nearest table.

Wood-cuts, etchings on blue parchment. Portraits in miniature on canvas yellow and dried as the oranges of Tzintgar; curled brochures of Russian tragedy, designed candelabrum thickly somnolent beneath their fingers of twisted wax. You pick the first book, a skin bound body with tissue pages and fine type. Voltair's "Candide" stares up into your face, breathing its early memories resentfully, indignant at your intrusion. Near it is Schopenhauer's "Studies in Pessimism" and Beerbohm's greatly unhappy "Happy Hypocrite." To one side, beneath a tattered edition of Schiller's essays, is a thin volume, faded and eaten, that needs a lighted match held close to the once bold name, "Etude Biographique sur Francois Villon" grandly sentimentalized by Longnon. . .

Books! Books! Books! New books, old books! Grub eaten, torn and broken;

starched, brilliantly colored and brazen! Covers of young kid, covers of coarse leather, covers of cloth and paper, Persian parchment and hard burnt wood, sheet brass and embossed Brazilian gut! Wood type, Old English, Old German, Script, Caslon, light-face, bold-face, gothic and Pabst type! Condensed and extended type! Six-point, eight-point, twelve-point, fourteen-point! Steel cut dyes, copper screen and zinc line! Engraved, embossed, printed and painted! Picture frames! Sprayed, burnished, stippled, poly-chromed and umber stained! Antique copper, ancient brass, Indian clay, Dutch pottery! Papers on Chekhov and Ibsen, Wilde and Gautier, Flaubert and Maeterlinck, Shaw and Tolstoi, Sudermann and Turgenev, Yeats and Hugo! Dainty poster-poems of Le Gallienne and Masters, Masefield and Gibson, Guiterman and Rice! Essays, histories and biographies! Brahmanism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Christianity! Governments and Politics, Science and Religion, Books! Books! Books!

Someone enters; a stoop-shouldered, dry-faced, thin-legged man with enormous glasses. He goes to a table, selects a thin volume at once, and vanishes into a corner and silence. The clock ticks on.

At your side a table contentedly sleeps beneath its burden of Thackeray and De

Quincey, Thoreau and Poe, Manzoni and Saga, Cervantes and Emerson. Its brother slumbers peacefully despite its turmoil of Herodotus and Tacitus, Plato and Cicero, Epictetus and Aurelius!

A door opens with resentful squeaks. A little old woman comes over with an armful of books. She looks at you absently, rests her armful of paper and leather on a pile of leather and paper and asks if she may help. You are told of a fine buy in Moliere, a very rare copy of Homer's "Iliad" and a hand set edition of D'Annunzio's "Flame of Life" all in one brief sentence. As if an afterthought, she asks you if it is Drama, Religion, Fiction or Science you desire. You smile and say you are merely looking. She points to a recently rebound Macaulay, offering along with it the weary package of Renan underneath. You shake your head and glance through a beautifully presented copy of Dostoyevsky's "Poor People." She then brings you a great affair that is paper bound and bears with all the grace a blue crayon can muster, "Catalogue." You thank her and mention an immediate engagement, glancing hurriedly at your watch.

The enormous glasses and stooped shoulders in the far gloom turns a page. The clock ticks on. Your hostess passes with squeaks through her back door. The open door throws sunlight, noises and frightened bits of paper upon you. You move into rhythm, sound, color. Into movement and habit, sense and platitude;—into the pages of another book.





# Odds and Ends

ADA KYLE LYNCH

AS PEOPLE acquire years (note I do not say they are growing old—I have my theory of old age, but that's another story) they seem to find difficulty in what is commonly called "remembering." They will say: "I am growing old; I cannot remember as I did some years ago."

They are mistaken; they malign themselves. The brain is like a cupboard for dishes. When the bride comes into her home and takes charge of her kitchen, the cupboard shelves are an open book to her. She can tell just what is there, just where each dish is placed, and can go in the dark and find what she wants.

As years go by some dishes are broken, others take their place, and still others are added to the original stock, for the family circle enlarges and the circle of friends grows larger, and entertaining makes further demands. Soon so many dishes of all kinds and for all manner of uses are upon those shelves that the one-time bride has difficulty in remembering on the instant, just the spot certain dishes are to be found. She knows they are there, but cannot always go in the dark and place her hands upon them or tell another where to get them.

Just so with the brain. The shelves have been acquiring new material all the time. When the stock was limited, as it always is or should be—in early life, there was little difficulty in reaching with thought-hands for any special article. As facts and knowledge fill the brain-shelves—sometimes, for lack of time to arrange in order, space is cluttered, and one fact is piled upon another.

With such conditions existing, thought-hands reaching for one thing, will bring down another. Then it is that people say: "I am growing old. I cannot remember as I did some years ago!"

Do not say it! Give your tired brain the credit due it. Praise for the ability to house so much. Be grateful to it for storing facts for you, and give it a little more time to reach for the treasures you wish to bring out and display, either for your own pleasure, or the pleasure of friends. For interchange of thought adds to the value of the repository, as the bringing out of valued antique china makes known to others the importance of the article.

Carefully a housewife lifts the treasured priceless porcelain; she does not reach for it hastily, but remembers that her control of muscles is perhaps not as certain as before so much was required of them.

Just as carefully, reach with your thought-hands for the treasures on your thought-shelves, and remember that impatience with yourself, and regret for inability generates disturbing thought-waves that confuse and hinder accomplishment of desire.

\* \* \*

EVER down through the ages come the cries: "O, the undependableness of young womanhood; O, the irresponsibility of immature young manhood!"

With the absurd inconsistency of adulthood—as shown in all ages—Youth is the target, and the arrows have venom-tips, just as of old. Only with the changes brought by the years—the

changes that affect life in all its phases—is the variation in attack.

But Youth with its ever-existing independence, proves immune to the poison and going on in its own self appointed way finds itself, as Youth has ever done and will do in the aeons and aeons to come.

And in the finding it proves just as capable of steering life's boat as the humans who preceded it on the planet, and who in turn were belittled and condemned by those who had reached the plane of adulthood just a pace ahead.

Many fail to see the loveliness of woman which exists despite her undependableness; to realize that her charm is magnified through her unexpectedness.

These also will fail to note that the budding importance of young manhood is the germ of successful business ability, and the belligerent aggressiveness a necessary element in the foundation of family life—its bulwark against failure in the years to come.

Selfishness in the raw will merge into the most hallowed mother-tenderness, and pride of fatherhood.

Frivolity seemingly unfathomable will give way to thoughtful seriousness, while utter unconcern, the despair of loving onlookers will develop into clear-sighted discernment.

Love, pure, true, unlustful love, now as always the sure pilot from one world plane to the next stands ready to lead, to guide, to sustain, in the evolution from irresponsible flapperdomism to staid impregnable adulthood.

\* \* \*

MY FAVORITE flower, did you say? I know it not. I love them all. My favorite song? I have none. I love them all from the highest classic, to the simple ballad. Popular jazzy songs did you say? They are not songs. They are only jazz, some with silliness for lyrics, some with deliberate trespassing on the risqué, and others ignorantly, stupidly vile. Yes, I like jazz. That is, I like the real syncopated music with so much life and vitality in it, that it thrills you in spite of yourself, in spite of the fact that every influence in your education, desires you to repudiate the so-called noise that even the common people can enjoy!

My favorite poem? "Poem"—is singular. Had you said poems, even then I should be unable to comply with your request. It would take volumes, they are so numerous.

My favorite book? O, why ask of me the impossible! There are so many of them. Some, seeming to be books, and so classed by an indiscriminating public, are in reality not books at all. They are travesties. They are wicked marauders clothed in the habiliments of respectability. They are grinning gargoyles, sinister satyrs.

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TO-DAY!

IT IS NOT often that an author confesses to contemplated wholesale murder, but Henry Milner Rideout confided to friends that during the summer he wrote "Barbry," he wanted to strangle every one of the characters in the serial. Cause?

With his family he went to the mountains to spend the summer vacation and to give the author time and opportunity to finish the story. Soon after arrival, the children of the family came down with the whooping cough, and in the proper length of time as prescribed by the medical authorities, the father followed suit.

Alternately "whooping-it-up" and strangling the desire to strangle every character Rideout finished the story.

\* \* \*

THE Orville Wright controversy with Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, brings to light many interesting facts. It is unfortunate that America should allow in authority those who will make possible the statement quoted from an article in which Orville Wright is reported as giving his side of the argument . . . "To say the least, Wright regarded the Smithsonian policy as one of startling indifference to historical values." . . . and so, the original airplane flown at Kitty Hawk, N. C., in December, 1904, will be sent to the science museum at South Kensington, London, where Wright feels confident it will be preserved for all time intact. It is to say the least, unfortunate that no place in America could be found where the integrity of authority could be so depended upon, that this slur on honesty, and interest in historical values should be put upon its people. It is to be hoped that his trust in a foreign land will not be betrayed.

\* \* \*

ONE thousand pupils and not a white child among them—an American public school, one of the U. S. melting pots. The principal by birth an Englishman, thirty-five years a teacher in the islands, his assistants both white, and colored. And they began the day's work by giving a choral rendition of the Lord's Prayer. The ringing challenge of Prof. Smith, the principal of this school in Honolulu, is well worth study and consideration. "This is an American public school. These are American-born children of Oriental and Pacific origin. Some are pure blooded, some mixed. They are the folk and the intermixtures whence as we are assured by certain observers, no good can come. I challenge comparison with them in respect to refinement, civility and humanity." THINK ON THESE THINGS.

\* \* \*

LAST enthusiasms stare at you like condemned gargoyles, Arlen is credited with saying. His must have sprung from an abortive mind. They should be looked back upon with reverence, if one gives to them the best that is in them at the time, for they are levers lifting to higher points of vantage. To give one's best at the time insures the fact that one's best when the next enthusiasm is given birth, is by so much, enlarged and broadened.





*Market and Post Streets in 1868*



*Down Market Street, 1865*



# Poetry Page

## AN EVENING FANTASY

An angel smiled, and made a crescent moon,  
The stars crept out to dance in rhythmic gleam  
While vagrant clouds came tripping in a throng  
To make my fantasy the glory of a dream.

Then came the north wind, sweeping strong and wide  
To drive the vagrant clouds towards the south;  
I stood and watched, watched them chasing by,  
And yearned to place my lips upon an angel's mouth.

E. G. FITZBUCKE.

## THE SLAVE MARKET

I dreamed; and in my dream there came  
A Slave who called me in your name.  
He beckoned, and I followed him  
Through passages both dark and dim,  
Through tunnels far beneath the earth,  
Wet with the slime of Horror's birth,  
To come at last into a court  
Crowded with men of ill report,  
Walled round about both high and wide,  
Where you, dear heart, were standing,  
tied

Both hand and foot upon a block  
Of naked stone. Your slender smock  
Was torn; your sweet white face was hid  
By tumbled hair; and dark men bid  
Their paltry gold to buy your soul,  
Your rose-like beauty that they stole.

I bid them back with coin for coin until  
I had no more. Fiercely, in accents shrill,  
Heartless, they laughed and jeered.  
I bid my freedom, still they sneered  
And heaped upon the stone their gold:  
'Twas priceless virtue being sold.  
Their turbaned greed abhorred,  
I threw my jewels, my cloak, my sword  
Upon the block and jewel for jewel  
They matched me back and called me  
"fool."

Distraught, I leaped up by your side,  
Spat in their face and loudly cried,  
"I love this girl; she must go free!  
I bid my life, who bids with me?"

They hesitated. Why should they  
Barter their lives for what would pay  
Them naught in Death's quick agony?  
"Come, take my life and set her free!"  
Drawing their swords they held them  
high,

Gleaming and sharp for me to die,  
Thinking to frighten me away.  
I kissed you then—none said me nay;  
With one last look into your eyes,  
I leaped—and woke—in Paradise.

ARNOLD ANDREWS.

## WONDERING OF THIS

Wondering of this and that  
I thought of poetry and of  
The blindness of the prairie bat,  
Of goldenrod and grapes and love.

I filled my pockets with the gleam  
Of mystery and mirth and jade  
And when I shuddered in my dream  
A poet called it masquerade.

PAUL SANDOZ.

## LONG AGO

Long ago, on a day like this,  
Brimming with honey-colored light,  
Pan stole through the river reeds  
To trace a dryad's timorous flight.

Long ago, on such a morn,  
With heaven a fragile turquoise dome,  
Egypt's queen, in a perfumed barge,  
Drifted down to conquer Rome.

Long ago, in another hour  
When little winds blew warm and sweet,  
Cophetua looked on the beggar maid,  
And laid his kingdom at her feet.

LORI PETRI.

## MISER

Your love is like a coin that has no ring.  
Time after time I throw it on the ground  
And vainly listen for the tiny sound  
That should proclaim it genuine. The thing

Is dull and dead; and though my ear may cling  
To empty repetition, I am bound  
To see my monumental folly drowned  
In bitter thought and sad remembering.

Why am I jealous of such doubtful wealth,  
And why do I so fear the loss of it,  
When you convince me it is counterfeit?  
It is my hope, the coinage of myself,  
And when I cast it quite away from me,  
I must behold my own soul's poverty.

JOSEPH UPPER.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

THE PAGE OF POETRY will be discontinued with this issue unless the editors are requested by a majority of readers to continue the department. It is regretted a lack of appreciation of POETRY necessitates this move.

Address requests for continuance of THE POETRY PAGE to S. Bert Cooksley, Associate Editor.

## AUTUMN PASTELS LEAVES

The year is an old hag.  
Look, how she has rouged her cheeks  
and carmined her lips  
and donned a flaming gown  
to deceive us.  
But see, behind the scarlet,  
the yellow of decay,  
and under the crimson fabric  
the bony gauntness of decrepitude.

## SUNSET

The West—  
a field of wind-swept wheat,  
that the great scythe of darkness  
is reaping.  
Snowfall  
I did not understand  
till in my hand I crushed this snowflake  
how Life, too, breaks and cripples  
the starry patterns of Eternity.

TED OLSON.

## THE THIEF

When Night, her atar-gemmed pinlous spread,  
Comes singing down the wind—  
When all the world is slumber-wrapt,  
'Tis then, sweetheart, I find

Close to the moonlit Shore of Dreams  
Upon an opal sea,  
You—Waiting in Love's magic barque,  
Your arms outstretched to me—

You—floating in Love's magic barque—  
Your arms enfolding me.

Then, heart to heart, afar we sail  
Swift down the Milky Way  
Till—look!—to rob us of our joy  
Comes stealthily the day.

On furtive feet that gleam like pearl  
Upon that opal sea;  
She comes to rob us of our joy  
For that she envies me.

You—floating in Love's magic barque—  
Your arms enfolding me.

HAZEL DELL CRANDALL and  
HUGHES CORNELL.

## THE MOCKER

A MOCKING BIRD at my window  
sings

Each morning the summer long.  
A wonderful message his music  
brings

Of travel, romance, and the thousand things  
That are born of blythesome  
song.

Today he is singing of southern  
seas  
With emerald isles asleep.  
Their lullaby low is the scented  
breeze  
That kisses the blooms of a million  
trees  
And faints on the sapphire deep.

Tomorrow he'll sing of the mystic  
East,  
Of its idols and temple bells;  
Of customs bizarre and weird rite  
and feast,  
Of Nautch girl and geisha and  
pagan priest,  
Of fakirs with potent spells.

And yesternorn the lilt of his lay  
Took me back to days gone by,  
To a home in the hills that is far  
away,  
Pictured the scenes of another day,  
Scenes that can never die.

Each day I listen while crystal  
clear

His song greets the new-born day,  
And ever a tale in that song I hear,  
But the story that reaches my  
list'ning ear  
Is of lands that are far away.  
O, Mocking Bird, you are named  
a-right.

You tell me of wondrous things;  
You show me strange visions of  
rare delight,  
Carols the joys of the tropic night  
But, mocker, you have the wings!

DALNAR DEVENING.



# I Went To the Indian Fair

(Continued from Page 341)

There are plenty of other motifs to be studied out. Mr. Kenneth M. Chapman of the School of American Research staff sees in them a possibility for vast commercial use as designs for fabrics, decorative papers, ornaments, etc. And indeed, why should not such designs become a unique and attractive mode for fashionable dress fabrics? We have gone as far as Egypt for such things. Why not use the home product? Certainly it is beautiful enough.

Nor is the artistic ability of the Pueblos confined to pottery design. Several years ago Mr. J. D. DeHuff, visiting a little Hopi day school on the western Navajo Reservation, found the walls hung with colored drawings made by the young pupils illustrating the religious "dance" ceremonials of the village. The work was so well done that he took up the same line with pupils in the government boarding school of which he is the superintendent at Santa Fe. In a short time talent of an unusual nature was discovered. Allowed to develop according to its own inclinations with only a suggestion here and there this talent has produced water color paintings so distinctive that they have for four years been given a place in the annual art exhibition at the Waldorf in New York City.

The four boys, for they are only in their late teens, whose water colors have given such promise for the development of a distinctly Indian technique and ideal in painting, are Awa Tsireh, a Tewa from the village of San Ildefonso; Fred Kabotie, a Hopi lad now in the Santa Fe High School (and on the football squad); Otis Polelonema, another Hopi; and Velino Shije from old Zia. Like the pottery designers these lads make no experimentation with colors nor preliminary outlines. The picture is complete in their minds and when they start to work they complete it on paper without ever erasing or modifying a single line.

I have not mentioned these young artists so much as individuals as to suggest what new impulse for a truly native American art seems to lie untouched in the southwestern tribes of an "inferior" race.

**I**N ARCHITECTURE we find a similarly distinctive source, the excellence of which is already proven in Santa Fe's many buildings of the Santa Fe-Pueblo type.

But we had started to take a look through the Indian Fair. The Fair is open but three days—September 1, 2,

and 3 of each year—and one might well spend half that long describing it.

A word should be said about Navajo rugs and what the Fair is doing for them. Until a few years ago the Navajos, herdsmen on the red race, produced all their raw materials for their blankets, conceived their own designs, and the result was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I once asked an old curio dealer if the Navajos still performed every process of rug-making for themselves. All but one, he said. They do not raise the wool. What? I thought they—No, the sheep do that. Unfortunately that is not the whole truth, for in late years these shepherds have even been selling their wool and buying factory-made yarn rather than spin their own. Fair enough if they get good yarn. They have found synthetic dyes easier and cheaper, they have quite occasionally woven Masonic or other white-man emblems into the woof of their product at the behest of some customer with the rattle of coin in his jeans. The composite result has been an inferior article—so much so that the Indian Fair Committee conscientiously hesitated to make the prize awards for blankets shown in 1922. I believe the awards were finally made, however, under protest and with a warning to the weavers to get back to something like the old standard or "never again"! The warning got results, for though the blankets shown were fewer in 1923 and 1924 they were more truly Indian, and helped the Navajo tribe to carry off the grand trophy of the entire exhibit, taking the big "Fall" silver cup from the Pine Ridge Sioux whose leather work had carried it off in 1922.

As with Pueblo pottery, every legitimate Navajo rug design means something, at least to the Indian who conceives it. Like the pottery artists, the weavers are women, and they weave their designs without any preliminary pattern making or drawing. They are picture-minded folk. I watched a slender young woman throwing various length cross threads through the upright warp of her loom with swift brown hands at last year's Fair. She sat unconcernedly flat on the floor and tossed three colors of yarn across the warp as heedlessly as Grandma knits socks and talks at the sewing circle, yet every time she pounded them down into place with her shuttle-paddle we could see a design growing. Definitely and symmetrically it began—the same at both corners and verging at equal angles toward the still unwoven center. The design had already been completed in her mind. Already she

knew exactly what the completed blanket would look like—exactly how many black threads here, how many gray ones there.

I have said that the weaver makes her designs without any pattern. This is not always true. Many designs are copied from sand-paintings, though the sand-painting itself is not in sight during the weaving. The weaver has looked at it until she remembers, and she works from the picture in her mind. The sand-painting was originally a sort of medicine-man ceremonial used in propitiation of the lightning. If, for instance, a Navajo had been stunned by a stroke of lightning it was believed that the sand-painter, by painting the lightning on one side of a line and certain symbols connected with the man on the other, could free him from the paralyzing spirit that had entered him from the flash. Similar measures could be used as preventives. Forked symbols of the lightning are to be seen in all sand-paintings, though plant, flower, feather and human figure designs are also often worked in. In the sand-painting done at the Fair, corn, weeds, feathers and even a perched bird may be seen.

**P**ROBABLY nothing at last year's Fair attracted so much attention and interest as Paul Charley, Navajo sand-painter, at work. With boards he and an assistant smoothed out a bed of clean sand spread on the ground. Then, simply by sifting various colored sandy powders between his thumb and forefinger Paul Charley drew intriguing designs. As in the case of the pottery painters, there are no changes or erasures. The sand-painter uses no brushes or implements whatsoever, sifting even the finest lines of his feathers and crinkly weed roots onto the sand bed with his fingers. It is fascinating to watch him. The Fair Committee, recognizing this odd performance as a valuable phase of Indian culture and design, offers \$25.00 in two prizes for the best sand-paintings during the Fair.

**M**OST of the articles exhibited are offered for sale to the visiting public, and so excellent were the displays last year that on the second day practically every piece of pottery in the house had been sold at a good price—every bit of which goes to the Indian producer. The articles remain on exhibit, of course, sold or unsold, during the whole three days. In addition to these commissionless sales for the native craftsmen, many orders for similar articles were taken. John Haltsa, prize winning Navajo sil-



smith, took enough orders to keep him busy at his little forge almost until the next Fair. And the beauty of this order business is that it obligates the Indian to keep on producing as good quality in his craft as he has exhibited at the Fair.

Of course entries are open only to Indians, but any Indian anywhere can enter any article not heretofore exhibited, so long as he made it and owns it himself. Every article that competes for a prize must be strictly Indian in material, workmanship and decoration. For instance, flags, lodge emblems and the like on blankets disqualify them as prize winners. The idea here is obvious. It is not the purpose of the Fair to promote imitation of our own arts, but rather original, honest-to-Katchina Indian creation.

Along with the purely native displays there are also exhibits of the work of various Indian schools. In some of these—Mr. DeHuff's government school at Santa Fe, for instance—first class woodwork, basketry, sewing, etc., show the possibility of using natural tendencies and ideas for design in harmony with white man's education. Fred Kabotie, for example, is none the less a good Indian artist for being able to make a decent oak library table or a chest of drawers. The Indian school girls need not necessarily sacrifice ancestral arts in order to learn how to make their clothes and fry doughnuts—which latter performance they do very nicely behind a lunch counter at the Fair.

In the Superintendent of the Government School at Santa Fe Uncle Sam has at least one man who knows Indians and knows what he is about in educating them. What he says about this business of trying to make a bum white man out

of a reasonably valuable Indian is worth quoting:

"The religion of the primitive Indian has found its outward expression in pottery decoration, in the patterns and designs woven into baskets and rugs; in his so-called dances, and in the decoration of the body in connection with these dances. Also to some extent in mural decoration. As well might one consent to the razing of some great architectural monument as to sanction the notion of letting the decorative art of the Indian die out. This would indeed be a distinct loss to the world at large, and I am becoming more and more inclined to the opinion that it is the duty of the government Indian schools to do something to prevent the dying out of Indian art . . . These things have both a pronounced esthetic and a commercial value. Santa Fe is visited by thousands of well-to-do tourists every year who have a fine discriminating sense of what is desirable in the line of native art, and the willingness with which they part with goodly sums of money for Indian handiwork is one of the best evidences of the truth of the statement I have just made. Moreover, great art centers have passed favorably upon this line of work, so that there can be no question as to its merits."

Funds have recently been secured to carry on a few months' program of Arts and Crafts Education, both in government Indian schools and among the adults of the various pueblos and tribes. The idea here is not to teach, but to encourage and give opportunity. This movement will help also in bringing about a revival of the old inter-tribal exchange of Indian products, such as the pottery of the Pueblos for the baskets of other tribes, the turquoise of Santo Do-

mingo for the silver and blankets of the Zuni and Navajo. This exchange means every tribe must produce its best, for the Indian, at least, cannot be fooled with a cheap imitation of the real thing which his tribe has used for untold generations.

To give some idea of the scope of the annual exhibit, let me say that there are about 150 prizes, first and seconds, awarded in all and for every conceivably worthy Indian product from corn husk baskets to one-year-old babies. Two little "fried cupids," chubby, contented little fellows, divided first and second prize money last year. Romando Vigil and Juan Pino were their names—Spanish named Tewas from San Ildefonso and Tesuque, and their silent mammas wore broad smiles about it.

Whether there is any real significance in the sort of name an Indian chooses to use, or whether the suggestion is a mere whimsy of the imagination, at least the names themselves are both picturesque and fascinating.

The Indian Fair and the Santa Fe Fiesta with which it is associated, are doing American art, American culture, the American people a great service in their effort to perpetuate native ceremonies, arts and handicrafts. It isn't a matter vital to the same spot in our national anatomy as the wheat crop, of course, but it is, in its way, just as important. Perhaps the eulogistic things I may have said about Indian art and culture are especially applicable to these Southwestern tribes—particularly the Pueblos—but the Indian Fair proposes to do as much for one tribe as another, in proportion, of course, to what they do for themselves. That it will succeed I think there can be no doubt.

## Colter

(Continued from Page 343)

through the same sub-surface opening that admitted the beaver to their habitation. He swam the stream and hurried towards the mountain gap or ravine about thirty miles above on the river. Fearing that the Indians might be watching this pass, which was the only exit from the valley, and to avoid a surprise, Colter climbed the almost perpendicular mountain before him, the top and slopes of which for a long way down were covered with snow. He scaled this steep ascent some four miles below the pass, clinging to rocks, shrubs and branches of trees and by morning he had reached the top. He hid there all that day. At night he undertook the descent of the mountain and accomplished it by dawn. Finding that he was free from his pur-

suers he hastened on in the open plain with the utmost possible speed towards Manuel's Fort on the Big Horn, about two hundred miles ahead to the eastward. He traveled both by day and by night, stopping only for necessary rest, subsisting on roots and the bark of trees, for eleven days.

When he reached the Fort he was nearly exhausted from hunger, fatigue and excitement. All that he had in the way of clothing was the blanket of the Indian he had killed and his only weapon was that same Indian's spear-head which he had brought with him to the Fort as a trophy. His beard was long, his body and face were gaunt and emaciated, and his legs and feet were swollen and sore. The company at the Fort did not recog-

nize him in this terrible plight until he had made himself known.

COLTER passed the winter of 1808-09 at the Fort and early in that season when he had somewhat recuperated from the hardships of his escape, he was anxious to recover the beaver traps that he had dropped overboard into the Jefferson river. He presumed that the Blackfeet would be quiet in their winter quarters, so he set out alone and duly reached the Gallatin fork. Having safely passed through the mountain gap, he camped for the night on the bank of the Gallatin and started a fire on which to cook his supper of buffalo meat. Soon he heard a twig snap behind him towards the river. It being quite dark, he could



see nothing, but forthwith he heard the click of gunlocks being cocked and he instantly jumped over the fire. At once several shots rang out and the bullets sang around him, knocking the coals from his fire over the ground. Again he ran for his life and for the second time descended the steep mountain side which he had ascended in this former flight, apprehensive now as then, that the pass might be guarded by the Indians. He reached the mountain summit before morning, and resting during the day, he descended the other side the next night and made his way to the Fort with all possible speed. He said at that time he had promised his Maker that he would never return again to this region if he were only permitted to escape once more with his life. He did escape again and it appears that he at least partially kept his promise, as he was found at the Gros-Ventre village, above the mouth of the Knife river, on the Missouri, in the autumn of 1809 by the party of the Missouri Fur Company then ascending it.

The St. Louis Missouri Fur Company had been formed in St. Louis on March 7, 1809, and comprised ten partners among them Manuel Lisa, Major Pierre Chouteau, Colonel Pierre Menard, who was Major Chouteau's brother-in-law and Major Andrew Henry. The company projected an expedition up the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains which actually set out from St. Louis in June, 1809, in charge of Lisa and it ascended the Missouri in boats. It found Colter at the Gros-Ventre village as above stated and in spite of his promise of the previous winter to quit the country he joined Lisa's party and again returned up the river with it.

In course of time the company reached Lisa's Fort on the Yellowstone and in the early spring of 1810 the party in charge of Colonel Menard and Major Henry and guided by Colter set out for the Three Forks. It arrived there on April 3, 1810. A "fort" was immediately constructed on the point made by the confluence of the Madison and Jefferson forks and the business in hand, the trapping of beaver, was at once begun.

The Blackfeet, however, appeared to be well informed of this invasion of their territory and they promptly rendered beaver trapping extremely dangerous. By

#### THE CYNIC

By C. A. BIERCE

*DOUBTERS old and doubters young,  
Swift of soul or swift of tongue,  
Cease awhile your acrid laughter  
At the now and the hereafter:  
Laughter is as vain a thing  
As the faith in pope or king.  
Hushed a moment, dream with me  
Of the silence that shall be  
At the Inn of No Man's Land,  
Seven steps from Lethe's sand.  
There they never wake the sleeper;  
There his slumber grows no deeper,  
Being perfect from the first,  
Shorn of dreams and free of thirst,  
As the nothingness without  
Meets the nothingness within.  
There the dead who never doubt  
Weep no more the unsin'd sin,  
For Medusa's stony stare  
Were a gentler thing to bear,  
Tho they all have found as host  
Slain Medusa's eyeless ghost.  
Futile enemies and friends,  
Here's a rest for dusty feet,  
Where the trail to Nowhere ends  
And the lost found darkness sweet.  
Here we find the truth at last,  
Knowing nothing evermore:  
Beauty holds her apple fast,  
Tho a worm be at the core;  
Pleasure, where no wine is poured,  
Knows not that his love has fled;  
Courage, 'mid his dragons dead,  
Rusts no faster than his sword;  
Widson, Folly's last ally,  
Knows not that his ink is dry;  
Lineage of blood or caste  
Finds democracy at last.  
All I say was said before—  
Better said, I here deplore;  
What I now am sad about,  
Touching all aforesaid doubt,  
Is, that when all doubtings cease,  
What avail is all our peace,  
If we cannot them compare  
Sorrow once with slumber there.*

the 12th of April they had defeated a detached trapping party of eleven men, had killed James Cheeks and a trapper named Ayres and had stolen all their beaver skins, many of their traps and seven of their horses. Three other men were missing.

These disasters and the continued hostility of the Blackfeet caused Colonel Menard to write to Major Pierre Chouteau at St. Louis a letter, since become historically famous, dated at the Three Forks on April 21, 1810, narrating in French the facts of this "unfortunate affair" and stating that unless they could have peace with the cursed savages or unless the latter could be destroyed it was "idle to think of maintaining an establishment at this point."

After Cheeks and Ayres had been killed and Colter himself had again narrowly escaped death, he came into the fort and said he had promised his Maker to leave the country and "Now," said he, "if God will only forgive me this time and let me off I will leave the country day after tomorrow and be damned if I ever come into it again."

Pursuant to this declaration he really did leave for civilization in company with young William Bryan, whose father was a merchant in Philadelphia, and with one other companion whose name is not on record. Bryan was entrusted with Colonel Menard's letter heretofore mentioned.

The trio were attacked by the Blackfeet just after they were clear of the mountains, but they escaped by concealing themselves in a thicket where the Indians did not dare follow them. At night they went on toward the Big Horn, lying hidden in the daytime, and they finally reached St. Louis safely in some thirty days after traveling about three thousand miles; a good part of the way by canoe down the Missouri river. Bryan saw to it that Colonel Menard's letter was delivered. It caused quite a sensation in St. Louis.

Upon his return there Colter told of his discoveries and adventures and while some persons of note deemed his accounts as worthy of record, he was considered by the public as a romancer, if not a prevaricator and his stories of hot springs and geysers were usually treated with incredulity or rejected with derision. The locality of his alleged discoveries of geysers and boiling springs came to be known as "Colter's Hell."

Not long after his return to civilization he married and went to live on a farm on the bank of the Missouri river in what is now Franklin County, Missouri, and there he died of jaundice in November, 1813.

Colter was a brilliant example of the type of frontiersman said by Washington Irving to be of the "true 'dreadnaught' stamp." He really was a "Pathfinder," but the public of his day never gave him a square deal. He ought to have a monument in the Yellowstone Park similar to that recently erected at Cody, Wyoming, in memory of the late "Buffalo Bill."

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Overland Monthly and  
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## Fool's Paradise

(Continued from page 339)

the distance between them and that abject, silent form at the other end.

For some time the man held the dog in leash, then he unfastened the restraint and the animal now free, with his nose to the ground and with loud baying that echoed long through the silent woods, soon left his hurrying master far in the rear.

A RAY of sunlight filtered through the fallen trees and resting upon the face of the sleeping man, aroused him from his slumbers. Slowly and painfully he left his lair and without any definite idea of where he was going, started on his journey. For a time he moved with difficulty and his progress was slow. But day was advancing! He nerved himself to greater action, and continued on, ever avoiding the habitations of men and keeping within the cover of the woods.

As he gained the top of the hill where the timber growth was scattered, he stopped and surveyed the surrounding country and as he looked, the distant baying of the hound caught his ear. At first he gave the sound scant attention, but when carried by a passing breeze it became louder, and he noticed that it came from the direction he had been traveling. As he listened his face paled and his hands clenched. He turned to flee, but soon stopped as though fascinated by that hoarse, resounding cry, and stood with his body bent forward, his neck extended, listening and hoping.

Thus for a short time he stood, alert, anxious, while beads of perspiration came out and stood upon his forehead. He was no longer weak, stiff and lame, and gathering his strength for flight he hurried down the opposite side of the hill that his ears might no longer respond to those awful vibrations of the air—to him more terrible than the boom of cannon or the rattle of musketry. As he descended into the valley, the hill behind shut out those disturbing sounds and for a time he breathed more freely, but as he struggled up another hill beyond, those prolonged hoarse tones seemed to fill the air, louder and nearer than they were before.

Then he commenced to do strange things. As he ran he picked up stones and put them into the pockets of his coat. He broke off dead branches from trees, and after carrying them for a time, threw them away and broke off others that were more to his liking. He waded for a considerable distance in the waters of a stream, stumbling and falling over the slippery rocks until he was wet and bedraggled. Once he took a leather

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wallet from his pocket and looked over its contents. Then he carefully placed it under a rock at the foot of a tree and planted a big stick that he carried beside it. He proceeded for a short distance, then returned, removed the wallet, replaced it in his pocket and continued his journey with increased speed, stopping only to listen to the baying of the hound as it came louder and nearer.

Those fearful, terrible sounds continued, coming nearer and ever nearer; growing louder and louder until they seemed to fill the woods and blot out all else.

Once he stopped and hunting a huge club with a long, sharp knot near its larger end, concealed himself behind the trunk of a tree, and with the uplifted club firmly grasped in both hands, listened and waited—a hunted, determined, desperate man. As he waited, with throbbing heart, for the final struggle, the sound suddenly ceased, and the woods, save for the chattering of a squirrel on the limb of a nearby tree, became silent and still.

Those deep-toned, prolonged bayings of his pursuer no longer echoed from hillside to hillside and from tree to tree. The hound had reached the place where he had entered the waters of the stream and could no longer follow the trail!

Then despair gave way to hope. The look of desperation and fear disappeared from his countenance and again he breathed more freely. He dropped his club; removed the stones from his pockets; felt of the wallet took his bearings from the sun that had then reached mid-heaven, and started on his way. But without those sounds behind to urge him along, the weariness and hunger of the morning returned with greater force and his progress was painful and slow.

For more than two hours he plodded on through the sunlit, silent woods, making short stops to nurse his blistered, aching feet. His agony of mind gave way to agony of body. Once he stopped and dug some ground nuts which he devoured ravenously.

Then the distant baying of the hound again came floating to him upon the air. He was unable to move and stood gazing in the direction from which it came—dazed and bewildered. But soon he commenced to again pick up stones and put them in his pockets and took considerable time in selecting a protecting club. He knew it was useless for him to run. The hound had picked up his trail where he had left the stream and it was only a question of time when he would be upon him and the man or men who were following the animal would not be far behind.

He did not have the courage to take a stand as he had done before. His

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former courage, born of desperation, had departed. He could not stand idle, and urged on by those ever increasing sounds, he again limped and stumbled along. Soon he came to a public road and to the edge of the woods. Beyond was civilization, the habitation of man from which he shrank as from a bottomless pit.

He could go no further. Beyond was man—behind was brute. He was being hunted by both, and from them he was putting forth every effort to escape. To escape with a leather wallet and a roll of bills; some of them fresh and clean, and others old, worn and grimy.

With caution he approached the edge of the woods and for a moment gazed upon the scene before him. The farm buildings and cultivated fields the cattle grazing in the pastures; the workmen in an adjacent field the children going home from school. As he gazed, thoughts of childhood days flashed before his mind; of a mother's evening song; a mother with happy, dancing eyes and a smile of love. For a second he felt the impress of that mother's kiss upon his brow.

And all the time the baying of the hound grew louder and nearer. It brought him back from his dream of childhood, and with one last lingering, longing look through eyes that no longer gleamed, but for the moment were moist

and as soft and gentle as those of a child, he slowly retreated for a short distance into the woods, and climbing into the lower branches of a tree, wearily waited with the stones in his pockets and the club held in weak and nervous hands.

As he waited the hound came on, and some distance behind him a many carrying a rifle, followed with hurried steps. Like the man in the tree he was footsore and weary, his face flushed and covered with perspiration. But instead of the look of gloom and despair, there was upon his countenance an exultant, triumphant expression. And when he heard those long-drawn-out tones change into shorter, sharper notes, he broke into a run, unmindful of his sore and weary feet, and soon through an opening in the trees, came in sight of his dog sitting upon his haunches with eyes fixed upon a man in the lower branches of a tree . . . a man ragged and dirty, who—could he believe his eyes—was about to touch a lighted match to a roll of bills!

A sharp report of a rifle rang out upon the air. The man in the tree wavered and swayed for an instant upon his perch. The match dropped from his fingers and as it fell its light went out. Then with a shriek of agony he pitched forward to the ground, a limp, helpless thing. And as he lay upon his back, his heels beat a short tattoo upon the sward;

his chest rose and fell for a moment; a tremor passed through his body, then like the match, his light went out.

The bills slowly fluttered to the ground. The dog lay down in a patch of sunshine and licked his worn and bleeding feet. The man with the rifle hastily gathered up the scattered bills and carefully concealed them in a nearby pile of rocks. In a pile of rocks where they were later torn and chewed into worthless fragments by a pair of little brown mice and made into a warm and comfortable nest. A nest that with its five baby mice was afterwards destroyed with muttered oaths in a fit of rage, by a man in the darkness of night . . . by a man who had failed to receive a coveted reward, offered for arrest and conviction.

And for a long time when the rays of the sun at mid-day made patches of light through the foliage of the trees a piece of gold, yellow and bright, glistened in the moss at the foot of a tree—a piece of gold for which John Durkham had searched in vain.

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## A House Divided

(Continued from page 345)

one to make much over anyone. The atmosphere of that household, how chill, how undemonstrative, how suppressed in its decent observances of family affection, especially when one compared it with the warmth and glow of Clarissa Beals!

David dined frequently in Clarissa's little sitting room behind the general store. She had a hard-coal heater in there. A pleasant yellow paper, decorated with scrolls and bouquets of red clover blossoms in ornate baskets, lent a cheerful glow to the walls. The thin white muslin curtains, the comfortable rockers with crocheted tidies on their backs, and the white-clothed round table with its frosted-glass-shaded Rochester lamp in the center, all lent the place a fascination on cold November evenings not to be withstood.

The trips to Kearney were less frequent. Once or twice a month, a drummer from Chicago or St. Paul appeared at the Hotel Beals, signed his name with a flourish on the whirling register, and, passing cigars from his vest pocket to those in close proximity, asked for an interview with Judge Brock. These interviews, since they had to do with the purchase of supplies, inevitably meant a trip across Main Street to Beals General Store. Merchandise purchased now came twice a week on a regular stage driven by L. P. Miles who, on selling his claim, had associated himself with a livery establishment at Kearney.

No one knew whence David had come, but he carried his own guarantee. His essential rectitude was manifest to anyone possessed of the most elementary qualities of intuition. And for this reason his partnership with Mrs. Beals had been accepted without undue comment; and also his oft-repeated visits at her savory table.

For that matter he was an ever welcome guest at many a sod hut on those solemn plains. He had made personal friends of every man in the township. He brought the children candy when, on a Sunday, his buckboard appeared at the door.

He had assumed a strange role as the less apparent implication of his judgeship came to light. The eldest child of Newton Diehl, who lived five miles to the northwest, had died of measles. David had been asked to "say a few words" before the small box containing the little body should be lowered beneath the inscutable surface of that solitary land. Somehow this had seemed the inevitable thing to David. His "testimony" practice back there in Iowa came

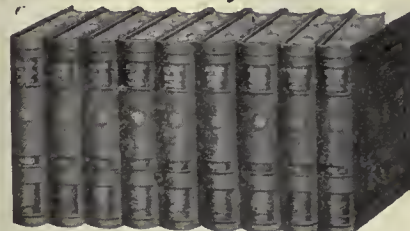
(Continued on page 362)

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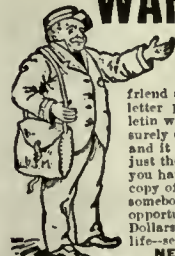
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(Continued from page 335)

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**A HOUSE DIVIDED**  
(Continued from page 361)

in handy now. Some fifteen solemn-faced neighbors besides the grieving family found his sayings of comfort.

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(Continued next month)



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VOLUME LXXXIII

OCTOBER, 1925

NUMBER 10

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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S. BERT COOKSLEY, *Associate Editor*

MABEL MOFFITT, *Manager*

## OUR OCTOBER CONTRIBUTORS

It is with appreciation and gratitude that the editors of Overland wish to thank the California Historical Medical Journal for the permission to use the original manuscript of George D. Lyman, M. D. The original has been cut considerably in the preparation of Aesculapians of Early California and those of our readers who wish the entirety of the article may be referred to the May issue of the California Historical Medical Journal.

*George Sterling*, of course, needs no introduction. What? With S. Bert Cooksley's article of appreciation of last month. The Ballad of The Grapes, we hope will not be too much ahead of the times to displease our readers. Certain it is George Sterling has given us a fresh bit of fearless originality to help us past the first hundred feet of the Broad-jump to NEW RECORD.

*Vid Larsen!* One almost breathes Hetch Hetchy with his name. A fearless young writer, with an enthusiasm which is certainly contagious. From time to time Mr. Larsen will contribute inside stories of national interest problems. We hope his first story will be of value to our readers.

*Cristel Hastings* is with us again! Proud we are of her article this month. And she promises us more when we want them.

*Ray Bethers!* Remember the name in connection with Art and then remember the name with Overland starting with this issue and the editors will be pleased!

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### Editorial and Business Offices

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money has been provided in a \$10,000,000 bond issue voted in 1924.

2. Construct an aqueduct across the San Joaquin Valley at a cost of approximately \$5,000,000.

3. Construct a thirty-one mile tunnel through the Coast Range Mountains to bring the water to the Bay Crossing that already has been built. This tunnel will cost approximately \$24,000,000 of which only \$2,000,000 has been provided in the 1924 bond issue.

4. Construct or acquire a water distribution system. The city has an option to purchase the Spring Valley Water sources for \$37,000,000.

5. Construct or acquire a power distribution system at a cost of from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Eventually, it is planned to raise the O'Shaughnessy dam and thus increase its storage capacity and to construct two additional power houses at the Early Intake dam.

And so much for the future.

The controversy over disposal of Hetch Hetchy power dates from the beginning of construction of the power house in 1919. At that time, City Engineer M. M. O'Shaughnessy and other city officials proposed that when the power plant was ready its product should be sold to for approximately \$2,000,000 a year.

Their argument was that because the project was essentially a water project and because the city was gravely near the famine mark in its water supply, all the city's resources should be directed toward completion of the water project.

They argued that for the city to enter into the power distribution business before the water project was completed, would mean a diversion of interest in Hetch Hetchy which would be inimical to the success of the water development.

In the meantime, they argued, the city should sell its power and use the proceeds to tide it over the period of high costs and high taxation—the period when bond interest will be very high and practically no income will be received.

However, nothing was done to establish a municipal policy in this matter.

In 1923 a resolution was introduced in the Board of Supervisors declaring that the city's policy was to be public distribution of the power.

This resolution was kept in committee from Spring until Autumn and finally approved unanimously by the supervisors. It was followed by other resolutions, one of which placed the board on record as "unalterably and unequivocally opposed to disposal of Hetch Hetchy power to or thorough any private corporation."

Up until this time the supervisors had been rather well unanimous, except for

three members who declared that distribution of the power must be prepared for immediately.

Late in 1923, however, a Citizens Advisory committee, appointed by Mayor James Rolph, and headed, by the way, by Sen. James D. Phelan, the "father of Hetch Hetchy," proposed that proceedings be started toward condemnation of the existing distributing systems.

The proposition was postponed for eight weeks, and for the first time there was a "minority" and a "majority" on the board of supervisors. The minority

#### MATER CALIFORNIA

MATER, California—  
 Warm, diverse and free;  
 What would I give to drink again  
 Thy cup of witchery,  
 Commingling nectars fine  
 Of every tree and vine,  
 Mater, California.  
 Mater, California—  
 Rich, profuse, complete;  
 What would I pay to gorge myself  
 Upon thy magic meat,  
 Tender and sweetly done  
 Beneath a kindly sun,  
 Mater, California.  
 Mater, California—  
 Spain, Britain and Greece  
 With other lands have sent their  
 sons  
 To sire thy soul's increase—  
 To match thy peaks and plains  
 With daring hearts and brains,  
 Mater, California.  
 Mater, California—  
 Dear, magnetic, mild;  
 Save me a bed upon thy slopes,  
 For I am still thy child  
 Athirst for peace and rest  
 Upon thy ample breast,  
 Mater, California.

H. A. BRANDT.

opposed the postponement, taking up the cry that valuable time was being lost.

Matters drifted on this line for several months and finally the supervisors awoke to find the power house practically completed and no scheme provided for its distribution, except the wholesale plan which they had rejected as impractical and against public policy two years before.

To cut the whole story short, the majority supervisors finally voted to accept the \$2,000,000 offer made by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company. The minority supervisors opposed the contract on the ground that it was so clearly a violation of the Raker act that the city was endangering the grant obtained from Congress.

To settle this question, the mayor, two city attorneys, a city engineer and a supervisor, were authorized to go to Washington to obtain the approval of the Department of the Interior, to the contract.

The department finally refused to give its approval, refused, in fact, to give any opinion on the contract's legality. Modesto irrigationists, who had always opposed the Hetch Hetchy development, meanwhile had threatened to sue for forfeiture of the grant. This threat still hanging fire.

The argument of the majority supervisors may be summarized as follows:

There is no question but what San Francisco must distribute this electricity herself, but until she is in the position to do that, what harm can there be in selling the power at wholesale and thus getting a revenue that otherwise would be lost to the city?

The \$2,000,000 a year which the company is paying the city is a fair price for electricity in wholesale quantities.

Anyway, whether it is or not, it's all the city can get from the P. G. & E. which is the only company that might buy the power at Newark.

The answer of the minority supervisors is briefly this:

We have been trying for at least two years to speed up the evaluations of the existing systems so that the city might be prepared to distribute its electricity when it was ready. We have been prevented from carrying out this program by the persons who have planned for years to sell the city's power to the company.

We have always argued that the power lines should be brought to San Francisco. Then if we had to sell the power, we would have at least two companies bidding for it. This, too, has been prevented by those who have always wanted to sell the power at wholesale rather than to see the city get into the power business.

When it became apparent that we could not achieve these two aims, we declared openly that we were for a temporary contract which did not violate the terms of the Raker act. Such a contract must provide that the city is actually distributing its power through a system leased from a private concern—that the customers are the city's customers and that the money received is the city's money.

The contract which was approved does none of these things, and therefore is illegal. An illegal contract may result in forfeiture of the project, into which the people of San Francisco have poured \$55,000,000. The risk is too great.

Moreover, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company under this contract will profit to the extent of at least \$2,000,000 a year which is clearly against the national park policy that private interests shall not profit from public lands.

On the other hand, the city engineer



told us in 1923 that the annual cost of producing this power would be \$2,165,-\$66 and hence the city is losing money every day that the power is sold for \$2,000,000 a year.

It may be noted that the question of the soundness of public ownership is not involved openly in the controversy. Both sides contend that they are for public ownership. The city charter declares it to be the basic policy of the city that it shall own and operate its public utilities and the Raker act merely reaffirms that policy.

It may also be noted that the argument made by the city engineer in 1919, 1920, 1921 and 1922—that the city can not afford to shove water aside in favor of power—has been dropped.

This has been done, apparently, because of the barrage thrown on that argument by the minority supervisors. They have alleged in reports and otherwise, that unless Hetch Hetchy power is distributed publicly there is no hope for a reduction in water rates in

San Francisco when Hetch Hetchy is completed. They point out that the revenues of the Spring Valley Water Company, about \$5,000,000 a year, would only pay interest on the \$100,-000,000 investment the people will have when the water finally reaches San Francisco and that it would not pay operating costs or redeem the bonds.

In fact the minority supervisors' chief argument is that without public distribution of the power, Hetch Hetchy will be a white elephant on the hands of the taxpayers.

The answer of the majority supervisors is that while that may or may not be true, the fact still remains that the city should get all the revenue it can until such time as public distribution can be accomplished.

The minority reply that public distribution should have been provided for years ago, that the present wholesale contract postpones public distribution indefinitely, and that if the city had waited a very short while, it would be in the

position to dictate terms to the company, rather than have to accept any terms the company was willing to offer.

And so the argument goes on. It is the chief issue of the municipal campaign that will end in November. It will be the chief issue in the mayoralty election of 1927. It will continue to be an issue until the power is publicly distributed.

There are many reasons for that fact. The principal one is that the newspapers are divided. The powerful Hearst papers, the Examiner and the Call, and the ScrippsHoward paper, The Daily News, have been campaigning for public distribution for several years and will continue that campaign. The Chronicle and the Bulletin have supported the wholesale proposition in the past and apparently will continue that campaign.

The Labor Council, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations have taken positions and keep up the fight.

Until one side gives way, the fight will continue.

## Tommy

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

There were three of us. Sam, with his split lip and thoughts as carnal as sewers are foul; Tommy, pale-faced and incessantly humming; Myself—which is capitalized because it is all the description that is needed.

For eighteen hours we had known a certain kind of freedom. Boxed together, speaking of God and Harlots in the same breath, nervously glad of the flat-car that sheltered us, we had one thought in common: Quick money.

Now in Reno—"Son, wanta earn some change?" "You're cock-eyed tootin', Sir!"

We carried booze for three weeks. Tommy and I laid Sam away each night and earned extra with overwork. It never crossed our minds that we were running against organized government. It wouldn't have mattered a perfect damn if it did. About an hour and a half after Sam had been sleeping it off, I laid Tommy away. He had stopt humming by this time—and his face was a wee bit whiter. Being alone, sneaking booze across the street to rooming houses and sampling bottles with each delivery, soon sent me numbly off to the corner with Sam and Tommy. A great life—if you're so minded. A greater life—if you haven't a mind. . .

At the end of the third week, four

flights up and toward the rear, Sam, pretty well used up and filthy as tar, kicked an exceptionally lovely child—she was earning good, too—out on the fire escape and with a vague disregard for the law of altitude let her drop. She passed away with one tremendous scream, and received for the effort the combined sympathy of every church in the community. When Sam had sobered up enough to ask bail they informed him he had received trial, indictment, sentence—and was already beginning the third day of imprisonment. That was eight years ago; he'll be out in twenty-two more.

Certainly. Tommy and I quit sudden, too. It was like as if there were ghosts grinning up and down the stairs of those damned rooming houses every time we went in them. Besides that—we had stake enough to take us a goodly distance. . .

Now it is 'Frisco. New York three thousand miles away—and the cops exceeding fatherly. Without a doubt—if there are such things in an impressionistic story—the West was good to be one with. We played in a sun, filled up on oranges, took long walks through Golden Gate Park, dressed righteously

immaculate—and went broke. Eleven days of the West; and from then on endless days of the World.

Tommy managed an apartment graft—being pale and amazingly innocent. Innocent in that he had the peculiar habit of keeping everything but his young face out of the dust. The Great Scheme was to lounge about an exclusive lobby, drift into conversation with a clerk who needed his money for luncheons and Mary, and eventually bring him up to the "Shack." The miserable little shack that set its operators back a coolly indifferent five grand—with an overhead of three to four hundred a week. And one might, if one were so inclined and one really would be one's self, procure everything in that quaint house from gumdrops to perfumed elephant hide. The beauty of it all was that a misty-eyed Salvation-student might blunder in and, receiving a generous contribution for his flock from the sober-eyed hypocrite who answered the door, pronounce his blessing to the donor while all hell, on its thirty-eight hinges broke loose in the back rooms. With the skill of a builder of temples and the cunning of Merlin had that dim-lit, rose and orange pen been built!

(To be concluded)



# Trees of the Redwood Highway

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

THE forests were God's first temples, but of all the vanished woodlands that once ornamented the earth's surface, none there could have been more stately, more friendly, or more beautiful than the great groves of *Sequoia sempervirens*, towering Redwood, that stand at eternal attention along the Redwood Highway, one of the most scenically important travel lanes of America.

For those who have not yet looked upon a Redwood tree in the full glory of its maturity, let it be said that these tallest of all trees on earth are found only along a narrow, broken belt never wider than twenty miles, and following the humid shoreline closely for about 450 miles, extending from the Chetco River section in southern Oregon, where but a few stragglers occupy less than a half dozen acres, as far south only as Salmon Creek Canyon in Monterey County. Between these extreme boundaries the Redwoods ornament the very edge of a continent here and there in scattered patches whose years far out-total their numbers. Nor are they continuous forests, but groves scattered intermittently along the coast for some 450 miles.

The Redwood was once the "Palo Colorado" of the old Spanish California. When the first wind-driven galleon groped its hesitant way in through the Golden Gate, the aerial domes of these already ancient trees nodded welcome from distant skylines their great arms raised aloft in friendly greeting, nor were the eyes of the seamen so dazzled by Bay and Mountain but that they saw also these heroic trees from afar and made due record of their presence in log books.

The average age of the mature Redwood of today varies from 400 to 1,300 years. They are true sun worshippers, one and all, and their steady, upward growth is rapid compared to that of trees of a lesser dignity. For the first thirty or forty years, or even more, the Redwood aspires toward the sun at the rate of about two feet per year. Seedlings and saplings between four and ten years of age often add from two to six feet yearly to their height. Rapid growth depends upon their proximity to the kindly, life-giving fogs of the Pacific, and some of the greatest of these northern woodlands actually cast their shadows on the sea itself!

It is an odd circumstance that the sturdy trunks of many of the tallest Redwoods and the most perfect ter-

minate suddenly in thick, feathery clumps of dense foliage at the top. This peculiarity of the species is due to the havoc wrought by high winds and, in the more mountainous regions, by occasional lightning. As the Redwoods attain the great heights that come with maturity, the moistures from the ground have difficulty in keeping pace with the rapid growth of the top-most twigs. As a result, the upper growth becomes brittle and easily broken. Although tremendously alive with a mass of glorious, green branches all tipped with tiny, brown cones whose size is so inconsistent with the amazing size of the tree itself, the first high wind that comes may claim its toll, and the glorious crown of some towering monarch of the forest may crash to earth, the fallen plaything of the first vagrant wind that played too hard. Thereafter the re-

with Time for untold centuries, and their solitude has been undisturbed. But their days are numbered, for the echo of the woodsman's axe has shattered the age-old stillness among those trees that are the most perfect.

Above Garberville, between Kettintell, otherwise known as Phillipsville, and Dyerville, the Redwood Highway winds through the California State Redwood Park. The Bolling Memorial Grove lies within this splendid reserve, and is located on the South Fork of the Eel River. Here, too, are the Stephens, Richardson's, Kent, and Mather Groves, all under the supervision and protection of the California Forest Service.

Not far from Dyerville, along the South Fork of the Eel, a road branches a bit southwestward from the main Highway. This road leads to a forest treasure, indeed, for in the Bull Creek Grove, about forty-six miles south of Eureka, lives the most amazing of all Redwoods, and the *tallest tree on the face of the earth*. Towering to a regal height of 400 feet, this bit of loving nobility of another age has attained a circumference of sixty-two feet, and yet woodsmen have spared it—overwhelmed no doubt, by its stately beauty, and hesitant to desecrate that which is a noble work even of the Creator.

Near the Redwood Creek, not far from Orick, between Eureka and Requa, stands the Russ Grove, dedicated to the Pioneers of the Humboldt region. What more beautiful monument than living trees, and what more lasting than these who number their years a dozen centuries and more?

NOTABLE stands of this baffling forestry ornament the Humboldt skylines, lending them a certain majesty unknown to the rest of the world. They are the true forests primeval. Eternal spring lingers beneath the evergreen boughs of a *Sequoia*. There is a sprightly liveliness about its persistent love of life, and yet there is, too, an undefinable air of sadness—a strange air of aloofness that is of another plane. And always, over all, there is a quiet peace that is all-pervading, and the balsamic fragrance that is only of an evergreen forest. These are the rare trees whose forefathers looked upon the tumultuous birth of mountain chains—they are the splendid survivors of a tempestuous age unknown to man.

Ferns—some dainty and fragile as cobwebby lace—other fronds almost colonnades of Redwoods. The modest tropical in stature and profusion cluster closely about the shaggy, corrugated

## PN-9-3

Storm—and they a-flying.  
High—above night's ocean,  
High—the ship a-dying  
Drops—and force is victor.

Weary, weary—drifting.  
Bravery unspoken.  
Long long anguish sifting  
Broken hopes from manhood.

Voices of the nation  
Call the bold destroyer's  
Underwater station,  
Hail to salvage heroes.

Under water-furrows  
Speeds the brave destroyer,  
Crest and crest is burrows,  
Conquers force the victor.

Anna Spero.

maining upper branches will immediately rally to repair the damage, for with the crest of the tree and its resultant shade removed, the remaining upper branches at once begin to turn upward, always toward the sun!

THIS, then, accounts for the dense clump of top branches that seem to reach out suddenly in all directions, continuing the royal upward march so noticeable in almost all mature Redwoods.

These heroic giants have kept pace



oxalis is everywhere—a dainty covering of green leaves somewhat resembling those of the shamrock—truly a riotous growth about the massive base of herculean trees.

The trillium, or Coast Wake Robin, names these forest aisles as home also. Mariposa lilies nod among meadow blossoms. Blue lupine and buttercups vie for a colorful supremacy. Glorious clumps of the fragrant azalea, or great Western Honeysuckle, thrive along the Redwood Highway, their masses of creamy, pink blossoms leaning over old rail fences on friendly terms with hedges of sweet brier and trailing vines of wild blackberry.

The dogwood lines the edges of Eel River here and there—great, waxen blossoms, gorgeous in their pale simplicity, lie reflected in placid pools.

The airy blue laciness of digger pines varies the way here and there, their enormous golden cones tempting the wayfarer to possess.

If one be alert, now and then an incense cedar may be seen south of the Redwood region, standing patiently beside the Highway that was named to honor the tree kings. These cedars, while not plentiful, are easily distinguished by the long, flakey character of their bark. The wood is used in the manufacture of lead pencils. Probably even these cedars were glad when metal pencils became a vogue.

The bay tree, or California Laurel, is almost legion along the coastal highways, and as familiar to the eye as are the hosts of dwarf and black oak all about. Figs are plentiful also, and why do they always breathe of Christmas? And there are the rugged, old tamaracks, bits of whose bark can be fitted together into the oddest of puzzle pictures!

The beautiful Toyon, or California Redberry, has somehow escaped destruction in these sylvan regions, and its bushes are quite plentiful. Surely this western shrub deserves a better and more rigid protection than that given the now almost vanished Toyon of the hills bordering San Francisco Bay.

Manzanita and the Madrona enliven the way, and after wandering among sunlit groves of the latter it is easy to understand how the Indians of legendary days often mistook the satiny, brown branches of these gay trees for the dusky arms of maidens who fled them through these primeval woodlands.

Willows lend their luxuriance to the river banks, with alders their close companions. Squirrels lead an easy life in these woods, for hazelnuts hang everywhere along the banks of the Eel. The huckleberry growth is plentiful, and almost everywhere are the giant-leaved



*Here in the Great Silence the World of Human Beings Ceases to be What it has Been and Becomes Merely a Fringe of This Great Life. Bands of Sunlight Cross the Trail Like Those That Penetrate a Darkened Dungeon, Illuminating the Very Atmosphere; Making it Alive With Particles of Matter.*

thimbleberry, and those of the swamp-loving salmon berry!

The Redwood Highway country is, indeed, Nature's great conservatory. And not only was Nature content with all this profusion of wilderness loveliness set out in her great garden, but she spun trailing creepers of wild cucumber vines all about and hung them high among tree tops in a lacy web whose fantastic weaving no spider could equal! And this glorious garden is named Humboldt County!

But the peer of them all—monarch

of skylines far and wide, is the Redwood—tree of a million memories, to whom a century seems but a year.

Let us appreciate more this priceless heritage that has been spared us through the ages. Let us count not that life well lived that has never known the Redwood forests of Humboldt and Del Norte. Let us remember that the world has no treasures elsewhere like these, the massive Sequoia *sempervirens* along the Redwood Highway in northern California, the tallest of all trees on earth, and the most precious



# Water

*The Master-Jeweler examined one of His mis-shapen Pearls:*

By LOUIS V. MANNING

**W**EAKLY the light of a lantern-flame seeped through a blackened, grease-mottled chimney, to gild a hovel with its lustre. Across a table of greying boards, dried and cracked, the feeble light reached an agateware plate which still contained the remnants of a meal, spread itself over sealed and opened cans, lost itself against the corrugated-iron wall. By the light's dim courtesy, a rusty camp stove and a galvanized bucket, half-full of water and ringed inside with slender bands of sordid white, loomed from the darkness; a two-gallon canteen poured its shadow along the wall on which it hung. From the nebulous gloom along the floor, the hovel's single chair thrust up a frayed and filthy jumper; from the blackness beneath the bed, wooden tool-handles and portions of drills claimed their meagre clothing of light. Over the bed, the undulations of a split and dirt-greyled comforter covered an animal of a man from his sock-clad ankles to his sateen-shirted chest—and, except for the well-worn but well-handled books shelved above the bed, and the revolver-butt protruding from a parched holster hung to the bed's solitary post, the gentle light flowed over nothing but squalor. And by the light's feeble grace, some of the squalor was reading.

From a motley of tangling grey hair and silvery bristles jutted the upper face of Ishmael, its eyes marked by that expression accredited to Westerners who are habitually looking great distances, an expression actually astigmatic. Stripped of the glamour which the magnificent ferocity of the desert imparts to its denizens, Ishmael's features were but

the features seen in a crowd, and forgotten even while being seen. Tanned and sun-blackened skin, grey hair and beard, and faded black sateen combined to give him the appearance of a human torso bound in black buckram and calf-skin, crested with silver: and dirty. Shirt and skin carried a must of grey dirt, yellow dirt, and red dirt, and were incrustated and mottled by the residuum of evaporated sweat: his hair was as unsightly as the curryings from a horse. To Ishmael, of whatever virtues Nature had endowed him, but one was left, and it was cinders: he still loved an arm, and he still looked for God. To his first cinder, his immaculate revolver bore mute testimony; to his last, his books. For over his bed the gods of Nineveh and Babylon stood shoulder to shoulder with those of Yucatan and Peru; confined to his pages were Isis and Apollo. Earth, as yet, had manufactured no deity but had found its way, in paper, cloth, or leather binding, to Ishmael's bookshelf. And by the grace of his lantern-flame, an open "Hindu Pantheon" was taking him from his squalid desert home and starting him along a road to Nirvanah.

*The Master-Jeweler burnished a portion of His sordid Pearl:*

In the mouth of a long-dried channel which split the mesa, Ishmael had uncovered a strata of conglomerate rock, luckily an age or two short of maturity, whose binder, though tenacious, would yield to his steel, liberating its prisoned gravel. Among the water-rounded stones which he had freed from the conglomerate was one whose outlines were rectangu-

lar. Ishmael struck the curiously-shaped fragment with his poll-pick; with an almost-perfect cleavage, a portion of the red binder broke from the stone, revealing a surface of black rock beneath. Amazed, Ishmael recognized in the exposed surface the craftsmanship of man. He carefully cleaned the upturned face of the fragment, disclosing a stone whose nature was unknown to him, incised with the relief of a walking man, in profile. Over its back the figure wore a full-length cape made of a whole fish-skin, with its erect, open-mouthed head forming a grotesque cowl for his own bearded face. From the man's waist, the finned garment fell back to disclose the bottom of his short tunic and his bare legs. In his left hand the man bore a purse, square in outline but rounding in contour.

Ishmael looked toward the mesa: in some remote time it had been inhabited, by legend at least. Drift from its side had yielded stone weapons and figures—but this work was neither American nor aboriginal. While the bearded figure might possibly be Quetzacoatl in a robe of feathers, never an Aztec had chiseled such a beard. Not from Mexico came that heavily-formed calf and thick knee; nowhere in the Americas did a carven figure walk with that straight-legged, solid, yet graceful tread. Time had not been gentle with the stone, yet, despite its breaking through an upraised right arm and the effacing of its shoulder, the gravel-scoured figure told in mute eloquence of Babylon.

Babylon! Ishmael looked toward the mesa. Babylon! A city of sundried brick three thousand years ago, a stretch





of desert now! Before his eyes the thirsty bowl again was sea, taking full tribute of a river as it flowed through his dry ravine; riding at anchor against one of the verdure-clad banks he knew as naked mesa were argosies—lost strayed or stolen—from Babylon, over half the world away.

He looked again at his fragment of stone. Who would believe him? He was but Ishmael—prospector and desert-rat—. Yet, thank God, Whoever He is, the reddish-brown earth still clung to all faces of the stone save one, still filled the crevices of the figure's cape and tunic, its beard, nostril, and eye. Shouldering his sixty pound discovery he took it home.

LONG into night he studied his books and his fragment, and the morning's sunlight seeped through the dirty window of his iron house to waken him from dreams of Cibola's Seven Cities, their inhabitants shackled or slain by Phoenician sailors, giving back their sun-dried brick to the Earth whence it came.

*The Master-Jeweler broke out a piece of His unsightly Pearl:*

The sterile sky stared at the sterile land; braving the hate of both, Ishmael bore his burden. Thirty years of desert life and sixty pounds of idol were sixty years of age and sixty pounds of stone; they bore heavily upon him. In the shade of a grudging bush he dropped his burden and rested.

He had been a fool, of course. Of life on this barren waste, he knew three forms, the barbed, the fanged, and the fools. The fools he knew best. For, since a three-day search had given him no trace of his burros, he had harnessed the image to his own back, taken no food and but little water—and played the fool. Well, why not? He had carried a hundred pounds over this trail before. Twenty years ago. Twenty years ago? Yes! He had always been a fool! For thirty years he had lived in his tin-can of a house, hunting for Gold by day, hunting for God by night. Who but a fool would seek, on this blasted bosom of Nature, the breast that would give a stream of gold? Gold?—It would not give even water, and two-thirds of Earth is water. Water—He shouldered his burden again.

Dragging to another grudging bush, the tired man dropped again. Thirteen miles behind him was home—and water; fourteen miles before him was—water. He must leave his burden, and go for water. He had seen horrible things; heads with sunken eyes and sunken flesh; black tongues sticking from them—he must go for water. Leave the idol and go for water. Leave it where? Not here; here was no landmark, and even

to Ishmael this region was a constantly changing panorama of similarity whose paths were followed by instinct and not by eye; an idol left was an idol lost. Haply, the Lone Saguaro was but a mile ahead; he would leave it there.

To the eye which could see, Ishmael's cinders were the cinders of man's simplest and greatest virtue—courage. In his love for an arm was the dying ember of that sublime physical courage, amounting almost to idiocy, which carries its set purpose to death, in his quest for his God was the smouldering spark of that spiritual courage which counts death as Life's greatest achievement.—But the eye of the desert sees nothing save prey. The merciless sky cupped over the land which it cursed, its melting edges filling Ishmael's horizon with a flowing heat from which things congealed, and, after passing by, into which they melted again. Ever closer settled the bowl of the sky, faster and denser streamed the heat from its edges, tearing the moisture from his

#### MOTHS

THE soft brown moth that yesterday  
Fluttered against the pane,  
Lies on the window sill tonight,  
All unresponsive to the light  
That beckons it in vain.

These silent, lonesome, twilight things—  
How decently they die!  
Spreading their velvet wings to form  
Their own sarcophagi.

—Alice Stetson.

mouth and throat, searing his nostrils, and burning his eyes. At last the fusing mass gave forth the Lone Saguaro, with its tall, fluted column standing above the swelter, its vertical arms and top mercifully blotting out a little of the shimmering sky. Staggering heavily, Ishmael weaved toward—

A Cross! A Cross? In this Christless waste? No! He must go on! Still bearing his burden, he stumbled another hundred yards ahead.

Ocean. It had all been ocean. People drowned in the ocean. Perhaps right under him was a petrified body. He must dig it up. Dig it up. Dig up the water it drowned in.—No! He must go on. With his burden. Sandstorms would bury it. He must go on.

Yet a few more yards, and the exhausted man plunged into a gully. Perspiration had ceased, his flesh and eyes were sinking. Through his arteries and veins the blood darted like molten metal, seeking each hidden particle of moisture. Dragging his idol to the meagre shade

cast by one of the banks, he stripped it of its harness:

"Fish-god!" he jeered: "Dagon, the Fish-god! Where are you now, my fine Chaldean gentleman? Have you got any water in your bucket? Water, I said. *Water! WATER!*" His frenzied laugh shattered the silence as he slapped the idol's purse. Arising weakly, he attempted to replace the harness.

"Come, you must go on. To Washington. Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. You must go on. I'll—stay. With the buzzards." To the crazed eyes of the powerless Ishmael, the grey-black of the stone assumed the brilliance of a raven, the red-brown of the clinging earth was liquid carmine, all volatile and alive. Viciously his idol sneered at him.

"Oh, won't you go on? *Won't* you, though? Go on you shall, if I'm knifed for it. Or burned. Or drowned. You hear me? *Drowned!*" Feebly he kicked the stone, then fell exhausted. He was content to rest a little while, for his throat seemed closing, shrinking as a drying rawhide, and searing blood hissed through his brain; his eyes were balls of fire.

The eye of the desert sees nothing save prey; over the edge of the wash, the yellow glare of a coyote's eyes met the red glare of Ishmael's. Cautiously the dazed man reached for his revolver, but he could not feel it. Slowly he turned his head—Again a fool! It lay as he had left it the morning he found Dagon, beside his dry-washer. And there on the bank stood meat and drink! He turned—again to look.

Into the eyes of a human face! Above the face sprayed a crown of green and yellow feathers, from its ears quivered green jewels, on its chin gleamed a turquoise, from its eyes there shone no soul. In horror, Ishmael tried to rise, but could not. He looked along his body; it was naked, and young, and bronzed; his legs and arms were pinioned by white-garbed, black-dyed priests, with thong-bound hair and colored papers on their foreheads. He turned his eyes again to the bronzed face he had seen first; over him the red-garbed Aztec raised a knife of stone. Violently the miserable man's head was plunged backward—Grey Terror blotted the last vestige of moisture from his throat—

Water! Just a little water—

*The Master-Jeweler broke yet another fragment from His sordid pearl:*

Ishmael was conscious again. Weakly he raised his head and looked along his body; old and withered and dark, it lay like a sun-dried potato. *It was actually naked!* Then Sanity, infinitely more cruel than the delusion through

(Continued on Page 392)



# Aesculapians of Early California

*The Mexican Period, 1822-1848*

(Continued from Last Month)

By GEORGE D. LYMAN, M. D.

AS WE have seen in the previous chapter, the medical history of California during the Spanish regime was marked by a dearth of doctors, drugs, and diseases. During the fifty odd years consumed in this period, there never was more than one doctor. According to Humbolt's estimates, California's population in 1802 was 9000, another estimate in 1822 was about 16,000 and in 1831 some 23,000; so that it was well for the one doctor sponsoring this enormous population that there was a dearth also of disease.

Mexican physicians had to deal with a totally different category of ailments than did the Spanish physicians. With the coming of the "gringo," an array of "winged and wan diseases" followed in his train, chief among which was smallpox, which first manifested itself in 1798. Some 12,000 Indians are said to have died there during that outbreak, and so fatal was the type, that it was impossible to dig graves for the dead, and General Vallejo had them interred in trenches, often so shallow that the corpses were barely covered with earth, where they fell an easy prey to the hungry bears and wolves.

Manuel de Alva was a Mexican surgeon who came to California with the Governor, Figueroa, who introduced printing into California. Although the doctor was somewhat of a politician, he was devoted to his Governor; but in 1835 Figueroa died of apoplexy and, having played a prominent part in the struggle for Mexican independence, he felt that the republic would wish to pay him fitting honors when dead. So, before succumbing, he requested that Dr. Alva would embalm his remains and have them entombed in the vaults of the Mission at Santa Barbara, there to await the honors which a grateful Mexico would bestow upon him in their capital city. This the doctor did, using a great quantity of arsenic. Ten years later they raised the lid of his casket, but nothing remained of the gubernatorial remains. Mexico never sent for the ashes, and Alva blamed the arsenic: "Vanitas Vanitatis." Two years after Figueroa's death, Dr. Alva, with other Mexicans, revolted against Alvarado, for which he was arrested and confined at San Miguel but escaping, he joined the Carillo faction, only to be arrested again in 1838. He was released on a promise of non-interference in politics. At first he was noted as a freethinker, but at length, because of illness, became devout, and in 1840, obtaining a Mexican passport, he disappeared from the picture.

In 1837, there landed at Monterey a young English surgeon, Edward Turner Bale, probably the first Anglo-Saxon resident physician at Monterey. He was a man of good education, but quarrelsome. Soon after his arrival, he married Maria Ignacia Soberanes, a niece of General Vallejo. The latter appointed him in 1840-1843 surgeon of the California forces, the only Anglo-Saxon who ever occupied that position. Soon after this appointment, he rented a room from the United States Consul, Larkin, with the idea of establishing a drug store. This degenerated into a liquor shop, and the doctor came into collision with the authorities. In 1841, he became a Mexican citizen, and his wife's uncle, General Vallejo, presented him with a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Yount's "Carne Humana Rancho," in the beautiful Napa Valley. There he went on the expiration of his appointment with the California forces. Not long after his arrival at the rancho, Capitan Salvador Vallejo paid his household a visit. Salvador had been long absent at the Indian wars, and his niece, Mrs. Bale, was delighted to see her uncle, and in true California fashion she expressed her pleasure most warmly and affectionately. But the doctor, being extremely jealous of his handsome wife, resented the affectionate greeting bestowed and exchanged, and challenged Capitan Vallejo to a duel. The latter was the most famous swordsman of his day in California, and far outclassed the doctor, whom he whipped as if he wielded a willow stick instead of a sword, which so incensed the doctor that he attempted to shoot his antagonist. This landed him in jail and almost cost him his life. A number of foreigners, notably the Kelseys, attempted to rescue him, which caused great excitement. In 1846, the doctor went into the lumber business, and he died a wealthy man in 1849.

ALFRED ROBINSON, who came to Santa Barbara in 1829, records in his "Life in California" that there were no doctors in that country, and every foreigner was supposed to know something of the practice of medicine. One night, shortly after his arrival, being called upon to prescribe for a woman in great abdominal pain, he suggested a few drops of laudanum, which immediately relieved the sufferer, and established his fame as a medico. To illustrate the point further, he narrates the tale of an absconding American sailor who deserted his whaling ship at

a neighboring port and walked to Santa Barbara, where he set himself up as a physician. His efforts were soon crowned with success among the ignorant class, where his pretended remedies wrought marvelous cures. But his medicines could not have withstood the acid test of the pure food laws, to say nothing of the prohibition agents, as his nostrums reeked of "aguardiente." Santa Barbara's first physician was probably not a sheep-skin M. D., but an old trapper, a native of Maine, endowed with all the lore of the woods, and the trail, and trained in the emergency school of the frontier. These hunters possessed considerable medical skill. Kit Carson, the hero of a thousand frontier romances, at the age of 18, and equipped with only a razor and a handsaw, successfully amputated, in an amphitheater of the woods, the shattered arm of one of his comrades and seared the blood vessels with a heated iron bar. Bard says "the stump would have reflected credit upon the modern aseptic surgeon."

In 1836, Nicholas Augustus Den arrived in Santa Barbara aboard the Kent. He came from an excellent Irish family, and was a brother of "Don Ricardo." Dr. Nicholas Den had studied medicine at the University of Dublin, although he was not a graduate (Bancroft). On arriving at Santa Barbara, he acquired considerable property and launched his career as a cattleman, which was the pursuit of pastoral California, and in which he amassed a fortune.

Probably the first regular M. D. to settle there was Dr. James L. Ord, assistant surgeon of Company F. Third United States Artillery. He arrived in 1847. The first time he did not remain long, but he returned later to spend the greater part of his life. Early in his career, he married one of the handsome daughters of the de la Guerra family. Thus, allied to one of the proud Spanish-California families, he occupied an unique position in the early annals of California. For his surgery, he had a reputation up and down the California coast and was frequently called to distant ports, notably to Monterey, to operate. Dr. Ord was a native of Maryland, and through his veins coursed, not only the blue blood of the old South, but the bluest of England, as his father was the romantic offspring of King George IV, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he, as the Prince of Wales, had married in December, 1785. (Memoirs of James Ord).

Another interesting figure of the 50's



was Ramon de la Cuesta. Neither was he an M. D., but he served some time as an interne in a hospital and, although he had no desire to practice medicine, so successful was he in the treatment of the diseases of children, that he was continually in demand in his neighborhood. He thus becomes the pioneer pediatrician in California.

Although Los Angeles was founded in 1771, when it had a population of forty-five, it was not until January, 1836, with a population of some 1250 souls, that the first physician appeared, and he proved to be one of the most interesting figures that ever entered California, which Dr. John Marsh did by way of Santa Fe. He was a native of Massachusetts and a Harvard graduate, both in letters and medicine. According to the Archives of Los Angeles, under date of February 18, 1836, one Don Juan Marchet (John Marsh) presented himself before the Ayuntamiento or Town Council and declared his intention of locating there and also that he was a physician and surgeon. Permission to practice was granted February 25, 1836 in the words: "The Illustrious Body decided to give him permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct, and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community." As his Harvard diplomas were written in Latin, no member of the Illustrious Body of the Ayuntamiento could read them. Neither could anyone else in the Los Angeles of the period designated, so it was necessary to take them to San Gabriel for the mission Padres to translate. There they were found correct, and the doctor was granted a license to practice. So he set up his office and must have had a considerable clientele, as there was no competition. Neither was there any money in the old pueblo, and he had to take his fees in horses, cattle, and hides. This seems to have bothered the doctor considerably, as Bancroft notes his parsimony, and as it was difficult to carry such currency around he decided to abandon the pursuits of Aesculapius and take to the pasture and range. This he did in 1837. The same year his name appears upon Larkin's books at Monterey, and shortly afterward he acquired Noriega's Rancho of "Los Madonos," in the shadow of Mount Diablo near the modern town of Antioch. Here he became the pioneer physician of the district and accumulated great wealth in livestock. In 1844 Dr. Pickering, connected with Wilke's United States Exploring Expedition, and an old Harvard classmate of Marsh's, visited him at the rancho and found him living in a little hut, the life of a hermit. The doctor was instrumental in bringing the

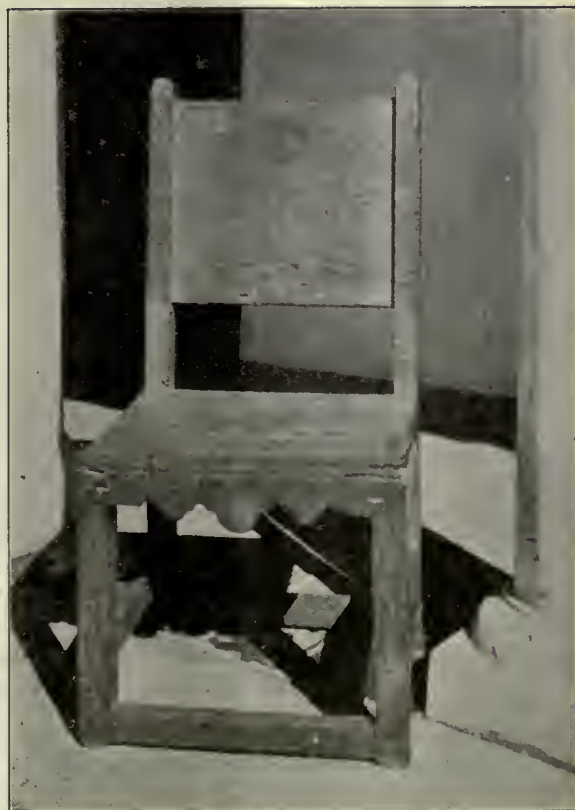
first immigrants to California. This party included Bidwell, who founded Chico and the State Normal School there. However, these first immigrants do not speak of Marsh in glowing terms. Neither does Bancroft eulogize this pioneer medico; but says he was peculiar, generally disagreeable, and was notorious for his parsimony. Yet he was honest, was possessed of more than ordinary ability, and several of the Californians, notably Vallejo, speak of him in terms of warmest praise. Like many of the pioneers, he espoused a native by whom he had several children. He was murdered in 1856 by a party of young Californians in the neighborhood of Martinez. His rancho is still known as the Marsh grant.

**A** MOST INTERESTING figure in the Los Angeles medical world in the days "before the 'gringo' came" was Dr. Richard Somerset Den. The Angelinos, who held him not only with esteem, but with affection, dubbed him "Don Ricardo," and he fits most magnificently into our ideas of the "splendid idle 40's." He was an Irishman of culture and refinement and a medical graduate of the University of Dublin, where he received a thorough training as a physician, surgeon and obstetrician. After his graduation in 1842, he was appointed surgeon of a passenger ship bound for Australia. On his return he visited his brother Nicholas in Santa Barbara, and resigned his position. He

was then 22 years old. In 1843 he was called to Los Angeles to perform several difficult surgical operations. The outcome was so successful that the leading citizens, native and foreign, petitioned him to remain in Los Angeles, and this he did, starting practice there in July, 1844. From that time on until his death in 1895, he devoted himself to his profession there, with the exception of a brief period in 1848, which he spent at the mines, and about twelve years from 1854 to 1866, which he employed in stockraising at his ranch at San Marcos. He served during the Mexican War as chief physician and surgeon of the Mexican forces, and treated, among others, the famous American Consul. Larkin. Newmark says "he was seldom seen except on horseback, in which fashion he visited his patients, and was, all in all, somewhat a man of mystery. He rode a magnificent coal-black charger, and was himself always dressed in black. He wore, too, a black felt hat; and beneath the hat there clustered a mass of wavy hair as white as snow. In addition to all this, his standing collar was so high that he was compelled to hold his head erect; and as if to offset the immaculate linen, he tried around the collar a large black silk scarf. Thus attired and seated on his richly caparisoned horse, Dr. Den appeared always dignified, and even imposing.

He never made a visit for less than \$20. His hobby was horse-racing, and

*Chair Used by Dr. Manuel Quixano and His Predecessors in the Medical Offices of the Old Royal Spanish Presidio of Monterey, Now in the Possession of His Great Granddaughter, Miss Maria Antonia Field of Monterey, California.*





his magnificent steeds were bred for him at Santa Barbara. As a miner in 1848, his luck was indifferent, but as a physician in the mining camps, his skill was so phenomenal that he is said to have received as much as \$1,000 in a day for his advice and practice.

The first doctor in San Diego was Pedro Prat, who founded the tent-hospital at Dead Man's Point. From then (1769) until the medical officers attached to our army and navy detachments between the years 1844 and 1850, that community was at the mercy of the itinerant traveler of land and sea, the medicine man, the bleeder, and the chemist.

One of the earliest San Diego practitioners was Dr. George McKinstry, Jr., a Virginian, who practiced there for over twenty years. Before he settled there, he had an adventurous career, being the first sheriff of the northern district at Sutter's Fort, and was a hero of the Donner party rescue, for whom, on account of his medical knowledge, he was able to apply relief measures, but he was never able to settle down to the general routine and grind of a practitioner. There were many days when he answered the call and disappeared for a long time among the Indians.

In the North, although the Mission Dolores and the Presidio date from 1776, the medical history of the peninsula did not begin until the naming of the cove which extended between Clark's Point in the northwest to Rincon Point in the southeast—Yerba Buena. It derived this name from the plant, a species of micromeria which grew luxuriantly on the hillsides flanking the cove. Yerba Buena was a great favorite among the Indians, who had proved its medical worth as a febrifuge, emmenagogue, carminative and antelmintic, and early Spaniards added it to their pharmacopoeia. Up to 1835, only vessels came to anchor in the cove, but during that year Captain W. A. Richardson was appointed the first harbor master and he built the first house the same year at Yerba Buena. Two years later Jacob P. Leese built the second house and the first store in the village. On the first of April, 1837, he married General Vallejo's sister, and the year following Rosalie Leese, the first child born in Yerba Buena, arrived on the scene. But there is no evidence that an M. D. presided at the momentous occasion, and it is probable that a partera or midwife, or a partero or man midwife, a functionary peculiar to the native Californians, did the honors. In 1836 Nathan Spear, a native of Boston, where he had been in the drug business, formed a partnership with Leese in the store which the latter had already founded. And although the village grew but

slowly, when any of the settlers for miles around were ill, Spear was pressed into service on account of his superior knowledge regarding drugs. In 1844 there were only half a dozen houses, and a population not exceeding fifty persons at Yerba Buena. In 1846 the population numbered 200; in 1847, there were seventy-nine buildings and a population of 459, and out of this number, according to the "Annals of San Francisco," three were doctors: Dr. John Townsend, Dr. Victor Fourgeaud, and Dr. E. P. Jones.

That Dr. John Marsh was in Yerba Buena in March, 1837, is proved by a letter in his handwriting from there, and still in existence (Kress), but the first resident graduate doctor was Dr. John Townsend. He was a Virginian by birth, and with his wife, and brother-in-law, Moses Schallenberger, crossed the plains in 1844, being members of the Elisha Steven's party, which was the second to make the overland journey from Missouri and the first to cross the Sierras by way of the Truckee River, which subsequently became the railroad route. Townsend's ultimate idea in coming to California was to practice medicine, but as a side issue; he and Schallenberger, when they left Missouri in May, 1844, carried a big consignment of silks and satins in their covered wagon which they intended to sell to the Spanish ladies on reaching California. But it was winter before the party reached the Sierras and the first snows were falling. This filled the pseudo-merchants with dismay, as they feared their supply of silks and satins would be water-soaked. Before they reached the summit, their horses and oxen were floundering in the snowdrifts, and it was evident to the doctor that his stock would be ruined long before he reached the Sacramento and Sutter's Fort, unless he could make some provision in the Sierras to house it until spring. So he and Schallenberger constructed a log house and made it as water-tight as possible, and stored the precious satins away until the spring and summer suns would make their transportation possible. Schallenberger remained behind to guard the goods while Dr. Townsend and his wife pushed on through the drifting snow to Sutter's Fort. Although Schallenberger's experiences that winter, alone in the bleak fastness of the Sierras, do not concern us here, suffice it to say that the story of that winter is one of the great epics of the mountains.

ON REACHING California, Townsend embarked on an adventurous career, serving as Sutter's aid and surgeon in the Micheltorena campaign. In 1845 he was practicing medicine for a short period at Monterey, and in 1846 he built his residence, with office

combined, on his fifty-vara lot on the south side of California street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, where the Merchants' Exchange stood for many years. Here he hung out the first medical shingle posted in Yerba Buena, and here it may be said was rocked the cradle of medical San Francisco. Townsend took a prominent part in public affairs and, being a man of education himself, he was instrumental in founding the first school which was erected on the west side of the Plaza (Portsmouth Square) in April, 1848, and of which he, Dr. Victor J. Fourgeaud, C. L. Ross, J. R. Serrini, and William Heath Davis became trustees. He also laid out as a suburban town the Potrero Nuevo on the beautiful sloping banks of Mission Bay, but owing to the distance from town, it was a long time before there was a demand for lots. In 1848 he was elected Alcalde, or Mayor, of the growing city, the name of which about this time was changed to San Francisco. It was also in this year that the doctor went to the mines, but finding that life not to his liking he returned to his practice in San Francisco. Later, in 1849, he bought a ranch near San Jose, and while he and his wife were enjoying their little holding, the cholera epidemic, which had first manifested itself in the harbor, galloped down the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, and although the doctor did everything within his power to treat his neighbors and stay the wild havoc wrought in its track, both he and his wife fell victims to the scourge. And so ended the career of the first adventurous Aesculapian of San Francisco. Bancroft says he was a man of excellent character and of genial enthusiastic temperament. In the Clyman Diary, he is described as "much attached to his own opinions, as likewise to the climate and country of California. His pleasant wife does not enter into all her husband's chimerical speculations."

The second graduate physician and surgeon to arrive in San Francisco was Dr. Victor Jean Fourgeaud, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 8, 1817, and was a graduate of the Charleston Medical College. After receiving his degree there, he supplemented his training by matriculating at the University of France, where he spent about four years doing post-graduate work, and was subsequently granted a degree. Being endowed with considerable literary ability, he commenced, while in France, a history of medicine. On his return to this country, he settled in St. Louis, Missouri, which was then the pioneer land of enterprise. Here he started his professional career and his efforts were crowned with success and distinction, and he became there the lead-

(Continued on Page 395)



# A Home in the Desert

## CHAPTER XIV

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

**A**MONG OUR FRIENDS there was none more valued by us than our dog, Topsy. She was a Collie Shepherd, gray-blue in color, with broad white breast and beautiful brown eyes, almost human in their expression of intelligence.

Her puppies were in great demand, and spoken for before their coming by farmers and sheep men. It was a great moment when a new litter appeared on the farm. They were such cunning creatures, plump and round, with tiny pink tongues that licked one's face and hands lovingly.

We carried them with us all over the place, and often the floor of the sitting room was strewn with pups and children. We named each one before it was sold, and grew so attached to them that the parting brought a sharp, although quickly passing pain.

Father acquired Topsy and the twins at about the same time. As they grew older she watched over them all day long when they were playing about the yard. She kept away the little colts, that saw in the twins two gay play-fellows. If they insisted on straying too near the irrigating ditch, she stood between them and the water, brown eyes fixed anxiously on her charges, evidently hoping they would desist, and not force her to sterner measures.

Once, when little brother strayed into the water despite her efforts, she seized him by the skirt and dragged him to the bank, then stood over him growling fiercely, scolding him for his disobedience.

Among her pups was one father kept for his own special use. He took him to the sheep ranch early in life, to be trained for his calling.

He was a golden tan, with the broad white breast of his mother, and her beautiful eyes. If such a thing was possible he possessed even a superior intelligence. We named him, Carlo.

Father had a herder called a "half-breed," since he was a mixture of Indian and Mexican. He was excellent with the sheep, that task being one to which he was fitted by nature and inclination.

He was exceeding superstitious, and came to believe that Carlo was possessed of some strange intuition by which he foretold coming events.

He declared that he always knew when father was coming to the ranch, for Carlo lay down and pointing his nose to the sky, emitted a long, peculiar howl never used on any other occasion. He told many tales of the dog that father laughed at as quite impossible.

But once, when the herder was strangely and tragically murdered, Carlo

and the black burro took entire charge of the flock for almost a week.

Father arrived at the ranch in the dusk of evening. The dog and burro had brought the sheep in for the night, and driven them into the corral. Carlo lay across the open gate, and the burro was grazing a short distance away.

The herder was not in the cabin, nor did he answer the long call that father sent out into the night.

Hastily he counted the sheep as best he could in the waning light. There were five hundred missing from the flock of three thousand.

He said to the dog: "Carlo, the sheep are not all here. Go and find them." He waved one hand toward the plains that were fast darkening into the dense, velvet blackness of a prairie night.

Carlo sprang up, licked father's hand, and was off swiftly into the deep shadows. He returned shortly after sun-up, weary and travel stained, driving the sheep before him. Out of the entire flock only two were lost that the coyotes killed.

As nearly as father could judge the two faithful animals had taken the sheep out each morning, watered them at noon at the one spring the ranch possessed, grazed the flock in the long afternoon hours, and brought them into the corral for the night.

Carlo was devotedly attached to father, loving him above all other human creatures.

Came the spring when father, facing courageously the fact of failing health, sold the band of sheep and brought Carlo to the farm.

Summer slipped into autumn. Father, grown more weary with each passing day, spent much of the time indoors, only going for brief walks about the farm, always accompanied by Carlo.

Physicians rendered a verdict that but a few months remained when father would be with us. The house grew silent and sad. We children hushed our voices, that if, perchance, he had fallen into a slumber, after a long, wakeful night filled with pain, he might rest undisturbed.

With the early December snow father lay all day long in his bed, that we had placed in the sunny sitting room. He could lie and watch Long's Peak in the distance. He loved the mountains and his blue eyes watched them in the long hours of pain.

Daily came friends, asking anxiously if they could not be of service in some

way. The sick room was fragrant with the flowers they brought, and father spoke often of the wonderful kindness of people.

They chatted cheerily with him for a short time, giving the news of the day, in which he was deeply interested. When he grew weary, they left the room softly, their faces grave and sad.

At every opportunity Carlo crept into father's room, standing with his fore-paws on the bed, whining softly in answer to the low spoken words. When mother sent him outdoors again he lay with his head resting on his paws, as if bowed in deep grief.

One February day father roused out of a deep stupor and smiled at mother, bending over him. Then serenely and fearlessly he passed through the portals of death.

For a time the world seemed to stop. But daily duties pressed hard, the needs of life asserted themselves at every turn. We knew that we must plan the future, to be lived without father's guiding hand.

We rented the farm-land to a man whom we had long known, and the following August we moved to town. The boys were too young to do the farm work, and their school days would not be finished for some years.

In town we were busy from morning until night. We children were in school, and mother entered actively into church and club work.

The woman's club was becoming a national movement, and mother enjoyed the work greatly.

But Carlo was not busy, and he was utterly unhappy. He did not like town, it was no place for a self-respecting worker such as he had always been. Nor did he like the farm, since the family was away.

The people who lived there loved him, and coaxed him to stay, but he would not.

Beyond the farm house a little distance were the cross roads, leading in four directions, all familiar to him. North lay the sheep ranch, where he had been busy and happy all day long, south was the farm where he had spent his joyous puppy days, west lay the road that led to the new home in town, and east, alas, the road led to the cemetery, where his beloved master had been laid away.

Here, at the cross roads, he would often lie all night long, howling so mournfully that the neighbors far and near complained.

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# A House Divided

## CHAPTER VI—BOOK 2

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

### STORY THUS FAR

*WHEN David Brock left home the duties of the family fell upon Julia, his daughter. Then came in rapid succession Adam's problem with Madge Neith, their marriage; intolerable days and the final separation of Julia from the family; the acceptance of a position in Manchester; lack of rains and financial difficulties which forced Lydia Brock to borrow money from Stewart Cook; Cook's altruism and the motive Gene Palmer—Julia's attempt to see nothing of Gene and the growing infatuation of Madge for Phil O'Meara.*

*While this reaction was taking place in the home from which David Brock had gone, his own life was not without complications.*

### Book Two

*David Brock had in the meantime traveled by team to Nebraska, and here he had met L. P. Miles, a homesteader. From Miles he bought a prairie shack, and in Miles' company set out to look at the Miles' homestead.*

*And there was the woman, the woman in the personage of Mrs. Beals who immediately took a fancy to David. Mrs. Beals owned the general store and there was much for David to accomplish as her friend. A fast friendship developed and through her help David Brock rapidly rose to a powerful citizen of Beals, Nebraska. But there must always be equilibrium. Mrs. Beals' altruism was not less evident because of her desire for companionship and David found himself grappling with a problem of greater magnitude than any he had heretofore encountered.*

THERE CAME a new phase now, in the career of David Brock. The material problem was solved; he sent frequent money-orders to Manchester, enjoining in his letters secrecy on the part of bank officials there as to his place of abode. Physical comfort and security he now knew also; the old drive of former habit still bringing him out of bed at an unconscionable hour, but otherwise leaving him fairly free. More and more he found himself fascinated by the general store. Most of his days came now to be spent behind the counter, and, his evenings with Clarissa.

Mrs. Beals had undergone a subtle change. A new elasticity was in her step. She had lost some of her extra weight. She had ceased the habit of thrusting her glasses up on her forehead, and now kept them in a case in her pocket. Her costume now began to reflect the prosperity which had come to her. She wore a dark blue wool dress, fitted by a dressmaker in Kearney; and she now affected a rose-colored high collar of soft ribbon with a broad bow at the back of the neck—a style popular at the time and giving her face a piquant, even youthful, expression. Some said, and rightly, that she had lost ten years off her age.

More and more she left the care of the store to David. Yet he grew more and more to appreciate her presence in the store. He felt a quickening of the blood at her entrances; he felt a sudden sinking of spirit at her departures.

As spring came a third time on the prairie, his whole soul rushed forth to welcome it. There was a dreary March, when for days the northwest wind sighed unceasingly, across the shallow drifts of slowly vanishing snow. At times this wind grew colder; chilling to the bone and freezing hard the melted surfaces of slowly sinking banks. It sang dismally in the feeble windbreaks of young willow and roistered in weird cadences along the gullies and across the bleak summits of the rolling knolls there abounding. But by the first of April a subtle change had come over the face of the world. Enormous cloud masses hovered in a deep blue zenith. Bars of sunlight shot through them in straight rays like spears of silver and dull platinum. These masses of cloud were of gleaming pearl around their edges, but opaque and leaden at their portentous centers. A calm and even somnolent balminess pervaded the vast spaces of high heaven and far-spreading earth, and the wind sank to a mere intermittent

roofs, and filled the immense outdoors with the swishing of falling drops, the gurgling of culverts and the hissing of drenched branches and new-budded leaves.

The showers, ceasing as suddenly as they came, left the benign sun free to exert his power over a dreary and bedraggled scene. It seemed as if an hour could show a difference in the deepening green of pasture and field. Vegetation leaped forth. Flowers—the pale hyacinth, the modest-hued crocus, and the small violet—stood forth. The wild roses along newly stretched lengths of shining galvanized barbed wire, expanded their leaves and began to bud. Plum and apple trees of three years' growth, set out in neat plantations, blossomed and shone like clouds of rose-tinted vapor from many a distant homestead. Bathed in the lambent glory of that smiling sun, creation spread its hands to the great fire at the heart of things, and the "tide of spring," surging, tumultuous, overmastering, ran through leaf and petal and stem.

CROWS, DISMALLY CAWING appeared in sparse companies, and stalked about in protected hollows. Blackbirds in great flocks, circled like swarms of enormous bees about the stables and straw stacks, singing an unvarying chorus of infinitely confused and mingled notes. Barn swallows pitched and dived and soared as they stuck up their mud houses under hospitable eaves. Robins stood about, eying this new life on the prairie with curious eyes. They presently built nests in the plum trees and set up housekeeping. Though shy of man, these wild creatures were willing to pioneer with him.

And the human element in this scene felt the same impulse and glamor that all nature knew. Young children paired off on the way home from school. Miss Hosmer, the school teacher, was observed in the company of Harry Pratt on several gorgeous evenings, when the west was piled high with the crimson, purple, and amber of sunset-lighted clouds. Wives developed the habit of running across the fields to points where their husbands were engaged in spring plowing or sowing the new crop. It was no wonder that the lonely man at the general store should feel strange and inordinately promptings, at first incomprehensible to him.

It seemed as if this vast liberation of dynamic forces in soil, air and animal creation were charged with unspeakable joy. He dwelt at moments in moods

(Continued on Page 393)

whisper at the corners of houses and in the budding branches of the young groves. Occasionally the sun disappeared utterly. Jarring thunders, faint at first, gathered momentum, and an electric quality ran through the atmosphere, while the nostrils took up the bitterly composite scent of distant rain odors, windblown from areas where heavy showers were drumming the ground. Then, to the northwest, appeared a vast gray curtain, silvery-luminous from within, as if lighted from behind by a million softly shining candles. This was the advancing shower, reaching from heaven to earth and announcing its coming by flurries of rain and sharp reports of thunder that seemed to rend the very dome of the zenith. Blinding flashes of lightning played from cloud to cloud, and tremendous bolts shot to the floor of the prairie. And suddenly one was in the midst of a hypnotizing and delightful pandemonium, as the rain beat down in slanting sheets upon the odorless stubble, rang musically on tin



# Interesting Women of California

CORA L. WILLIAMS, AN INSPIRATION

By "NAGEL"

TRUE ideals never fail us though often we fail in adherence to the practical application so essential to success! Cora L. Williams has gained her success on perhaps this very principle for success surely she has attained; the greatest kind of success—that of serving others, that of molding young manhood and womanhood into admirable citizens.

It is a rare pleasure to have filed away in memory's cabinet precious moments spent at the Cora L. Williams Institute. Weary with the jargon of new things, modernism and confusion one may take a breath of harmony, snatch at unselfish idealism and gain inspiration from memory's shelves. One will remember the tall, stately figure, sweeping rhythmically down the halls; one will recall an oriental shawl thrown over slim shoulders, a head of crowned silver—symbol of unselfishness—and one will feel a peace a dignity and yet sense that finer thing, an invitation for confidence in kindly eyes that say much.

That this woman will be the guiding star, that she is the guiding star to many a young man and woman, that many a young man and young woman grown old may look back thankfully to her with love and reverence, is not prophesy to be left unfulfilled by time. It has been proven.

If Cora L. Williams' vision seemed preposterous to the few who knew of it in the years gone by, her goal of attainment will be even more startling, nothing less than giving to human beings a new concept of their relation to society, a concept to be achieved through a change in educational methods.

Born on the Minnesota prairie, she came to Southern California with her family at the age of seven. The oldest of seven children—the mystic number—living on a farm in what was then almost a desert, she had no easy time in acquiring an education. Graduated from

high school, she taught for four years in a country school, saving her small earnings with a vision ahead and finally attended college, an unusual thing for a girl in those days.

work, for which she was wonderfully talented. Men who studied mathematics with Miss Williams thirty years ago still recall what a remarkable teacher she was.

In 1906 she was offered an instructorship in the mathematics faculty at the

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*Cora L. Williams,  
the Woman Who  
Built a School  
Without an En-  
dowment Fund.*

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After graduating from the University of California with the class of 1891 Miss Williams taught mathematics in high schools for some years. Returning then to the University to take her Master's Degree, she saw the need of many students for coaching in her favorite subject, and plunged into that

University of California,—the first woman to be thus honored. She soon discovered, however, that the University was not the place to work out her educational ideals, and resigned to start a school of her own.

During the next ten years she devoted herself to the preparation of young students for college, finding time meanwhile to study and write on scientific and educational topics. In 1916 her "Creative Involution" was published. It created somewhat of a sensation in the philosophical world. In this book she declared, and proved by mathematics and biology, that Man can progress no farther as an individual, that he can only reach a higher plane by developing the power to work and live in groups.

Not content with demonstrating her theory on paper, Miss Williams in 1917 founded her Institute for Creative Edu-



*Williams Institute Nestled in the Berkeley Hills.*

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## In the Editor's Brief Case

Colin Campbell Clements, one of the best known of the younger American dramatists, has returned to the West to direct the plays given this winter in the Lobero theatre of the Santa Barbara Community Art Association.

Mr. Clements is a former student of Thomas Wood Stevens of the Carnegie Institute of Technology and of Professor George Pierce Baker, formerly of Harvard, now of Yale and was for sometime stage manager, actor and play-reader for Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre. Directly after the war he traveled in France, Italy, Greece, Roumania and Turkey where he made a thorough study of the theatres, ancient and modern. During the last three seasons he has directed over a hundred plays including: *La Mason Natale*, Copeau; *The Death of Tintagiles*, Maurice Materlinck; *Riders to the Sea*, Synge; *The Land of Heart's Desire*, Yeats; *A Night At An Inn*, Dunsany; *The Book of Job*; *The Dreamy Kid*, Eugene O'Neill; *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, the first comedy written in English; *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, Moliere; *Alice-Sit-By The Fire*, Barrie; *The Wondership*, Leon Cunningham; *Sintram of Skaggerack*, Sada Cowan; *The Cherry Blossom River*, a Japanese Noh play; *The Far-away Princess*, Sudermann; *The Affairs of Anatole*, Snitzler; *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, France and several of his own plays including *The Boy Through The Window*.

He is the editor of a number of books including *Sea Plays* which has just been published by Small, Maynard of Boston and is author of three new books on

the Appleton list: *Wreckage* (written with Mary Heaton Vorse); *Plays for a Folding Theatre* which includes: *Pierrot in Paris*, *The Return of Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Three Lepers of Suk-el-Garab*, *The Siege and Moon Tide and Plays for Pagans* which includes: *The Haiduc* (a play in four scenes which is being produced again in Bucharest, Roumania, this winter), *Spring!* (which was recently broadcasted from Chicago); *Harlequin, Yesterday* (first produced by Henrietta Crosman and Tom Wise), and *Four Who Were Blind* (which, it is said, Professor Baker considers one of the best plays ever written in his classes at Harvard).

### Narcissa

By GEM HARRIS

THE production of "Narcissa" during Jubilee Week marked an epoch in the history of women composers and added another bit of luster to the monument of woman's achievement. It also gave to San Francisco's music-loving public the privilege of listening, for the first time, to an American grand opera, written and produced by an American woman, Mary Carr Moore. That San Francisco appreciated the work of its gifted composer-conductor was evidenced by the sustained interest of the audiences which gathered during the week's nine performances, tendering their salvos of applause to composer and production alike.

The composition and production of "Narcissa" has carried its author into

the realm of the world's distinguished women. With her quiet but persistent hard work together with a great native talent, unusual technical skill and the needed artistic background, she has broken down the traditional idea that profound operatic composition (and its production) belongs preeminently to man.

"Narcissa" depicts one of the most dramatic and notable incidents in the history of the early Northwest—the story of *Marcus Whitman* and his wife *Narcissa*, their bravery, their patriotism and at the last, their massacre by the Indians.

The libretto, written by Mrs. Moore's mother, Sarah Pratt Carr, follows history closely. The story is well told and the drama portrayal markedly vivid. While the narrative provides little basis for that passionate love making which is the main feature of most operas much has been done with the situation as it exists. With the unselfish devotion between *Marcus* and *Narcissa* *Elijah* and *Siskadee* as the only vehicles through which this color may be lent to the play, the author has so impregnated these parts of the theme with a quality of spirituality that one experiences no sense of loss from a lack in expression of a more material passion.

In her adaptation of original Indian melodies which thread the music score, Mrs. Moore has shown rare skill. These, in the stage atmosphere of Indian legend and custom give a most colorful effect, the music of them thrilling in their freedom and spontaneity of expression. The music score, as a whole gives a sense of complete satisfaction.

## Miss Williams—An Inspiration

(Continued from Page 379)

cation, where, in the past eight years, she has proved to the world that children develop far more rapidly in character and power and in actual acquired knowledge under co-operative methods than under the existing competitive system.

Her aim "is to prove that this method of education is not only more creative and more efficient, but that it is a necessary preparation for life in our modern social system." She hopes some day to see it demonstrated in a whole city public school system.

THE year 1925 has brought wide recognition to the work which Miss Williams is doing. In the Spring she was the one American educator who was invited to speak at the New Ideals Conference of Education at Oxford,

England. At the recent Convention of the Western Psychological Association, one of the features was an address by a noted psychologist on the remarkable scholarship achievement of the pupils at the Williams Institute. Then, too, a new edition of "Creative Involution," is just off the press and, on account of the present widespread interest in Evolution, promises to attract even more attention than did this first edition.

This woman, who has, without any endowment fund, built up her famous demonstration center in such a remarkably short time, is now fifty-nine years of age. Although she is not strong physically, she is "on the job" twelve hours a day and twelve months a year, and also finds time for the things other

women are interested in. She organized and was the first president of the Berkeley Branch of the American Penwomen. She has served as chairman on the Committee of Entertainment in the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and has been active in the move to make the University city an art center. The home of the Williams Institute, a beautiful Italian villa in the north Berkeley hills, has been a rendezvous for distinguished visiting artists, as well as for educators and students of social problems.

The quality in Miss Williams which most impresses the observer is her wonderful enthusiasm. And it is that quality more than anything else that has carried her through numerous discouragements and over the many obstacles in her path.



# Leaves from Fashion's Fall Note Book

Models Shown Courtesy of  
The City of Paris



An afternoon frock (above) of youthful grace adapts black crepe Elizabeth with a bustle bow of velvet.

The sports frock shown (below) is of the popular two-piece type, developed in gray and black wool fabric with a guimpe of reseda crepe de Chine.



An ensemble (above) of aristocratic beauty combines black dragon satin with natural Josena trimmed with lynx at the collar and cuffs.

Two famous New York makers send these two distinctive hats (below) developed in black hatter's plush, velvet and satin.



Lucien Lelong combines bluet and du Barry chiffon velvets to create this exquisite evening ensemble.

The brown fox collar accentuates the beauty of color and line.





# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## THE CHARM OF GOOD LITERATURE

WE cannot all have about us great pictures, cannot all hear great music, but we can all demand the society of all the mighty thinkers of today as well as past ages. We may lose touch with those among whom we live, but we need not lose touch with humanity, as it has been in the past and today is being revealed in great literature.

Those who have never formed the habit of reading, or who have been in the habit of reading ephemeral books, would do well to give some of their attention to what the great and wise men have said about reading itself as a source of pleasure.

Surely it is a part of wisdom to lay up capital for old age, and the greatest capital is the ability to take delight in noble pleasures, and of these, one of the greatest is found in the ability to enjoy fine literature. Books are real companions, and what does one need more than companionship? Make the characters which impress you, your friends. You will find great characters in literature of today as you will find them in literature of yesterday. There will appear Henry Esmonds and David Copperfields—people who, though they never live in the flesh, may serve as representations of ideals or problems. Make them your friends! Go back to your favorites. It will be like making a call on an old friend. The voices will seem truer the oftener they are heard, and the hand clasp be more cordial. High thoughts, noble taste, kindly feelings and spiritual aspirations will, if they are a part of the youthful life, guarantee a happy old age. Without these, life is almost certain to be lacking of dignity and nobility. The greatest books stay with one to the very last. Life is a training, we say and say truly. Training for what? The best training for the future of this existence is to create an appreciation for the beauty, power and glory of great literature.—THE EDITOR.

### THE NORTH COUNTRY

THERE'S A REGION lying between our northern state of Washington and our greatly-written-of California which has been but little exploited by novelists and story tellers. Anita Pettibone has chosen for her setting the region of the lower Columbia, and her characters are the folk of this Pacific Northwest.

Ellen Fargo, daintily bred, comes fresh from school to enter this rough region of Finnish immigrants. Her ways are not their ways, and at every turn she runs up against suspicion grown of Old World superstition and tradition. Yet here she finds her lover and her fate. A light story, but well told.

THE BITTER COUNTRY, by Anita Pettibone. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.

### AMAZING CHARACTERIZATION

IF ONE READS Doctor Ricardo, he will always remember Doctor Ricardo. So well has William Garrett drawn this character in the midst of his excellent mystery story, that one will never forget; extraordinarily fascinating. An interesting crime and an interesting detective to solve it. This sort of story is good for brain action; read it—and see just how inventive, how creative, how active your own brain is. Garrett gives his readers, throughout the story, the upperhand; he knows too well the essentials of a good mystery story. It is of an American detective, John Drew, in England on a mission to discover some papers being used in blackmailing—then there is the murder which seems so simple—but the more that is discovered the harder becomes the plot. The character of Sir Richard Montague is a charming one as he accompanies Drew through the sleuth's investigations.

DOCTOR RICARDO, by William Garrett. D. Appleton and Co. \$2.00.

### A MAN'S BOOK

NOT A RED-BLOODED man but will enjoy this hunting chronicle which takes one all over the North American Continent. Both wild fowl and big game shooting is treated, with the personal experiences of the author. It might well serve as a text book for the hunter.

WITH SHOTGUN AND RIFLE IN NORTH AMERICAN GAME FIELDS, by Captain Beverly W. Robinson. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50.

### SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

A NEW TREATISE on the Great Enigma. Who wrote the Sonnets? Was it Shakespeare? Who wrote the plays? Who was Shakespeare? To attempt to point a way to new light on this puzzling question is the purpose of John F. Forbis in his volume, "The Shakespearian Enigma."

Speaking of the many attempts to cast light on the question, the search for documentary evidence or otherwise which might reveal something more of Shakespeare the man, the author says: "There is one source however, though not altogether unexplored, which is still promising to the investigator, and that is The Sonnets and some of his poems. The Sonnets are so puzzling and enigmatical, that it is hard to believe that they mean what they pretend to say. No one can read them thoughtfully without feeling that there is something hidden in their depths, and that he is invited to find it if he can."

Mr. Forbis carefully analyzes The Sonnets and his conclusions are interesting and ingenious. Whether or not the author succeeds in convincing the reader that The Sonnets are intended to set forth symbolically the great poet's love for wine and his struggle to overcome, together with his yielding, is another question.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN ENIGMA, by John F. Forbis. American Library Service. \$4.50.

### A BACKWOODS MUNSCHAUSEN

WITH RECURRING frequency of late there has been mention of that unique character, Paul Bunyan. A legendary hero, a creation of the story tellers of the lumbercamps, Paul Bunyan has lived in the sagas of the camps for many years. And now that the old time lumber-jack is in danger of extinction it is fitting that Paul Bunyan should find preservation in type; though cold type, of course, can never convey the color and the flavor of the tales as given on a winter's night about the roaring stove of some Michigan lumber camp.

In this volume the author has given only a portion of the many stories of Paul and his famous Blue Ox. The stories are big—but then, Paul and all his operations were big. Listen: "The stove in the cook-house in the camp in North Dakota was so big it took three acres of timber every day to keep the fire goin' in it. One day one of the cooks put some bread in the oven and went around on the other side to look at it, but it was so far around it's baked and burned to a crisp before he could get there. And another time one of Sam's helpers got lost between the flour bin and the root cellar and would like to of starved to death if somebody hadn't found him." And that is really a mild one!

PAUL BUNYAN, by Esther Shephard. Columbia University Press. (Our copy gives no price).

### THE SOUTH COUNTRY

THIS AUTHOR goes almost across the continent to find his setting, for "MacIvor's Folly" is laid in the sand hills of Carolina. There is conflict and mystery, a love story which takes unusual turns. Interesting, not to say thrilling, it is a good novel for summer reading.

MACIVOR'S FOLLY, by Hugh MacNair Kahler and Donald Grant Her-  
ring. Appleton. \$2.00.



## MORE ABOUT THESE CHARMING PEOPLE

A FAINT atmosphere of Arabian Nights up to date pervades the further adventures of These Charming People as set forth by Michael Arlen in his collection of tales "Mayfair," due, no doubt to his delightful practice of telling the most fantastic tales in the most plausible manner. With his usual clever insouciance, Arlen trips his merry way through that section of London which he has made famous for its follies, foibles, fancies, fair women, and brave men; and offers to the reader a bewildering array of sparkling witticisms, satire, laughter, and even a pale tear or two.

MAYFAIR, Michael Arlen. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.  
(Reviewed by Djan the Younger)

## FROM LITTLE BROWN AND CO.

YES, from Little Brown and Co. comes the notice that Hal G. Evarts, the well-known author of western stories, has written his latest novel, "Spanish Acres," about a ranch in the Southwest upon which an Indian Curse has been laid. The story deals with adventure, mystery and love, in which the principal characters are Stan Hollister, the owner of "Spanish Acres," and Sarah Lee Langford, the fair lady to be won. We hope our readers will look forward to this book with eagerness. Will we review it? Of course but we want you to read it also.

SPANISH ACRES, by Hal G. Evarts. Little Brown and Co.

## MUCH PUBLICITY

WE CAN NOT go to press without mentioning THE RED LAMP, especially when Doran puts out an entire pamphlet of publicity on it. We have not read the Red Lamp, but it is from the pen of a best-seller, Mary Roberts Rinehart and is reported to be as great a thriller as THE BAT.

THE RED LAMP, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doran. \$2.00.

## MACMILLAN

WE ARE never disappointed in Macmillan books and especially will our readers enjoy THIS OLD MAN, by Gertrude Bone. If you would enjoy a book that is full of the tranquil beauty of the English countryside, read it by all means. The story tells of old John Dutton who drives the carrier's cart, and his wife, "a motherly, sheltering nature," and their friendship for their new neighbors from the city.

In the background are the gossip at the blacksmith's forge, the village comedies and tragedies, the farmers, the hedger, the farrier, the changing seasons, and the growing crops. The leisurely manner of the tale is beautifully in-keeping with its subject and its setting.

THIS OLD MAN, by Gertrude Bone, Macmillan.

## ANOTHER FROM MACMILLAN

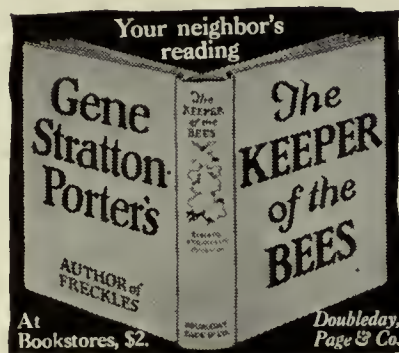
THE LITTLE WORLD! No one else but! Do you remember PIPERS AND A DANCER and the delightful little "showman?" If you do you will not miss The Little World. It is from Stella Benson's pen and worthy of her. Remember her name—remember her works and don't miss any.

THE LITTLE WORLD, by Stella Benson, Macmillan.

## PUT THE KETTLE ON

NOT FOR ALL the cooks in the world must mother be called back from California. So, when Hannah had departed Polly "put the kettle on." Visions of delectable dishes danced through her head. Peg Wood, next door and inseparable, would help, Peg did, and in spite of amusing mishaps and harder work than they had bargained for, the girls found this new "school of experience" more exciting than camp—because it was real. Not even when Aunt Garcia descended upon them, all pills and stomach trouble and a woolly dog, was Polly daunted. How Aunt Garcia found health and the woolly Midge brought his mistress happiness she thought gone forever, makes a delightful story in Mrs. Abbott's best vein. Girl readers will become so enchanted with Polly's culinary successes they will want to try out her experiments themselves. So the authors have included Polly's note book. Here she has written down the recipes and directions as given her and Peg by Mrs. Wood, together with important "Do's" and "Don'ts" for cooks in their teens. Girls will love it because it gives them the chance they've always wanted of actually doing after her the very actions of a favorite heroine.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON, by Jane Abbott and Henrietta Wilcox Penny. J. B. Lippincott. \$2.00.



## DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION

BRUCE BARTON has given a distinct contribution to Christian literature in his THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS, in that it sets forth a literary-business man's conception of Jesus of Nazareth arrived at by an original and independent reading and study of the New Testament, particularly the four gospels. He writes as a business man to business men. "Ben Hur" was written by Lew Wallace—in answer to agnosticism of his time, presented in terms of romance. Mr. Barton writes in tense business like, salesmanship manner, a personal, intimate and original view of the foremost character of all history in answer to present day indifference, which at one time he shared.

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS, by Bruce Barton. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.  
(Reviewed by Rev. E. T. Nesbit).

## AGAIN E. M. HULL

AGAIN, E. M. HULL! We say this because of the latest book from that pen—THE SONS OF THE SHEIK! We wonder if the readers of the famous SHEIK will be disappointed. We wonder if Mrs. Hull's meteoric rise to fame by the virtue of the tremendous success of THE SHEIK will be heightened by her latest book, or if it will go over merely because of the previous one, and the title. We must not forget the title. She writes in the same dashing, lurid style and in the picturesque, foreign setting of the desert sands of Northern Africa. It is a sequel, we might say of the Sheik. We will be interested to see how our readers enjoy it.

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK, by E. M. Hull. \$2.00. Small, Maynard and Co.

## TWO APPLETON BOOKS

TWO APPLETON books which have come to our desk are THE PYRAMID OF LEAD by Bertram Atkey and MAD MARRIAGE by George Gibbs. The latter should be a best seller because of its title if nothing more. But Gibbs knows his background so well, that Bohemianism of an artistic environment that he plunges his readers into the contagion and the reader follows the character to the last with a strange understanding, a simple sympathy, an erratic irresponsibility. Mr. Gibbs portrays a portion of life which is little known and by those to whom such a life is familiar the book would, we are sure, have a hearty endorsement. The Pyramid of Lead on the other hand is a mystery story of the English country side. What could be more intriguing than another English mystery story and yet we wonder why limit good mystery stories to England. Prosper Fair is a character you will carry with you after you have read THE PYRAMID OF LEAD, and you must read and learn of Prosper Fair, it will be an education in itself.

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD, by Bertram Atkey. Appleton. \$2.00.

MAD MARRIAGE, by George Gibbs. Appleton. \$2.00.

REMEMBER "ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME"?

THE difference between democracy in politics and aristocracy in art is evident in the fact that it is much easier for the poor clerk to become President than to achieve a similarly high position in literature. But that it occasionally happens is proved by the fact that A. E. Coppard, who for more than thirty years wandered from one clerical job to another is now acknowledged to be among the foremost writers of short stories in England.

Mr. Coppard writes that he left school at the age of nine to begin earning a living. Unhappy at whatever he undertook, he nevertheless remained a clerk until 1919 when he resolved to abandon office life and devote himself to literary work. At the end of two years, he was able to publish a volume of short stories "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," that was greeted as a masterpiece both in England and America. He then resolved to continue in his literary work and produced "Hips and Haws," a book of poems, in 1922; "The Black Dog" in 1923 and "Fishmonger's Fiddle" in 1925 which was just brought out in this country by Alfred A. Knopf.



# Ballad of the Grapes

GEORGE STERLING

O Sadducees and Pharisees,  
Who harass the divine,  
Now harken with reluctance  
How Daphne made the wine!

(I drain a glass of bootleg Scotch,  
For fear my voice may tire.  
I pause . . . I drain a larger one,  
Then whang the western lyre.)

It was in San Francisco town  
Once dedicate to joy,  
Now given up to hypocrites  
And all reform's annoy.

Oh! Daphne was as brave a girl  
As ever wore a glove.  
She made her prayer to Bacchus, Pan  
And all the gods of love.

Now Daphne bought a load of grapes  
With ocean-purple skin;  
She bought some golden muscatel  
And called her lover in.

And thrice she scoured her bath-tub  
(A needless act, we know)  
With Bon Ami, Dutch Cleanser  
And much Sapolio.

And thrice she washed her snowy legs,  
At which a faun might kneel,  
With Ivory soap and Colgate soap  
And soap we call Castile.

Then in the tub they dumped the grapes  
And in the tub she stepped;  
And oh! to see her nudity  
The men of God had wept!

Not as the grapes of wrath are trod  
Trod she the vintage there,  
Up to her knees in scarlet foam,—  
Unhidden by her hair;

BUT rather as when dryads white  
Pace slowly in the dance,  
She proved our old, delicious lies  
And certified romance.

O fumes of Bacchus that betrayed  
The spirit of the grape!  
O unseen incense that arose  
Around that lyric shape!

A dream she was of pagan days  
Lost now to righteous man,  
When through the vineyards of the Greek  
Rippled the rout of Pan.

Right gaily up and down she strode  
That treadmill of delight,  
As on her breasts and on her thighs  
The drops lay pink and bright.

(O Sadducees and Pharisees,  
And had ye seen that dew  
Ye would have longed to sip each drop—  
And no such luck for you!)

But tired she was as dear she was,  
Before the task was done;  
So children with the close of day  
Weary of even fun.

Wherefore a little pause from toil  
They did not think amiss.  
Perhaps they had a glass or two,  
And, it may be, a kiss.

But he had brought a goodly cask,  
Funnel and strainer too,  
And so they filled that goodly cask  
With juice of ruddy hue.

And in a cool and darksome place  
They set that goodly cask  
And had, perhaps, a glass or two,  
To celebrate the task.

NOW months must come and months  
must go  
And men know joy and care,  
But when that wine goes twelve per cent,  
May you and I be there!



# Odds and Ends

Conducted by ADA KYLE LYNCH

IS Elinor Glyn lacking in mentality, or does she think all other people are? Her interview given out recently from Hollywood, makes one or the other condition imperatively conclusive.

\* \* \*

HORATIO Winslow tells us that F. P. A. a colyumist, insists that human nature is trifling and no account. That accounts for his output. He thinks he is writing down to them.

\* \* \*

WITH DUE apologies to those who think "where we come from" less important than "where we are to go from here" and those who think vice versa, I venture my belief that "what we do while here" is of greater importance than either.

\* \* \*

FATHERS know such a lot. They tell such a little," an author informs readers. Might this thought, if revised, be made applicable to mothers? If it read—"Mothers know so little. They tell such a lot."

\* \* \*

IF ONE COULD choose, which day would one sacrifice, if one could make the old rhyme come true:

"Time, you old Gypsy man,  
Will you not stay?  
Put up your caravan,  
Just for a day!"

\* \* \*

IN THESE memoir-able days, honest confession is good to be sold," writes Channing Pollock. He adds: "I am tired, and I know what makes me tired, and if I am a crab or a nervous wreck, so are nine out of ten who have got anywhere near the top in America." O, I don't know. There seem to be a number up there who know how to make life comfortable for themselves and those around them. Take Chauncey Depew, for instance. He says success and old age can be made beautiful, if properly met.

\* \* \*

TWO WAYS of expressing the same thought: "E tu Brutus?" "Yea, even mine own familiar friend whom I trusted: who did also eat of my bread."

\* \* \*

HIS INSIGHT into the human mind and heart is that of a great observer." This is high praise from Benet to the author Galsworthy, and in a measure softens the severity of his statement: "His craftsmanship, his style is not superlative." Galsworthy, in his foreword to "Caravan"—the assembled tales of the author—says: "Those who dutifully confection the short story to the sacred pattern of the hour may well become of the company which shakes its tambourines in hell." To which many present day readers say: "Amen, and Selah!"

\* \* \*

SIR WILLIAM OSLER'S oft used: "So much to do, the undone vast" punctured by his: "Hurry is the Devil," are characteristic of the man who accomplished so much; who "knew what he wanted, and got it" and met the sad things of life "whistling that he might not weep."

THE IDENTITY OF "Amber Lee," whose frank self-revelation in *THE WOMAN I AM* (Seltzer) is obviously derived from autobiographic experience, has been arousing considerable discussion. A certain dentist is known to be inducing his more sophisticated patients to buy the book in order that a discussion of it may lighten the curious and ingenious means of torture which his calling demands, but which his tender heart deprecates. The consensus out of this informal forum seems to be that "Amber Lee" is an interesting woman whom it would be well, or dangerous, (according to the sex of the patient) to know. It has been learned that "Miss Lee" is now a respected, happily married woman who lives in Springfield, Mass.

\* \* \*

## THE CASE FOR THE CENTRAL POWERS

THERE IS STILL existent after the World War," writes Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Stanford University, in discussing "The Case for the Central Powers," "a myth that after all the loss of men and destruction of property, America is amazingly prosperous. Thousands of men became rich during the war, but every one out of the rest of us, and the great body of the American people are distinctly impoverished, though of course not to the extent of any country in Europe."

Chancellor Jordan goes on further to say, that he agrees with the valuable book of Count Montgelas in the opinion that it was the leaders of nations and not the people who were responsible for the war, and that the people were only guilty in allowing themselves to be led to destruction without adequate question. Dr. Jordan found that in "The case for the Central Powers," Mr. Montgelas has carefully investigated and justifiably criticized the peace treaty of Versailles.

"The Case for the Central Powers" by Count Max Montgelas, which Alfred A. Knopf recently published, has been given a most cordial reception and has been acclaimed a veritable contribution to history.

Art will lend prestige to any movement. If the movement is deserving, it will survive. If undeserving, it will fail, leaving art, in either case, more vivid, and with added glory.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON spent almost a month in a quiet little resort before she was discovered! People of course were curious, for she was busy writing, but none realized that the woman who wrote "Black Oxen" was in their midst. When by chance it was learned the people did their best to fill the days remaining with receptions, literary programs and teas. No doubt the hotel where she stopped will feel justified in charging an extra fee for the privilege of occupying the room she graced with her presence, and those who entertained her and had a part in the literary programs will have a story to hand down to posterity!

\* \* \*

IF A THING is right and ought to be done, you can do it if you are big enough," is a saying attributed to Melvil Dewey, through whose efforts the traveling library idea was first put into effect.

\* \* \*

Through successfully conquering buffets one acquires an invincible armor that hides all scars of insults, of neglect, of jibes, its steel of humor and indifference making it impregnable.

\* \* \*

A quotation: "He saw Mildred, raised his hat and came splashing through the mud, with his coat collar turned up, and his cap pulled down." Query—what did he do with the hat?

\* \* \*

HEYWOOD Broun's reference to Amy Lowell and St. Peter, brings to mind the story told in Edwin Valentine Mitchell's "Book Notes," of the two publishers who were met by St. Peter and told to wait at the gates till he could learn from headquarters if they were eligible. When he came back the publishers were gone, and so also were the Golden Gates.

"Book Notes" also, in a scathing review of Upton Sinclair's *Mammonart*, gives as subtitle of the article *The Decline and Fall of Upton Sinclair*, while Henry Savage closes a study of Anatole France with these pregnant words, "Only when the feet are firm on the earth and the head is among the clouds is the splendid vision seen. Anatole France had heard of it and it haunted him. But he never saw it, and that is his tragedy."

\* \* \*

## HOW THOMAS DIXON WRITES

IT IS always interesting to learn how an author goes about writing a novel. Thomas Dixon never begins writing his story until the idea of the book becomes an obsession. He devotes months to the preparation of his material, and does not begin to write as long as he can find any excuse for delay. When at last he finds that he cannot keep his hands off paper and pencil—the thing writes itself. While writing he works from 15 to 17 hours a day and does nothing else until the first draft is finished. Since, however, he had a breakdown from overwork at the age of 30, Mr. Dixon has believed that he can do more in nine months than in twelve. He therefore takes at least three months off every year.





*Mass Meeting—Endorsing the Acts of the Vigilance Committee.*



*Entry of the First Mail Steamer in Golden Gate.*



# According to the Sages

By H. JAMES HANSON

OF CELESTIAL GODS there are many—some benign, some malignant—but the deities that forever are the recipients of scarlet many-holed prayer-papers and pious crumbling punksticks are the gods of Luck and Chance.

In the ancient days, ere red-tasseled bandits rode, with bandrols aflutter, away from the frowning parapets of their desert strongholds, they made obeisance and libation before some scowling god of Chance. And, yet, that god rules supreme. But now it is the coolie, the slinking gun-fighter, the gambler, the rice field toiler who goes to worship at the shrine before he sits at pie-gow, fan-tan or the lottery.

Yet an offering at the shrine does not insure good luck. Fook Lee had made generous offerings before the gods a hundred times. And he had had no luck. It was for his losses at lottery that his wife, known in Chinese euphony as Lin Ping, had become the Simon Legree in the Fook Lee household and merchandise establishment.

She was wielding her bony knuckles expertly upon the hairless pate of her errant spouse.

Fook Lee could not escape the inevitable, daily lambasting. Neither did he attempt it.

"Turtle's egg!" she shrieked, her eyes gleaming like St. Elmo's fire, her words coming like the wrathful waters of a Yangtse cataract. "Every cent of which you gain possession goes for lottery tickets."

"Yes, Flower of Ming!" agreed Fook Lee, receiving a box on the ear.

"Slime of a slug!" she added, with another cuff.

"Exquisite Scent of Morning," he persisted, beginning a mock whimper, in hopes that she might stay her trouncing. "Never again shall I play . . ."

"Teller of lies! Spawn of a cormorant! Stink of a camel! Have I not heard that resolve before?"

"Yes, Reincarnation of all Beauty."

And thus it went on; while Fook Lee, fat, heavy-lidded, flat-nosed, blubbered and groveled ludicrously before his skinny spouse who was his direct contrast, being cadaverous and mummy-like that she seemed ready for her sarcophagus.

Fook Lee peeped up timorously a few moments later and muttered as he watched her form, clad in a *yee shon* blouse and straight-lined trousers of black satin, vanish into their living apartments.

"Sister of a snipe! Her face is like honey, but she waddles like a duck.

May an evil spirit deposit cowitch in her bed."

With that his smarts ceased immediately for he was rotund as a melon seed and was good-natured, and once more his face radiated smiles and he presided over the situation from behind his teakwood desk.

The dusty clock jangled eight times, which betokened that the time for the lottery drawing was near. The habitués—scions of whatnot from the swollen tentacles of the Middle Kingdom—stopped their bovine meditations and snoozing to mutter a few words, cryptic and sibilant, wearing the while looks of expectancy and anticipation.

Two faces, black as the night itself, except for white teeth, were seen at the steamy window. A moment later the door opened, admitting, with a gust of chilly air, two gentlemen of swart color. Fook Lee sold lottery tickets on commission.

"Mah goodness, Mistah Lee," exclaimed one familiarly, "you suah has got it smoky in heah!"

"Man, you tell'm," added his companion.

A silence fell. Then—

"Is you got de drawin' yet?"

"He no come yet," said Fook Lee. "Bimeby. One minute."

Just then the sounds of shuffling, felt-clad feet were heard outside, slant eyes and high cheek-bones appeared at the door, then in stepped a Chinaman who deposited a bundle of hieroglyphic-marked papers in front of Fook Lee. The papers were the result of the drawing. "Tim Loy. Night Time," was the inscription in English, red print upon the papers.

The men of color compared their tickets with the drawing. A crow of elation came from one of them.

"Man, look'y here! A eight-spot! I got 'em again. De second time in two days. Hot damn! a hund'ed and fo'teen dollahs. Come to me baby. Hot damn!"

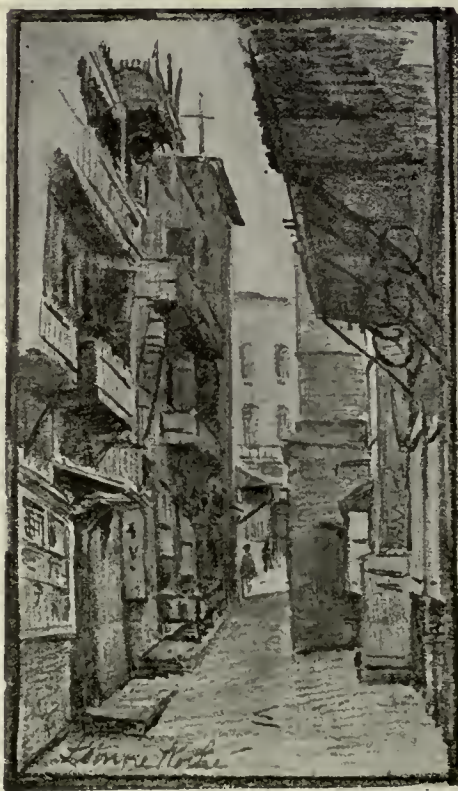
Fook Lee drew in his breath through tightly compressed lips and spat a string of full-flavored coolie curses anent the negroe's luck. Why should they, mere bums, be accorded such good fortune when honest working men and gamblers had to be content with less? He sniffed as he heard it again, when the darkies departed through the door.

"Hot damn! Man, from now on we eats *foo yung har*, *chow min* an' *chow yuk*. No mo' nodles and po'k."

Then the excitement of it all died away and the atmosphere of the dinky store regained its former tranquility. Everything went on with accustomed usualness.

But the more Fook Lee pondered over the darkies' luck, the more he was inclined to play once again. But there was Lin Ping, his lawfully purchased wife. May her descent into hell be greased with tallow from her own bones! His inner urge won over and usurped Lin Ping's wrath. Selecting a blank ticket he grasped an ink-brush, holding it vertically while he wrote upon the margin, the date, the house mark, his name and the price of the ticket. Ten of the characters were yet to be marked out; but which of these he was undecided. Ere he chose any of them he must first consult the joss.

Suddenly he ducked involuntarily and cast a querulous eye toward the back rooms where he heard the shrill tones of Lin Ping who was in confidential confab with her sister. Her raucous, baroque chatter attacked the air atrociously. Upon assurance that it boded no harm for him, Fook Lee listened in amusement. As the voice rose in discordant volume, an asinine grin overspread his face. Thrusting an ink-pad before him he picked up his brush-pen and marked idly down the ideograph,



He Was Not In Luck



"Woman."

## 女

A chuckle escaped his thick, kindly lips as he lent an ear to the conversation. Their speech had ceased to be ordinary; now it was high-pitched, like a *yue kim*. No, it was not from Lao Tze or Menicus or the analects of Kong the teacher that they spoke. A family disagreement was in progress.

"It was ever thus," mused Fook Lee, as the scrabble of tongues grew more discordant. "The sages were great and wise. They knew well whereof they spoke."

To the picture-sign he added another one of its kind:

## 女女

When the two characters were placed, one above the other, it was not read "Two Women;" it meant "Quarrel."

"Ah-e-e-e! Aye, the sages were right. Hi-e-e-e! They were wise. Two women signifies 'Quarrel.' Thus is the saying that 'two women can not live in the same house without quarreling.'"

The voices became stilled for a moment, then a new tone was heard. The newcomer was the steatopygous chattel of Kwong Sam, the keeper of the pie-gow house.

Despite the fact that Fook Lee had lost scores of dollars over Kwong Sam's pie-gow table, and whom he hated with the vehemence of a mongoose toward a rat, an uncontrollable snicker bubbled from between his teeth and his sides shook with halcyon laughter. He had the seeming of a huge obese goldfish. Then he added another character to that which he had already written, and assembled them in the form of a triangle:

## 女女女

"What is the natural result when three women get together?" he asked himself. Again he chuckled. "Certainly the sages knew. Indeed, they were learned. Three women together can mean but one thing. Thus we read it as 'Gossip.'"

SO ABSORBED was he in his mockery and buffoonery, while addressing an imaginary audience that he had not noticed the lull in the feminine conversation, nor the fact that Lin Ping stood beside him. He poised his brush to continue his lampoonery, but a gimlet-like voice pricked him into torturing consciousness.

"Hi-e-e-e! Kernel of a rotten *li chee* nut! You have disgraced me. Is it not enough that our coffers are barren on

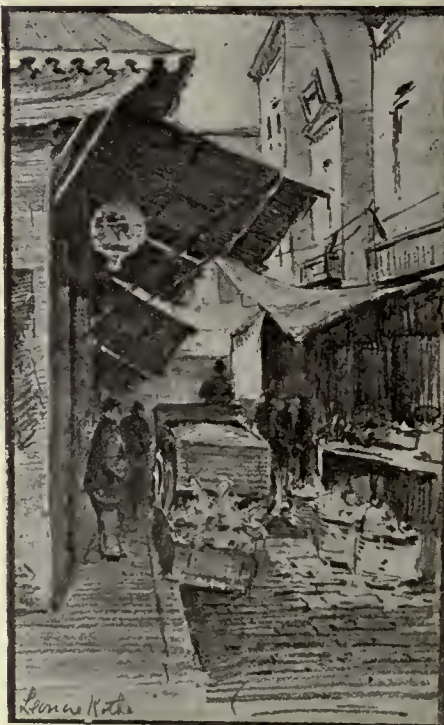
account of your gambling that you must make me a fool? And my sister whom I love so dearly! And the wife of Kwong Sam as well!"

Under the stinging lash of her words Fook Lee cringed and hung his head like a weeping willow on a *yuan c'hi* plate. He was unable to speak for sheepishness.

"Yes, the sages were right, and were great teachers. So am I a teacher. But I shall teach you the difference betwixt philosophy and foolishness."

Her knuckles connected with Fook Lee's perspiring bald crown.

"Three for your insult to your wife. The same amount for my sister. And the same for the wife of Kwong Sam. And yet another shall you have for good measure."



He Walked Down the Street

Each time the osseous knuckles were poised and descended Fook Lee ducked quickly to lessen the strength of the blows. Why should he try to escape, he argued, when a subsequent beating would be worse.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a youth who addressed Fook Lee hurriedly.

"Yee Lee demands his tickets, for it is near time for the drawing. Quick, give them to me!"

Sensing the warlike atmosphere of the place and, knowing Lin Ping's disposition, he made haste to leave. With the tickets in his hand he departed, his shins smarting from a sharp kick of the shoe of Lin Ping. And in the excitement of

it all Fook Lee, too, made his escape. He picked his way slowly and painfully along the street till he won to the comforting portals of the Chinese Uplift Society; where he sought solace and surcease in the Opalescent Smoke.

"First-chop opium," he instructed—"the best. I need it to sooth my throbbing head and bones. For I have been cursed ever since the first cycle of my life."

He threw himself down upon a rude bed and prepared his smoke, while struggling with an excess of inward emotions. He watched the tiny globule at the end of the *yen hok*, which he deftly twirled while moulding the pill to perfectness, and the glossamer-blue wisp of smoke ascending from it.

He thrust it into the flat bowl of his pipe and sucked noisily, filling his lungs at each puff of the dream smoke. And such a pipe!—one that was carved with slumbering dragons and monkeys—

Ah! from it was born an idea. He would end it all. Why should he live to endure naught but pain and torture? He would die. He rose to his feet to seek out an apothecary who knew all of exotic poisons. Then—

A knock came at the door.

"Fook Lee," said a voice. "A word with you."

"What do you wish?" queried Fook Lee, wearily, opening the door.

"I come from Lin Ping," said the fellow. "She seeks a word with you."

"Never again shall she see me," affirmed Fook Lee. "For soon I return to the Middle Kingdom."

"Hi-e-e-e!" ejaculated the other, looking askance, and went on enigmatically. "Are you one to desert your wife because you have come suddenly into possession of money? Why, she is now at home preparing a banquet in your honor, from the finest selections of Jackson Street."

"Money—banquet?" echoed Fook Lee, puzzled.

"What! Have you not heard?"

Fook Lee shook his head dissent.

"The gods of luck have smiled upon you. For this day have you won lucre to the extent of two thousand dollars in the lottery. A ten-spot! It is the talk of the town."

Fook Lee's hands went to his head which felt feverish.

"Ah-h-h-h!" he sighed. "Never before has opium affected me like this. It should soothe—not taunt. Away, fool! You pollute my brain. I have played no ticket."

He cuffed the fellow aside and made his way to the street. Resolving anew to die, he wandered about aimlessly in search of a method with which to finish himself.



He was beset upon from all sides by congratulations. Like an insane person he fought them off, like he were driving away a horde of Chinese devils.

Exhausted and out of breath he burst into the Hang Far Low Eating Pavilion and sank dejectedly into a chair. He called to Leung On Kee, his bosom friend.

"Illustrious comrade—" began Fook Lee, with a mighty effort.

"Wine of life," returned Leung On Kee. "It is most noble to be a brother to one upon whom Heaven has smiled."

Fook Lee hung his head again. Even Leung On Kee saw fit to thrust unkindly.

"Cease, comrade," pleaded Fook Lee. "Tell me, am I a fool—a something—upon which everybody must cast jibes? Or has Lin Ping seen fit to compound an evil that has set me amuck?"

"Neither," replied Leung On Kee. "Is it true that you have not heard of your good fortune?"

Then Leung On Kee poured out a strange tale into the ears of Fook Lee.

To corroborate his words, Lin Ping herself appeared upon the scene.

Fook Lee ducked his head habitually, as her hands went up. But there was no menace in her grasp. Instead there was an embrace coupled with honied words. She beamed upon him foolishly.

"Thrice-blessed son of an empress! I have been nigh frantic for fear harm had befallen you, which would have made me sick unto death. Besides I need some new clothes and jade and hair ornaments."

Fook Lee only muttered an inarticulate demand anent the lottery ticket. How was that to be explained?

"I have it now," said Lin Ping—"just as it came from the lottery company."

Sure enough, the ticket bore Fook Lee's signature in his own unmistakable method of sign-writing.

But the spots? And how came the ticket into the office of the lottery company? Suddenly the truth dawned upon him.

It was the same ticket he had been

preparing for the lottery when he had tarried to make merry over Lin Ping, her sister, and the fat wife of Kwong Sam. He remembered now that he had had the ink-brush poised directly over the ticket. He remembered, too, that Lin Ping had given him ten smart cracks over the skull. And with each whack he had ducked his frame. By a strange whim of the gods he had marked out the very numbers that were destined to come. The youth had brought the ticket to the offices of the lottery company. It had not been necessary to make a duplicate ticket; for Fook Lee was an honest agent, and it was the custom for agents to make but one ticket. The result was fabulous. A ten-spot!

Fook Lee blinked once then again at the paper in his hand. Great beads of perspiration oozed out on his forehead and his mouth pursed, permitting an escapement of breath.

"Hi-e-e-e!" he exploded, as followed by Lin Ping, he shuffled out of the door to place an offering at the shrine of the god of Luck—

"Damn hot!"

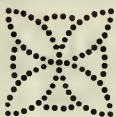
## To D. E. T.



More than all else you are of the day,  
One with the night—and oh, when it is morn  
You are of the blue lark and the way  
That leads me down among the yellow corn.



More than all else you are of the room  
That shelters pinks and lilacs standing frail  
And slim against the autumn gloom  
Of a window-place. . . Now there is a pale



Scattering of stars across the sky.  
There is a moon above the garden seat—  
So surely as the great winds passing by  
You are of the dark loam at my feet.



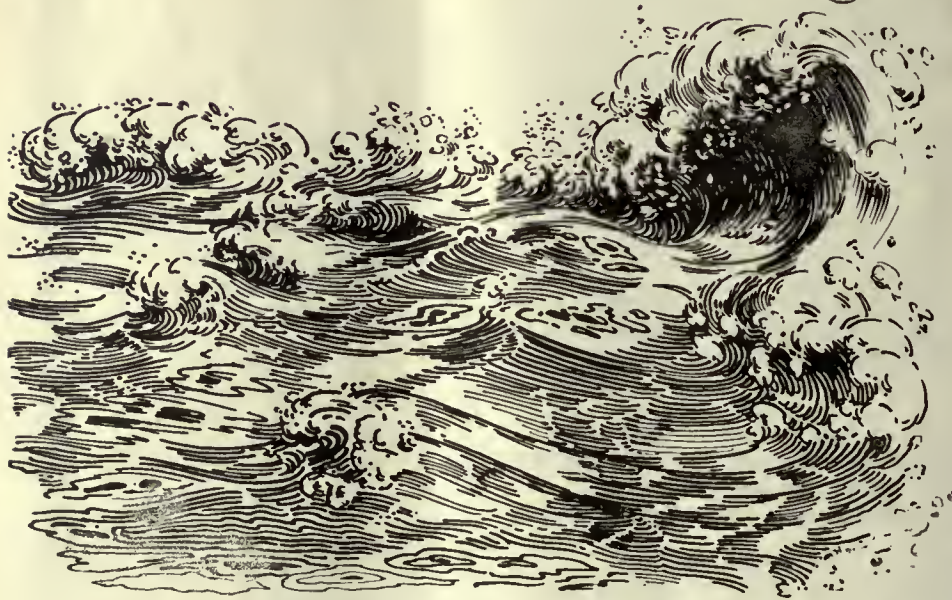
S. Bert Cooksley.



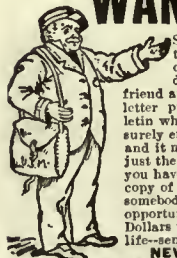
## THE MERMAID

THE sea at evening chanteth  
low and cool,  
Crooning the same words over like  
a spell  
To charm a mermaid in a mossy  
pool,  
Falling asleep in a haliotus shell,  
While jewels from a drowned mer-  
chants hands  
The white waves bring, and ja-  
cintus red and fair,  
Pale coral carved, and jade from  
far off lands,  
And moonlight pearls to tangle in  
her hair.  
Sweet dreams she has of diving  
deep and far  
To coral forests hid beneath the  
waves,  
Where serpents and huge finny  
monsters are,  
And giant squid dwell in the rocky  
caves,  
Then to come puffing up above the  
sea  
And in a man-o-war ride gloriously.

Beulah May.



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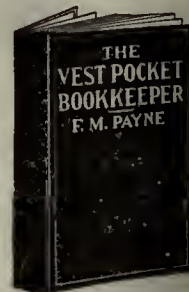
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## Water

(Continued from Page 373)

which he had passed, struck him with the naked blade of truth—"I'm going!" Turning to face his idol, he dragged back his tongue from his teeth and rasped:

"Did they kill people for you?"

The red eye winked at him.

"Drown 'em?"

The red mouth smirked at him.

"Can't drown me."

Over the sky swung black, brooding clouds, completely obliterating all living color, toning the very air with a ghastly grey. He looked toward his feet; in the west one rift in the clouds shone as a pillar of living gold. Far distant, very far, he heard a clap of thunder; then, amazed, he watched the dingy color of his body change to shimmering white as he listened for—

Drums! He was a child again, being carried feet-foremost. The white draperies of his body outlined the contours of his legs. Between and beyond his feet he saw a brazen god weltering in the reflected fires of the pit, its great bull-face smirking with red and black gold. The smoke of incense and the smell of burning flesh tortured his nostrils; the roll of drums and the shrill of flageolets maddened his ears; the glow of Moloch, with hot hands cupped to receive him, burned his eyes—Grey Terror tightened the leather binding of his throat—

Water! Just a little water!

*The Master-Jeweler broke down the remnant of His worthless Pearl. Its seed, a hard, white diamond, pitifully small, pitifully weak, yet infinitely more priceless than the gem from which it came, flashed back His Own Glory:*

Water! Above the boom of thunder and the crash of lightning he heard the roar of water! Water in grey and silver sheets trembled across the sky, in surging whirlpools it howled around him, pulled at him, sucked at his very face. His wasted hands groped for the idol which had claimed him last, but water forced them back.—From the cavernous depths of his eye-sockets, his hard, white soul, pitifully small, pitifully weak, yet infinitely more precious than the life from which it came, flashed back the anger of the sky. Breaking his tongue back from his teeth, he muttered into the very peak of the storm:

"Here's looking at You," and buried his face in the stream.

The water closed over him.

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## A House Divided

(Continued from Page 378)

utter bliss. And yet it was the bliss that has in it the bitterness of melancholy. He knew a yearning, half joyous, half sad. He felt a oneness with this new life. It was as if he had been partly blind until this spring to the beauty of nature and the sublimity of creation. . . .

There came an evening in early May when Clarissa and David sat together on the back step of the general store looking out into the emerald reaches of the prairie as a saffron sunset slowly faded and the blue-black of a velvet night stole down upon the world. Cattle lowed on distant farms. A single dog barked from a remoter homestead. There was the subdued commotion of hens mothering broods of young chickens beneath their wings. Long sighs of evening wind swept the springing grain. But all seemed a part of the intense silence.

Clarissa in her blue wool dress and her rose-colored collar, was busy on a bit of embroidery. David, his broad hat swinging between his knees, gazed off along the looming and somber prairie.

"See that cloud, Clarissa," he said. "It's like a ship on fire." The words themselves were an indication of the change that was going on within him.

"Yes," said Clarissa simply.

"I didn't use to pay much attention to sunsets," said David. "I was too busy."

He had never said so much about his past before. It suddenly dawned upon him that he was on dangerous ground. Mrs. Beals continued to embroider. He looked at her closely.

Her face, with its peach-blow complexion was turned away, but he could observe her regular profile, the firm mouth and chin, the generous brow. She seemed like some wonderful flower, in full bloom, radiant, alluring,—easily possessed. He reached over and took both her hands in his. The act was without premeditation. She uttered a slight cry and looked at him with wide eyes. But she did not draw her hands away. Impelled by that same impulse which had at first prompted him, David suddenly caught her to him, and their lips met.

Gradually it dawned upon David Brock that life had again suddenly taken him up and carried him whither it listed. He saw, as in a flash of sinister light, the possibilities of his act. What now should be his next move? He found Clarissa tremulous,—could it be she loved him?

"Clarissa," he said after a time. "I

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don't need to say it. You know—I love you." And at the words he felt the solid earth sinking beneath his feet.

(Continued next month)



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## Home in the Desert

(Continued from Page 377)

And one day, utterly weary of the burden of existence, he ended his life.

The man who lived on the farm, Mr. Nadauld, told us of his tragic end.

All the night before Carlo had spent at the cross roads, howling as never before, so that at last Mr. Nadauld, driven to desperation, took his gun and went to shoot the dog, feeling that it would be the happiest end for him.

But when he saw Carlo in the moonlight, lying prone in the road, now lifting his head for a lonely howl, now laying it down on his paws as if resigning himself to his great sorrow, he returned home, saying that he could not kill him if he howled there day and night for a year.

He watched the dog the next morning, as he wandered restlessly to and fro, now running toward town where we lived who loved him. We would praise him for coming, and beg him to stay with us. Now returning to the farm where he had spent so many happy days, and wandering over the broad acres, with his nose close to the ground, as if following some scent that led him astray.

Shortly before the noon hour he seemed to reach some decision, for he lay for a long time apparently at rest. Rising at last he made his way slowly toward the rail road track that stretched its shining steel rails some quarter of a mile away.

Driven by a curious impulse Mr. Nadauld followed, calling often to the dog who seemed to have suddenly grown deaf.

Slowly Carlo proceeded on his way. He paused in the road before the track, looking far and near, as if searching the landscape a last time for the beloved figure lost to his sight for many weary months.

Again and again his gaze swept in every direction. Then he walked on the track and stood there as the roar of the train sounded in the distance.

Motionless, head up, eyes watching the oncoming train, he waited for the end. A swift rush of passing engine and all was over.

Mr. Nadauld buried him where he lay, and came to tell us of the tragic end.

So Carlo died, loyal to the master he had loved and lost, preferring death to an existence that must be spent without him.

With the removal of our family from the farm to town this simple narrative may well be brought to a close.

Pioneer days were over, the brave men and women had conquered the desert and made it subservient to the needs of the human race.

Some slipped early over the Great Divide, as did father, others lived to enjoy the fruits of their labor. I am happy to say that mother was among these. She remained with us for many years, passing away recently.

On her seventy-fifth birthday, shortly before her death, I said to her: "Tell me, mother, has it been worth while? Are you grateful to the Creator for the gift of existence?"

Her reply came quickly: "I have found life richly satisfactory, and I should have chosen to live had I known all that the years held in store for me."

She was silent and thoughtful for a long moment, then continued:

"Out of full heart I can say, 'God be thanked, whatever may come, I have lived and worked with women and men.'"

From splendid yesterday the pioneers of our nation call in a mighty voice:

"Carry on!"

The End



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## Aesculapians of Early California

(Continued from Page 376)

ing medical man of the period. Among other achievements, he founded the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal and became its editor, but having acquired fame and distinction so early in his career, he began, like Alexander, to long for other fields to conquer. St. Louis, at this period in the early 40's, was the frontier station of the far West and the resort of the agents and employes of the great Astor "American Fur Company." The narratives of these trappers, traders, and factors inspired his romantic and adventurous disposition with the grandeur and resources of the Pacific side of the continent. At length he could no longer endure the humdrum existence of a frontier Missouri practitioner. He had climbed to the topmost rung of the St. Louis medical ladder of that day, and having reached the top and looking ahead he saw the years stretching away in an unendurable array, but beyond the horizon there was the Pacific, there was adventure! This fired his imagination; so he climbed down the ladder he had so painstakingly erected, rung by rung, and an April night in 1847 after a first day's march, found the doctor, his wife and their little son encamped alone twenty miles from St. Louis. Six months later, October 21, 1847, we find him again, encamping this time on the banks of the Sacramento River near Sutter's Fort at a point now known as the foot of J street (Sacramento). General Sutter, with the hospitality that always distinguished him, proffered the doctor the hospitality of his fort, but the latter preferred his nomad tent. Eleven days later we find him installed at Yerba Buena, on the Bay of San Francisco, predicting it would be the great metropolis of the Western coast. Here, and in Sacramento later, he made rapid strides to fame and fortune, in both cities occupying a foremost place in the medical world and becoming editor of the pioneer San Francisco Medical Journal. The gold discovery drew him to the mines, and in Sacramento he remained until 1863, when he returned to San Francisco, where he practiced until his death in January, 1875. He was universally mourned as honorable, noble and brave, and his laudatory obituary notices affirm that from "the responsibilities of his calling he never shrank, its exposures he never feared." According to Bancroft, his offices in San Francisco in 1847-1848 were in block 20, bounded by Kearney, Clay, and Sacramento. As we have seen, he was one of the founders of the first school in San Francisco, and he made the first assay of the gold found by Marshall at Sutter's Mill (Eld-

redge). To stimulate immigration, which had lagged on account of the Mexican War, he was engaged late in 1847 to write a long article on California and the advantages it offered in its climate and soil to the husbandman, stock-raiser and artisan. This he did, entitling the same "The Prospects of California," setting forth its prospects and resources. This was printed in six columns of an extra number of the California Star bearing the date of April 1, 1848. The same date a courier was dispatched with two thousand copies overland on a contract to reach Missouri in sixty days and spread the document (Hittell). The paper of April 1 mentioned the rumored gold discovery and treated it as of no importance, but on June 14 the same California Star was compelled to suspend, as all its employees even down to the printer's devil, had struck work and gone off to the diggings, and with this throng headed toward the auriferous hills went Fouregeaud and Townsend.

Although the Annals specifically mention three doctors as residents of San Francisco in June, 1847, exclusive of those connected with Stevenson's Regiment of New York Volunteers stationed here at the time (one of whom William C. Parker practiced in San Francisco up to 1876), I have had great difficulty in distinguishing the third medico and have finally discovered him in the person of Dr. Elbert P. Jones, the editor of the California Star, the first newspaper published in San Francisco. Dr. Jones, if his title denotes medicine, was a capable jack of all trades. The educated man of this generation was not a specialist in one line of endeavor. He could do many things well; for instance, Thomas Jefferson is said to have been the master of eight professions. Bancroft says he was a man of much talent and versatility. A native of Kentucky, he practiced law in San Francisco, was the first editor of the Star, kept the Portsmouth House, was a member and secretary of the Town Council, took an active part in political wrangles and became the owner of many city lots, and gave his name to Jones street. The doctor was a most eccentric character. He wore a long velvet-lined voluminous cloak with the air of a Spanish grandee, and it was said he had acquired more nuggets and gold-dust than any other man in California. And this gold became the grand passion of his life, and one of his greatest pleasures was to spread sheets upon the floor of his bedroom and to pour his gold-dust upon them. Then pushing his naked feet



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through the dust, he would take it up in great handfuls and shower it upon his head and shoulders and then role and wallow in the glittering metal, thus partaking of the enamored Danae and her illustrious paramour, Jupiter. Dr. Jones was also a disciple of Bacchus, and once when under the influence disposed of some seventy-one of his choice lots. He died in Charleston in 1851. So ends the Mexican period, an era ushered in by revolution, and out by war. In a few communities were doctors with the traditions of a medical training behind them, but most of the pueblos and villages were dependent upon men who had a smattering of medical knowledge and who were glad to do what they could to alleviate the ills of their fellow-men gratuitously. As Bard expresses it, "everyone was a self-constituted physician and the provincial adage: 'De medico, poeta y loco, todos tenemos un poco.'

(Of medicine, poetry and insanity, we all possess a little) was the outcome of the times." The medical men of both the Spanish and Mexican periods occupy a unique position in medical history. On account of the lack of roads and the distances to travel in this sparsely populated country, they were dependent upon the broncho and so became expert horsemen. In the Mexican period the



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majority of the doctors were Anglo-Saxons, and brought in contact with another race they all became expert in the Spanish tongue. Such was the peril, and adventure which dogged their footsteps.



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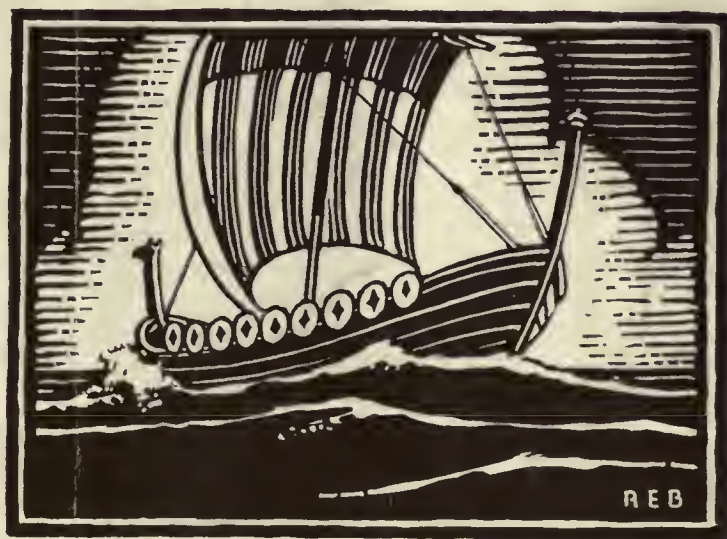
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NOVEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 11

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## OUR NOVEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

We've changed our cover. *Ray Bethers* is a young Californian, already known for his art work in California and already has Overland felt the power of his artistic expression! Last month the decoration for George Sterling's *Ballad of The Grapes*—this month the cover and the illustration for *Scandal Light*.

*James Rorty* needs no introduction to readers of *Verse*, but for further information we refer you to *Rhymes and Reactions* of this issue.

*H. James Hanson* is an old contributor to Overland, just lately come back to the fold. We are glad to have his stories and proud that he has made the eastern markets and not forgotten Overland.

*William Foster Elliot* is another author of considerable note. Elliott may be remembered for his poetry, for certainly his poetry is good and there is a certain power in his short stories which will make you want more. At present he is Associate Editor of the *Fresno Bee*.

Our article on China is founded upon observation made by the writer, *Clifford Fox*, who, by the way, is the managing editor of a daily in Northern China. Mr. Fox left a reputation as a newspaper man in San Francisco to take over the editorial duties of the daily in China.

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# Wall Motto

*For a Temple of Demos*

**Y**OU are the first-born and the pride  
Of that fantastic demi-urge  
Who made the world, and made you for the scourge  
And terror of all such as ride  
Their lean mounts at the mills of God  
That grind the even and the odd.

The will that made you is a will of might  
As huge as ocean, that secretes  
Islands of coral and then beats  
Them back into the deep; and you are right  
Forever as the tides that pour  
Unmeaning thunder on the shore.

You are the first-born, the preferred  
Of nature, common as the grass.  
The eager generations pass  
Proclaiming hopes you have not heard;  
For you have faithfully declined  
The dubious conquests of the mind.

And when with strange officious fire  
Some fevered priest consumes,  
The green and patient grass resumes;  
The tree that must aspire  
By its own law to lonely height  
But wastes itself in wind and light.

And yet, and yet the priest returns  
To build anew his pyre;  
For you his unfulfilled desire  
The joy wherewith he burns,  
And you shall have what you will never heed—  
His blood, his body, his undying seed.

—James Rorty.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

NOV 11 1925

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### The Eagles of Fremont's Horse

By WILLIAM BEECHER TURNER

**O**VERLOOKING the village of Kelseyville, California, in plain sight of the towns of Lakeport on the north and Lower Lake on the south, stands like a sentinel guarding the shores of the beautiful Clear Lake, the majestic pile called Uncle Sam Mountain.

Lake County, although not much over one hundred miles north of San Francisco, is still to some extent a pioneer region, as yet uninvaded by the iron horse. It is surrounded by mountain ranges, snow clad in winter and early spring. It is dotted here and there with various smaller lakes of great beauty, and with many mineral springs that have developed into popular resorts.

On the western flank of the mountain, three fourths of the way to its dome-shaped top, is a great irregular, sprawling patch of open ground, comprising several hundred acres—a conspicuous grassy pasture surrounded by chapparal and bordered by oak and pine trees, the former home of Golden Eagles.

By a slight stretch of the imagination, this open space may be made to assume the form and outlines of a gigantic horse, lying with his head and tail down hill and his feet reaching nearly to the summit. Fremont's Horse, was the name given it by the Clear Lake Indians after their defeat from its eminence nearly eighty years ago, by Colonel John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder."

Fremont was a picturesque character of California's early history, the son-in-law of United States Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri. He was also appointed first United States Senator from California, after its admission to statehood in 1850; became the first presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1856, against Buchanan; served as a Major-General in the Civil War, by appointment of President Lincoln; was later for four years, Governor of Arizona; and passed on in 1890, aged seventy-seven years.

It was in the third of his five exploring expeditions that Fremont met opposition from a band of war-like Clear Lake Indians. They attacked his caval-

cade, while in camp at night, stampeded his horses, wounded some of his men with obsidian tipped arrowheads, and then escaped in boats to one of a small group of islands in the lake, out of reach of ordinary fire-arms, where they considered themselves secure.

There was no way to follow them but Fremont decided to teach them a lesson from a distance. Now he picked a dozen men and very early in the morning, ascended again the rough trail winding through the blooming manzanitas on the slope of Uncle Sam Mountain, which he had discovered only the day before. His men drev after them, on wheels, a light mountain howitzer.

After an hour's climb just before sunrise, they reached the lower edge of the large open space, over three thousand feet above the lake level, and in plain view of the island where the Indians had camped.

Training the howitzer on the camp, they proceeded to shell it, with the result, as viewed through their field glasses, of killing and wounding a number of Indians. The remainder of the party, carrying their wounded along,

speedily took to their boats, and paddled across "The Narrows" of the lake, here only a few miles wide, and were seen no more by the members of the expedition. But the legend of the mountain fire-god of the pale-faces, persists to this day among the Clear Lake Indians.

The lesson was salutary, though a severe one, and the Clear Lake Indians were never again known to attack the whites, who gradually, after California achieved statehood, drifted in and homesteaded the fertile lands of the valleys adjacent to the lake. Perhaps one of the most interesting mentions in Fremont's record is that of Golden Eagles and their nests in trees standing about the open space on the mountain, now called "Fremont's Horse".

**I**T HAS been aptly said, "A substitute for an interesting past is a good imagination!" Imagine yourself for the moment, in the glowing years of youth, on this historic mountain background, where a delectable view of lakes and valleys always waits as a reward for your exertions. You will see glisten-

(Continued on Page 424)



By a slight stretch of the imagination, the great open space assumes the outline of a gigantic horse. (This is an original pen and ink, sketched from memory of Fremont's Horse.)



# What's Going to Happen in China Next?

By CLIFFORD FOX

**T**HOSE WHO ARE interested in any way in the great Republic of China with her four hundred million population will find something to ponder over in the above question, if not because of an interest in the Chinese people themselves and what the warlords are doing to the country then in what the disintegration of China, with her vast potential and virtually untapped resources might mean to the Western world.

Her international credit is far from what it should be and her internal political dissension has so shaken her credit that even those few Chinese leaders, who are patriotic enough to put their country above self, shudder at the mere suggestion of approaching the international bankers, such as those of the so-called New Consortium, for fresh loans. The miracle in China today is how she is able to put up as good a front as she does, for the strife that has been hers ever since the birth of the republic has left what semblance of a Government she had from time to time pretty much in tatters. Her system of militarism that permits of a standing army of 1,500,000 armed, uniformed, uneducated coolies, has not even the saving grace of being based on patriotism. Rather is it comparative to the system of feudalism which Europe knew in the old, dark days centuries ago. It is a struggle among the provincial leaders, military governors, usually, with individual armies. The tuchuns and the super-tuchuns are bent on self-aggrandizement and all have a covetous eye on the prospective fortunes that pass from government coffers to the party, transient though it may be, that for the moment happens to control Peking. It is militarism that makes the Peking government impotent; it is militarism that enables the provinces to laugh at mandates from the capital and defy Peking to enforce them. Were China's system of militarism aimed at other powers the world would long ago have subdued it. It is not, however. Its destructive campaign is aimed at China alone and with so many competitors in the race for individual military supremacy, with all that it means in the republic today, the net result can only be a tremendous demoralization unless militarism is checked. Nothing would please Soviet Russia more just now than greater demoralization of China for the seeds of Bolshevism have already been planted. A prominent New York banker who recently made a hasty trip through China expressed wonder that the powers were not acting to help save

China from herself. Yet, there is constant rivalry among the powers to win the favor of China, hoping some day when the country shall have recovered her equilibrium, to get "favored nation" benefits. As it is today, let one power stretch forth a helping hand and the others are quick to suspect a sinister motive and to persuade China, as she may happen to be represented by fly-by-night political adventurers, that the sinister motive is actual, not imaginary. Particularly is this true of Great Britain, Japan and Soviet Russia—and to a lesser degree, the United States, for that matter. Of the four the United States is regarded most amicably by the Chinese. Their friendship for America is based primarily upon the fact that when the republic was founded, Dr. Sun Yat-sen and other leaders in the anti-monarchy movement sought to establish a democracy patterned after that of the United States; secondly, because the United States sought no territorial aggressions in China and, thirdly, because the United States, heedless of unsolicited advice from other nations, had encouraged China to go ahead and solve her own domestic difficulties.

**A**N INSTANCE of how the Peking foreign diplomats keep watch on each other was afforded early in 1924 when there were many indications pointing to another outbreak of hostilities

between Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian warlord, and Wu Pei-fu, the Yangtze super-tuchun who then controlled the Government but is now shorn of his power. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, American Minister of China, recently promoted to Berlin as Ambassador, decided, at Washington's suggestion to visit all the military chieftains of importance. He visited Wu Pei-fu, Sun Yat-sen and then Chang Tso-lin—but the American Legation carefully explained that the visits were but incidental to Dr. Schurman's inspection of American consulates in China. Sir Ronald Macleary, the British Minister, went on the same jaunt next. But he explained that he was merely going on a number of "shooting trips". Before Sir Ronald returned to Peking, Mr. Yoshizawa, the Japanese Minister, decided to "inspect" the Japanese consulates in China and he also saw the warlords. Leo Karakhan, the Soviet Envoy to China, paid no attention to Wu Pei-fu, even unofficially, for he was in close touch with Sun Yat-sen and had paid several visits to Chang Tso-lin.

Under such circumstances, it is only natural that militarism should thrive. The anomaly in the China military situation is that while China has the biggest standing army in the world she would be helpless in a war with another power. She has no navy to speak of—it is composed of warships so obsolete that they are not worth scrapping—she has no money with which to finance a real war and her armed coolies are not



ONE OF THE MANY STRIKES OCCURRING IN CHINA TODAY

*Workers protesting against exploitation of their industries by foreign interests which are compelling them to work from 12 to 14 hours a day for the shameful wage of 25 cents.*



fighting men. Most of them are as "yellow" as the old Imperial flag. The question may be asked why if China has the largest standing army in the world and supports it she could not finance a real war. The answer is that the Chinese army gets a pitiful living through outrageous methods of taxation levied by the individual militarists upon those districts in which the soldiers are quartered, this often contributing to brigandage when the overtaxed farmers resort to crime to get a living for themselves. The soldiers are, furthermore, equipped with obsolete arms and ammunition left over from other wars, particularly the world war. In last year's conflict between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu the casualties were heavy on Wu Pei-fu's side. There were two reasons. Chang's men were under Russian officers and executioners lined up behind the troops to look after those who sought to run away. Then, again, the Chihli troops were easily routed. It is easier to shoot at a fleeing object, according to the Chinese, than at an advancing enemy. The difference is in the element of fear which is absent when firing at something running from you.

**W**HILE IT IS CHIEFLY unscrupulous military and political adventurers—politics and militarism go hand in hand in China—who are thriving in China at national expense they are by no means as unintelligent as those who comprise the rank and file of their armies. They, on the contrary, are mentally alert, exceedingly wily and adepts at intrigue. They know their country is safe from attack from the outside. They know that no one nation could attack China without invoking more than casual interest from other nations; they appreciate that one result of the Washington Conference was an unwritten international understanding that China should be left to solve her own internal troubles. And secretly, they rejoice for it gives them more time to toy with the country for individual and selfish purposes, with the result that China's internal troubles are multiplying instead of diminishing. In plainer words, China is getting farther away from the goal she set for herself and which she proudly thought she could attain without outside aid. What is going to happen in China next no one can say, but it does not seem possible for foreign observers in the country that she can continue in the doldrums indefinitely.

Last year's changes of Government and the comeback staged by Chang Tso-lin were expected to bring some sort of stability to the country. Yet conditions are no better than they were when Wu Pei-fu drove Chang Tso-lin beyond the

Great Wall area in 1922. They are worse, if anything, than 1920 when Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu combined their armies and resources to eject the corrupt Anfu administration from Peking. Curiously enough, Tuan Chi-jui who was the generalissimo of Peking in 1920 is now back in Peking as Chief Executive, succeeding to the high post held by Ex-President Tsao Kun who is still at this writing a military prisoner in the capital. But Tuan Chi-jui, even with Chang Tso-lin's backing, can do little because of the continuous performance of the militarists in the provinces and his much-lauded Reorganization Conference, called for the purpose of getting the provincial delegates together to decide upon another Federal constitution, has already been in session for nearly three months without accomplishing a single reform or making a single feasible suggestion. A brief review of those three eventful years, 1920, 1922 and 1924 gives a composite view of the politics that keep China in so turbulent a condition.

In 1919 when the Anfu party controlled Peking big loans were contracted from Japanese bankers. The party leaders pocketed the proceeds. Other political leaders weren't given a chance to get their fingers in the pie. Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu headed the Chihli party then. Chang Tso-lin was known as the "uncrowned king of Manchuria". He was an ex-bandit, Tsao Kun was a former peddler of clothes and Wu Pei-fu was a fortune teller before they went in for a military career. They combined, in the name of good government, to expel the Anfu party, particularly an Anfu general known as "Little Hsu" (Hsu Hsu-Tseng) whose crowning act to arouse popular indignation was to invite another Chinese general to a dinner party in Tientsin and after winning and dining him call him aside and



*Nothing would please Soviet Russia more just now than greater demoralization of China for the seeds of Bolshevism have already been planted.*

shoot him in front of the other guests. The reform-triumvirate succeeded in routing the Anfus and they took the Anfus place in Peking, much to the chagrin of the Japanese, for Chang Tso-lin and Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu immediately announced that the loans made by the Anfu clique would not be recognized by the new Government. By 1921, however, all was not going smoothly between Chang Tso-lin on the one hand and Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu on the other. Chang Tso-lin was considered by Peking henchmen as the real power in the triumvirate. It was he who held control of the Cabinet and the Cabinet Ministers, bowing to their master, opened such revenue to Chang as the receipts of the Ministry of Communications, which administers the railways, telegraph and postal systems. Wu Pei-fu on discovering he could not get

(Continued on Page 424)



A SCENE IN CANTON

*Freedom of speech is unknown in Canton. One cannot safely be in sympathy with a common cause.*



# Scandal Light

By "NAGEL"

STILLMAN GRAY knew she was like no one else in the world—least like a woman of any feminine creature he had ever seen. She would work for him, cook for him, sew for him, and treat him politely, but beyond that, the attitude of her life, as it was presented to him, was as inscrutable as a bolted door. . . as unfathomable as a sheet of Chinese correspondence.

Alice Fancher was the unloveliest of women. She would never ornament any place she would ever be in, but her presence was needful, yes, very needful to Stillman Gray.

She had come to work for him when he returned from war. Perhaps it was her utter disregard of his interest that made him like her, made him want to conquer her, made him want to make her enjoy life, through his efforts. If he could only make her smile! If he could only make her dark eyes brighten, he would be her master—but they didn't brighten. They were not large eyes to begin with. They were black, beady—unreadable! Often hunger looked out at him, hunger for friendship, often hatred, but it was not a passionate hatred, it was just a twist tragedy had given her. . . her disbelief in joy! Her stare was never the kind that revolts, neither did it ever appeal for help. It was emotionless.

She knew no passion, unless it was for her little son. That had been her only reason for fire! She had that fire burning fierce and strong within her. She became like a young tigress, with blood upon her fangs, for his protection. Further than that, her love was neither a tempest nor a torrent; it was not a thing for which to live and die. She did not know the despair which embraces death, nor the romance of the moment which draws the curtain and reveals heaven glimpses. She had experienced death, but she had not experienced that turbulent sea within that snatches and screams to retain those that belong to one. It made little difference, life or death, except that death seemed in some vague way to give her the man she loved. Life reminded her that he belonged to another.

It all happened before the war. She worked for Philip and Philip had a wife. It was the same old story, except that his love was a true love. Hers was a giving love, trusting love. And there had been Will, Philip's brother.

Will Fancher was six feet of hard brownness, broad-shouldered with great muscular arms. His eyes were simple eyes, frank and cheerful. His thick blonde hair was bleached by the desert

sun until it shone like weathered straw and one could imagine it smelled like dust. . . and sweat! From the desert he came. No one in Markham knew just why he came unless it was Philip and Alice. Philip met him at the train and Alice became his bride.

Philip was kind to Alice and Will was considerate. Thus her romance ended. In short, experience did not scatter the seeds of emotion along her life's road, but instead trampled down every seedling which had a chance to grow.

She was mildly devout. Religion was an inexorable duty, bred in her babyhood. She had known no girlhood, because she had been turned into a mother at the age most women are not even dreaming of a mate. It was this fact, that she was a mother, that reminded Stillman that she was a woman and made him want her with more intensity than he had ever wanted anything else in his life.

WHEN THE child came. Will Fancher was out on the desert and Philip was the male representative of the race who walked the floor below the room in which the child was born. And strangely, yet reasonably enough, when Will returned he named the child Philip because Philip had served in his capacity.

Little Philip was scarcely a month old when Alice Fancher experienced one of the greatest blows that can come to a woman. It had happened several times, this turning silently away from her as she approached. Then she demanded the reason! That was her way.

Will found her that evening lying face down on the bed, her slim body shaken by hard dry sobs. He sat down beside her, this great man of the desert and began stroking her black hair thoughtfully, with a dogged kind of reverence. And in the months that followed, Alice Fancher walked through the Scandal Light of Markham and beside her the big, hairy, uncouth man of the desert walked, and fought, fought and conquered! But Alice's face seemed to freeze into hopelessness. Cynicism stared from her unreadable eyes and her lips curled with bitterness.

She was not anxious to talk; she just didn't care about anything, didn't care whether she was alone or in company, whether she worked or whether she rested—whether Will came or whether he didn't. She just lost all interest in life.

Then War was declared. Will had just decided in his simple way that nothing seemed to touch Alice; all he did never seemed to arouse the least ripple of emotion except that she was thankful to him, that she respected him—that but for him life would have been unusually hard. For this she had given him her fidelity and she had kept his house—she never complained. But Will Fancher loved Alice and he wanted more!

Why he enlisted, he did not know. He went to the village for provisions and he enlisted and to satisfy the hunger Alice did not soothe. He took a drink another, and another. A fierce heat surged through him, his eyes reddened and his blonde hair seemed tozzled in a mass above his forehead. He wanted to conquer, to crush, to feel himself irresistibly in domination over her. Why he had never felt this before he did not know. Was it the drink? Was he just realizing what a fool's errand he had been playing all these months? Was she not his? She owed her name to him. He would show her!

He went home and with him went others, ready to hear and ready to see—ready, if they might have the chance to push Alice Fancher once more into the Scandal Light of Markham!

He stormed into the house. He didn't seem to frighten her and he had wanted to frighten her but she was unafraid. Stone! Nothing seemed to touch her. Will Fancher uttered some oaths. Still she seemed unmoved. Then something did touch her—something did bring forth her emotion—all the fighting, the fire within her mother's soul. From her blue linen dress she unfastened a leather belt and she rose to the protection of her child.

Like a young tigress, with all the force of young womanhood she swung it at his reddened face. Heavier than she had supposed it, it dropped across his temple and down his cheek.

"Take it back," she screamed, "Tell them it is a lie!"

The big man staggered and came down on his knees before her. Then he turned an imploring face to those who stood aghast in the doorway. "It's a lie, I have told you a fiendish lie. I—" But Alice Fancher crossed the room, full of self-control, and closed the door. Stillman Gray never told her that he had been one whom that door had closed!

Inside, alone with the man, she adjusted her belt and went to him. She allowed him to bury his bleeding face in her lap, and in her eyes was kindness.



Her cool body bent over him and her arms enfolded his aching head in a tenderness he had never known.

Then he went away to war . . . and Philip too! Alice told them both good-bye. She ran her fingers up through the thick blonde hair of her husband and kissed him, but her eyes were dry. Her good-bye to Philip was different! She shook his hands but her eyes moistened. He lingered a moment, bent and kissed the hands of the child and then Alice stepped back and gave way to Nelle, Philip's wife.

Nelle Fancher never visited Alice. She didn't that was all. Philip was the city's hanker and Alice—Alice was Will's wife and Will wasn't like Philip so why should Philip's wife cultivate Alice! That was her theory of life.

It was fourteen months later that news came to Alice that Will Fancher was among the missing. She sighed and her eyes moistened a little and she drew little Philip close to her. That was all, except that she drew forth a snap-shot from the drawer and took it to the little kodak shop on the corner of Harris and Main and had it enlarged.

WHEN STILLMAN GRAY found her on his return from over there, the first thing he saw was that picture. It seemed to be almost alive—the big understanding eyes seemed to say "I loved her, and she was good." The tozzled blonde hair seemed to give off the odor of dirt and sweat!

Alice didn't smile. She didn't seem glad to see Stillman Gray and she didn't care whether he came in or whether he didn't. She asked him in, though—that was her way.

He told her he had some news for her and she shrugged. In some way she didn't seem interested and he didn't know just how he would tell her—but some how he *did* tell her.

She swayed, her face paled, then she recovered herself sufficiently to ask, "And he said nothing else?" Her eyes seemed to pierce her listener's conscience, but he shook his head.

"Just good-bye, and God bless you and keep you."

She sat motionless for the moment. She didn't cry but her voice tremored. "They've both gone now, both big wonderful men!" Her voice trailed off into nothingness, then she rallied. "You'll have to let me work for you, somehow you'll have to give me a place."

That was how it happened. That was how she began to work for Stillman Gray. For months afterwards he watched her. She was virtuous, calmly, invariably, assiduously so. The memory of a man was sufficient unto Alice

---

*From the desert  
he came.*

*No one in  
Markham knew  
just why he  
came.*

---



Fancher for a husband and her a child reminded her. The coming of Stillman in no way affected her. There was positively no affiliation whatever. She never came to him for anything. There was an independence about her that was terrible because it didn't seem natural, didn't seem thoroughly human, and yet at times he saw, he knew he was not mistaken, a hunger for friendship—but she was distrustful.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, an unusual hour for a lady to visit a man's office and more unusual because it was a hot, oppressive day. She came without warning. She had never been in his office before and he stood, somewhat like a school-boy, honored by the acceptance of his first invitation for a dance. Alice was coming to him—and she was coming for some reason!

He greeted her and offered her a chair. She took it without a word. The hopelessness had given way to despair, and now in her dark eyes lay even fear. Her voice was deep, full!

She seemed beautiful to him—she had seemed beautiful to him once before with her eyes full of fire and determination—fight! Now she was even more beautiful — beautiful because she had come to him—he knew from those eyes that she had come for help. It was the kind of an appeal which brings forth all the masterful powers in a man to not fail a woman, and the beauty of it was

a blur of clear white, black and red. She seemed even taller and more supple than ever before. Her independence had gone.

"I have come to you for help!"

He regarded her for the moment, silently.

"It's about Philip, little Philip and Nelle!"

She took off her hat and threw it carelessly on his desk.

"You are the only one I *can* come to. Nelle wants little Philip!" She did not drop her head, rather did it go up and her yes were like they had been when she struck Will Fancher long ago. Once again the mother in her rose to the issue of her child.

"There's no use telling you the story. You were with him, he must have told you." She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, then she looked up at Stillman Gray again. "But she can't have little Philip, he is mine. God gave him to me." She trembled and her voice quavered. "You must save him for me. . . ." She beat her chest with her fists and sank to her knees before him and her eyes seemed large and dark—but readable!

Stillman Gray raised her gently to her feet. He smiled upon her. "Strange, life, isn't it, little one? I've been waiting for you to come to me. I have been waiting for you to put your trust in me. It was his wish."



## "Impasse"

By WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOT

THEY LAY on their backs in the warm sand, their heads in the shade of the overhanging cliff that shut in the little cove, their bodies thrilling to the luxurious, electric caresses of sun and windblown silver spray from the nearby surf. It was early afternoon. Now and then a gull passed swiftly on long rakish wings up the steep blue vault of the sky, and disappeared beyond the shadowing cliff. The surf thundered magnificently and its sound, caught and multiplied by the rock walls on three sides of them, filled the air with a deep, sonorous vibration. It was like lying in the mouth of a huge megaphone, through which a god shouted enormous and inexplicable insults at the unoffended complacency of space.

The two who lay here, feeling their blood delightfully quicken into sympathy with this rebellious clamor, seemed hardly more than boy and girl. They wore scanty bathing suits that had seen hard service. They were heavily tanned, and the spray glistened on their slim young limbs like dew, giving to their beauty an appropriate but arresting quality of freshness.

She was dark, slender but very round, with small feet and hands and muscular thighs, a skin that would have been swarthy without its tan, and black, mocking eyes. Her hair was unbobbed, and spread out behind her head in a soft black fan, thick and lustrous with life. Her mouth was both petulant and sensual, very red, the lips a trifle to thick for beauty; her head small and round; her nose short and delicately cut.

He was bigger, handsome in a rangy fashion, broad shouldered, big boned, long of arm and leg, blond and grey eyed. Seen closely, he appeared older than one would have thought at first sight. His face was in some ways remarkably developed and expressive; it was full of dreams and sensitiveness, of intelligence and a kind of lazy courage; but it lacked wholly the sophistication of hers and needed a little of it. Above the fine forehead his hair was already growing thin. She was certainly not more than twenty; he might have been anywhere from one to five years older, but for all that he was still a boy in many things.

Presently she sighed with sheer luxury of living, sat up and began to inspect her muscular legs, raising them alternately as high as she could without toppling herself over backward.

"Well," she observed, when satisfied with this, "tomorrow I start back to New York."

He had his eye on a sailing gull and was thinking how lovely the sharp pattern of its wings was against the blue.

"Too bad, isn't it?" he returned absently. "It'll be tough to have to leave all this . . . Well, it's been a good two weeks."

She eyed him obliquely and her tone had a decided edge when she asked:

"What do you intend to do—stay here the rest of your life?"

"I haven't any intentions: sufficient unto the day are sun and sand and salt water. California's the only place for me, and I don't know a better part of it than this stretch of coast. Do you?"

"I mean aren't you ever going to do anything but loaf around in a bathing suit and get sunburned and dream?"

---

*There was something which passed between them—he with the soul of a poet, she with her inability to understand but the material. What was it he sensed which passed her by?*

---

"Perhaps," he said slowly. "Strange things happen . . . I often think I might do a good deal in some ways. But when I look at you successful people and hear you talk, I wonder if it could be worth the trouble."

"Don't you ever take trouble?"

"Not over physical things—unless I have to. I have a profound conviction that doing so is an indication of weakness. Stars make no noise, as somebody once rather profoundly observed. Great things are done without effort; if one can't do things without stewing about them, he isn't great . . ."

"You must be very great, then," she said sarcastically.

"I think myself," he agreed calmly, "I have what practically amounts to a genius for getting the best out of things with the least effort."

"You mean your best."

"Of course. What other best is there? . . . I mean mostly that I don't try to grab things, and so get all of them that's worth having."

SHE AROSE SWIFTLY with a petulant swing of her small round hips, and disappeared out of the narrow field of his vertical vision down the beach. After a moment he indolently sat up to see where she had gone.

She was dancing along the very edge

of the foamy water, dancing with passionate fury and abandon, but with a technical accomplishment quite unmistakable. Every sensual movement was spontaneous in its origin, but its execution was that of the most sophisticated and nicely calculated art. She leaped and crouched and pirouetted there on the shining sand against the living, tumultuous background of sea and sky, every pose a thing of piercing beauty, every fluent gesture as perfect and inevitable as a note in a great symphony.

Watching this superb and unexpected exhibition, he dropped the pose of indifference completely. His eyes brightened, grew suddenly keen and competent. His whole face took on a definiteness it had lacked heretofore. . . . When at last she fell into a walk and turned up the beach toward him, he applauded loudly with hands and voice.

She was slightly flushed, but her breathing was natural.

"Swimming's great for the wind," she announced as she sat down beside him. "You liked that, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said gravely; "you are unquestionably the best dancer I have ever seen. You not only have the stuff; you know exactly what to do with it."

"Do you imagine that came without working?" she asked with a trace of scorn.

"In one sense no," he replied, becoming reflective again. "You worked in the same way I have at my swimming. But it wasn't really work, any more than my swimming has been. If it had been work, you'd not be a dancer now; you'd be a cart horse. What I mean is that one has to learn control, but speed is a gift."

"Do you know," she said, once more eyeing him sharply from the corners of her keen black eyes, "I have a feeling every once in a while that you must be somebody. You have a lot of speed along some lines. . . . Who are you anyhow? I've been playing kid with you for two weeks, and all I know is that your first name's John—which I hate—or Jack—which your dignity won't tolerate."

He grinned with a quick impishness that gave him for a moment, unexpectedly, the look of an urchin of fourteen.

"Labels don't matter. . . . simply more materialism. Anyhow, you probably wouldn't know who I am if I told you. I'm a little out of your line. . . . And now come on. I've saved the best sight on the whole coast to make your last day memorable."



He got to his feet and stood looking down at her, waiting. But she remained stubbornly seated, again examining, with perhaps a touch of ostentation, her long and graceful legs. On the skin of her thighs, which otherwise were like honey-colored satin, was a fine, scarcely visible down of dark hair. She rubbed an experimental forefinger over the right one, from the knee to the skirt of her short bathing suit.

"That," she said irrelevantly, "is what you get for being a brunette."

"Fortunately you have other things that are less easy to be rid of."

His tone was light, casual. He continued to wait for her. She glanced swiftly at him and then arose.

"I'll admit you puzzle me," she said. "Where and what's this wonderful sight, and do you really care for the beauties of nature?"

"Yes, a great deal. Can you climb?"

"Of course—anywhere."

Their path was a narrow, almost invisible ledge that ran zig-zag up the cliff to the right of them as they faced inland. By crouching under the overhang, sometimes crawling, always exercising great caution, they were able at last to worm their way up to a level shelf about six feet wide that ran around the nose of rock between their cove and the next one to the south. Here they paused for a while to watch the great green swells rolling majestically in a hundred feet below. It had been a stiff and dangerous climb, but not once had she faltered or asked for his hand. Nor was she at all troubled by the exertion. He, of course, had been over the ground before and was, besides, as sure-footed as mountain goat.

From this point they followed the shelf around the high point till it dipped steeply into a narrow, precipitous chimney that seemed to go down between the rocks indefinitely into shadow. At the brink of this descent he stopped and eyed her critically.

"We go down here."

"All right. Lead on."

Down they went. The rock was soft eroded sandstone, very treacherous under foot because of the thin skim of sand left everywhere by the action of wind and surface water. It was hard, too, on knees and elbows. Nevertheless, they went down in silence, she watching him closely and, whenever she could, placing her feet after his. At last they emerged into a vast echoing hollow and had comparatively level rock to stand upon. She gasped with astonished appreciation when she looked about her.

They were in a great cave, the floor of which was a deep still pool of clear sea water that ran back, growing deeper and deeper, into the darkness at their left, evidently into the very heart of the

point they had just climbed over. The roof of the cave was high and beautifully vaulted. Up to high-tide mark its walls were encrusted with some lovely coralline growth that had a rich red surface, in texture like heavy velvet. The sides of the pool were thick with anemones and blue sea-urchins. Its bottom was clean white sand.

From without came the ceaseless booming of the heavy Pacific surf, and the walls of the cavern threw it back and forth in strangely sibilant echoes that recalled the rush of wind through tall trees. Sixty miles from Los Angeles, three from a fashionable beach resort, they were as isolated as if, literally, they had penetrated to the center of the earth. The way they had come

### ENCHANTED MIRRORS

THESE are enchanted mirrors that I bring—

By daemons wrought from metals of the moon

To burnished form of lune or plenilune:

Therein are faery faces vanishing,  
And warm Pompeian phantoms lovelier  
Than mortal flesh or marble; and the gleam

Of Atlantean suns that rose in dream  
And sank on golden worlds that never were.

Therein you shall behold unshapen dooms,

And ghoul-astounding shadows of the tombs;

Oblivion, with eyes like poppy-buds,  
Or love, with blossoms plucked in Devachan,

In stillness of the lily-pillared woods;—  
But nevermore the moiling world of man.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

was the only one in or out. Even at low tide, the huge foaming breakers effectually defended the cave's mouth, and there was no other opening.

HE WAS DREAMING again when she turned to him. His eyes were far away. Obviously, she thought, this place meant something very personal to him. It was beautiful, yes; her appreciation was quick and unqualified; but to him it meant more than beauty, much more. And she knew that he was hardly aware of her existence, so she said:

"I wonder why you brought me here."

He sat down on the rock ledge beside her.

"Perhaps in the hope that you might

feel something of the peculiar thing it means to me . . . I discovered it quite a while ago; fell into it, you might say. I keep coming back. I am sometimes almost able to see things here that are not ordinarily supposed to exist. . . "

She had a flash of comprehension.

"Nerieds. . . things like that?"

"Yes, things like that."

"When you come to think of it," said she in a carefully casual voice, but watching him closely from the corners of her eyes, "it would be quite a setting for a neried. . . . I can imagine the white body rising slowly through that green water. . . . Yes, I see what you mean. But I'm afraid nerieds are out nowadays."

"I'm afraid they are," he agreed. There was immense regret in his voice, an inflection of acute nostalgia for an ancient splendor now irrevocably gone down the bitter wind of time.

"I'm by way of being a good bit of a witch," she said suddenly, still watching him. "Perhaps I could produce a neried for you. You seem very unhappy about there not being one. I'd like to help. . . . Do you want me to try?"

He caught her mood but not her full purpose.

"I'd be eternally grateful if you could," he said seriously. "It means a great deal to me."

"Then turn your back for a moment. I can't have you learning how I make magic."

He obeyed with a chuckle. He heard a rustle on the stones.

"Don't look till I tell you. . . ."

Then there was a splash.

He looked then. Through the still agitated water, just as she had pictured it, a slim white body rose toward him. For a fraction of a second he had the illusion that time and place and what is called the natural order of things had actually been abolished. That pliant grace, that cloud of dark hair floating behind like seaweed, the mysterious green depths behind her, deepening downward into still more mysterious darkness. . . . The vision was complete and perfect. It caught and fused for him many dreams, many vague apprehensions of another order of existence, into an instant of vital reality. The moment, he saw in a blaze of understanding, was itself the greatest work of art he had ever beheld. . . .

She broke water in the middle of the pool, swam a few strong graceful strokes and stood below him, one hand on the rocks at his feet, the water up to her neck.

"Did I make a good neried?" Her tone was light, but her eyes were anxious.

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# Fuji-San

By H. JAMES HANSON

THE EMISSARY of the Imperial Government leaned toward Elmo Parsons, American detective, and peered at him in a myopic gaze through the glasses of his horn-rimmed spectacles.

There was a moment of silence in the police headquarters. Then several voices uttered an agreement. The conclave was serious, anxious, and solemn.

An issue of vital importance was the issue of their congress, which included the foremost of the nation's academic folk, artists, and literati, who, with Ogi and Uchiwa fans, sat upon their mats, assiduously fanning through the open folds of their kimonos.

The person went on:

"The reward is five thousand yen. And this document bearing the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum, the government crest, vests you with a power second only to that of the emperor himself. With it you may go where you will, see whom you wish, without interference."

The speaker sucked in his breath through compressed lips, cleared his throat, and resumed in an apologetic and regretful manner:

"The arts of Japan—even her pottery—are not her own; they came from India and China. For years she has struggled to create an art of her own, which would have an individuality and be distinctly Japanese. And, now, we have had it in our grasp—and lost it! I must impress you; so I shall again repeat the history of this vase which stands before us.

"Only three of these are in existence. There is no maker's mark upon them. The maker is a mystery. We have offered a reward if he would but disclose his identity. Our shrewdest police have failed. It is supposition that his workshop is here in Kioto."

Parsons gave a cursory inspection to the subject of the discussion. He knew it to be from the hand of an arch-artist. It stood a yard in height, thin as an egg shell, with perfect fusion of colours and glaze.

"Will you help us?" was the hopeful query.

Parsons blinked his eyes studiously, and finally drawled:

"Well, I'll do the best I can. That's what the fish do in the Sahara Desert."

The assemblage sucked in their breath as one, made an obeisance, fanned themselves some more, and considered the matter solved.

After they had departed, Parsons demanded of the emissary, who alone remained.

"How many of you chaps have handled this vase?"

"None but I. Why, it is too sacred for a mere person to lay hands—"

"That's simply alagucious," was the lazy interruption. "That kinda eases things."

He added to himself, as he brought his Fedora hat down smartly upon a fly which crawled upon the table before him:

"Fingerprints."

Wonderful men, these American detectives, thought the emissary, but so crazy! Why should a person walk half-way across a room to swat a fly, when the poor fly was doing nothing but walking about. It was beyond his comprehension.

"See you later," said Parsons, and without more ado—slow of locomotion as he was of speech—he sauntered from the room out into the streets.

Kioto!—there it was before him.

Glimpsed through her posterns and *toriis*, it was Kioto of old . . . Kioto the ornate! . . . ancient, untrammelled, flamboyant. Modernity, commerce, pedagogics was but an ormolu.

A crazy panorama of colour!

Thatched roofs with lillies along their ridge-poles; fifty-spined sunshades, upon which were pictured carp, dragons, the snow-capped idyllic Fujiyama, centenary cedars, tangerines, cryptomerias, and flowers—always flowers!—peach, peonies, lotus, wisteria, iris stalls afflutter with the oriflammes and banners of pilgrims; cotton robes of toilers with white blazons on their backs; children with serene eyes and

gunhammer topknots; maids in elaborate kimonos, covered with flights of cranes and blooming twigs, and *obis* of crinkled Kabe crepe, their faces white with rice-powder, their lips a dab of carmine, some carrying under their arms the classic of *Hakkenden*, others the *Genji Monogatari* . . .

An ear-bursting cacophony of sound!

Rattling rickshaws, pulled by berry-brown colliers in mushroom hats, shouting "abunayo!" itinerant restaurateurs haggling over the price of their *soba* and sea weed; the beating of *tsuzumi*-drums and the wailing of *samisens* from exclusive tea-rooms; shrill whistling of sightless beggars; the creaking of water-wheels at the moats . . .

The Maruyama, and its jangle, lay behind . . .

Where, without osmosis, Kioto becomes Little Russia, Parsons stopped. Something rooted him to the spot; smote him like the flat of a Samurai's sword.

The incongruity of the situation was ludicrously funny, and he laughed, yet he laughed softly.

THERE, to his left, somewhere within the Temple of the Golden Carp, were the harmonic discords of a moon-lute as an ivory spatula twanged its strings there, to his right, were picked the three-stringed minors of a balalaika. Each flung a challenge to the other; but it was not the sinister, menacing defy that the Koto harps once tossed to the balalaikas of Port Arthur, but the declaration of love which, even in the contrast, the lovers could divine.



Into the Land of Mystery Went Parsons, the American, to Come Out Victorious



It hearkened to the nights of Mexico. The incident caused Parsons to ponder greatly upon the complexities of human nature, as he resumed his strolling. But he did not wander far, ere he retraced his steps.

Now all was silent, save for the clogs of a duenna who, from her blackened teeth, gossiped with the plump maid at her side.

Curiosity caused him to enter the garden of the Temple of the Golden Carp. About the cerulean lake was again Japan in the miniature. In one glance Parsons became pleasantly conscious of maidenhair ferns, granite lanterns, a creeper-smothered kiosk, a flowering dwarf plum, a red *torii*, and a tiny shrine. It suggested a thaumatrope of Paris. *Grande parure!*

And there, in the white of the fallen plum blossoms, lay the lady of the temple, like a gossamer butterfly with a crumpled wing. Song had ceased from her lute.

She thrust up a face which was stained with tears.

"American, you ask me why I weep? Understand you love? Have you ever answered to the flame of desire? Have you ever had a longing to possess a one, who was denied you?"

"You answer! You, too, have once bowed to the muse. Then you, too, know what means the sting of want."

"I am Fuji-san, which means Madam Wistaria. I am Japanese; Ivan is Russian. Our blood is red. It runs alike. We think alike. We love alike."

"It was but a lone day ago, it seems, that we strolled among the cherry trees in Ueno Park, in Tokyo, where we had made a pilgrimage to the Cherry Festival. It was the discovery of our love, which we admitted, as we hung our poem-cards on the twisted limbs."

"Oh, American! Patience. Bear me through. And later it was our wont to go to the festival of the *Hachiman-gu*. Then it was for me to explain to his delight the floats and their names, some of which were Happy Old Man, Mountain of the Hand Drum, Scarlet Faced Ape, Moon Palace, and Everlasting Green Mountain."

"And when New Year's night came, I crept to sleep with the image of *Takara bune* under my pillow—which you know insures good luck and heart's desire—and the result of it came the next morning, as we tossed *nochi* to these fat goldfish in this lake. He asked me to sit on his mats in the *tokonoma* of his house."

"Oh, American, ecstasy was mine! It was infinitude! They say that Japanese do not kiss. Yet, we kissed—not once, but many times."

"And, yet, you ask me why do I weep? Did he die? No."

Fuji-san's eyes were dry now. Her tones became fraught with a bitterness, a plaint.

"Then why did we not marry? Our household is a Samurai household. Jizu have pity for me! Should I disgrace my father, the last male to wear the housemark of our line, by marrying without his sanction? It is against our custom. But what is custom?—to those who are pink with the pangs of love."

*The Oriental mind is clever but it took Parsons, the American, to solve its mystery, but the mastery of the situation took him into devious paths of adventure and then—*

Again her voice changed, grew mellow, and her eyes became eagerly brilliant as she shifted them from a bed of salmon-coloured peonies to his face.

"Why did I not ask my father? I could not. He is, for a slight offence against the government, doing a life penalty. His friend, Raiden, and the guardian of this temple has sworn to watch over me, and hold me to our habits. He knows no joy. He only hates, as hates a demon. He hates all things of the Occident. And he hates Ivan."

"Oh, tell me, American, of the youths and maidens of your country. Words have reached me that they sometimes steal away to marry, and, yet, receive blessings upon their return. Is it true? Would it be right? It was Ivan who whispered that to me."

"You ask me, is Ivan a man? Oh, American, he is a man. Big across the belly, like Daikoku, god of rice, gracious as Benteen, noble as Dai Butsu."

"I must ask again, would it be right if I— Oh, I hesitate to speak on. But you urge me. Is it right that I have the desire to fly away with him?"

"Such strange language that you use, American. 'Sure Mike. Hell, yes. Absolutely. Go to it.' Oh, you will help me! How noble of you. You are right. There must be some way. You will see me again tomorrow—here—at this time? I must say *Man zai raku*, which means 'good luck for ten thousand years.' *Sayonara.*"

THE SUN SET, throwing its crimson stain out over the placid lake, and over the bended head of Fuji-san, which seemed webbed with mauve and madder lights.

Parsons strolled leisurely back toward his hotel, in deep meditation. He ignored the windows with their exhibits of silks from Chojiro and Shieno; he eschewed the stalls wherein were

Shobey, Kin Kosan, Seto, and Imari ware; he shunned the withered arm of the leprous, ulcerous beggar which was extended for a *rin*, while its owner chanted the while "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—Hail Eternal Buddha!—as well as the low-hanging signboard, upon which he nearly cracked his head, bearing the legend:

"Bootery and Shoes as You Wait—American Manner of Both"

The next morning found him at the police headquarters, the inmates of which kowtowed in sheer admitted inferiority.

A squat, pinguid captain of police bared his lemurine teeth and asked his desire.

"Well, cap," he said, trailing his words, "I'd like to have another look at that piece of glasswork. And I'll see what I can discover."

As soon as he was alone with the vase, Parsons gave minute inspection to the sheen of its makeup. He gave but scant attention to the epitome of its construction, though he was aware that it was a Koh-i-noor of its kind.

He mused aloud, as with a practised eye he watched for a smudge that would perhaps betray a fingerprint.

"Wonder if those birds know anything about fingerprints. If they don't, they'd better— H-m-m! This looks like one. Yep. Now I'll powder it up an' see what I've got."

The result of his find was complete satisfaction; but he decided to conceal his discovery for the present from those who turned querying eyes upon him. And when he finally left the police station, he was in an exultant mood. He even gave attention to an octogenarian crone who tottered on her ancient legs after him, holding out for his inspection and possible purchase, a watery-eyed Chin dog. He tossed her a *sen* and strolled on.

He was still grinning in extreme pleasure when, an hour later in the red-blanketed balcony of a tea-house in the Manjiuji, he sat before his tepid tea and rice cakes.

Parsons' greater perplexity was anent Fuji-san. How was he to help her?—he asked himself. Raiden was the only person to be reckoned with. But how? If he would only die, it would simplify matters. It was time for an end of his existence. Judging from his old face, which was as ghoulish as a No mask, he was cheating his sarcophagus. And other than that, if Fuji-san and Ivan burned themselves, they would be the ones to wear the blisters.

"Sure, let 'em elope," he decided. "The devil hates a coward. I'm sure goin' to help 'em out."

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## Sterling's Talk

ON THIS PAGE, commencing with our next issue, George Sterling will talk each month with the readers of the *Overland* about matters that interest him. Note that we do not say he will talk about matters that interest you. For it is the mark of a poet that he insists on talking about matters of interest to himself. The rest of us fumble along trying to find out what other folk are interested in, and that is why nobody ever wants to hear anything we say. But your true poet talks about things he knows about and cares about, and the result is that everybody is interested at once.

You who turn to this page may be interested in stocks and bonds, or in the great ferries that run between the Pacific Coast and China, or in the playing of Helen Wills, but you will not find Sterling trying to humor your whim. What does he care about your stocks or bonds or steamships or your tennis, that is, unless he does happen to care about them at the moment, and if he does we'll wager he'll be so true a poet that you'll think his whole discussion of your favorite subject is but star-spangled lying, as Sterling's friend, H. L. Mencken once said all poetry was. For it is another mark of the true poet that he either lies sound asleep, ignoring your pet subject entirely, or else wakes up with such a roar about it that you run away under the mistaken impression that he is roaring about something entirely different from the thing you've been versing yourself in for years.

Some poets are unsociable chaps who go down in the bottom of a well and pull in the cover over their soul like a gopher retiring into the fastnesses of his runway with your favorite lettuce plant. Others love the shining lights of cities and the many-colored souls of men and women and children, always thinking of oceanic phosphorescence, and planetary fire, as the merest background for the movement of these same wonderful many-colored souls. Those of us who have heard Sterling talk over the table know that he greatly admires poets of the unsociable type, who bury themselves in their art.

"That is the way to do," he will say. "But I always loved life so much."

The love of life is an engaging trait, and we are all amateurs of that art in one fashion or another. So we all like to hear a man talk who has loved life so much that he found it impossible to dwell in solitude and silence. And those of us who know Sterling's verse know that it is full of qualities which only a soul capable of suddenly creating

a hushed solitude about itself could ever have created. Did not one Californian even go so far in the recognition of this quality in Sterling as to refer to him as "star-cold Sterling"? For there is much in his verse of a high and lonely quality; many of his stanzas are awash in seas chill but beautiful, and again and again he has soared in his rhymes to the vast interplanetary spaces. Perhaps that is why he so enjoys, by way of contrast, cheerful conversation and joyous reminiscence.

Reminiscence! It lies pulsing at the heart of all good talk. It is the quality that makes dull talk so incredibly tiresome; it is the quality that makes good talk so fascinating. It might well be argued that the reminiscential mood is the very foundation and origin of all true literature. There is, for one thing, that famous definition of poetry, that it is "emotion remembered in tranquility." Then there is that hidden realization we have all had, while laughing and talking with friends, that whole areas of our lives which we habitually think of as dull and to be taken for granted, are as a matter of fact exciting and memorable museums of life, with one knows not how many pale Galateas preparing to leap from stone to vivid being, with many a jolly Pygmalion running about and announcing that the big show is now on, ladies and gentlemen. But most of us discover this interestingness of our own past for ourselves, but are quite unable to convince others of it. We are garrulous when we had thought, to be panoramically vivid, we are pumping up moribund trifles when we had thought to be flinging the searchlight upon details startlingly significant.

But to some few fortunate beings is granted the privilege of summing up and expressing a whole era in the idlest play of their conversation. Such people have been so much in the center of the life current that they cannot talk about the weather without giving you glimpses of stranger weathers of the soul that they have shared with great men now gone, or wandered off into mysterious silence, like Sterling's friend, Ambrose Bierce. Sterling is one of these fortunate beings. He has experienced so fully the life of our Pacific Coast, has been so at the center of this life, that his talk is golden talk, bustling with great names and full of those "winged words" beloved of Homer.

The art of printing—grateful as we must feel to our Chinese friends for inventing it—is constantly in conspiracy against the art of talk, making formal what was free as air, making pompous what was jovially indecorous. In this

page of Sterling's Talk, our poet is going to match his wits with print, and is going to talk rather than write. Oh, it can be done! Even type will bend, even print will get out of the way, if there be but enough life in the talker.

The use of the word reminiscence will not mislead those who realize how swiftly the procession of life moves, and how soon the true imagination relegates all occurrences to echoing corridors of time, there to be viewed through a fascinating haze. Sterling is not old in years, but how many changes have come over both the body and the spirit of his California since he compelled the attention of lovers of poetry! The Carmel where he lived, and where he wrote so much famous verse, is not the Carmel of today. The San Francisco he loved for years is not the San Francisco he loves now, though perhaps these two San Franciscans be but two lovely poses of the same noble figure in the dance of life. But all of these changes have found vivid utterance in the lives and characters of interesting men and women, and as Sterling lives on into the newer days he is constantly thinking of bits of life in those slightly older days which do much to explain and make still more interesting the events of these newer days. Consequently it is no old-fogy garrulosity which characterizes Sterling's Talk; it is the present more vividly lived, more beautifully illuminated by reference to a past still warm, still breathing, each one of these past moments being in its relation to the present like Browning's famous "one Pan ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off" and to emphasize for us the significance of what is transpiring at the very moment we draw breath and laugh and weep.

Almost everyone feels that there was a breath of warmth and life about San Francisco in the immediate past which is now departed, whether to make room for something more vital and beautiful we do not know. But certainly something is gone. The nature of this thing we adumbrate with the hackneyed and elastic word, "Bohemia." We say that things used to be more Bohemian than they now are, or that in the good old days there was a truly Bohemian spirit in the whole west, with San Francisco the capital of that spirit.

One admirer of Sterling's has written roundly that:

"There's no Bohemia here. It's dead. But there's a wreath on Sterling's head."

—bearing out this very point of ours, that Sterling's talk sums up and ex-  
(Continued on Page 429)



# Rhymes and Reactions

GEORGE STERLING

I AM WONDERING how many of our readers have seen "Tamar," that terrific poem by Robinson Jeffers, given long reviews by James Rorty in the New York "World-Tribune", and by James Daly in "Poetry", the first edition was immediately exhausted, nor do I know how many copies came to California.

However, the good news comes that it is to be issued by Boni and Liveright as a part of Mr. Jeffers' new volume, "Roan Stallion," and those of you who have not read that unforgettable poem will now have their chance. A word of warning, though: if you are by chance so squeamish that the theme of incest is too much for you, if you are such a sensitive plant that you shrink from the hidden horrors of life, have nothing to do with "Tamar." It is the strongest and most dreadful poem that I have ever read or heard of, a mingling of such terror and beauty that for a symbol of it I am reminded of great serpents coiled around high and translucent jars of poison, gleaming with a thousand hues of witch-fire. For Mr. Jeffers has put everything into his poem, and its huge rhythms are those of the very ocean on which his tower of granite looks forth. I have not at hand Mr. Rorty's very able review, but read what James Daly has to say of it in "Poetry." It is what I should have liked to say, and can now at least echo.

"The first half of it is told so well that one hesitates to use the superlatives which a just praise of it would require. To the lover of imagery every page will be an adventure. From the poem's store of opulent and piercing beauty one longs to quote profusely."

And again: ".....a beauty and vigor and objective immediacy of praise—prolific, seemingly impremeditated, yet restrained—which I dare to think unsurpassed by any other poet writing in English to-day." Mr. Daly could quite as well have put it "unequalled." But we will let that pass.

As to "Roan Stallion," I have not yet seen it, and am somewhat in doubt as to what its effect will be on the Rev. John A. Sumner, since it uses the pasiphae theme. It is true that one can "get away with murder" in verse, and I am hoping that the book will have that much luck, for even in Moronia all things are possible, if not probable.

More good news is to the effect that Clark Ashton Smith is about to publish at Auburn, his third book of poems, entitled "Sandalwood." It should be out in the near future. Those of us who can appreciate the high art and exquisite imagination that Mr

Smith lavishes in his work will be glad to have that book. The very fact that it will be caviar to the dullard and the humanist is a guarantee of the perdurable qualities of his poetry. Compared to most of the verse that one encounters, briefly, it is rubies among rubbish, pearls among pumpkins.

My good friend Ahashuerus Jones has been overhauling some of the less known work of the Venerable Bede, and sends me these fables as witness of his labors, promising more in the future. Bede seems to have been more modern than we imagine, though there is still in his work the necessary savor of the antique.

A MAN who had arisen at an Early hour, and gone for a ramble in the Green Fields, came suddenly upon a Worm. After he had Gently Prodded it with his cane, and it had gone through the Customary Rite of Turning, he addressed it thus: "Hasten homeward, my little friend, for the Early Bird is abroad in the land, and it is written that you are his Appointed Prey."

"The Early Bird whose Pylorus closes over my Frail Form," replied the worm with some Acerbity, "will find himself the theatre of Intestine Strife: for lo! I am the Worm That Dieth Not."

\* \* \*

A TRAVELER in a far land, espying a Noble Monument, inquired to whose memory the Great Work had been reared.

"To a certain Great and Generous robber," replied the person to whom the question had been put.

"And is it the Custom of your country," persisted he from afar, "to give such Honor to enemies of the Human Race?"

"To those only," replied the native-horn, "who donate ten per cent of the spoils to Charitable or Educational Institutions, or for the erection of Temples to the Most High."

My country, 'tis of thee.

\* \* \*

A N ANT engaged in her customary occupation of Antarctic Exploration, was disturbed in her labor by the approach of a Man, who regarded her with Expectant Looks.

"Your business?" asked the Ant.

"I am Solomon's Sluggard," replied the Man. "I came to you on his advice for Instructions."

"A Man," cried the Ant in tones of

Thunder, "with seven hundred mothers-in-law, is by nature fitted to be rather the Recipient, than the Donor, of Advice."

Seizing the South Pole with her left fore-leg, she pursued him into the wilds of Equatorial Africa.

\* \* \*

My young friend Ohdner cometh forth with plans to set up a last altar to the Bohemian spirit in a basement at (I think) 535 California Street. The candles should be lit and the incense afloat within two weeks.

I see, at least temporary success for this undertaking for prices will be low and the young are urged to "do their stuff" along the line of their respective arts, be it poetry, dancing, painting or music.

While we live, let us live. All too soon the throttling hand of Los Angeles and the hinterland are to close on the fair throat of Bohemia and they will do their work before the lights go out in Chicago and New York. These two cities will be the last to feel the twilight of the bigots, lonely flames slowly guttering down as the land is delivered to the power of the hick, the Ku Klux and the Methodist Church.

Perhaps the younger generation will save us, but I doubt it. A goodly proportion of them are joining the Y. M. C. A.

## BEAUTY AND TRUTH

BETWEEN the shadowy land and voiceless sea,

They met by twilight on the sterile coast.

Said Beauty: "I am of eternity.

Bow down to me!" Said Truth: "You are but ghost."

And Beauty like a silver mist took flight,

And heard far off the sorrow of Truth's laughter.

Going she wept, with tears of bitter light,

And on her path great pearls were found long after.

"See now!" cried Truth. "Her feet have left no trace!"

And at a pool abandoned by the tide Knelt down to see the beauty of his face, To find stars mirrored there—and naught beside.

—George Sterling.



# Tommy

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

IT WAS during the second month of Tommy's deliciously easy graft that he met Paul. Short for Pauline. She graced the cigar-counter of the hotel Tommy favored, broke into quick song whenever the spirit moved her, and had a snappy come-back for every curl on her small brown head.

"How come I never noticed you before?" That from Tommy.

"The way of all big strong men is your way," said Paul. "I just sobbed my heart out waiting your beckon."

Tommy liked this. Being a man of ticklish position, hounded by plain-clothes individuals, who wore mighty stars over unmighty hearts, continually needing a cool head and quick fingers, he was glad of harmless chatter. The booze so greedily absorbed in Reno was forgotten. Tommy drank little—and made sure that little was good. He carried Paul about the streets in a little yellow 'thunder wagon', bought trinkets for her arms and fingers, brushed up on new slang—and fell grandly into love.

Not so Pauline. She had the lure of a Salome, the contact-strategy of a Cleopatra, the fragile beauty of a Heloise, and the professional innocence of a Bathing Beauty. There had been Tommy after Tommy in her life. One more? One less? . . .

Tommy proposed in a Chinese chop-house. Chow mein forgotten, cigarette lost in a tea-cup, nostrils filled with the subtle perfume spread about Paul's wise little body:

"Listen, Honey—"

Paul waited. Fork half way to her lips. Eyes suddenly veiled with seriousness. Clever little devil!

"Listen, Honey—" He dug a patent leather shoe against the table leg. "Let's get married."

She carried the fork to her mouth.

He tore little bits from a paper napkin.

She dabbed a tinted powder on her nose.

He clinked loose change in his coat pocket.

"I'll tell you later, dear," said Paul.

"How soon?" From an anxious Tommy.

"Tomorrow." Clever little devil!

The silence was unbroken till they were again in the car. Paul lit a cigarette, crossed knees carefully and blew fragile puffs of blue smoke over China Town.

"Don't be too serious, Tommy."

"I need you, Honey." The 'Honey' was inevitable. Poor old honest Tommy! He needed dusting.

"Way down in my little tin heart I care a lot for you . . . but I'd make

you unhappy. I couldn't help it. You don't know me, Tommy." That funny little twinge of conscience sometimes felt by the always-complexed city girl passed over her. Confused in a bewildering mass of love-color, Tommy saw not the change. He was at that stage of intense emotion which does not admit analization:

*He thought he hated her, she had murdered Tommy, but she had the lure of a Salome, Cleopatra and Heloise all in one. She told him he was crazy—crazy as Hell—and then he did the out-of-the-ordinary.*

"Don't say that, Hon'. We'll go somewhere—get off to another place. . . I've got enough for both of us—" He was unconsciously pleading. "And listen, Paul . . . I'll be good to you always." \* \* \*

TO ME Tommy confided. He would possess this girl, whatever he had been would be forgotten. He would carry her away with him, primitive as our cave brethren. A Prince of Devotion, a Slave of her every desire. And I, nervously anxious lest our parting become fact, urged time. I tried to paint her portrait with words quickly calculated. If I hadn't known Tommy, if I hadn't known a man in love—I'd have succeeded. Anything to delay the sacrifice, thought I. And realized the age-old helplessness of a Peterlat-Janes, of a John Alden.

I talked with Paul. The next morning it was. She smilingly confided that a millionaire, an engineer of Master, Inc., and four college boys were dangling in adoration on her strings. Funny what men will do! Intelligent men, too . . . Her pretty little face was tempting. Her flashy knowledge of city life was, in a peculiar half-real fashion, healthy. She had profited in an artificial way. Had taken on knowledge without payment. I believed her a virgin. There is a name for her type. "Teaser" is the hyphenated ending . . . I fully realized the hellish hold she had on Tommy. The fact that she did not need lovers made her desirable, oh, much more desirable! Clever little devil!

"Saw Paul this morning, Tommy."

"Yes?" He was curious. He was nervous. He was anxious. But I did not come to admire the garden! The weeds needed picking.

"She doesn't care a hell of a lot for you, Tommy. Now don't get sore. I just want to tell you what I think. . . you know I've been damned square with you." I had perched myself on the bed. "She told me she had a few college boys with gold-plated fathers on the string."

I could feel that sink!

Tommy was finishing an amazingly quick shave. "What'd you have to ask about anything for?" His voice held a new note. I did not know this Tommy. I was hurt. He had stressed the 'you' and it cut deep. "Drag any dope about my job into the talk?"

"No."

Five minutes of loud silence.

He came over to the bed. His hand met mine. "I'm sorry. Got riled over nothing," he said. "She's got me half cuckoo. I think I'll go nuts if she turns me down . . . coming?"

"No. I'll wait here for you." I lit one of Tommy's rank cigarettes. "And say—Tommy—"

He turned at the door. Knew what I was going to say. Could feel my nervousness.

"Now don't let her get your goat. . . don't play the boob if she gives you the gate. There's plenty fish left in the pond . . . agonizing for the hook." I wanted to tell him he *was* scheduled for the air. I wanted to tell him he never did have a chance. Wanted—

"Don't worry, old boy. I won't. S'long."

"See you later, Tommy." \* \* \*

HE CAME in at eleven. Drunk. Six days later we sailed for Honolulu.

One year and twenty-six days later Tommy shot himself.

We rushed him off to the Hospital. They took the bullet out of his head, propped him up with ten thousand braces, arranged a surgical tray for further medical assistance, shot four needles full of dope in him, put two nurses on the case—and then he died. I had swollen eyes till I reached the States.

"Oh, hello!" She says to me. "How's Tommy?" Her pretty little hands were sorting magazines on the counter. Her pretty little mouth was dribbling with a fast fox-trot. Her pretty little head had lost none of its hot-house loveliness. I thought of the last time I had seen Tommy's face. Grimed, boozed. The squatty little undertaker didn't know enough to paint it up a bit. Left even the damned hole staring out of

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# "Ajar She Holds The Gate"

ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

By SARAH WILLIAMSON

COMPILERS of anthologies of California Writers have been many, but for the greater part the writers have been those generally known and celebrated. Until Mrs. Mighels started her rescue work from the files of newspapers and old magazines, many were the poets and prose writers, who though well-known in their day, were forgotten amongst the musty, dusty, worn and yellow sheets of paper, tucked away on long forgotten shelves. Of all the writers about California there is none perhaps so in love with her work, inspired with such a rich and loyal appreciation of Californians as Ella Sterling Mighels. With this love and appreciation she has chosen many of the best writings to preserve for the future, in *The Story of the Files of California and Literary California*. Her definition of a California writer—one born here or re-born here, has passed into the language without quotation marks.

Ella Sterling Mighels was born on May 5, 1853, in the mining district near Folsom, posthumous daughter of Sterling B. F. Clark, a '49er from Vermont, and Rachel Mitchell Clark of Philadelphia. Her cradle was a gold-rocker taken from use in the American river, gift of miners who came to rock her and to sing lullabies to her every night. When she was seven she was taken east, and for three years lived there, visiting Pennsylvania, New York and Maine. It is an inexpressible joy to hear her recount her experiences of that time, especially that of seeing the great Edwin Forrest in "Jack Cade."

Returning westward during the Civil War, and finding the old home destroyed by the Sacramento floods, the family went on to Aurora, Esmeralda county, Nevada, newly discovered mining country. Acquaintanceship with miners and quartz-mills gave the little girl of that time wonderful stories, a trace of which one can find in the earliest works of this writer.

She received her first book knowledge from her mother, a brilliant woman with literary gifts, and in time entered Sacramento High School. In 1872 she married Adley H. Cummins, a young lawyer from Pennsylvania, then practicing in San Francisco, and private secretary to A. N. Towne, superintendent of the C.P.R.R. Mr. Cummins' ability as an orator helped in no small way in fostering patriotic principles among the young men of San Francisco. About this time the young wife began her work

on THE GOLDEN ERA, also conducting a column of causerie for The Wasp, then edited by the poet, Daniel G. Richardson, Consul General here for Japan.

Mr. Cummins died in 1889 leaving his widow with one child, Viva, who inherited from her father the gift of languages and whose musical talent as years went by was to bring her fame. Yet was it not nurtured and brought to life and blossom by the spirit of belief, faith and appreciation of all things beautiful, an abundance of which, surely, the mother gave the daughter.



Ella Sterling Mighels

DURING the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, Mrs. Cummins was one of the Lady Commissioners appointed by Irving M. Scott to represent San Francisco. She was empowered to make an exhibit of California Literature, the first collection chronologically arranged. The next year with her daughter she went to New York where Viva gave folk lore recitals in costume; the first to give American Indian music in public. In New York Mrs. Cummins married Philip Verrill Mighels, art student and newspaper writer, from Carson, Nevada. Again we can see the spirit of this woman, pushing, encouraging, bringing into full power of accomplishment which was certainly the undercurrent which made him develop into a successful novelist and poet. He died fourteen years ago.

Through the deaths—her loneliness, Mrs. Mighels evolved a philosophy that has stood her in good stead through the lonely years. The death of the beloved daughter, always her close companion, was like the end of everything to the mother. In the nature of things the mother felt that she should have been the first to go and since that was not to be, she has taken up the work left unfinished by her daughter, living her life for her.

In her home is a free library for Neighborhood children, composed of her selections of the world's best. Good books for oldsters as well as youngsters. For eight years, with permission from the Mayor, Chief of Police and Fire Department Chief, she has held a bonfire in front of her home as her own birthday celebration—a bonfire in which are cast "Peck's Bad Boy" and other books she considers harmful to the young.

Among other things—Mrs. Mighels is accredited with the first novel by a native Californian—"The Little Princess", published by Loring in Boston, in 1880. Her ballad "California", for which she wrote the words and music, was sung for a week by Charley Reed's famous minstrels in their Bush Street theatre. Her delightful novel, "The Full Glory of Diantha," one of the first to have a business girl as heroine, came out in 1909. Others of her published words are "Society and Babe Robinson", a play; "Fairy Tales of the White Man and Wawona." Her historical exhibition of early writers at the Chicago Fair won for her from the California Legislature, six years ago, the title *First Historian of Literary California*, a title of which she is justly proud, though no financial emolument accompanies it. The pioneer women of the state honor her as the originator of the idea of having a statue of the Pioneer Mother at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

If asked what quality in her character most prominently reveals itself, it is Courage—that courage to face the road when one fainter hearted would give up. Though urged to do more fiction, verse or essay, she has bound herself to the imperative of keeping alive names of early California writers that, in the rush of the new and more widely advertised the others may not be utterly forgotten. Her writing and compiling are labors of love, impelling much research in musty files, delving into memories of pioneers,

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## In the Editor's Brief Case

FOR THE BENEFIT of those readers of Overland, who have not had the opportunity to glimpse the latest issues of the San Francisco Bulletin, and especially the column "If I were Twenty-one" edited by Peter Michelson, of the 7th of October, the editors take great pleasure in re-printing the story.

*Twenty-one—and in San Francisco! What a vista opens before us—a city of a thousand skyscrapers, a city of 5,000,000 souls—the airplane and the wireless succeeded by still greater wonders; above all, a climate the envy of the world, and nature's playground within reach of all.*

*What opportunity does all this hold for lucky Twenty-one—opportunity for service, for upbuilding, material opportunity? In these articles leading bankers, business men, a poet, a philosopher, each tells what he would do if he were 21.*

By PETER MICHELSON

"ART CANNOT LIVE in the same house with happy people," said George Sterling, poet, when asked what he would do if he were 21 in California today. "Art expresses truth and truth is never happy. A happy people does not want the truth; it wants to be amused. 'Get the girl and grab the money' expresses the go-getter philosophy that the writer has to follow if he expects to be successful. Californians, with their invigorating climate, are the happiest people alive today and art has taken wings."

What the deuce has all this to do with being 21 in California? A great deal. As a 100 per cent booster, we were torn between a desire to whang George on for his slam on our traditional culture or to kiss him on the cheek for his boost of our glory of glories. Anyway, the thought was disturbing; that seems to be the mission of poets. Whether to be happy in California or artistic and unhappy some place else is the choice which Sterling presents to aspiring 21, unless, perhaps, there is some other way.

### S. F. ONCE CENTER OF ART CIRCLE

"San Francisco was once the shining spot for writers and artists," said Sterling. "Bruce, Bret Harte, Mark Twain—they were artists and their art still lives. But where are the Cali-

fornia writers of today? Gone East where they at least have some freedom of expressing themselves."

"Aren't you just a little inconsistent there?" the writer asked. "You have just said that the magazines, the eastern magazines, demand the go-getter plot."

"That is true to a large extent of eastern magazines," Sterling replied. "The excessive timidity of editors, sedulous only for the fullest financial success of their periodicals, leads them more and more to refuse publication to anything that may in the slightest degree offend the most hidebound or prudish of their readers. The result has been a weary standardization of our literary (?) output.

### WILL AID IN BURSTING BONDS.

"But, don't forget," he amended, that New York has drawn together many artists and writers, who are interested in saying what they want to say without submitting to the art destroying demands of the dollar editors. These writers and artists have sought that expression through media of their own. So you have the Liberator, the Dial and the Provincetown Players in the theater.

"Can not we burst the crust of the dull and obvious? Is youth not to be heard? Are we to have a literature, such as it is, dominated forever by the primitive note?" the poet asks the youth of California. "I trust there may be some escape from this perfumed stagnation. I shall do what I can, within my limitations, to contribute to the cause of literary freedom."

"Well, George, it all comes back to the original question, 'What would you do if you were 21?'" remarked the writer.

"The youth of 21, whose interests are intellectual, can do no better for his fellows than to concern himself with a magazine which has for its ideal the freeing of literature," Sterling replied.

### LET STATE HAVE VOICE OF OWN.

He then went on to relate the efforts that he and his fellow writers are making to rejuvenate the old Overland Monthly. Founded in the best traditions of the West, with such a genius as Bret Harte as its editor, he said, and fostered by the brightest intellects of the Pacific slope, the magazine is peculiarly identified with that region and most aptly qualified to become its voice.

"Let California have a voice of her own," he said, "and let that voice be the voice of youth!"

### RUBY NORTHCUTT'S DEPARTMENT

Starting with December Overland, Our Interesting California Women, will be handled by Ruby Northcutt, whose ability at personnel stories has been proven in her recent story of Eugene McCann of the P. G. & E. We hope you will like her department.

## Tommy

(Continued from Page 412)

the forehead. I was tremendously ill. Wanted to vomit.

"Tommy's dead." I watched close. She stopped the song—but her pretty little hands went on sorting.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!"—Clever, eh?

"Shot himself," said I. "Shot himself," I repeated. "Over you."

She looked frightened. Recovered instantly. "I don't believe it," she said. "I don't—" She looked at me shrewdly. "What're you trying to put over?" What am I trying to put over! I hated the breath she drew. Ached to throttle her. The damned disgusting little bait-shop city twist!

"Killed himself over you," I said quietly. "We were together always. I loved him. I drank myself sick with him. Listened to his endless talk of you. And I'm not going to forget," my voice took on a sharp strength, "that you killed him." My eyes spoke loathing. My soul spit out hatred. My fingers were a clenched torment.

"You're crazy," said she. "You're crazy as hell!"

Eight weeks later I married her.

## Ella Sterling Mighels

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drudgery of pen work and typewriting.

She is somewhat below medium height, a brunette with bright eyes and with hair just turning gray. She has never taken up the new modes of dress. She likes the old styles and sees no reason why she should not follow her own ideas in this matter. She does not believe in going with the herd in anything, and if any Californian may be said to have preserved individuality throughout the years it is she.



# San Francisco Opera

By HOWARD G. HANVEY

WITH THE BIGGEST attendance record and the greatest artistic achievement to its credit the San Francisco Opera Company has brought to a close its 1925 season in a blaze of glory.

Three years ago the movement of providing this city with its own operatic organization was launched by the San Francisco Opera Association. At the time it was an experiment that won to its support only the most loyal music and civic spirited San Franciscans.



ROSINA TORRI  
*Prima Donna of La Scala*

The box office receipts for the season just closed and the unanimous way in which the productions were acclaimed by critics proves beyond all doubt that local grand opera when sponsored by the San Francisco Opera Association and directed by Gaetano Merola is no longer an experiment.

The season embraced twelve performances starring artists of international renown, a number of whom were brought here direct from the music capitals of Europe and South America. And for such a season the local public paid a total of \$154,058 for 57,278 admissions and of the twelve performances all but about three were given to sold out houses.

This is a record comparable with any city in the world for the brevity of its period. It definitely fixes San Francisco as one of the foremost of American cities in the matter of grand opera production and support.

Among the outstanding stars was Claudia Muzio, dramatic soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, Rosina Torri, soprano prima donna of La Scala, Milan, who made her American debut here, Elvira De Hidalgo, coloratura soprano, another prima donna who

came from Europe for the season here, Tito Schipa, tenor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, Fernand Anseau, Belgian tenor, who made his first appearance on the Pacific Coast with the San Francisco Opera Company, Antonio Cortis, young tenor of the Chicago Company, Marcel Journet, the heroic French basso, Cesare Formichi, and Riccardo Stracciari, the two celebrated Italian baritones and a host of other notables.

The season opened with "Manon", starring Torri, Schipa, Journet and Nicolich. It was given to a house in which every bit of standing room was taken. Then followed "Samson et Dalila", another French opera with Marguerite D'Alverze, the Spanish contralto, Anseau, Journet and others in the leading roles. This too was a sold out house. The "Barber", "Martha", "Anima Allegra" "Aida" and L'Amore Dei Tre Re" completed the company's repertoire.

The artistic finish of the performances excited the admiration of all. The settings were prepared by Giovanni Grandi, technical director of La Scala while the stage direction was in the



TITO SCHIPA  
*Premiere Tenor*

able hands of Armando Agnini, stage director of the Metropolitan.

To Gaetano Merola has been accorded much of the credit for the success of the artistic side of the season. At the close of the season here Merola took his stars, and properties to Los Angeles where an equally successful season was given in the new Olympic Auditorium.



GAETANO MEROLA  
*Director General of San Francisco Opera Company*



# In Flanders With the Princess Pats

*THIS IS A STORY of the Princess Pats, of Dick, Pat, Tom, Jack and 'arry; of No Man's Land and the trenches; of billets and hospitals told by one of the twenty-two who returned out of the eleven hundred and sixty who went overseas in August, 1914. It is a story of personal experiences and observations; of impressions and incidents covering the period Sergeant Jack Thomas saw service. We, the editors, trust Overland readers will find a certain value in this reminiscence. That it is different and that it does not hold any prejudice are marked qualities in themselves. This story, further, was written in collaboration with two novelists, one Fred B. Morrill, author of "The Campaign" and "Beyond the Horizon".*

—THE EDITORS.

**W**HEN the ominous Cloud of War commenced to spread over Europe, I was in Butte, Montana, engaged in a peaceful occupation, never expecting to again become a soldier. For a few days I followed the published report of the conflagration as it continued to develop and spread, with the ever-growing feeling that I should take a hand in the fracas. I was soon informed that a regiment of men who had seen active service were being recruited in Canada, and then I could no longer resist the desire to "join up".

It was on the morning of the 9th of August, 1914, that I arrived in Calgary, obsessed with the desire of going to France with as little delay as possible. I am English born, was physically fit, and having been in the service before, commencing as a bugler when thirteen years of age, I did not experience any difficulties at the recruiting office, and before noon I was a soldier in the King's service, and destined for service across the seas.

Those who were engaged in recruiting the regiment were looking for men who had seen actual service, and were physically and mentally qualified to endure the life of a soldier on the fighting line. While a large percentage of the first contingent had seen active service, either in the Boer or Spanish-American wars, none of them had experienced trench warfare. That was something new, even to the oldest veteran. "Digging in", and "sitting tight," were new features in the great game of war; features that were being rapidly developed at the time the Princess Pats first landed in France.

The men in the line before the sergeant's desk at the recruiting office were worthy of study. There were cow punchers, just from off the range, sun-browned and sinewy, with clanking spurs and awkward chaps, miners, lumberjacks, clerks and farmers, strip-lings in their teens and men almost in their dotage, and one butcher who had run in from his shop without taking the time to remove his blood-stained apron. In their conversation their dialect appeared even more heterogeneous than their appearance. There was the cockney English, the Irish brogue, the bonnie Scotch, the cousin Jacks, the

## SERGEANT JACK THOMAS

broad accent of the true Canadian, the burr of the Westerner, the drawl of the Southerner, and the nasal twang of the Yankee; and one broad shouldered six foot lumberjack from Idaho with a pronounced Swedish accent and a John Barleycorn breath upon being joked by some of the crowd regarding his nationality threw off his coat and offered to prove that: "I bane yost as good Canadian man as any damn man."



SERGEANT JACK THOMAS

*One of the Twenty-two Who Came Back*

My interview with the recruiting sergeant was brief. It was his busy day and he did not have any time to waste unnecessarily.

"You're just the lad I've been looking for," he declared, after inspecting my papers, "Step into that room and Doc. will look you over when your turn comes," he continued with a wave of his hand toward a nearby door.

In due course I passed my physical examination and was sworn in, but did not receive "The King's Shilling," as none was given in Canada, as in England, when a recruit was accepted.

But Paddy Gallagher, who was the next to follow after me, could not be made to understand that he was a King's soldier, until he had received his shilling. Paddy was an old Tommy Atkins and had spent his last penny before coming to the recruiting office.

**I**T WAS on the morning of the 14th August that we were joined by the Edmonton contingent and together we entrained and started for Ottawa, some one hundred and fifty of us in all.

On the way the boys amused themselves with poker and blackjack and I will admit that I found myself broke at the end of the first day out, but our old friend Paddy soon recuperated his fallen fortune and came to my rescue by the voluntary loan of five "bucks". Paddy was a good poker player as many a Princess Pat had occasion to acknowledge, and he also proved to be a good fighter as more than one Hun found to his sorrow.

When we arrived at Ottawa it was found that there were more of us than when we had started from Calgary. A chap by the name of Simpson had managed to smuggle himself in on the way and when we were "told off" and the roll called as we left the train, his presence was discovered by the officers in charge.

He declared that he had "budded in" for the purpose of "joining up", and as he was able to show that he had seen service in the Philippines he was soon enrolled as a Princess Pats.

We remained in barracks at Ottawa for ten days, while the regiment was being mobilized, organized, and the boys equipped with uniforms; the balance of our equipment was procured after we went into training at Camp Levis near Quebec. The complete equipment being furnished by Major Hamilton Gault at his own expense.

While we were at Ottawa, Col. Francis D. Farquhar assumed command, and Princess Patricia presented us with our colors, worked with her own hands; colors which though stained and torn were carried continually in the trenches, and unfurled and went over the top with the boys whenever they went after the Huns with cold steel and clubbed muskets; colors that were never lowered and ever grew dearer to our



hearts with every stain that marred and with every shot that rended.

It was on Sunday the 23rd of August, 1914, that we paraded in Lansdowne Park with bands and pipes playing and formed in front of the grand stand crowded with people. The Princess on presenting the colors to our Colonel, said: "I have great pleasure in presenting you with these colors which I have worked myself: I hope they will be associated with what I believe will be a distinguished corps: I shall follow the fortunes of you all with the deepest interest and I heartily wish every man good luck and a safe return."

IT WAS an impressive and solemn occasion, and many an eye was dim with moisture and many a heart beat high with pride.

Princess Patricia is the daughter of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada. She maintained a hospital in London for her sick and wounded boys, and many a one of them has called down God's Blessings upon her head in return for his appreciation of her personal sympathy and care. She held the rank of Colonel of the Regiment, and there was not a Princess Pat that would not have staked his last franc piece on her leading them over the top if she could but have had the opportunity.

What a transformation there was in the boys during the ten days we remained in barracks at Ottawa. They arrived there in citizens' clothes of all styles and conditions, good, bad and indifferent, but how different they appeared and looked in their new uniforms, as in column of fours, with the carriage and step of soldiers, they marched to the train upon their departure with colors flying, and band playing.

Upon our arrival at Camp Levis we pitched our tents and went into quarters. There were no awkward squads in the Princess Pats, and our training, while in this camp, was different than it would have been had we been composed of raw recruits that had never seen service. But nevertheless we were kept busy in practicing with the bayonet and squad drill, and in studying new features of trench warfare, as even at that early period of the war it was beginning to be recognized that different fighting tactics would have to be employed to cope successfully with the enemy than had been made use of in the past.

Not only were the Princesses Pats eager to be sent across, but the war office was anxious to get as many men at the front as possible. There was a rush to arms, such as had never been known in the world's history. From almost every corner of the earth men were answering

to the call; there were ships upon every sea loaded with men and munitions of war, and on the 1st day of October, 1914, the Royal George swung into the stream and started on her journey to another shore, her decks crowded with Princess Pats.

They were a part of the first contingent of thirty-three thousand men sent by the Dominion of Canada; men who were to play an important part in the world's great war, and many of them,—oh, how many,—were destined to sleep their long sleep beneath the sod of France.

## CHAPTER II SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I HAVE never stood on the shore and watched a transport loaded with troops for active service leave port; but I imagine that there must be a feeling of adoration for those who are giving up home and loved ones; that one must sense a feeling of solemnity that will



JUDGE FRED B. MORRILL

*Author and Collaborator with Sergeant Thomas*

cause the eyes to dim and the throat to choke; and I can imagine that if the heart be true that there will arise a longing to be with the boys instead of upon the shore.

But I have experienced the sensations of a soldier upon a departing transport; yet I now find that they are hard to describe. While my heart swelled with elation there was a feeling of mingled anxiety and apprehension, of foreboding and alarm. I viewed the receding shore with the thought that I might not,—

probably would not,—ever see it again, and wondered why I had given up the life of a civilian for that of a soldier, almost regretting that I had "joined up" and yet, I would not have exchanged places with anyone that I had left behind. I had cast my lot with the Princess Pats, and wherever they went "there would I go also," and trust to my good luck to pull me through, but:—

There was with me the dread of the Prisons, of the hospitals for the wounded, and of the "long, long trail"; And yet, before the land we had left faded away from view we had forgotten,—the sensation vanished with the receding shore. We had to forget. We lived for to-day and thought not of the to-morrow. "It is the way we had in the army," and the only way for a soldier in active service.

It did not take the boys long to get settled and become accustomed to life on a troop ship. Although there were certain duties to be performed each day, physical drill and boat drill, yet there were many hours of leisure and the boys made the most of their time not on duty. The weather was fine during the entire trip; consequently there was very little seasickness, and the Princess Pats were not of the kind to be homesick.

Our leisure time we devoted to various amusements, principally boxing, wrestling and card playing, the old games of poker and black-jack constituting the principal card games. There was another game, known as the Crown and Anchor, that was very attractive to some of the boys, but of that I will make mention in my story.

Every one was interested in becoming acquainted with his comrades. We had been drawn together from almost every walk of life and from every province of Canada, and from nearly every state in the Union; consequently nearly all of us were strangers to one another. There was a grouping of congenial spirits; a sizing up of associates and a seeking for true comrades who would stand the crucial test.

But with it all there was an air of abandon, a devil-may-care spirit, either real or assumed, that was carried across the sea into France. It was the same in the trenches as in the billets, in rain and in sunshine. It was the spirit of the Princess Pats; a spirit that I have seen expressed by the smile that lingered upon their lips when their eyes were closed,—after they had gone West.

There was nothing stronger than beer to be had at the ship's canteen, which was opened three times a day for the accommodation of those who felt that they were in need of that kind of refreshment.

(Continued Next Month)



# A House Divided

## CHAPTER VI—BOOK 2

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

### THE STORY THUS FAR

*WHEN David Brock left home the duties of the family fell upon Julia, his daughter. Then came in rapid succession Adam's problem with Madge Neith, their marriage; intolerable days and the final separation of Julia from the family; the acceptance of a position in Manchester; lack of rains and financial difficulties which forced Lydia Brock to borrow money from Stewart Cook; Cook's altruism and the motive Gene Palmer—Julia's attempt to see nothing of Gene and the growing infatuation of Madge for Phil O'Meara.*

*While this reaction was taking place in the home from which Daniel Brock had gone, his own life was not without complications.*

#### Book Two

*David Brock had in the meantime traveled by team to Nebraska, and here he had met L. P. Miles, a homesteader. From Miles he bought a prairie shack, and in Miles' company set out to look at the Miles' homestead.*

*And there was the woman, the woman in the personage of Mrs. Beals who immediately took a fancy to David. Mrs. Beals owned the general store and there was much for David to accomplish as her friend. A fast friendship developed and through her help David Brock rapidly rose to a powerful citizen of Beal's, Nebraska. But there must always be equilibrium. Mrs. Beals' altruism was not less evident because of her desire for companionship and David found himself grappling with a problem of greater magnitude than any he had heretofore encountered.*

THE DAYS immediately after David's discovery that he loved and was loved by Mrs. Beals, were of alternate ecstasy and dread. This was the first real passion he had ever experienced. It unmanned him like a sickness. His thoughts were in a whirl.

He was filled at times with the tenderness of his adoration of this woman. Hourly she took on an increased loveliness. And even as he was possessed with the charm and glamor of her radiance, so also he was held in the grip of other equally real, equally powerful influences of his life, the sense of guilt, deceit, infamy. But predominant over all other emotions at this period was the dread that his cup of joy might be snatched from his lips.

He took steps of an extreme secretiveness. Since he went frequently to Kearney it occurred to him that he should have all his letters sent to the general delivery there. This correspondence was slight, amounting in all to three or four letters a year; and he felt certain that Mrs. Beals would not be aware of any such change for several months, especially if the "Bee" were to appear regularly at Beals General Store. The next time he drove to Omaha, he wrote the Manchester Bank, advising them of his new address.

"That'll throw 'em all off," he said, smiling grimly.

Daily contacts in the store served to increase his feeling for Clarissa. Often in their simultaneous reaching for string to tie packages, her hand touched his, and an electric shock pierced him to the heart. Their eyes met often, and he saw the inner turmoil of secret joy burning brightly in them. Her face, always comely, glowed as if girlhood had merely ebbed in her veins to flow back now in a full tide of splendor.

They sat at evenings and watched the sunsets, hand in hand, as the summer drew on and the harvest time imperceptibly drew nigh.

Often their thoughts were of the remoter west, possibly by reason of the primordial Aryan instinct that has through the ages pushed westward the course of empire, possibly because of an unconscious emulation of the great globe of the sun, which eternally journeyed thitherward. At any rate, California lured their imaginations into many a happy hour of speculation.

"Clarissa," said David one warm October evening, "this is about the last chance we'll have to sit out here."

giving her up brought a cold horror upon him. Better death than the non-fulfillment of this latter-year dream. He was coolly desperate to make her his own.

Somewhere, he believed, far out in the sandy deserts of that unknown land, or in some upland farm of the Sierras, they too must ultimately find themselves securely hidden from the rest of the world. One thing he prayed for, one thing he was resolved to have—at least a year of bliss under the same roof with Clarissa. Then, come death, come ruin, he would at least have lived.

AS WINTER CLOSED in once more, he became increasingly urgent.

"In the spring, Clarissa, supposin' we sell out and leave all this snow and ice," he suggested one evening as he sat with her in the little living-room behind the store.

"Leave the prairie when it's at its prettiest?" rejoined Clarissa, biting a thread as she finished sewing a button on David's Prince Albert. "I couldn't David. I couldn't do it."

"But think of California! Spring in the mountains with the snow shining on the peaks and the oranges, yellow as gold apples, shining in the valleys."

"You talk as if you'd been there!"

"No, but I've seen pictures." He drew a highly colored folder from his pocket. "See!" he said.

She took the circular and bent above it.

"Do you believe all that?" she asked incredulously.

"If it's half what they claim, it's better than these blizzards and sun-strokes and lightin' bolts."

"But there's earthquakes."

"Nothin' t' speak of."

She turned a page musingly.

"Looks nice," she said and David's heart leaped.

"Clarissa!" he began, "Do you really think we might go?"

"O, I don't know, Dave," she said.

"It seems so far."

"From what?"

"Everything I ever knew."

"But you came here alone."

"Yes."

"And left everything behind."

"There was mighty little to leave that was mine, after---" She stopped suddenly.

"Is this store so attractive, then?"

"Yes. It's mine. I built it. I made

(Continued on Page 422)



# Odds and Ends

Conducted by ADA KYLE LYNCH

EVIDENTLY, modern methods can make figures lie, the old 'saw' to the contrary notwithstanding. The heroine of a love story running as a serial—syndicated, I think—in newspapers, goes to the post office for her mail, and resents the questions of the postal employee: "But her frown disappeared when three letters were handed her. There was one from her mother, one from her grandmother, and two from Phillip!"

\* \* \*

WHERE has Heywood Broun been vacationing that he is not up on typical flapper conversation? Nothing could be more typically true than the conversation he quotes from "The Perennial Bachelor", remarking that: "However it doesn't sound true, which is enough to make it less than competent workmanship." Rather amusing to note that Broun enthuses over the excellent glimpse of Mrs. Campion, which he uses entire, with, one might easily imagine gusto and the smacking of his lips: "She lay there stretching and stirring a little, at first from sheer comfort, then growing motionless: heavy and soft and white."

Of the two, if descriptions of the author are correct, I prefer Dorothy and her injunction: "O, ankle along, you Victorians" and her clever play on words: "Don't pay any attention to him, Mariette, if he is your fiasco!"

Admitting that he cannot qualify as an expert on flapper conversation, he repudiates the conversation quoted, but calls the description of Mrs. Campion "of much neater quality".

\* \* \*

JOB'S terse sarcasm: "No doubt ye are the people!", is never more pertinent than when applied to writers who assume the attitude of palavering patronizing. There are not only writers, but entire publications with the avowed announcement of talking to the public as if to an infant.

\* \* \*

REAL LIFE philosophy is expressed in the following quotation: "I always say nobody's worth their salt unless they can stand a miserable rainy day and not weaken."

\* \* \*

A SERIAL, for which I predict an early publication in book form, is a story of "Madame Butterfly's Son", and sprinkled through the pages are some interesting Japanese sayings. I am not student enough to vouch for their authenticity, but they speak to me with an attractive quaintness: "No

man suffers as he whose battlefield is himself." "To see oneself is to be clear-sighted"; "Without going out of doors, one may know the whole world"; "He who falls in love has come to the end of happiness"; "The tongue which is yielding, endures: the teeth which are stubborn, perish"; "A heart torn with conflict invites the vultures of despair, and fate is cruelly inconsiderate".

\* \* \*

SPEAKING of serials published in book form, readers of many magazines have the advantage of readers who depend on book form of stories. For example, a friend said to me recently, "O, I have a new book I want you to read, as soon as we finish it. It is very interesting!" "What is the title and who is the author?" I asked. "'Soundings,'" is the name of the book, but I do not know who wrote it," the friend said. I smiled—"I read that as a serial in Forum," I answered. "Well," she said, "here is one I know you will be interested in," and she brought forth Kathleen Norris' "Noon". "Sorry," I answered, "to disappoint you, but that also, I read as a serial." She looked so disappointed, I almost regretted my omnivorous appetite for things literary. But, the reading world is not restricted as to the published output, so my regret was for only an instant, for the pocket-book and the desire for acquisition, is open to all, and to have stories fresh from the pen of the author is the privilege of every one.

\* \* \*

PERTINENT to the thought anent magazine reading, the serial game always makes me think of a juggler with many balls in the air. And to keep the balls "a-going" must require some skill—almost equal to that of the professional on the platform.

\* \* \*

"SOUNDINGS," by the way, was followed by "Hare and Tortoise" a clever story, which acquaints Americans with Canadian politics, as experienced by a vivacious Canadian of Irish and French extraction, who helps her transplanted-English husband to election, in a manner tensely interesting. The weakest point in the story is her abortive love episode with an architect employed by her husband, and the author leaves the reader to ponder the next episode in which the restless woman will figure, failing to bring her to any stability of mind or character, as he closes the story.

REFERRING to a time of stress in a certain vicinity, a writer makes this statement: "The men went by, jocularly—in groups; the women went alone: the fact is significant of the methods of the sexes in dealing with depression." Had I been asked the question of method in a like situation, I should have asserted without thought or fear of contradiction, that the reverse would be true. I should have thought the women more likely to 'camouflage' and pretend an indifference.

\* \* \*

IDA A. WYLIE, author of *Towards Morning* and *The Dark House*, says truthfully, "It is better that a child should suffer a passing sadness than live to inflict sorrow". This is not an original idea with Miss Wylie, as the Biblical rendering has it: "Spare the rod and spoil the child". Miss Wylie's home surroundings, as described by her in an article published recently, lead to the assertion that she is barred from giving expert advice, but that does not deter her from offering much advice to parents and teachers. Indeed, she says: "My main purpose is to prove to parents and teachers and others dedicated to the upbringing of the next generation that all their painstaking theories are just so much waste effort, and that they might just as well let things 'rip'".

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR BAKER, in his book *Dramatic Technique*, makes an assertion which is being borne out in the new presentation of the 'Melancholy Dane', in London, when he says: "It is not the great poetry, the subtle characterization nor the fine thinking of Hamlet which give large audiences. It is the varied story, full of surprises and suspense." Discussion of Sir Barry Jackson's experiment to see if the play was valid as a play for modern life and thought without the romantic glamour of doublet and hose, trailing skirts and the rhythmic flow of poetic speech, proves most interesting, and it is hoped that American audiences will not allow themselves to be prejudiced, but will be given opportunity to judge for themselves in the near future, with "Hamlet in 'plus fours' and Ophelia in short skirts and with bobbed hair."

Do not force Life's issues. What is coming, will come, and one only exhausts, by the forcing process, the strength needed to meet the issues when they come.



# Books



# Writers

## SOUTHWEST

**L**AWSON has concocted a readable potion, concerned with the southwest, a band of religious fanatics and a bit of old Spanish customs, with a pleasing amorous adventure intertwined. His characterization of the Penitentes is especially interesting and though seemingly improbable, is largely true.

The book is not long, (that in itself is virtue) and does not wander widely from its chosen field, which is to say that Mr. Lawson tells his story and does not delve into the philosophical.

Aside from a few such platitudes as "her heart of hearts" etc., and a very melodramatic conclusion, the book may be said to be pleasant reading. (Reviewed by Dr. Leonard Barnard).

**THE FIRE WOMAN**, by W. P. Lawson. Boni Livright. \$2.50.

## FROM THE BEATEN PATH

**E**DISON MARSHALL steps out of the beaten path in his "THE SLEEPER OF THE MOONLIT RANGES." It is the story of a passing tribe of the Aleutian Islands in the Behring Sea. The reaction of the natives to the environment of changing volcanic lands and icy seas is most astounding, yet what one would expect. However these are not the main features of the story, a story which is founded on a back ground of romance—a man, a white man, of course, he must be, and a girl who wakes him from his dream to a brighter reality. This is a queer mixture of romance and reality; information and fiction. What more could one want?

**THE SLEEPER OF THE MOONLIT RANGES**, Edison Marshall. Cosmopolitan Book Corp. \$2.50.

## A BOOK FOR BOYS

**B**OYS WHO like adventure, and don't mind getting an accurate idea of history painlessly, will be interested in the part which Hubert Delaroche played in the second war for independence. This young hero of Bernard Marshall's "Old Hickory's Prisoner" after exciting adventures in New England runs the blockade of British ships in the harbors, travels through the Cumberland Mountains, and with General Jackson takes an important part in the sweeping campaign against the Creeks and other hostile Indians on the Western border and the decisive battle of New Orleans. The story is well written with interest sustained throughout, although, perhaps a critical reader might find the black and white illustrations by Henry Ritz a trifle more vividly drawn than the novel itself. These illustrations are remarkably well done.

Reviewed by Djan the Younger.

**OLD HICKORY'S PRISONER**, Bernard Marshall. Appleton. \$2.50.

## ONE FROM MANY

**W**HO AMONG us does not like Charles Hanson Towne? Who has not followed him miles in his travels with the dog, down the country side? If you haven't or if you have you will like his selected poems. One we have picked out may not be representative of the entire collection but it is appealing:

\* \* \*

### AFTER THE QUARREL

We leaped upon the battle-field  
And struck our verbal blows;  
And neither you nor I would yield—  
Once friends, now deadly foes.

We fought the fight, then o'er the grave  
Of that which we had slain  
We two clasped hands and strove to save  
Some shred of love—in vain.

For the pale ghost of that we slew  
Rose up on all its might;  
I lost the faith I had in you,  
You lost your trust that night.

And something stalks between us now:  
I look in your sad eyes,  
You see the wounds upon my brow—  
Poor fools, who once were wise!  
**SELECTED POEMS**, Charles Hanson Towne. Appleton. \$1.50.

\* \* \*

## FOR EVERY CALIFORNIAN

**W**E SAY for every Californian and truly we mean it . . . as we lay the little book aside, "A LITTLE BOOK OF CALIFORNIA MISSIONS" with 24 illustrations and each worthy of a frame and a place by itself on the wall of any beloved room. Charles Francis Saunders has done something for everyone in this little book. Besides giving us the pictorial value, he has given us a flowing diction for the history of California. The price is within everyone's reach. By all means buy it.

**A LITTLE BOOK OF CALIFORNIA MISSIONS**, Charles Saunders. Robert M. McBride and Co. \$1.00.

\* \* \*

## A GIRL WHO MAKES GOOD

**S**HE STARTED to make good when she heard "Sell the ranch!" Yes, Beth Craymore is another one of those girls in fiction who sail right in at the moment things are going to smash and comes out victorious, running a ranch and making good! Of course there are some such girls. We hope there are. Many women can do better than many men, but a ranch is a big proposition and a woman's a woman after all, subject to heart affairs—well read *Beloved Acres* and see for yourself—One thing it is easy and enjoyable reading.

**BELLOVED ACRES** by John H. Hanlin. The Century Co. \$1.75.

## A BOOK WITH A MESSAGE

**A** BOOK with a message! That's A. S. M. Hutchinson's latest novel "One Increasing Purpose." Sim Paris, a commonplace enough, lovable chap, came through the holocaust of war without a scratch. "Why am I spared? For what purpose he begins to ask himself. And his search for, and acceptance of this purpose is the story. Aside from its message bearing value, the character analysis throughout is remarkable. Hutchinson is sympathetic in his analyses. His is not the ruthlessness of a curious child removing her doll's sawdust to see how it is made, but more the painstaking, careful gentleness of an eminent surgeon exploring the vitals of a patient of great wealth, whom, or which he holds in great esteem. His people are human; they are easy to understand. The reader is enabled to gaze at life through the same windows as the characters. The sketch of the author, B. C. D. Ash, is but thinly veiled autobiography—Hutchinson's satirical fling at his critics and the great horde of popularity chasers.

Reviewed by Djan the Younger.

**ONE INCREASING PURPOSE**, A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little Brown and Company. \$2.50.

\* \* \*

## CHINA

**W**HAT OF the Dragon? You've seen it on everything Oriental for ages! Have you ever wondered what it signified? Have you ever heard of the terrifying effect Foxes have on the superstition of an Oriental? You will find your answer in Chinese Fantastics by Thomas Steep. That Steep knows too well the Oriental is evidenced in his manner of writing. He does not imitate, he is a lone man in the field. When he speaks of the Empress Dowager he does so in such a humorous vein that one closes the chapter wondering just how much fire there was, where there lingers so much smoke. But it is a book for the individual.

\* \* \*

**CHINESE FANTASTICS** by Thomas Steep. The Century Co. \$2.00.

\* \* \*

## ALL WRITERS!

**A**LL WRITERS should have on their desk a copy of **SIMILES AND THEIR USE** by Grenville Kleiser. The book editor requests that the readers of the book page compare next months reviews with this month's review! BUT remember the book is at the right of the typewriter! Exceptionally well arranged is this work. Words or key words in alphabetical order. You all know Roget's Thesaurus, put *Similes and Their Use* beside it.

**SIMILES AND THEIR USE** by Grenville Kleiser. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2.00.



## LINKS

BRIDGES, those beautiful links of land to land, nation to nation, dreams to realities! Such is the thought one gets from THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BRIDGES by Lorinda Munson Bryant. In this story, illustrated profusely, grown up children can learn a lesson, can feel that pulse which has inspired artists to decorate these bridges; that power which is invisible but which strangely effects bridges—that is Nature. Different countries have different bridges! Have you ever thought of that? Grown-up children as well as Children will find much information of surprising quality in this book.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BRIDGES, Lorinda Munson Bryant. Century (our copy gives no price.)

\* \* \*  
WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

WE HAVE come to know the name and to associate certain books of certain topics with it and call them good or bad according to our own intelligence. Such are three absorbing novels, BELSHAZZAR, THE WHITE QUEEN and A FRIEND OF CAESAR. They are books which should be read one after the other to get the full benefit of the pictorial coloring of Mr. Davis' Pen.

BELSHAZZAR. \$2.00.

THE WHITE QUEEN. \$2.00.

A FRIEND OF CAESAR. \$2.50. Macmillan.

\* \* \*

## NEW YORK SOCIETY

"PARADE," Emily Post's new novel, gives the reader an intimate picture of a New York society woman through some twenty-five years of her life—a life which begins with her marriage, entered into from purely selfish motives, and lived with social triumph and the preservation of personal beauty as the aim and end of existence. The book has not much action and the plot is simple but it is written with such skill and sureness that one almost feels one's self an intimate of the group portrayed by the author.

The war gives much latitude for Aladdin changes in the affairs of some of the characters which, on the whole, are well drawn with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Jimpson (new rich) whose simplicity and good nature seem a little over-written. The story carries through to the post-war problems of jazz and prohibition. But, that the author sees little difference in youth's fundamental shortcomings, whether of this generation or the last, is evidenced:

"Geraldine!" . . . "What has Geraldine to do with the modern generation?"

"She is their prototype precisely. Her life has summed their creed. She is a particularly fair example because she is neither immoral or malign. She has recognized no obligations, she has earned nothing, paid for nothing, given nothing . . . She doesn't consider the feelings of others, merely because the feelings of others don't interest her. What doesn't interest her she isn't aware of! . . . The modern generation is building upon an idea of freedom and self-expression, and they will have to learn that these qualities, to be of value must be earned results and not synonyms for heartlessness, selfishness, and unchecked emotion." Throughout the book there is an undercurrent of wholesome philosophy.

Reviewed by Elinore Beach.

PARADE by Emily Post. Funk and Wagnalls.

## A TRUE STORY!

"A TRUE Story of the South Seas" is the explanatory line under the title "Rahwedia," a romance by C. Harold Smith. It is hard to understand why it should be that such a fine, upstanding, substantial word as "true" should almost invariably mark the amateur. Is it that the successful authors never have true adventures, but sit at home and write books, or is it something else? At any rate, the story is obviously true; the writer had undoubtedly had an unusual experience in the Maori Islands, and he is thoroughly versed in native customs, speech, vegetation, and so forth. Unfortunately, however, his style is more instructing than thrilling. In spite of the story of the beautiful half-caste girl "Rahwedia," a "poi" dancer, who falls in love with the author, the book is no more emotional or interesting than a geography lesson.

Reviewed by Djan the Younger.

"RAHWEDIA," C. Harold Smith. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

## WAITING

*A shelf for some books  
In this room of mine.  
A window just placed  
To catch the sunshine.  
A fire on the hearth  
When the days grow chill.  
A friend to drop in  
And clasp hands with a will.*

*Waiting, just waiting  
In this little home  
For the summons to go  
On a journey alone.  
And I shall be glad  
If there waits a friend  
To greet me  
At the journey's end.*

—Suzanne McKelvy.

## FROM MACMILLAN

WE HAVE on our desk, and just finished John G. Neihardt's "The Song of the Indian Wars" and also we have a notice from the company of a previous review. So much the same would Overland's Book Editor make the review that we find it better to herewith reprint Frank Luther Mott's review of this book, in September Bookman:

Mr. Mott says: "In this new poem, the history of the Indian wars in the west during the decade following the Civil War is detailed in verse which is always competent and sometimes brilliant and powerful. The moods of the times—in the Indian village, in the soldier's camp, and in the pioneer's cabin—are poignantly distinct; and the human note, as always in Neihardt's work, rises clear and plain. Here is the greatest Indian fighting, without a doubt, in American poetry, as well as veridic and memorable Indian oratory, rough and desperate heroism of troopers, and pictures of the plains in all seasons of the year. The story of the death of Crazy Horse, with which the poem ends, is a very effective narrative poem by itself."

THE SONG OF INDIAN WARS, John G. Neihardt. Macmillan. \$2.00.

## WORTH WAITING FOR

"AMERICAN and British Literature Since 1890" by Carl and Mark Van Doren—deals with the fiction, poetry, drama and essay of the United States and England, with a consideration of recent Irish literature. As indicated by the title, the authors treat the work of virtually all the outstanding figures writing in English considered as of today by most readers, and they have no hesitation in estimating the work of writers still alive. As it happens, some of the largest figures in present-day English letters have about completed their life-work. At any rate, they have established their position and shown clearly their tread. This is especially true of England for example, Hardy, Galsworthy, Bennett, Barrie, Chesterton and Wells.

It is clear that the authors of "American and British Literature Since 1890" hold that this country is no longer a mere literary province of England. The role of American writers of the past thirty years is long and varied and important; and their matter and methods are distinctly independent.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By Carl and Mark Van Doren. Century.

\* \* \*

SIR JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON, in his autobiography, "A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS,"—Little Brown & Co.—has an interesting comment on modern stage lighting as contrasted with that of twenty or more years ago. He says: "The scenic painters' beautiful art suffers terribly from the hard and crude effect of electric lighting, which is well enough as an adjunct, but as a substitute for gas is a hopeless failure. Never any more will scenes be so well lit as they were in the days of gas. I may recall a striking instance in a provincial town at which I was opening on tour. Being anxious about the state of an old scene which had been in the storeroom some time, I went to inspect it before the curtain was rung up. It had been a beautiful scene, even under electric light. To my amazement I found it invested with far more beauty than ever it had before. I appealed to my brother to explain this transformation, thinking he must have had the scene repainted, but this was not the case. said he, 'If you will look up into the flies you will see the reason.' I looked up and found the whole scene was lit by gas!"

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS. Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson. Little Brown & Co.



## A House Divided

(Continued from Page 418)

a go of it. It's the sign of my freedom. Do you understand, Dave?"

"Yes, I think I do," said David. "But is it freedom to be tied to a shack on the Nebraska sod?"

"I can't argue, Dave," she said. "You mix me all up. You should have been a lawyer."

"Well, all right," said David. "I won't argue. But I still maintain that we two should get married my next trip to Kearney and then clear out for the land of palms and sunshine."

"Can't we live right on here?" she said blushing, though the question had come up many times before.

"Shouldn't there at least be a weddin' journey?" Craftily he schemed to get the woman into the west. The staying there might be accomplished if the spell of the new land gripped her as he believed it would.

"Such a long one?"

"For such travelers as you and me, is Kearney and back, enough?"

She smiled. I thought you wasn't going to argue anymore."

"Tain't necessary, is it, Clarissa?" he said, and took her, unresisting, into his arms.

"Don't talk about it any more, Dave," she said. "I can't think o' leavin' Beals."

Next morning Jason Jones met David on the street. There was an expression of ingratiating appeal on his jovial face.

"Dave," said he, "might I speak to you in private?"

"Sure thing!" responded the magnate of Beals. "Come into my office."

"Not private enough, Brock. This is very particular. Walls have ears, and you've only got a railin'."

The sinking sensation, as of one skating on thin ice, which had become significantly frequent of late with the derelict father of a family, suffused the harassed man with a momentary qualm. Was the storm to break at last? Had this lank prairie-bred youth found out something? He braced himself for an ordeal, hiding his trepidation as well as he could under the bluff bravado which had by now become second nature to him.

"Come over to my place," said Jones. "Lucy's over to the neighbors."

They entered Jones' house, a rather extensive and elaborate residence for those parts.

"Have a chair," said Jones, drawing off his mittens and hanging his cap, mittens inside, on a black Japanned hook near the door.

"Got things pretty comfortable," said Dave, glancing around nervously, and finding a chair.

"Yes," said Jones abstractly, filling his pipe and putting his felt-booted feet on the stove-hearth, chair tilted precariously. Then he came to the point.

"Brock, I'm a friend of yours, ain't I?"

"I always figgered so," said David. "I'm sure ye are, of course."

"Put it there," said Jones, and held out a calloused and weather-cracked hand. They shook silently.

"Now I'll begin. You see, it's like this— There's talk."

"Talk!" said David, "what talk?"

"You aren't gettin' mad, Brock?"

"Mad? Nothin'!"

"Well, then, about you and Mrs. Beals."

### DAWN

SOFT as a fawn,  
Lingering out of the Wood of the Night

She came, who was named the Dawn.  
Her gray moth wings were open blown;  
And a moon ray dropped in the black-  
ness shone  
Like a veil around her drawn.

Quietly too,  
As the long wood shade moved on, she moved

Through the dells of the world, till dew,  
In dusky drops from her urn of jade,  
On the pale, pale saffron ground was laid.  
But glittering her foot-prints grew  
As she loosened her veil from a low  
cloud tower,

Till wan as the field weed's ghostly  
flower,  
Lay the moon in a fold of its blue.

In lovely mood,  
With the lark in the gate of the East at last,  
In the stir of the world she stood.  
Her wings turned gold as a sun flame  
spread;

Her hair shone red  
Like a fire in the Night of the Wood.

—Katherine Chumard Sanders.

David sat as if paralyzed, leaning forward a little, hands on knees. There was a long silence while the stove crackled comfortably and the two men gazed deep into each other's souls. David's eyes never flinched.

"You're a friend, sure enough, Jones," the elder man said finally, slowly, and in a low tone.

"I want to be, Judge. We all need to stand by out here. If we don't nothin' will."

"Do you mind tellin' me a little more o' this?" asked David after another pause.

"They say you and she are together

altogether too much for unmarried folks."

"Who says so?" demanded David, his wrath suddenly aroused.

"You don't really want to know, Judge, do ye?"

David pondered, and his blood cooled again. "No," he replied in an altered tone. "I guess I don't. But how long—"

"For a month or more there's been whispers. Your takin' your meals there and—they say she mends your clo'es."

"She does," said David. "Why not? Ain't we old enough to know—" Jones stopped him with uplifted hand.

"Folks will talk," he said. "Ain't that the end of the whole business?"

The two men emerged from the house together. As they did so, they saw Lucy, Jones' young wife, with shawl over her head, coming across lot from the general store.

"Has she been—tellin' Mrs. Beals?"

"No more'n fair if she has," said Jones.

"My God!" said David. "What'll do now?"

Jones surveyed him compassionately. "Be a man, Judge," he said. "Everybody in this town likes ye and—wishe ye well." He turned away abruptly, leaving the older man standing alone in the first thin snow of the approaching winter . . . . .

THE INTERVIEW between Jason Jones wife and Clarissa Beals was one of profound import to the widow. Experienced as she was in the ways of the world, and relying on the protection that she assumed her maturity would afford, she was astonished at the disclosures made to her by Lucy.

They sat down sociably in her little sitting room. A wan light poured into the apartment through the heavily draped lace curtains; the comfortable odor of hot iron and the red glow of the hard coal dispelled the early morning chill. The room was filled with the gray December daylight that reflected the snow-bound prairie and fell with gentle radiance upon the gilt frames of the crayon portraits, the nickel trimmings of the stove and the arms and backs of the polished walnut furniture.

The new clerk was now able to care for the early morning trade; hence she took up her mending of the previous evening and set to work stitching button-holes in David's Prince Albert which was showing considerable wear. On her face was the reflection of a silent joy. The night had brought her to a decision. She would follow David to

(Continued on Page 429)



# Fuji-San

(Continued from Page 409)

But Parsons was at a loss for an idea with which to cope with Raiden. He could not kill him, or beat him into insubility. Like the hunchback of Notre Dame, he followed Fuji-san everywhere. He was bent and crooked as the stern-oar of a sampan. However, thought Parsons, he might be able to imprison the bestial creature in one of the temple rooms, until the lovers had made good their escape. This last, he admitted, was the very thing to do. He would inspect the Temple of the Golden Carp for the proper place to hold Raiden in captivity.

With that in mind, Parsons made his way to the temple. His imperial pass bought his admittance without protest.

The Shinto shrine, before which incense sticks burned and crumbled piously, held no interest for him, as he stepped through the doorway. Neither did the Awata vase, bearing a single spray of plum, bring more than a glance. They were but mere incidentals to the place. He sought but one thing.

He crept up the creaking steps, from terrace to terrace, till he finally won to the stop and stood at the side of the great bronze bell in cupola.

He voiced his displeasure under his breath. So far, he had not discovered a place which might be suited for his purpose.

Again he fell into deep meditation. He stared abstractedly out over the panorama, and absently tapping his fingers against the huge cast of metal.

Presently the tones of the bell, under his gentle touch, drew his attention. Like the melodic and bull-throated bell of the Chion-in Temple, it was perfect in its reverberations.

He struck it harder, in curiosity. Then a voluminous quantity of cadence seemed to leap out into space. For minutes, it seemed, that the vibrations surged down around his shoulders and through him to the marrow of his bones and stayed there long after the tones were inaudible to his ears.

But it did not affect him as it did Raiden. Like a chandelier, when a certain note is struck on a piano, Raiden had a respondent chord somewhere within him, which caused him to vibrate involuntarily and rooted him to the spot. He shook violently as if obsessed with an ague. His face was livid and distorted under the voice of the monster.

That very feature decided for Parsons his plan of procedure.

He noted the decadent timbers which supported the bell and the great carved

log hanging from ropes above. He considered it to be the striker.

It flashed through his mind that, if the bell were struck with the force that lay in that clapper, it would drop from its support and crash through the floors of the temple. He learned long afterward that that was the very reason the ecclesiastical had ceased to ring it for more than a decade.

When he kept his tryst with Fuji-san, he confided his intention to her. She assented immediately, upon his assurance that affairs of that kind were happening daily in America. Together they set the stage for the climax of the act. He would have a sampan at the *hatoba*, or landing place, promptly at the time of evening rice.

It was the kind of excitement for which Parsons longed. He had no fear for himself. Neither did he consider an outcome, other than that Fuji-san and Ivan elope.

Everything happened as prearranged. He concealed himself in the belfry without being seen. Then, a short time later, he saw Fuji-san emerge below, clad in a kimono of dull heliotrope, banded with an *obi* of Naples yellow, and shuffle away on her *waraji*-sandals toward the *hatoba*.

THE CRISIS had arrived. Would Raiden never appear?—Parsons asked himself.

Hardly had the thought taken root in his mind, when Raiden was seen to hobble about as if in search of her. Then, as if suddenly divining her purpose, he scampered out into the street in pursuit.

It was at that moment that Parsons hauled back the great striker, and released it. And in return, the great bell mouthed its stentorian command.

Raiden stopped, as if shot. Even from the distance Parsons could see him drop and grovel and writhe on the ground. The colossal demands of the bell imbued him to such an extent that he was as if mesmerized. Even Parsons, himself, felt the power of it, as he released again and again the terrific blows.

"One more, for good luck," he resolved, and, laughing in long satanic guffaws at Raiden's plight and helplessness, he sent the king-hammer against the answering metal.

The rest happened with a roar like that which precedes an earthquake. The ancient and rotten timbers that

supported the ponderous bell gave way under the mighty blows and it plunged like a plummet down through the floors which cracked like kindling wood.

"Cold-faced fish!" he ejaculated, as soon as he was able to collect his scattered senses. "I'm a red-headed liar, if I ain't gone an' made a piece of Swiss cheese out of this hallelujah-joint. I see where I do life for this, or more, and as soon as possible if not sooner."

By the time Parsons had descended to the ground, he realized more than ever that he would have to pay the penalty for his deed.

Like a wild man incarnate, Raiden confronted him. He vowed by Emmao, the master of hell and judge of the dead, and Bishamon, the black-faced god of war, and Futen of the chilly breath, and all the rest of the gods of the Japanese pantheon, that Parsons would be spitted on the spined of a sculpin in mucid Hades if he, Raiden, had aught to do with it.

By this time Parsons had changed his entire facial appearance. His fear had given way to smiles. And all the while he stood looking downward into the hole. What he saw there made him grin anew.

"Tell 'em who I am."

His identity was disclosed.

"Now, tell 'em that I've solved the secret of the vases."

The emperor's agent looked his surprise, but did as he was bidden.

"It's the father of Fuji-san. His art was lost to Japan when he was put in the can. You'd better let him out, so he can go on with his work."

The crowd came at attention, relaxed, and permitted their bellicosity to fade.

"And right down there"—he pointed down the hole—"is the place where he made 'em."

The throng melted, became contrite and sympathetic. When but a moment before they fought to tear limb and leg from him, they now kowtowed as whipped children. They surged forward to verify his words and gaze upon the workroom of the master artist. Parsons went to the zenith of popularity.

Parsons heaved a sigh of relief, as he quit the place. He turned to the emissary, who queried:

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Take me to the Yasaka Temple, right away," said Parsons, and concluded: "I want to put a rusty yen in the hand of that pot-bellied god of luck who sits by the door."



## The Eagles of Fremont's Horse

(Continued from Page 401)

ing in the sunshine, twelve miles to the north, the little town of Lakeport, the county seat, and the largest settlement in the county, Kelseyville lying almost at your feet. Turning to the north and looking down thousands of feet to the lake you will see pleasure boats plying out from the lake side resort called Soda Bay, or rocking lightly on the small billows of the cove, where soda springs bubble and gurgle up from the lake-bed, in crystal mounds several inches higher than the lake surface.

You will sit spell-bound before Eagle Feathers, the old medicine man of years back and listen to his account of his own near-capture as a papoose, not by any number of pale faces, but by the great bird which was said to be the King of the Golden Eagles.

Time moves and yesterday is not today, but the legend of Eagle Feathers still remains. He was not a fluent speaker of English, but he was an intelligent Indian. He had to be, in order to uphold and retain his prestige as chief medicine man of the tribe. He talked sitting in the sun beside the dome-shaped roof of the great sweat-house whose eaves came nearly to the ground. Its cavernous interior was dimly visible through the open entrance. This cavern had been created by the Pomo squaws, who carried out soil in their home-made baskets until circular embankments were left to support tule-thatched eaves. A few hundreds yards distant, through groves of live oaks, could be seen the sparkling waves of the lake.

It would be next to impossible to reproduce Eagle Feathers quaint English which was interspersed with queer clucks and grunts, and aided by much pantomime, especially directed toward the mountain. The story, which follows, has only a faint coloring of the old man's actual speech.

"Many snows ago, while my father, Curly Bear, was heap Big Chief, and I was little papoose strapped to a board, there were several families of eagles in tall trees on the edges of Fremont's Horse.

"Indians used to hunt these big birds with bows and arrows and try to keep them killed off, for they were great robbers. They would some times swoop down on our villages and carry off the fishes that we had caught and hung out to dry. Once one of them carried off one of our puppies. At another time a very large eagle tried to get a tame fawn which our boys had captured, but the fawn was too big; besides he was staked out and the raw-hide rope would not break.

"One day, when I was too small to remember, some of the men were down at the lake, fishing, and others had gone to the mountain hunting, as was afterward told me, when I grew old enough to understand. My mother she was named Otter Woman, was cleaning the wickiup, and she set me and my papoose-board outside, to get me out of her way.

"Soon she heard my scream above the barking of the dogs, and rushing out saw a great golden eagle, sailing away toward his mountain nest with my papoose-bed hanging to his claws. Of course I was in it, and kept up my screaming, which seemed to confuse him.

"By this time the whole camp was in an uproar, which was heard by the Indians hunting between us and the mountains. They shot their arrows at the eagle as he sailed over them, flying low as I was a heavier load than he was used to. One of the arrows struck him, and the men saw several feathers drop from his left wing, laming it, but he kept on. Soon he appeared more confused and began flying in circles. One of these circles took him back over the lake, where my father had been fishing, but he had not heard the noise, as the wind carried it toward the mountain.

"With his bow and arrows he began shooting at the eagle, and the third shot struck him and caused him to let go of me, and a fourth shot by another Indian who had just come, brought him down.

"When the eagle let me drop, so they tell me, I was about a hundred feet in

the air, and came down feet first into the water. My father at once paddled his canoe out and found me floating on the papoose board, right side up, but wet and sputtering and angry. As soon as he heard me cry, he knew I was all right, and soon brought me to land.

"The Indian who killed the eagle was my uncle, Black Wolf, my mother's brother. My father was so excited that he did not know I was his papoose until Black Wolf told him.

"When my father and uncle returned to the village with me, there was of course, great rejoicing. Walking Sun, the old medicine-man took me from my mother's arms, and held me up high that all might see while saying that the Great Spirit intended that the son of Curly Bear and Otter Woman would live to become a great medicine-man also.

"Walking Sun then handed me to my father, saying that I should be named Eagle Feathers. My father's joy was great when he fully realized that he had saved me from the claws of the eagle and the waters of the lake, before he knew that I was his own son.

"Black Wolf kept three of the longest eagle feathers to wear in his bonnet, but gave the rest to my father, who saved them for me and you have seen them in the robe and head dress that I wear at our Indian dances.

"After the white men came in greater numbers, and settled on the farms, there were a number of eagles left that we had not been able to kill with our bows and arrows. They frequently swooped down on the farm yards, carrying off chickens, lambs, and small pigs. Finally the farmers became so annoyed by these eagles that they planned an excursion to Fremont's Horse, during the time the young eagles in their nests were most helpless. The story was not long. Soon all the eagles had been shot and their nests torn down, after that they cut down the tallest trees where the Eagles had built their nests. Since that time no eagles have ever returned to *Fremont's Horse* to live."

## What's Going To Happen In China Next?

(Continued from Page 403)

the money Chang was getting declared war on Chang. Chang came down from Mukden with his troops and was defeated at Changhsien and Shanghai-kuan in battles that Wu won through treachery, chiefly, on the part of Chang Tso-lin's generals. Chang went back to Mukden in 1922, sore and disappointed but bent on revenge. There he

reorganized his army, recruited a number of former Russian White Guard officers and put his men through a long period of intensive training.

The layout at that time was something like this: Japan stood ready to help Chang Tso-lin make his comeback

for Chang joined with his old foes, the Anfus, and Japan saw a chance of getting her money back if Chang once more got into power in Peking.

The United States was more amicably disposed towards Wu Pei-fu because of representations made by missionaries who knew and liked General Wu. Great Britain leaned towards Sun Yat-sen in



tanton hut Sun had little influence in North China, if any at all. Soviet Russia sought to throw a wrench into the general machinery by stirring up labor troubles among the Chinese—and nearly succeeded. Japan was almost violently against Wu Pei-fu but whether because of Wu's undoubted influence with the American Legation or not is questionable.

With Chang Tso-lin back in Manchuria, branded as an outlaw by the Government Wu Pei-fu set up in Peking. General Wu took a firm hold of North China. He persuaded Li Yuan-hung, who had been driven from the Presidency in 1918, to return to Peking and assume his old title as President. Li admitted that he had no precedent to go by in arbitrarily resuming the Presidency but Wu told him not to worry; he would look after things. Li Yuan-hung believed Wu was sincere about needed reforms and in his platform emphasized his intention to disband superfluous troops and abolish the Fuchun system. This aroused Wu Pei-fu. Li Yuan-hung again had to flee from Peking at night after the lights and water were shut off in the Presidential palace and after his own bodyguard had gone on strike. Then Wu Pei-fu decided to put Tsao Kun in Peking. It was more of a courtesy than anything else, for Tsao Kun was very much his senior and very much in his dotage. But the Parliament Wu Pei-fu had convened in the capital saw a chance to make money. They sent their representative, Wu Ching-lien, Speaker of the House of Representatives, to interview Tsao Kun at Paotingfu. He explained to Tsao Kun that he would have to pay for the honor of being President. After several conferences, Tsao Kun agreed to pay \$10,000,000. This was subsequently done and Parliament elected Tsao Kun in one of the most brazen and openly corrupt election procedures in history. Shortly afterwards, the M.P.'s drove Wu Ching-lien, their bribery agent, from Peking saying he had held out certain bribe moneys for himself.

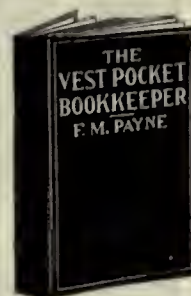
**N**OMINALLY, Chang Tso-lin is in the control of the Peking Government today. But it is only a provisional government and apparently can do but little. And the so-called Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, has a hold on Peking that has made Chang Tso-lin do a lot of thinking. In the 1922 fighting between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, Feng Yu-hsiang did valiant service for Wu Pei-fu. Later, Wu Pei-fu became jealous of him and sent him up to Peking on a police job. This stirred and humiliated Feng. He waited his opportunity. Taking orders

from Wu Pei-fu when Chang Tso-lin came down to Peking last year he remained loyal until Wu Pei-fu needed him most. Then he switched his support to Chang Tso-lin at a crucial moment. Chang Tso-lin didn't approve of Feng's treachery—but he needed his help and availed himself of it. Today, Feng is quartered at Kalgan, holding the title of Inspector-General of the Northwest Frontier Defense, but within a few miles of Peking. Feng is ambitious. He made an alliance with Sun Yat-sen and Leo Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador to China, but Dr. Sun's death upset whatever plans the three had made. Today, Chang Tso-lin is afraid of Feng Yu-hsiang—afraid of more treachery. That is why Chang has offered his hand in friendship to Wu Pei-fu again. Chang Tso-lin has not ordered Wu stripped of his rank or titles nor has he proclaimed him an exile or ordered his arrest. Neither has the Provisional Government. Instead, Chang Tso-lin sent personal agents to congratulate Wu Pei-fu on the latter's birthday early in April and they carried valuable gifts. Wu is in Yochow with a bare handful of followers but very quiet. Chief Executive Tuan likewise sent friends and gifts to Wu Pei-fu. Chang Tso-lin is also using his influence to procure Tsao Kun's liberty. But the trouble is that Tsao Kun, the ex-President, is in a prison guarded by the Christian General's troops and the Christian general won't let him go. It was the Christian General who likewise drove the ex-Manchu Emperor from Peking to Tient-sin where the 20-year-old youth who would be on the Dragon Throne today but for the revolution, lives in the Japanese concession. Chang Tso-lin can't forgive the Christian general for this act. For Chang had planned to put the young Manchu head, who is now known as Henry Pu-yi, common citizen, back on the throne and set himself up as dictator. Feng Yu-hsiang and Soviet Russia spoiled this dream for him. On the other hand, Wu-Pei-fu cannot forgive Feng Yu-hsiang for his treachery towards him. He and Chang Tso-lin have one thing in common—their hatred of Feng—and in this they can forget their past differences of another nature. They are ready to bury the hatchet and combine against Feng Yu-hsiang. The stage is being set for this now. The two warlords, one financially and politically powerful, the other merely an excellent soldier, are expected to make short work of Feng Yu-hsiang. But if they do the same question will be applicable—"What's Going to Happen in China Next?"

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## "Impasse"

(Continued from Page 407)

Something—her words, her tone, the sight of her empty bathing suit and beach shoes lying beside him,—one or all of them—brought him suddenly back to the present, from which for an instant he had so miraculously escaped. But he knew that he had seen into some phase of beauty which even to artists is normally hidden, and that it would take him hours, perhaps days, to bring the whole experience and its meaning up into the assured light of consciousness. . . . He laughed nervously.

"Thank you," she said rather formally, "for a wonderful, an unforgettable moment."

She winced; she could not help it. She knew then that she had lost irretrievably. He was gone from her now, farther away than ever, into a country the very name of which she could not even surmise. . . . The cards were all played. Apparently, there had never been any stakes for her to play for. . . . Well, there seemed to be no help for it.

"If you'll turn around again," she said coldly, "I'll try to get out. This water's like ice, and the act's evidently a flop. . . ."

They clambered laboriously and in silence back to the high shelf, and there lay for some time while she dried her hair. Little passed between them, and none of that had any reality. Her mood was perverse and cruel. She tore to tatters his few small offerings of conversation. He presently relapsed into polite but offended silence, and watched the sea and the gulls with eyes that, she saw with increased bitterness, were concerned with neither gulls nor sea.

On the way home up the beach her mood changed to one of reckless gayety. She danced and ran and chanted like an Indian. She threw stones at a pair of solemnly indignant pelicans, that promptly lifted themselves into heavy flight at which she hooted derisively. She picked up a bunch of seaweed attached to a round root like a head, and dandled the thing in her arms.

"What a beautiful child," she crooned to this grotesque burden. "Don't you think our child is beautiful—our only child? . . . Or hadn't you noticed that we have a child?"

When at last they came to his house, a hundred yards or so from where she was stopping, he paused and held the gate open for her.

"Come in for a moment," he said. His voice suggested a plea of some sort. Laughing, she tossed away the seaweed "child" with its knobby head and green garments, and complied. After all,

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she might as well see the end of the farce.

In the house, she had a brief impression of a large, pleasant room lined on two sides with books; some very good water-colors, big comfortable chairs. Then she met his eyes. They held a new meaning, several meanings; they were at once eager, puzzled and apologetic.

"From the look of all this," she said insolently, "I'd imagine you really must be somebody. Well, who are you?"

He stepped over to the big table in the center of the room and picked up a book. Opening it to the title page, he handed it to her.

"I don't know whether this means anything to you or not—"

"'John Rorke Condon,'" she read aloud. "Yes, it means several things."

She tossed the book into a nearby chair without further inspection.

"Then what?" Her tone was brittle as glass.

He came a step nearer; the eagerness in his eyes deepened.

"I don't believe you know what I want to say. . . Must you really go to New York tomorrow? Can't the 'Passing Revue' possibly get along without you?"

It was incredible! She could hardly believe her ears. She laughed almost hysterically.

"So you're Condon. . . Well, you're quite a poet, I believe, and probably you know a good deal about some things. But you're the biggest fool I ever met in my life—twice a fool and twice as big a one each time as any other fool in the world."

He seemed embarrassed, but not hurt.

"You may be right. Lots of people would agree with you. . . But you haven't told me whether you have to go to New York or not."

"Are you blind?" she cried. "Are you utterly blind. . ."

She knew that in another second she would swear, scream, smash something, strike him in the face. . . She turned and ran, slamming the door violently behind her as she went out.

An hour later she saw him coming up the road, fully dressed, on his way to the village. He wore tweed knickers and coat and carried a stick. In this attire he looked thirty, astonishingly mature and assured. It was baffling. Then she saw him turn aside, stop and put something into the mail-box before the house.

When he had passed out of sight, walking with long easy strides, swinging his stick nonchalantly, she went out and took from the box a folded sheet of paper. Upon it was written in a large angular hand this:

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summer sunlight,  
Than the lithe muscles rippling beneath  
it  
Like wind imprisoned under silk,  
Than your hair shed down in a cloud  
of shadow  
Across shoulders made for kissing  
And luminous with fury,—

(Continued on Page 428)



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### "IMPASSE"

(Continued from page 427)

Only to fix in my heart a memory and  
a desire  
Which shall outlive in beauty your  
purpose and yourself?  
Are you blind because you did not see  
a god pass between us,

With whose departure I was somewhat  
preoccupied?

She crumpled the paper angrily and  
threw it into the road. Then she went  
out and picked it up, opened it,  
smoothed it over her knee, and read the  
poem again. A third time she read it,  
the frown between her eyes growing  
deeper.

"Exactly like him!" she said aloud,  
and laughed half in bitterness and half  
in admiration. "It says everything or  
nothing—I'm not sure which. . . And  
it couldn't have taken him over fifteen  
minutes."

Whereupon, still holding the  
crumpled paper, she went into the house  
to pack for the journey to New York.

## To the Thirty-First Star

**O** MIGHTY STAR! Set to en-  
dure  
Upon our Flag, whose destiny  
secure  
Is Freedom forever, World-peace and  
Liberty!  
Flag of America! Flag of the Free!  
Thou thirty-first of that great Unity  
Of States and Stars whose mandates  
must prevail,  
Emblem of California! Hail!

When thy white symbol grew on Old  
Glory's starry blue,  
The builders of the nation "built  
better than they knew."  
For thou hast added glory to that  
banner's splendid story,  
And thy stately solemn power, in the  
nation's fateful hour

GABRIEL FURLONG BUTLER

Called thy sons to follow thee to the  
lands across the sea,  
Where the Stars and Stripes were striv-  
ing in the cause of Liberty.  
Yea! thy thousands followed thee, in  
thy pride and in thy Power!  
Daring all War's dim mischance on the  
battle-fields of France,  
By the Marne—in Picardy, dauntless,  
daring valiantly—  
Death's swift falling darts defied;  
'Neath thy sign they fought and died.

The Pioneers enrolled thee, California  
Thirty-one!  
In thy starry beauty scrolled thee and  
their followers uphold thee,  
Neath the never-setting sun,

On the fairest flag that ever flew, where  
victories are won.  
Their gallant hands have shielded thee,  
And brave young hearts have yielded  
thee  
The last bold beat of courage that will  
not be denied  
Because O star of White, there on the  
dear Flag's bright  
And radiant field of billowy blue, thy  
gleam was in their sight.  
And their death-chilled lips have blessed  
thee,  
Their dimming eyes caressed thee,  
And jewelled thee with dying smiles of  
sacrifice and pride,  
Men who never yet turned back, on the  
battle-front's dread track,

(Continued on 1st col., opposite page)



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E. A. Townsend, editor,  
Talala, Oklahoma

Where the life-blood ran like wine,  
They were thine! Thirty-one, they  
were thine!

They could never be defeated, but they  
fell—many a one—  
In the line!

And the duty that was meted, and the  
task to be completed  
It was done!

For we'll falter not, nor fail thee  
We who cheer thee still and hail thee,  
On the Flag, California! Thirty-one!

[Read at Portsmouth Square Ceremonies 3 years ago by Judge John F. Davis, Humboldt Bank Building, introduced into the programme at the last moment.]

### EVANESCENCE

I AM forever here. I am not gone.  
You'll find me in stray flowers on  
your lawn.  
You'll hear me in the singing of the rain,  
When it beats rhythms on your window  
pane.  
You'll see me in the misty moonlight  
maze,  
Smiling in silver, if you lift your gaze;  
Or out upon a star-beam will I creep,  
To plague your eyes, when you are fast  
asleep.  
In silent darkness shall I nearest be,  
Radiant and glad, for you alone to see.  
Beloved, I'm forever truly near. I can-  
not go away  
So long as you desire to have me stay.  
—Nelene Groff Gettell.

## A House Divided

(Continued from Page 422)

the end of the world. When he came in, she was going to tell him so. She looked so happy and contented, bending over David's old coat, that Lucy, a rather hard-faced school-teacherly person, hated to begin on the portentous subject uppermost in her mind.

She cleared her throat. "Mrs. Beals, she said, "We've been acquainted some considerable time, haven't we?"

"Yes, Lucy, it's going on the second year."

"And you've always counted me a friend?"

"The best friend ever."

Lucy again cleared her throat.

"Why?" said Clarissa.

"And you'll go on thinking so?"

"Why shouldn't I, girl? Such a queer question!"

"You don't understand, Mrs. Beals," said the hesitating but determined Lucy.

"There is something I must tell you."

"Well, tell it, then, if you must."

"First you must promise me some-

thing."

"Anything in reason, Lucy."

"Maybe this is beyond reason."

"Then it's your risk," retorted the lady smiling. "Out with it."

"Mrs. Beals, there's *talk*," said Lucy, and bit her lip, her face white with apprehension.

"Talk?"

Lucy nodded.

"What talk?"

"About—about you and the Judge."

"Me and——" Mrs. Beal's face suddenly turned gray and flaccid. Lucy sprang up, but Clarissa had recovered herself. She sat white and rigid, mastering herself with a prodigious effort. Mechanically she reached out to straighten a crocheted antimacassar on the back of the red plush rocker. The Prince Albert coat had slipped limply from her lap to the floor.

"Jones—I mean Jason—he said the men were sort o' passin' remarks."

"What men?"

"He wouldn't say."

"The gossips! And they say we women——"

"But they're talkin', too."

"*What* women?"

"I'd rather not say."

"The hussies!" exclaimed Clarissa.

"But"—began Lucy. "I——"

"You're suspicious too!" she flamed out in a sudden white heat of anger, springing to her feet.

"You promised me you would keep friends," said Lucy steadily. "And I believe in you—always will—always—always!"

Such a note of appeal was in her voice that Clarissa could not but hear it. She sank down weakly, hiding her face.

"You may tell them——" she began. But what should Lucy tell them?

Oh, why had she not given David her promise last night? Would he want her now? She was humbled in the dust. How could she say that they were to be married their first trip to Omaha? She did not know that such a thing would ever come to pass. She must see him first. She must send word. He would surely come,—unless someone had told him.

She looked up wildly. "Lucy, does *he* know?" she asked.

"Jason's just telling him," said Lucy. "We thought——"

But Mrs. Beals had sunk in a heap to the floor, her shoulders heaving in the excess of her despair and confused grief. "Go!" she cried. "I can't stand any more."

And Lucy went.

Jason met her half way across lots.

"I'm a damn fool," he said, as they met.

"And I'm a ninny," said Lucy wanly. "This is the last time I ever meddle with other folks' affairs!"

(Continued Next Month)

## Sterling's Talk

(Continued from Page 410)

presses so many of these things that if dead, we wish to mourn with cheerful ritual of reminiscence, and if still living, wish to discover. Perhaps that gorgeously Bohemian poem of Sterling's which we printed in the last issue of the Overland, describing the adventures of the white-armed flapper Juno, who danced

upon the grapes piled high in a highly modern and chemically pure bathtub, may contain some clue to the present whereabouts of Lady Bohemia. At any rate, we are sure that there is one place where she will dwell, and that will be on this page, henceforth dedicated to Sterling's Talk.



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Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, consolidated, published monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for October 1, 1925.

State of California )  
County of San Francisco ) ss.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Bogges Mofitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco, Calif.  
Editor, B. Virginia Lee, San Francisco, Calif.

Managing Editor, none.

Business Manager, Mabel Bogges Mofitt, San Francisco, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily publications only.)

MABEL BOGGESS MOFITT,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1925.

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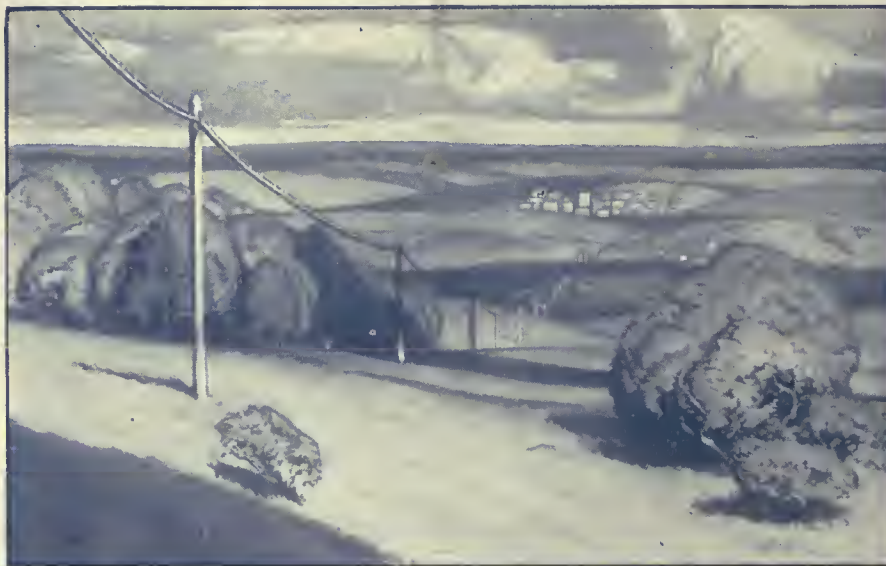
# OVERLAND MONTHLY

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXIII

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## OUR DECEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

Remember *Beatrice Ryan*—Beaux Arts—Maiden Lane? You will not be able to forget after reading her article but to taste the full flavor you must visit the Beaux Arts. Beatrice Ryan is one of the best qualified women in America to give us such a work. Those of San Francisco, those elsewhere who are interested in Art, know only too well her work in the organization of the Beaux Arts. Enough cannot be said of her.

"And she is my wife." So ends *Phillips Kloss* "wee bit o' Gossip concerning *Gene*" and himself! The two should make good if they haven't already, which seems they have! *Gene* is a U. C. Graduate—also of the California School of Fine Arts—and has just had a private exhibition at Gumps of her work. The Husband—is the author of several short stories, a book of poems entitled "Conifer Cones," and he ends with "I've also dabbled in ranch work! Three cheers for the *Klosses*!"

*R. R. Burgess* is the City Editor of the San Jose Daily News and has made quite a name for himself throughout Eastern magazines. What he knows about the Pan Pacific Idea is yet to be determined.

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# *The Story of Harvey*

*By S. Bert Cooksley*

THE CLASS ROOM was decorated with hollyberries and pine boughs and at every desk were small packages of white tissue paper tied with red ribbon. One by one the pretty speeches were recited and the mothers and fathers sitting in front of the class beamed with adoration.

He had big ears and everyone laughed when he stood up to recite. His fingers were always covered with red lines that came from the thorns of roses, and deep in his eyes was always a Princess of Fragile Devotion who lived in a Castle of Flowers.

After school on the day before Christmas, when he had gone to Old Carpenter, who never smiled, and wished him a merry Christmas; and when he had wished old Margaret, who sat beneath a pomegranate tree and devised cutting things to say to people, the happiest of Christmases—he died.

And flowers for awhile grew odorless, and birds sang but very little, and the moon, who was opposed to everyone by nature except Harvey, bloomed with a melancholy pallor—even the beetles on the walk, who greatly admired Harvey, smuggled themselves away with sad hearts.

But Harvey, jumping in great pockets of an enormous cloud, thought it a glorious Christmas and laughed often, and when he was weary of running races with white-bearded disciples, sat down in the shade of the moon and drew pictures of roses on the hem of his white gown.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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### The Highroad of Art

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

ART IS LIKE a great highroad, winding through civilization, always changing, developing, according to the expression of its day, yet always the same—the highroad. The art fibre remains the same, whether it is expressed in Florence during the Twelfth Century, in France during the Barbizon period, or in California today. In California we have men and women artists who have placed art on the highroad. Men and women artists who know that mere picture making is not art—men and women who will not paint down to what popular fancy desires, the popular idea of pictures which is still fashioned by the memory aftermath of the romantic era.

"Picture making is not art"—say that over countless times, and then go home and stand in front of your favorite oil painting, if you have one, and ask yourself was the artist who painted it striving to the best of his ability to express the art ideal of his day, or was he merely painting a picture that would sell?

The Masters of every age have striven for the true art impulse of the time in which they lived; the painters of the Barbizon school under their romantic cloak strove for the art ideals of their day, just as under the modern coat the painters of our day are striving for the art ideals of today.

This art impulse or ideal—what is it? We all know that after the romantic painters had sunk into effete sentimentalism, the revolt of the impressionists came, bringing with it rich-

ness and clarity of color, the play of light and shade, and something more, perhaps, the scent of new mown hay. The post-impressionists, fathered by Cezanne, followed, adding form and solidity.

To copy the landscape on canvas, says the Modern, is like using tracing paper on Nature—a vain attempt at best, but

from life the skeleton at times is exposed. Like the modern girl, art sees life no longer through a purple glow of dreamy romance. We may regret the poetical dreamer, but we have a being of vibrant vitality, which breathes the impulse of our life.

To those men and women artists in every age who have refused to paint according to popular fancy, the economic problem has presented difficulties. The general public will not buy paintings that are striving for the art ideal as readily as they do pictures painted to please their fancy. The painter who remains on the highroad and refuses to debauch his art has to renounce the easy road of popularity and monetary gain. If Piazzoni would paint characteristic landscapes of California, after the popular fancy of what they should be (wild flowers or what not),—if Maynard Dixon would paint the Wild West Show sort of thing, instead of mesas and moonlight, that embody the great spirit of the desert,—if Frank Van Sloun would paint insincere portraits that flatter,—how simple it would be to please the dear, unthinking public.



"The Soil," by Piazzoni

to paint a picture with real color, combined with solidity that contains the essence of that landscape, that is the art impulse of our time. Directness, elimination, simplicity, Clive Bell has called it significant form.

The tendency of all things modern is to strip life of unnecessary embellishments; it is not a poetical age. In the endeavor to wrest fundamental truth

When the propaganda of the commercial decorator has urged along the mode of the day toward the banishment of all pictures from the home, it is nothing less than Spartan to remain true to one's art ideal, to refuse to become an artistic puppet in the hands of a diminished public who buy pictures at all. The artist, like the tradesman, the professional man, or the financier, is taking





"BROTHERLY LOVE"

*Decoration at the San Francisco Elks Club  
by Frank Van Sloun*

his part in our community life, but unlike them community life does not furnish him with a ready market. The prestige that accrues to our community through our artists is immeasurable. The publicity given our State and City, through dignified exhibitions at home and abroad, is the sort of publicity that all citizens with civic pride should welcome and support.

**T**HE CLUB Beaux Arts was established in August, 1924, with the earnest intention of supporting those California artists who hold to the art ideal, and refuse to commercialize. It is a co-operative Gallery, which aims to be of service to public and artist. By regular exhibitions and lectures to educate the public mind toward the development of the best in art that is the expression of our life; by group and one man exhibits to promote and sell the work of our artists. The Beaux Arts is being supported by those men and women of San Francisco who realize that a civilization like ours, rich in industry and commerce, would be barren indeed if our people have not sympathy and understanding with the finer things in art that are being created on California soil. This understanding can come only through a knowledge of the art that is being developed, and intimate association, by constant exhibition.

We have in California a wealth of inspiration, and we have painters who are doing work that will live. When our civilization has become a history of the past, when the surge of our Commerce

and Industry is stilled, the voices of our time that speak to the future will be a few fine creative works—a beautiful monument of architecture—a canvas here and there—a bit of sculpture—strewn along the highroad.

### A Bit About Beatrice Judd Ryan and the Beaux Arts

**P**ERHAPS it is her personality; perhaps it is her great desire to help others; perhaps it is her knowledge of art and an irresistible calling to be near it which has brought Beatrice Judd Ryan to her place as

keeper of the GATE! Keeper of the gate of opportunity! Through this gate which she holds open to all those artists who have promise, who need help, even those who are "Made" and yet desire exhibition room, come many. The walls of the Beaux Arts are hung from time to time with representative work of well known artists and artists who are to be known in the future and whose names will be among those in the "HALL OF FAME."

*Overland* is especially grateful to Beatrice Judd Ryan and those artists who so generously have given their support to this issue of *Overland*.

The Editor.



*Cloud World, by Maynard Dixon.*



*"In the Garden of the Apostles at Mission San Juan Bautista"  
By Rowena Meeks Abdy*



# Christmas Mural

BY S. BERT COOKSLEY

IT IS Christmas morning, December twenty-fifth, 1925, eleven-thirty o'clock, in the living room of a California bungalow. Little Freddie, age 12, comes leisurely down the narrow stairway, strolls with an air of careful boredom into the room, lights a strong turkish cigarette and glances over his gifts.

"H'm," he muses. A set of Dostoevsky in limp leather, a Persian silk bathrobe, a box of excellent tobacco, three pint bottles of bath salts, six quart bottles of Scotch, eighteen suits and a miscellaneous assortment of neckties, shirts, shoes and belts comprise the gifts. "H'm," he muses. "H'm."

Enter older sister. A black velvet band fits closely about her shingle bob. She is smoking a Camel, and carries in the cup of her arm one sleepy-looking little white dog. Sister weighs ninety-four pounds. The dog weighs five. Sister is seventeen, the dog is three.

"Good morning, Shrimp." She tosses the dog in Freddie's lap. "Have a good time last night?"

"H'lo Sis." He throws the dog across the room. "Too much drinking. Father passed out early. Mother hasn't come in yet." He stubs the butt of his cigarette against the chair leg. "And over there, little girl, are your Christmas gifts."

She walks over to a small table, takes in with a brief glance four-hundred and twelve dollars worth of Quite Nothing, and asks brother for his flask.

"I can't understand, Peg, why the folks persist in this Christmas business. It's silly. There's no reason for it. Personally I'd much rather sleep today. Fa-

ther gave me all together too much to drink last night. And Mother pegged out with Reggie after putting Father to bed. Oh, Lord! what a nuisance—acknowledging all these presents!"

Sister was sleeping . . .

Enter Father.

"Merry Christmas, Son!"

"Thanks, Old Man—but why"? Freddie offered him a smoke.

Father laughed. "Not one of those deathly things," said he. "Give me a good black cigar any day. Sister sleep there all night?"

"No. Just dozed off. She had a hard evening."

Father walks over to the table. He picks up a very small package, wrapped in blue paper and tied with grocers twine.

"What's this, Freddie"? He looks confused.

"Your gift, I s'pose, Pop."

Father unwraps the parcel. When the crackling folds of paper have been removed there is exposed one very lonely six-bit pipe. A strained expression of utter joy spreads over Father's face. His hands affect a trembling. There is pathos in his voice.

"I can't thank you enough, son—"

"Not me, Old Boy; Mother, I think."

Enter, rather unsteadily, Mother. There is a three thousand dollar white fur about her shoulders. Forty-eight dollars, hard-earned real American dollars, it took to buy her slippers.

"Merry Christmas, Paul." She walks over and pats Father on the shoulder. "Had a most *glorious* night!"

"And merry Christmas to you, m'dear," speaks Father. He turns a little from her breath. "Want a little black coffee, dear"? The pipe is still clutched firmly in his fingers. "And by-the-by, thanks from the heart for this token." He holds it out in front of him.

"I just *didn't* know what to get. The last minute," breathlessly, "and all the shops positively *crowded!*"

"My dear, it's just what I wanted." Father lied royally. "And here is a little gift for you." He picks up a small case, hands it to mother and walks over to sister's chair. Sister wakes.

"Oh, pater!"

"Merry Christmas, Peggy!"

"Of course, Dear Boy, and all the merrys in the world to you." She reaches up and tweaks his cheek.

Mother unwraps the parcel, opens a morocco case and gurgles over eight thousand dollars worth of sparkling rock. It is a small necklace, platinum finished, eight diamonds, four emeralds, two fastner rubies.

"Paul!" She runs over to her husband. "Oh, Paul! I'm just delirious with joy! It's just what I've wanted and wanted!" She affectionately kisses him.

Freddie strolls over. He glances at the necklace, sits on the handle of Peggie's chair, lights a cigarette and greets mother.

Sister is holding the necklace up to the window.

Freddie and his father go into the kitchen, mix four cocktails, and give the breakfast menu.

Two hours later they're all sound asleep.





# Christmas In Yosemite

By S. G. TAYLOR

**I**F YOU have seen Yosemite in the summertime you should see it again in midwinter when the granite is softened with a snowy blanket and the Sierras are frosted like one colossal birthday cake. Then is Yosemite a rare treat.

This is the Yosemite the old-timers love, one that is not crowded with people. The trademarks of Man are obliterated by the soft snows, and Yosemite has reverted from civilization back to wilderness, almost as it was before its discovery.

Curiously, it was this snow bedecked Yosemite that was first seen by the White Man, back in 1851, when the Mariposa Battalion pushed into Yosemite Valley in pursuit of Indians.

Dr. Lafayette Houghton Bunnell, historian of that memorable expedition, struggled feebly for words to describe the discoverers' emotions, as they gazed across at towering El Capitan, in his volume on "The Discovery of the Yosemite," and then finally wrote simply:

"To obtain a more distinct and quiet view, I had left the trail and my horse and wallowed through the snow alone to a projecting granite rock. So interested was I in the scene before me that I did not observe that my comrades had all moved on, and that I would soon be left indeed alone. My situation attracted the attention of Major Savage,

with more convincing eloquence than can the most powerful arguments of surpliced priests."

Visiting Yosemite in winter has changed much since the day the Mariposa Battalion stumbled upon the Valley. Where the visitor of the Fifties journeyed to Yosemite on foot and on horseback, he now goes by railroad and motor stage. Where he slept in army tents with evergreen boughs for a bed, he now puts up in comfort at a hotel. Where he cooked his bacon and beans over an open fire, he is now served as he would be in San Francisco. Where his life was in constant danger from savages, he is now as safe as when in his home, under the protection of the National Park Rangers.

But much the same thrill awakes the emotions of the 1925 travelers to Yosemite at Christmas. El Capitan looms with its 3,000 feet of sheer cliff, just as magnificent. Yosemite Falls pours with the same roar from the heights to the Valley below. Sentinel Rock keeps its same vigil over the peaceful, snow clad vale. Half Dome is the same awe inspiring granite crag, of whom the world-wide traveler said, "If I were going to worship anything that I could see and touch on this Earth, it would be Half Dome."



*When the only entrance to Glacier Point Mountain House is through a second story window*

who hailed me from the trail below with "you had better wake up from that dream up there, or you may lose your hair. Some of the murdering devils (Indians) may be lurking along this trail to pick off stragglers."

Being scalped held no horrors any longer for the good Doctor, who allowed, "If my hair is now required, I can depart in peace, for I have seen here the power and glory of a Supreme Being; the majesty of his handy-work is in that 'Testimony of the Rocks.' That mute appeal—El Capitan—illustrates it

All seems quiet and peaceful and serene in Yosemite when the snow has fallen. It is Santa Claus land. Indeed, Santa would seek long before he could find a better, neater haven for his workshop. Even the deer are there, so tame in winter that they will come to you, to eat from your hand, and allow you to pet them. In Yosemite, the wild animals know no enemy in Man; he has not harmed them, why should they fear him.

**A**CROSS FROM the Sentinel Hotel, at the end of the one street



*Blankets of snow and veils of clouds add a winter touch for photo fans in search of the unusual picture*

in the quaint Old Yosemite Village, is a Christmas Tree, bedecked with many colored lights. This is no ordinary Christmas Tree, but one different from any that the rest of the world knows. This Christmas Tree's forebears were hoary old patriarchs, thousands of years old when Christ was born and when Christmas was first invented. The Yosemite Christmas Tree is a young Giant Sequoia. It was planted in old Yosemite Village by a thoughtful early settler, and each Christmas time for two generations, it has been the center of Yosemite's Yuletide ceremony. Each year the Tree grows bigger and better, until today it towers fifty feet above the heads of the youngsters that gather about it and it is electrically lighted to its very topmost bough. Each Christmas Eve, no Yosemite youngster is allowed to go to bed without some present from this interesting Christmas Tree, and this includes the little children of the Indians who have come to know and love the White Man's Christmas as much as the white children themselves.

In the winter, Yosemite changes like the chameleon from a great natural wonder and pleasure resort to a close little Fairyland, where Nature is so beautiful that it seems like another world, where life is so serene that it doesn't seem real, where the visitors are not so numerous but that they can be taken into the big family of Yosemite's all year around inhabitants, a family that numbers only half a dozen hundreds and that shares its pleasures, its thrills, its sorrows, and its goods.



No description of Yosemite, when winter comes, would be complete without a few paragraphs from the immortal John Muir, nature lover and naturalist, as well as literateur. John Muir did some of his greatest descriptive writing under the spell of Yosemite's winters, when his tiny cabin at the foot of Yosemite Falls was buried underneath drifts of snow. While others made sport of these snows with toboggans, snow shoes, sleighs and skates, John Muir studied the snows and their strange antics and these are some of the things he saw:

"As has been already stated, the first of the great snow-storms that replenish the Yosemite fountains seldom sets in before the end of November. Then, warned by the sky, wide-awake mountaineers, together with the deer and most of the birds, make haste to the lowlands or foothills and burrowing marmots, mountain beavers, wood-rats, and other small mountain people, go into winter quarters, some of them not again to see the light of day until the general awakening and resurrection of the spring in June or July. The fertile clouds, drooping and condensing in brooding silence, seem to be thoughtfully examining the forests and streams with reference to the work that lies before them. At length, all their plans perfected, tufted flakes and single starry crystals come in sight, solemnly swirling and glinting to their blessed appointed places; and soon the busy throng fills the sky and makes darkness like night. The first heavy fall is usually from about two to four feet in depth; then

with intervals of days or weeks of bright weather storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on snow, until thirty to fifty feet has fallen. But on account of its settling and compacting, and waste from melting and evaporation, the average depth actually found at any time seldom exceeds ten feet in the forest regions, or fifteen feet along the slopes of the summit peaks. After snow-storms come avalanches, varying greatly in form, size, behavior and in the songs they sing; some on the smooth slopes of the mountains are short and broad; others long and river-like in the side canons of yosemites and in the main canons, flowing in regular channels and booming like waterfalls, while countless smaller ones fall everywhere from laden trees and rocks and lofty canon walls. Most delightful it is to stand in the middle of Yosemite on still clear mornings after snow-storms and watch the throng of avalanches as they come down, rejoicing, to their places, whispering, thrilling like birds, or booming and roaring like thunder. The noble yellow pines stand hushed and motionless as if under a spell until the morning sunshine begins to sift through their laden spires; then the dense masses on the ends of the leafy branches begin to shift and fall, those from the upper branches striking the lower ones in succession, enveloping each tree in a hollow conical avalanche of fairy fineness; while the relieved branches spring up and wave with startling effect in the general stillness, as if each tree was moving of its own volition. Hundreds of broad cloud-shaped masses may also be seen, leaping over

the brows of the cliffs from great heights, descending at first with regular avalanche speed until, worn into dust by friction, they float in front of the precipices like irised clouds. Those which descend from the brow of El Capitan are particularly fine; but most of the great Yosemite avalanches flow in regular channels like cascades and waterfalls. When the snow first gives way on the upper slopes of their basins, a dull rushing, rumbling sound is heard which rapidly increases and seems to draw nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the white flood comes bounding into sight over bosses and sheer places, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing off clouds of whirling dust like the spray of foaming cataracts. Compared with waterfalls and cascades, avalanches are short-lived, few of them lasting more than a minute or two, and the sharp, clashing sounds so common in falling water are mostly wanting; but in their low massy thundertones and purple-tinged whiteness, and in their dress, gait, gestures and general behavior, they are much alike."

"A Ride on An Avalanche: Few Yosemite visitors ever see snow avalanches and fewer still know the exhilaration of riding on them. In all my mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I had but little time to think of the danger that attends this sort of travel, though at such times one thinks fast. One fine Yosemite morning after a heavy snow-  
(Continued on Page 456)



*The historic Sentinel Hotel, the guest book of which is a veritable Hall of Fame. Thousands of world renowned travelers have enjoyed the warm hospitality of the Sentinel, which operates from October to May. It is a rendezvous for Yosemite enthusiasts during the autumn and winter months.*



# The Lost Gold Mines of New Mexico

By PHILLIPS KLOSS

Illustrated by Gene Kloss

**M**OST EVERY loafer, emphasizing myself, between Santa Fe and El Paso has chimerically searched for at least one of the fabulous lost gold mines of New Mexico. Cowboys tell such fascinating stories about these mines that they begin to believe their own tales, and go on a secret prospecting trip into the parched mesas or forested desert mountains. As for tenderfoots, which today are identified as authors, artists, or sentimentalists, they gulp down the mendacious cowboy yarns with big-eyed credulity.

*Lost gold mines!* All three words are alluring, mysterious, stimulating romance! A lost cavern of gold somewhere in the San Mateo Mountains east of Socorro! A shaft of gold hidden in the Cloudcroft Range! An underground lake in the Black Mountains whose shores glitter in the darkness with pure flakes of gold! Gold dust lying on top of the phantom mountain at Hillsboro! The lost mine of Red Mountain! The lost mine of the padres! And so forth. As the Preacher at Mesilla facetiously remarked: "Take care, you Midases, that your daughters don't metamorphose metallurgically!"

I shall recite only the legend of the last; the lost mine of the padres. First, my own weird experience, to prove the validity of the mystery:

A scrawny, black-eyed, Mexican Gaucho approached me on the ranch near Las Cruces one day and demanded an interview in my parlor. He was a harmless-looking fellow, so I allowed

him the rare privilege of a chat with me.

"I hear eet that you are honest," he said, in broken English, "and a ver' good man."

I blushed at his error, but did not correct him. However, anticipating politics from the words *honest* and *good*, I protested hurriedly:

"Don't ask me to run for a political office, my friend. Please bear in mind that I am strictly NOT the man to eradicate some heinous evil through the integrity of my noble, democratic, pure, simple, honest, and good American heart! Let me warn you, my friend, that I have no requisite Latin blood bubbling in my bluish veins!"

I said this because a man must be of Spanish heritage in order to hold a political position in New Mexico, U. S. A. The judges, sheriffs, and deputies are Mexicans. Most of them cannot speak English. One sweet desert night, I was driving on the starlit streets of Las Cruces when an impish Mexican boy threw a Mexican stone and broke one of the headlights on my machine. The remaining headlight went on a sympathetic strike. I was promptly arrested. It seems I had violated Ordinance Number 10 Pesos. The man who arrested me was a quarter-breed. I tried to reason with him, but he actually threatened me with a pistol. The judge who fined me 10 pesos was a Mexican. I tried to reason with him, but he

threatened me with jail. I hotly decided to engage a lawyer and reason with the whole department of justice, but my sober intellect threatened me with the recollection that all the lawyers were Castilians.

"No," said my Gaucho visitor, "eet es gr-r-reat deescovery! You remember that you safe my leetle gir-rl, eh? My leetle Isabel, eh? Well, I want to r-repay you!"

"Oh, yes!"

The situation began to dawn on me. This man was not an abused taxpayer seeking radical revenge by electing me as a political boss, but a grateful father whose pretty daughter I had saved from a drunken wretch some years ago. Quite melodramatic.

"Ah! You remember, senior! For long time, I want to geeve you reward for my leetle Isabel. And now! And now, senior!—Ssh!"

He presented me with a bit of paper purporting to be a will, a stock sheet, or an ambitious legal affair of some kind. I accepted it, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Be-e careful, senior! I—I have found eet! Thee lost mine of thee padres!" He danced excitedly a-tiptoe. "You and me reech men! Ver' reech! Just you and me! Partners, eh? Adios!"

He was gone.

He never returned. His sombrero and a stock sheet like mine were found in a remote box-canyon of the nearly inaccessible crest of the Organ Mountains. Fearing a similar fate, I burned the stock sheet in my possession.

Superstitious? Wait till you hear the sinister story of the mine of the padres . . .

In the days of the conquistadores, a lone prospector rambled in the pinon canyons and the juniper-covered ridges of the majestic Organ Mountains. Enchanted with the beauty of the towering silver and rose granite peaks, lichen-painted domes, dripping springs, conifers, oaks, and crystal blue pools, he involuntarily became a recluse. For food, he sometimes visited El Paso del Norte, forty miles south. Also, only fifteen miles from his mountain paradise, there stretched the notorious Journey-of-Death Road, connecting Chihuahua with Santa Fe. Pack-trains of burros, wagon-caravans, and Indians enslaved by the padres carried food along this road, and the recluse, not being overly scrupulous, would relieve the pack-trains of their burden every now and then. The Organ Mountains them-



*On the Road to the Lost Mines, Etching by Gene Kloss*



selves afforded him abundant supplies: pinon nuts by the bushel, wild turkeys, deer, bear, wild pigeons, cacti pears, and acorns. His existence was by no means poverish. He dwelt in the ecstatic luxury of a poet.

One sad day, he found a little cavern literally paved with nuggets of gold.

Immediately, his perspective of life was altered. From a simple recluse who looked on Nature with wistful, dream-filled eyes, he changed to a subtle miser looking on the mountains as symbols of gold. He worked the cavern with pick-ax and shovel, striking illimitable wealth.

Frequently, he went on a spree to El Paso, where his miserly instincts were temporarily abandoned for a carousal of vicious generosity. He was an eccentric favorite with the sinhouse crowds, treating his haphazard friends to everything they wanted. One friend, a marvelously beautiful Indian woman, attracted him so much that he threw gold nuggets in her lap, got her drunk, and carried her home a wife.

Strangely, she proved loyal and tenderly sympathetic to him. She helped him in the mine, hunted wild game with him, softened the rustic atmosphere of the cedar-log hut. She grew to love the mountains, with their waxen saffron blooms of cactus, their mosaics of rainbow minerals, their redolent pines, their whispering loneliness. Mundane and spiritual happiness mixed together. Three sons were born to this peculiar couple.

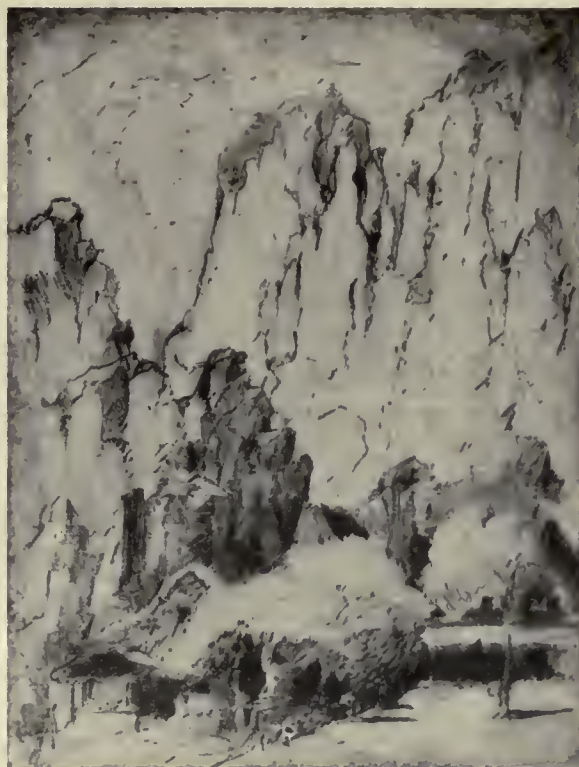
El Paso, at that time, was located where Ciudad Juarez now stands, the headquarters of the padres. The recluse was, of course, originally Catholic, and the padres preemptorily investigated the source of his income, with the ulterior purpose of borrowing a little. A privilege which the padres had, you know.

The recluse was very cautious and elusive. He cared nothing for the obsequious pleas to maintain Catholic cows or religious institutions of any kind. Perhaps he realized their uselessness, since he enjoyed a religion of his own, which, despite its gross cupidity, was more sublime and exalted than organized platitudes. For many years, he and his wife kept their mine a secret, notwithstanding the reconnoitering movements of spies and padres.

Finally, his wife was captured and tortured until she confessed. Hideously assaulted and mangled, she enlisted the aid of her Indian tribe, escaped from the clutch of the padres, mounted a swift pony, and forced herself back to the recluse ahead of her pursuers. She gasped out what had occurred, and died in her husband's arms.

*"Organ Mountains"*

*Etching by GENE KLOSS*



Again the miser's perspective of life was altered. He no longer cared for the mine. The woman he had learned to love was dead. He took her body and his three sons farther up in the mountains, where he built a stone hut over her grave. He made his three sons take oath that none of them would ever work or would allow anyone else to work the mine.

Meanwhile, the padres followed the woman's descriptions and found the mine. Rubbing their fat hands, they laughed with unorthodox glee. Their rotund paunches rippled like dead jellyfish on the windy seashore. There were but five of them: Three padres, and two soldiers. The five swore to secrecy, and started to work. Plenty of lucre rewarded their efforts.

One of the soldiers went to El Paso to buy provisions. When he returned, there was no trace of his companions. He rubbed his eyes. Furthermore, there was no trace of the mine.

Being superstitious, he raced to El Paso, and sanely joined the garrison where he belonged. It was several years before he mustered courage to confess his trouble to a padre. That padre was killed, as were the soldier and the soldier's family . . .

I don't mean to be ridiculous, but, on my own quest after the lost mine of the padres three centuries after it was destroyed, I met with a unique incident: Arnette, my companion, left base camp at Soledad one fine morning and went

on a little excursion of his own. He came back very white. I gave him a cup of coffee, and asked what was eating him.

"The buzzards was almost eatin me," he drawled, with potent softness. "As I climbed that there peak yonder, I struck a narrow ledge, following it around the peak. Until I ran smack up against three men."

I laughed.

"The three sons"?

"No. I'm plumb serious. The three sons could have married, I reckon, couldn't they of? Yep! Descendants of a feud. That's what's eating me, by blank blank blank!"

"How were they dressed"? I asked.

"Black silk, by damme! Fancy black silk! And they wore black silk masks."

"Romantic! Carried pistols, I presume"?

Arnette showed me his hat. It was perforated.

"I reckon we'd best give up hunting the mine," he drawled.

And we did.

To this day, I don't know whether Arnette was teasing me with a cowboy yarn or cowboy truth. He was a master at either. But as surely as I am not a Mexican, the incident is true. Moreover, everybody who has earnestly and persistently searched for the lost mine of the padres has met with disaster of some sort. That's no myth, either.



# The Pan-Pacific Idea

BY ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS

THE PAN-PACIFIC Idea is the biggest one to which the people of the Pacific Coast have immediate and convenient access. Whatever may be one's nominal philosophy, we all come to realize, practically, sooner or later, that in the project of absorbing a great idea there are as many geographical, economic, and engineering considerations involved as there are in the building of a bridge or the operation of a railroad. We harassed and preoccupied human beings have but a few moments in our lives when we are receptive to new ideas at all, or to new appreciations of the importance of old ones. What is near is dear, what is far scarcely exists. Consequently geographical convenience is of as much importance in the enterprise of importing ideas as in that of importing silk or copra. We here on the Pacific Coast are naturally predisposed to be receptive toward the Pan-Pacific Idea in a way that dwellers in the Middle West or on the Atlantic Coast cannot possibly be.

The Pan-Pacific Idea is the one persistent and perennial "scoop" which our section has over all other sections of the United States. Men and materials, ideas and visions and dreams, flow in and out of our great Pacific ports in a constantly increasing stream of communication between America and the other lands that border upon the world's greatest ocean. Yet it remains true that those of us here who are interested in this mighty stream of civilization are on the whole compelled to read Atlantic Coast publications in order to gain some understanding of the significance of what is transpiring under our own noses. One will observe in a Pacific coast paper some brief notice of the fact that an outstanding Oriental or Australian or citizen of Chile has arrived at one of our great ports, but not until a week-old copy of, say, the New York Times arrives here will one begin to understand just what this arrival portends.

This is scarcely surprising. The very name of this magazine, *Overland*, contains in concise form much of the explanation of this state of affairs. We Pacific Coast folk have been so busy making the great overland journey, conquering and enjoying the open lands of the Far West, that we have been somewhat tardy about making the great overseas voyage, about understanding and enjoying to the full the open ocean lying toward the Far East. But there are evidences that from now on we shall say to ourselves, "Overland and Over-

seas," and take upon ourselves our rightful responsibility as the natural and superior interpreters of the Far East to the remainder of the United States.

If we are sometimes appalled by the magnitude of the task, we may take comfort from the thought that the bold miners of California's golden age sent their laundry to the Hawaiian Islands, thinking nothing of bundling up their shirts and socks and immortal red handkerchiefs to be sent forth jauntily over the immense Pacific that they might return a little later clean and fresh. A little of this jauntiness in affairs commercial, intellectual, and spiritual, in the relations between Far West and Far East might do us all good.

THE PAN-PACIFIC Idea is not merely a device for entertaining the intellect. Like any good idea, or good cauliflower, it has roots in the earth. It is very definitely linked up with the Foreign Trade Idea, which is a very big and very practical notion indeed.

E. W. Wilson, president of the Foreign Trade Club and of the Pacific National Bank of San Francisco, called attention recently to the fact that there prevails an entirely erroneous impression that foreign trade development is a problem only for exporters and importers, for bankers, big financial interests, while the truth is that upon foreign trade development rests the prosperity of all citizens, rich and poor, high and low.

"The barber, the chauffeur, the retail merchant, the physician, the attorney, the employer and the employee are all vitally concerned with foreign trade," says Mr. Wilson, "because upon it we must lean for the profitable distribution of our surplus productions. The farmer of the neighboring tributary sections, the general merchandise storekeeper at the crossroads, the mechanic in the heavy metal industry—none is exempt from the influence of unsold surplus products of the district. If money is tied up in goods that do not move we feel the effect directly."

It might be pointed out that the development of the fruit industry in Australia since the war through intelligent utilization of the labor and ambition of the returned soldiers there, coupled with the growth of the "imperial preference" policy in the British Empire, presents the Pacific Coast fruit growers of the United States with one of these foreign trade problems on which Mr. Wilson lays stress. The "farmer of the

neighboring tributary sections" to whom he refers does indeed have to study the problem of the "unsold surplus product of the district."

Such study soon involves the Political Idea. There are complex problems in connection with immigration, disarmament and armament, tariff and free trade, and many other matters, which require persistent study and thought on the part of all of us who dwell on the shores of the Pacific. All this is of course closely connected with European politics, and in order to understand, for instance, our neighbor Siam across this duck pond of the Pacific, we must apply ourselves still more rigorously to our ancient task of understanding France and England, which, by the way, are immediate colonial neighbors of Siam. In order to understand our own Hawaii and the Philippines we must better understand the politics of Idaho and Arkansas, whose political leaders share with us the responsibility of these Pacific territories.

The Pan-Pacific Union has long since made an interesting start at the huge task of studying these problems. As the *Mid-Pacific Magazine*, edited at Honolulu by Alexander Hume Ford, said in a recent issue: "From year to year the scope of the work before the Pan-Pacific Union has broadened, until today it assumes some of the aspects of a friendly unofficial Pan-Pacific League of Nations, a destiny both the late Franklin K. Lane and Henry Cabot Lodge predicted for it."

The Idea of Art, too. Kuo Wai-Chang, consul-general of China in Panama, has said: "To learn to kill is an easy thing; to learn to love is necessary to all human beings, and I hope the world will love the Chinese people. Of course, when that comes, we are going to love the world better."

To learn to love! There is an enterprise indeed. The old boundaries between countries and races were crossed for the first time by the Marco Polos, Columbuses, Captain Cooks, and Commodore Perrys, and have since been crossed a thousand times at every point. The only thing that remains now is to cross them a hundred thousand times, and then a million times, that each race and nation may first learn to understand and then to love all the other races and nations on earth. Art is one of the great modes of love. The artist learns to love something and labors to show us that something as it appears to his eyes and heart. Then others learn to love that thing which he



has made, and are thus introduced to the secret of his inmost heart and thought. The Idea of Art, then, is one which with its growth will do much to bring about a better understanding of the souls and lives of all men and women and children in the civilizations which have developed in all the lands washed by the Pacific.

The Pan-Pacific Idea also includes, or is included by, perhaps we should say, the Religious Idea. Some of the shores of the Pacific seem sometimes rather to be the shores of the Sea of the Infinite, so profound is the religious feeling of many of the races there dwelling. In a small town near the coast of California a curious story was told me recently of a young man who had returned to the United States from India. His mother had been eagerly awaiting his return, but got little comfort out of his pres-

ence when once more she saw him. There had been a great famine in India, the memory of its tragic scenes spoiled the taste of food for him, and the dream of Hindu philosophy which had come upon him paralyzed his mind and soul without bringing to him the consolation it affords to men to whom this philosophy is native. He would not eat enough. He scarcely walked or talked at all. Daily he went down to the beach, and there sat for hours, cross-legged in the manner of an Eastern sage, staring out upon the Pacific. But his legs twitched. His eyes were fretful. He did not achieve spiritual repose nor yet physical repose. He had lost the European and American zest for work and play, but had retained the nervousness and restlessness of which they seem to be the natural expression. He was a spiritual hybrid.

This stricken young man was truly pioneering in what is the greatest practical, intellectual, and spiritual adventure of our time here on the Pacific Coast. He was doing his bit toward bringing the Far West and the Far East together. We all need to sit, crosslegged but restless, on the shore of the Pacific and stare out speculatively upon its waters, that we may think and dream a little on all that it means for the future development of our civilization. We might even profit by saying over and over that ancient Hindu prayer which our returned Californian may well have said as he sat on the shore:

"Thou art our father. Thou art our mother. Thou art our beloved friend. Thou art He that beareth the burdens of the universe: help me to bear the little burden of this life."

## The Existence of Poetry

BY WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOT

IT IS curious to observe that the growth of what is called civilization seldom results in a better understanding of the arts, but only in the invention of new formulas by which these arts can be attacked or defended. Even now in the twentieth century, people still think it necessary to write defenses of poetry; other people consider it a duty to point out that poetry has no useful purpose. Those who defend it invariably do so by trying to maintain that poetry actually has a utilitarian value—that it consoles, beautifies, ennobles and instructs the human mind; that it does for us things that science cannot do, and offers such assurance of the validity of man's spiritual life as religion no longer holds out and no exercise of our merely intellectual faculties, however ingenious, ever did hold out.

This process does not differ in the least from its counterpart of a hundred, three hundred or two thousand years ago. Plato condemned the poets on moral and utilitarian grounds; so did the Puritans of England; so have moralists of all times and countries. And always the defenders of poetry—even such men as Sir Phillip Sidney and Shelley, who should have known better, have replied by simply trying to refute the original accusation, asserting that poetry is moral, that, indeed, it is more moral than anything else, and that it is also more useful.

Today, the specific accusation is generally that poetry is not scientific; but this charge, when resolved into its essentials, becomes nothing but the old one

over again. The common suspicion is that poets are idle fellows who fail to earn what little bread and butter society gives them. They do not, to employ the contemporary cant phrase, render "service"; they merely exist, for no obvious reason, in a society which is very busy trying to find obvious reasons, and so are a perpetual reproach to it. On the other hand, poetry's apologists are equally busy trying to find obvious reasons for the existence of poets; and it must be confessed they have failed completely so far. For if poetry must be justified of its utilitarian fruits, or if it must depend for its existence upon the reasoning of its argumentative friends, then poetry cannot logically exist at all.

But the fact remains that poetry does exist. And it is equally a fact that all one need do to "justify" poetry is to point out that it does so exist. All other argument is beside the point and fertile only of polemics. Those who condemn it on utilitarian—that is, on moral—grounds and those who attempt its defense on the same grounds are alike on the wrong track. It must be freely admitted at the beginning that poetry has in itself no utilitarian value and never had; that it has no obvious reason for existing and never had. What then?

Why surely only this: that in no act of creation is the creator responsible for the utility of his work or the obvious reason for his creative activity. That responsibility rests upon the users of the work. We have grown, for example, a

little beyond the conception of life which held that this world was created, with all that exists upon it, solely for the use and benefit of mankind. We can now imagine that a tree has other uses than to be made into lumber; we are no longer convinced that it rains only because mankind must have wheat to make bread. We begin to recognize in these phenomena a mysterious but none the less potent autonomy, as if they existed like Kant's "thing in itself"; and we are certain that they would continue to exist if man and his necessity were both wiped forever from the face of the earth.

Now a work of art, a poem, is the result of an act of creation less august, it is true, than the operation of those forces which produce trees and rainstorms, but not at all less mysterious. Certain unknown forces—whether spiritual, chemical, intellectual or combinations of the three we do not know—come to a focus in some man or woman, and from them and him or her a poem is born. The poet himself is always acutely aware of the mysterious origin and autonomous quality of these forces; he is always unable to account for them and unable fully to orient himself in relation to what they have produced through him. There are echoes of his experience in his poem, but the poem as a whole is not an echo of experience; it is, like it or not, a new thing, a synthesis of experience and force that was not before existent; it transcends, even while it expresses, all the conscious elements of thought that

(Continued on Page 445)



# The Free Market

WE RECENTLY celebrated our Seventh Armistice Day. The newspapers of this country printed long editorials commenting on the blissful state of affairs, the kindly attitude of nations, the sweet peace of peoples. And at their festive boards our generals, our men of universal politics and our Royalty of the Earth drank great toasts to each other, spoke freely and glowingly on the friendly relationship of nations.

It is of some great pity that, following these blessed laudations and amiable handclaps, the eye is allowed to read column after column of war news. Endless is the blurred panorama circled before the readers: "French Cavalry Viciously Attack Damascus Rebels," "German Nationalists Seek Revenge," "Locarno Agreements Will Never Be Ratified," "Troops Suffer Greatly at the Ruhr," and so on—endlessly. Our chemists and our inventors cart out great machines, powerful poisons and mighty implements of destruction. Our navies and our armies are clamoring for, so to speak, "madder music, stronger wine."

Let us give thanks, then, for Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

—S. B. C.



THIS FROM AN earnest reader: "... and furthermore, I can't see why a magazine allows an editor to publish, in the choicest positions, his own material. Your associate, Mr. S. Bert Cooksley, has his prose and poetry, which is not always the best obtainable, spread through every issue. While I contribute material as good it seems there isn't room left for an outsider when it arrives. I don't mean to deride Mr. Cooksley's work as unpublishable, but I do think it is tremendously egotistical for an editor to continually print his own work and not allow those of us who are striving so even a back page." A certain J. R. Graetzer signs the letter.



M. D'ARCY, author of "The Face on the Floor," widely known as "The Face on the Barroom Floor," died recently. As a sincere student of the moods directly dictated by certain literature, I move a body of representative officials from all prominent countries attend his funeral and lay wreaths on the tomb. M. D'Arcy did more good at once with his "Face on the Floor" poem than ten thousand Fords in ten thousand "peace-ships."

—T. J.M.

Conducted by S. BERT COOKSLEY

WE DEVOTE this page to criticism, indifferent or otherwise, of contributors, of painters and sculptors, of business men and professional men, of any-one-or-two, in fact, who incur the pleasure or the wrath of our readers. Let us receive your comment.

THE SAN FRANCISCO *Call*, one of California's widely circulated newspapers printed in San Francisco, is at present featuring a story called "Sandy." From what I can make of it, the tale is about a wife who deserts her husband for another man, grows weary of this pastime, and returns home to find she no longer cares for the man she married originally. I suppose there's more to it than that; but I read no farther.

As literature the story ranks with the poorest. Plotless, without sparkle, wholly undeserving the least of readers, it strikes me a refuse paper-press might have been the ideal medium for storage of the work.

I have little respect for writers who maliciously underestimate the average reader's intelligence. They need dusting.

—Dr. P. F. R.



F. NAZARE, a San Francisco artist, publishes the first edition of his magazine *Harlequin*. Music, cartoons, cover, poetry and prose by Nazare. In fact the name Nazare appears down the magazine no less than ten thousand times. That, of course, is all very well. But we wonder what object the gentleman has for putting it on the stands. We were under the impression all independently published works were privately distributed by the author. Another instance, we presume, of intense modernism. By-the-by, the book sells for fifty cents.

—F. McV.



M. R. E. Y. NUMATA, Mr. Masao Handa, and Mr. Saul Pollock edit a magazine published in Oakland, California, called *The Pacific World*. Its purpose—and this is not an advertisement—is to sustain a friendly spirit between the East and the West. The pages are filled with excellent pictures and finely written articles, fables and poems.

It will pay you, dearest reader, to procure a copy of that magazine at an early date.

—H. J. H.

THERE have been several letters received complimenting us on Mr. Ray Bether's new cover for *Overland*. Mr. Bether is "certainly the art editor. Your cover shows plainly he is not lost irrecoverably to that insidious disease, the-Bathing-Girl-Magazine-Cover-Complex. I shall look forward to seeing other pieces of Mr. Bether's work in *Overland*." Miss Ruth Masters of St. Joseph, Mo., signs the letter.



THE *St Francis Theater*, one of the better known picture houses of San Francisco, is running Eric von Stroheim's "The Merry Widow" to crowded houses. The picture deals with an imaginary kingdom and the royalty governing that kingdom. Those of us who have seen Miss Mae Murray go through previous facial distortions and nervously laughable body contortions will derive quite a sizeable kick out of her very laudable performance. Mr. John Gilbert, who supports her, plays with beautiful simplicity the role of Prince Danilo. He is all to be expected—perhaps a little more.

Mr. Eric von Stroheim is to be given a warm hand. His knowledge of just how to balance on that fine line separating the viciously vulgar from the deliciously naughty is divine. I do not advise you to see the picture, it will start you fretting in your little hall-room bed. It will give you a perfume complex. It will awake your sluggish senses; and that is not good for anyone on earth.

—H. K.



BERKELEY ministers, fine fellows all, join hands in suppressing the University of Berkeley's literary journal the *Occident*. Immediately before going to press it was discovered a satire on the birth of Christ was being printed. The Rev. J. N. R. Score, pastor of the Epworth M. E. Church, brands the article as dirty, blasphemous, and a spirit not reflecting the student body. The dear fathers have further intimated that the University is "a graveyard of ideas." Damn. Oh. Damn.

S. B. C.



THE *California Theater*, of San Francisco, a motion picture display house, advertised Mr. Dolin, their orchestra leader, as "the Kreisler of the West." Mr. Dolin, I suppose, had nothing to do with this little enthusiasm on the part of the publicity director.

—S. B. C.



# Rhymes and Reactions

GEORGE STERLING

I HAVE JUST read a most depressing book, the biography of Edgar Saltus, by his widow, Marie Saltus. It is a ghastly, if naive, description of the deliquescence of the reason of a man fundamentally timid and hypersensitive, confronted by the prospect of annihilation.

The mind of Saltus, gazing on the universe as though through crystal, saw that lens gradually obscured by the mist of mortality, until at last he looked out on the kindly mirage of Theosophy.

And why not? some will say. There is mental as well as physical dope, and are not the concluding miseries of a mind as much entitled to anaesthesia as those of the body?

I am not one to sit in judgment on the matter, but even as the banker confronted by cubism, I know what I like, and it is distinctly disconcerting to realize that old age can so "make cowards of us all" that, rather than face the bleak horrors of probability, we turn to the soothing drugs of the irrational. It happened to such a mind as Huysman's: why cannot it happen, then, to any of us? The possibilities, as I have said, are distinctly depressing. Imagination sees me in the ranks of Fundamentalists, loudly proclaiming that God is good and that I'm darned if I'm not immortal.

The biography saddens on other accounts. It is not the first time that a man of genius (I am not referring to his novels) has been made ridiculous to gratify a woman's vanity. It has happened to a greater man than Saltus, to my knowledge. But what desirable end is served by giving continual samples of a man's "baby talk," which included the frequent use of "miaows" and "bow wows," would be evident only to those who delight in news of the idiotic side of genius. Most of us talk the "little language," as Wells terms it, and folly, as well as misery, loves company.

It would be hard to conceive of a more unsocial sort than Saltus. His ivory tower had barbed-wire entanglements at all four points of the compass, nor would ten times his genius have justified such a recoil from human relationship. But he pampered himself like a satrap, and expected that treatment from others. He got it, at that, until he encountered (that's the word) the girl who was to become his second wife. She was the very astringent his flabby soul required, a prescription from the hand of a satiric God, and on more than one occasion he was forced to "buck up and do his stuff." She knew her man; more-

over, if the veteran chorus-girl is a ten-minute egg, Marie Saltus was a dinosaur's.

\* \* \*

My good friend Ahashuerus Jones has given me permission to print a few more of the fables which, with loving labor, he is now rendering from the quaint diction of the Venerable Bede. One notes with admiration the modern atmosphere of the parables.

A Key Route train having been brought to a standstill by the Ministrations of a band of Robbers, the Leader of the Gang, entering a car, began a systematic course of spoliation of the inmates. But after depriving a Certain Gent of a sizable roll, he was addressed by a gentleman in his immediate vicinity.

"Sir," this one said, "are you aware that you have just robbed the president of the road?"

"Indeed!" cried the robber; and approaching the robbed, he returned to him a handful of the kale.

"But why," said the Gent, "why have you returned to me this money?"

"Ah!" said the robber, smiling benignantly beneath his mask, and bowing most humbly; "that is our regular discount to the profession."

\* \* \*

An actor who, after peregrinations in southern Africa, had returned to his native land, was met by a former employer, who inquired as to the cause of the expression of gloom then present upon his countenance.

"Why this sadness of face?" asked he.

"I bemoan," replied the actor, "the hardships incident to the practice of our profession in the Dark Continent. At each town in which we essayed to give performances, we were bombarded with eggs of undoubted antiquity."

"Yet this small drawback," interposed his friend, "is to be encountered in climes even more civilized. And why mind a few eggs?"

"But dammit, man!" cried the actor, "they use ostrich eggs!"

\* \* \*

A traveller in a western land came suddenly upon a fellow mortal who was intently regarding the evolutions of an animal, which, rushing about on its hind legs in a cloud of dust, made the surrounding hills re-echo with its terrific brays.

"Can you explain, he inquired with curiosity, "the cause or causes of this phenomenon?"

"Yonder phenomenon," replied the fellow mortal, "is my ass—a mild-mannered and well-meaning animal. At times, however, he partakes unsparingly of the loco-weed, with the results now apparent."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the traveler.

"And what can be the name of this remarkable beast?"

"In his saner moments," replied the fellow mortal, "he is named Paresis. During his indulgence in the present antics I call him Fundamentalist."

\* \* \*

A Polecat and a Fundamentalist met by chance upon a narrow path. The former animal at once stepped some distance aside, and allowed the other to pass.

"Accept my thanks, little friend," said the Fundamentalist, "for the respect you show me. It were well that Darrow might emulate your courtesy."

"Keep your gratitude," responded the Polecat, "cover it well, and set it in a cool place; any respect I may have shown was self-respect."

\* \* \*

"Full many a flower," said the spokesman of a committee of the Sugar Trust to the gentleman from Massabraska, "is born to blush unseen. Would that we all knew your true worth!"

"While my position," gracefully responded the Senator, "is analogous to that of the pearl which was cast before swine, I would yet disclaim too decided a resemblance to the pearl of great price. Still, I have brought as high as ten thousand."

The fear of a Constituency is the root of all evil.

## LATE TIDINGS

They told me, on the day my mother died,  
How she would look, each Sunday,  
down the street,

Eager to be the first of all to greet  
Her customary son, and how she sighed  
When I came not. They said she had  
such pride

In my poor songs. She, proud of me!

Defeat  
Has subtle ways of wounding. Bitter-sweet

Are memories that will not be denied.

Now I would go so very many miles  
To see but one of those rewarding smiles,  
And give that pleasure to her loving  
heart.

To think she cared so much! To stand  
once more

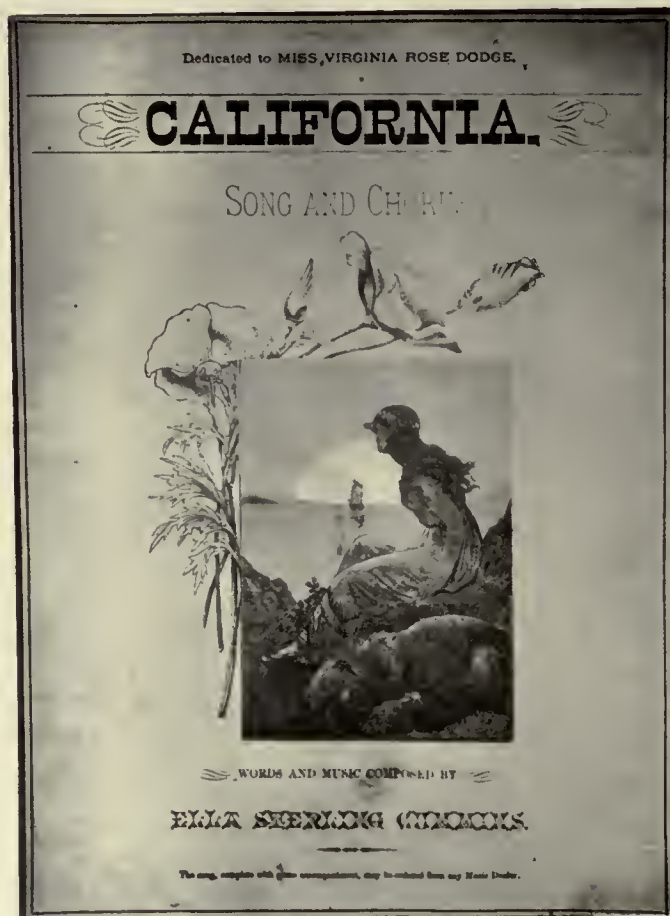
A supplicant at her familiar door!

But now we are so many miles apart!



# California

By Ella Sterling Mighels



She dreams by the side of her own  
belov'd sea,  
A dark-eyed and tropical child,  
With a heart that is fresh and a soul  
that is free,  
And a nature, untram'eled and wild;

She seems in a dream or beneath a  
strange spell,  
All with sweetness and beauty replete,  
From her flowing dark hair with its  
ab'lony shell,  
To her beaded and moccasin'd feet.

She dreams in a mood, retrospective and  
calm  
With her grizzly awaiting caress,  
As she thinks of the time when her cactus  
and palm  
Were but things of a wild wilderness.

She remembers the day when she glanced  
at her sands,  
And smiled at their glistening gold,  
How she laughed to herself as she gave  
her commands  
And bade them conceal it untold!

Then glancing abroad o'er her beautiful  
Bay,  
Now she sees through her Gate, a  
strange sight,  
'Tis a sea-bird, swift sailing upon its fair  
way,  
And its pinions are shining and white.

*This is perhaps the first song to California, the music and words, having been written by Ella Sterling Mighels in 1883. It was first sung by the Charley Reed Minstrels down at the old Bush Street Theater between Montgomery and Kearny by Ben Clark. We take pleasure in bringing "California" before the public again with gracious thanks to Mrs. Mighels.*

In amazement, her hand lightly shades  
her dark eyes  
From the tropical kiss of the sun,  
And her lover forgets in her strange  
sweet surprise,  
While the grizzly to growl hath begun.

O, many the days, since the sea-bird hath  
toiled  
With its spirit of progress and change,  
And she mourns o'er her sands of their  
gold-dust despoiled,  
And her grizzly grown silent and  
strange.

She dreams by the side of her own  
belov'd sea,  
A dark-eyed and tropical child,  
With a heart that is fresh and a soul  
that is free,  
And a nature untram'eled and wild.

The Editors.



## Interesting Women

USUALLY THE ideals of our childhood are not those of our maturity. There's no reason why this should be, providing we keep moving and our *ideals* keep moving. But ordinarily one or the other become stagnant, phlegmatic. When on those rare occasions the people who inspired us in youth still spur us on it's because there's a dynamic quality, a vitality behind the inspiration of our youth, one of those few indomitable personalities that possess something of that inexplicable thing we name genius.

Aurelia Reinhardt is one of those unique people. President for ten years of Mills College she has imbued it with tenacity of life and given to it an atmosphere at once individual and alert. As president of the American Association of University Women she went to Brussels this year as our representative to the international gathering of University women. This organization is interested in bringing educational interests more closely together, in furthering the cohesive instruction of sociology, psychology, economics and so forth.

As president of Mills College she is interested not in turning out human storehouses but in instilling her young women with the ability to judge for themselves. That, she feels, is the educator's task, to give students, by teaching them to think scientifically, the ca-

capacity to meet life capably. Interesting in this phase is the psychological department in connection with the college which helps each student to better understand her own native tendencies and to direct them into larger fields. Commercialism, however, enters little into the life at Mills. The fine arts are taught for the creative power they encourage.

Aurelia Reinhardt is a humanist, not a feminist. She believes woman's great gift to the world is propagation. Herself the mother of two splendid boys, she affirms woman's life acquires a richness in motherhood obtained in no other way.

She is more than an executive. In her busy life on the campus with its innumerable activities, her outside interests, her home life, rearing her two eager youngsters into manhood, she yet finds time to keep in actual touch with her great "family" by giving an invigorating course in biographies or a semester of work in Dante, of whom she is a deep student. That is her unfailing humanism again.

In speaking of training young women to see life wholly, she illustrated the point by reference to her boys. The youngest is now in Europe for two years. "He wants to be a physician," she told me. But while giving him training in all the sciences she never

forces him in any way. It must be *his* choice. She gives him free rein in his initiative. She doesn't close doors on him. She teaches him only to see life synthetically. To learn to judge, that is the thing. And so with the other boy, fourteen, who is mechanically minded. "He can drive my car as well as the chauffeur," she informed me with her low laugh that didn't at all conceal her pride in these young men of hers.

And so with her girls, the seven or eight hundred young women continually under her guidance. She moulds their minds with her mental vigor, she keeps them human with her philosophy. On the platform she is magnificent. A pacing, restless dynamo, thinking on her feet. Back and forth, back and forth with her terrific energy, her eyes often closed, bringing out unexpectedly one of those inspired phrases that are the beacons to us poorer mortals; always vital, always dominant, always giving you the feeling that you are in the company of one of the chosen ones!

Is it any wonder that Mills College has come to be spoken of as a unique place, turning out not well-equipped storehouses but young women who have been nurtured on the food of "something evermore about to be"? A woman who believes women have a task to fulfill and who demands the utmost you have to give.

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## The Existence of Poetry

(Continued from Page 441)

went into its making. It must be accepted, then, in its entirety, for good or bad poetry just as a tree or a rainstorm must be accepted, and the poet if he be wise does so accept it.

The reader also. But here enters a new consideration. The reader has a right to do anything he likes with the poem. If he can find in it a utilitarian value, well and good. If he can derive from it consolation, or esthetic emotion, or intellectual stimulus, or moral uplift, well and good also. If the rain has descended the wheat may grow, and so also may a variety of weeds. Nevertheless, the reader, being concerned chiefly with his wheat, will harvest as goodly a crop as he can. Rightly. And thus to him, if it further the growing of wheat, the poem may have a utilitarian value.

I am aware that the foregoing exposition is for these days unduly metaphysical. But I do not think it invalidated thereby. The matter is at once as simple and profound as this; it must seek for elucidation only in metaphor and suggestion, yet by neither will it ever be fully elucidated. But here are certain very practical truths.

A poem exists. It is the business of its readers to find in it what they seek from poetry. If in the long run the poem offers to enough readers the things they seek from poetry, that poem will, as we say, "live." If it does not it will not live. There is no more to it than that, yet that is everything. The rest is a great deal, the subject of discussion ever since the world began to interest itself in letters, yet it is nothing. A poem is no more to be condemned for its lack

of utilitarian values than a sunset. Yet there may be such values in both, and in the presence or absence of such values may be found the key to mankind's attitude toward both phenomena, as well as, it may be, the basis of criticism, which is, after all, no more than one exercise in the great game of guessing utilities.

But the poem exists, and the poet by whom or through whom it was created—which existences are alike phenomena that are unamenable to criticism and need no justification. I, for instance, have written this article: has it, or have I, any utility, any reason for existence? That is solely for each of you who read to determine for himself. And no matter how greatly you like or dislike us, here we still are.



# In Flanders With the Princess Pats

SERGEANT JACK THOMAS

**I**N THE early days of the war the enemy was confident, enthusiastic and energetic. He felt that forty years of preparedness and constant study of the war game had made him invincible. He was out to win and was not any too particular regarding the means he employed to accomplish his purpose. Almost in a night he had been transformed from a seemingly humanized man into a savage and rent and destroyed everything within his reach.

The world had to be saved and in order to save it men were badly needed at the front. No time was to be lost and there were no delays between the transports and the trenches.

As soon as we landed in France we were attached to the 27th Division, 80th Brigade, known as the Stonewall Brigade and immediately went to the front. The Stonewall Brigade was under the command of General Snow and was made up of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, the 2nd King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the Argyles and Sutherlands, the Royal Scots and the 4th Rifle Brigade, a London Regiment. In addition to these were the Batteries, Transports and Medical Corps, making a total of over twenty-seven thousand men. With the exception of the Princess Pats, they were all a part of England's expeditionary force, and had seen active service from the time that they had landed in France.

As the Princess Pats were principally made up of men who had seen active service in other wars, they were attached to the Stonewall Brigade and were the only Canadian Regiment in that Division. We were looked upon as veterans and for that reason were assigned to a position where there was liable to be the hardest fighting; and felt grateful for the honor bestowed, and were determined to do our best.

Although we landed in France and went into the trenches only about five months after the war started, even then there were lines of trenches extending through Belgium and France from the North Sea to the Swiss border. These trenches extended through the sand dunes and low lands of Belgium, through the vineyards and orchards of France, through the valleys and over hills, through villages, farms and forests. And when we considered that they were dug by men, who prior to the commencement of the war, only a few months before, had been engaged in every occupation known to civil life; that during their construction these men

were almost continuously harassed by snipers and machine guns, shelled and raided by an enemy that was doing their utmost to prevent them from "digging up." That it was a continuous round of fighting and digging, we had some idea of the task that was accomplished and that lay before us. But even then we did not have any conception of the lives sacrificed, of the suffering from wounds, of the blistered hands and aching backs and bodies, of the hardships and privations endured by the men who constructed those trenches across Belgium and France.

Trenches, yes; and more! They formed the barriers that protected mankind from a fate that is beyond comprehension of any one who has not witnessed the inhuman cruelties and ruthless, wanton destruction of the invading horde they were the means of preventing from over-running the world.

"Digging in" was a prominent feature of the war, and when it was over there were millions of men who were experts with the pick and shovel, who were so proficient in the art that more than once they had astonished even themselves, in demonstrating their ability for removing earth.

It has been estimated that more dirt was removed on the battle front of Europe during the first five months of the war than was excavated in the construction of the Panama Canal. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this estimate, but judging from the amount of Belgium and France soil I handled while soldiering in those countries I am inclined to the opinion that the man who made the estimate had never worn the King's uniform on the Western front. If he had he would have doubled, or more, probably, quadrupled his figures.

During the construction of those trenches there were no strikes, union hours, or labor troubles of any kind; no one engaged on that job had any time to discuss or even think of those matters. They were fully occupied in "digging in" and in dodging bullets and shrapnels,—the latter being the most serious occupation of the two—and, although they were the means of removing a great many from off the job, at the same time they were very effective in speeding up the workers who remained.

In the twentieth century wars the pick and shovel formed as important a part in the soldiers equipment as did his rifle and ammunition belt; and in many instances his chances of again see-

ing the old home depended upon his ability to use the former more than the latter. The rifle brigade was often turned into a pick and shovel brigade and performed valiant deeds in that particular line of service.

**A**S SOON as the enemy was stopped in his onward rush to Paris, both sides commenced to "dig in" and the digging in process was carried on all through the war; and so completely had the enemy acquired the habit that he never quit, but kept on digging as a recreation, or possibly as a diversion to prevent his mind from dwelling upon the atrocities he had committed.

Many of their dugouts were twenty and even thirty feet under ground and in them they lived, ate, slept and drank their beer.

We had of course heard a great deal about "digging in" and of the trenches on the western front; and while we were in training at Salisbury Plain, we had received instructions in trench construction, but it had never occurred to us that we would be called upon to do very much of that work.

We had an idea that the trenches were already constructed and that the work laid out for us was to hold them.

We went in at Dickebusch on the Ypres sector, and from there to St. Eloi, where the enemy was especially active.

I shall never forget our first order to "stand to." That means to prepare for the trenches. We then knew that we were in for it and commenced to wonder how far our good luck would take us.

We could hear the guns down the line and as a reminder of what we might expect later on an occasional shell from the German big gun would come well over our way.

It would be useless for me to say that I did not feel a little shaky: as no one who has been through the experience of "standing to" for the trenches for the first time would believe me if I did. I knew that we were in for it and the only thing to do was to make the best of the situation and to appear as unconcerned as possible.

I remember that while we were standing at rest waiting for the order to march of hearing the hum of an aeroplane and of taking comfort in the thought that I would not care to exchange places with the lads who were operating those machines in the air. But we soon started for trench duty, marching in close column of fours until we reached the communication trenches



through which we marched in single file, Col. Farquhar at the head.

My pal was Jim Scott of Winnipeg. In civil life Jim had been in the real estate business, but the price of corner lots or wheat lands will never again interest Jim, at the Somme he took "the long, long trail."

On our way up to the trenches, Jim and I prepared for the worst, and agreed that if anything should happen to either of us that the other should write to our mother and take charge of anything of value that we might have. I had some five or six franc pieces more than Jim and he declared that he had the best of the bargain.

As soon as we got started the boys assumed a jolly air and joked and chaffed one another, but I am sure that their thoughts were not altogether in keeping with their demeanor. Had we done what our inclinations prompted us to do we would have turned about and sought a place of safety, but duty, pride and our sense of honor overcame any inclination we may have had to act the part of a coward.

I heartily wished that I had never "joined up," and that I was back in Montana, but at the same time if my commanding officer had then and there ordered me to the rear on some detail duty, no matter how important it may have been, I would have begged of him to let me proceed to the front with my comrades, instead of returning to a place of safety in the rear.

Before we reached the trenches one of the boys just in front of me pitched forward at the same time exclaiming "They've got me." He was a lad from Vancouver. A little further down the line a shell caught several of the boys and a few minutes later there was a shout of "look out," and immediately a "whizz bang" landed near. It sure did bang. I jumped about four feet and for the moment thought I was a *goner*.

A piece of this shell struck poor old McMillan, a "blue nose" from Nova Scotia, and we never saw Mac again. He was a man past fifty and had been one of the "dads" of the regiment and had been a good friend to the younger boys, of whom I was one.

ONE OF the pleasantest recollections I have of my service with the Princess Pats is of the way the older men looked after the younger, "the kids" as they called them. Nearly all of them have taken "the long, long trail," but they are not forgotten by their boys who are left.

There was no stopping to look after those who had "been caught." It was for the stretcher bearers to look after them. We closed ranks and continued

our march to the trenches. We had not fired a shot or sighted an enemy, but they had made us feel their presence, and the effect of it was to create a new desire upon our part to get into the trenches as soon as possible where we could pay them back in their own kind.

We immediately went out to the place where the trench was to be constructed and started digging making as little noise as possible.

A sentry was appointed to look out for any unusual danger and especially to keep a lookout for star shells, so we could drop and remain motionless during the time they lighted up our surroundings. We continued at our trench digging until just before daylight and then went back to the support trench, thoroughly drenched and ready for our morning dram and breakfast.

About seven o'clock we went out to the firing line, relieving the boys who had gone in when we first arrived. Jim, Bob Roberts and myself were together in one bay. A bay was about fifteen to eighteen feet long, was provided with three loopholes and occupied by three men, who took turns in "sentry go," which meant keeping an eye out for Fritz through one of the loopholes. There were also two holes in front banks of the trench under the firing board called dugouts, into which the men not on duty could crawl, if they desired. They were neither pleasant nor comfortable, but afforded some protection from flying shrapnel, and at times were much sought after.

We each had one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and were looking for a chance to get a shot at the enemy. Jim was the first to do "sentry go," but Bob and I each took a loophole as we were anxious to see what No Man's Land looked like as well as the territory that was occupied by the Allemands.

I had expected to see bodies of dead soldiers, broken rifles and other evidence of past conflicts scattered about over No Man's Land, but was a little surprised, as well as relieved, not to see anything of the kind. All there was to be seen was wire entanglement, ground pitted with shell-holes, and beyond, a line of earth and sandbags, marking the line of the German trenches.

We had not been looking through the loopholes more than a minute when a shell came down pretty close with a bang sending some dirt into our bay. This was too much for Bob and he made a dive for a dugout, declaring that the Germans had seen him and were trying to get him. I decided, as I had not had a shot at them, that I would return their fire while I had an opportunity,

and with the remark to Jim that "here's where the blighters get it," let off five rounds in rapid fire order.

I was feeling pretty good over the crack I had made at Fritz until the Lance Jack came running in and wanted to know "wot th' 'ell is up!" And when I informed him that I had taken a pot at old Fritz just for luck, I was given to understand, in language more forcible than elegant, that I was not packing around ammunition to scatter over the landscape for fun. So my first effort to put a stop to the war did me more harm than it did the enemy.

By the time I had recovered from the effect of my visit from the Lance Jack, it became my turn to do "sentry go," and I took my place on the firing board and with both eyes at the loophole anxiously watched for any signs of devilment that our friends the enemy on the other side of No Man's Land might be attempting to put over.

"Sentry go" on the firing board was not at all bad during the day, unless the shells were coming too fast for your peace of mind, but in the night it was nerve trying, especially if the night was dark and you were expecting the whole German army to come down on you at one jump.

Under the light of a star shell one would catch a glimmer of objects that at first you were almost certain were crouching men bent upon your destruction, and then, as you had about half decided that they were not, the light went out and you were left in darkness, and a state of uncertainty, and, with your heart beating so loudly that you were afraid that Fritz would hear it, you peered into the darkness and listened until the light from another star shell showed you that there was no cause for your alarm.

There were times when night "sentry go" upon the firing board became more nerve racking than bursting shells, and the whistling bullets of the German snipers.

I call to mind that on the second night after we went into the trenches, one of the boys in the bay next to the one I was in became so wrought up that he took a shot at one of our boys who was fixing up the sand bags. But luckily for the lad he shot at, a sand bag that he was handling received the bullet.

No matter how fast the shells came, while on night "sentry go" you had to keep your eyes at the loophole and watch for Fritz. If the shells came thick you were sure that your two mates were in their dugouts and that you were apparently the sole occupant of that particular bay.

(Continued Next Month)



# A House Divided

## CHAPTER I.

By RICHARD WARNER BORST

### THE STORY THUS FAR

*WHEN David Brock left home the duties of the family fell upon Julia, his daughter. Then came in rapid succession Adam's problem with Madge Neith, their marriage; intolerable days and the final separation of Julia from the family; the acceptance of a position in Manchester; lack of rains and financial difficulties which forced Lydia Brock to borrow money from Stewart Cook; Cook's altruism and the motive Gene Palmer—Julia's attempt to see nothing of Gene and the growing infatuation of Madge for Phil O'Meare.*

*While this reaction was taking place in the home from which Daniel Brock had gone, his own life was not without complications.*

#### Book Two

*David Brock had in the meantime traveled by team to Nebraska, and here he had met L. P. Miles, a homesteader. From Miles he bought a prairie shack, and in Miles' company set out to look at the Miles' homestead.*

*And there was the woman, the woman in the personage of Mrs. Beals who immediately took a fancy to David. Mrs. Beals owned the general store and there was much for David to accomplish as her friend. A fast friendship developed and through her help David Brock rapidly rose to a powerful citizen of Beal's, Nebraska. But there must always be equilibrium. Mrs. Beals' altruism was not less evident because of her desire for companionship and David found himself grappling with a problem of greater magnitude than any he had heretofore encountered.*

*Torn between two desires David at last begs Mrs. Beals to leave with him, go West, start anew, but there are sentimental bonds in her own home and she refuses. So close have they been to each other that talk is started in the town until Jason Jones and his wife take it upon themselves to inform both David and Mrs. Beals of the scandal. Like a flash comes this realization upon Mrs. Beals and David as well as remorse on the part of Jason and his wife.*

past his left ear, steadily. His gaze was charged with adoration.

"I suppose you're going out home tonight?"

"Yes."

"Then I may have the pleasure of driving you out?"

"Adam is coming in this evening after supper."

"But why this trouble?"

"You——"

"I'm going to Winthrop for a—I have business there."

"I am not putting you out, then."

"You couldn't," he said profoundly, and bent his ardent eyes upon her unresponsive face.

"When do you start?"

"About half past seven."

"Very well, Mr. Cook. It's awfully kind of you. I'll be ready."

After a few remarks on the terrific heat and the gloomy outlook for crops, Stewart took himself away. Julia's gaze followed him speculatively out of the store and into the blinding rays of the street. She then resumed her book, but not to read long, for an actual hero—or villain—such as one might find in a novel, had just asked her to drive with him. She found herself not pleasantly excited, yet deeply stirred by inner reactions that left her weary and distraught. With a gesture of impatience and boredom, she threw out her arms, and stood on her feet, uneasily to pace the narrow aisle of the worn floor.

She knew that Stewart Cook was by no means ready to relinquish a suit which he had been suavely pressing all summer. His was a gentle insistence, courteous to the point of insolence. He had a way of looking at her as if there were no secrets she could hope to hide from him. He magnetized her so that she said things to him as if directed by forces not of her own control. She did not like him, yet she could not spurn him. She owned herself a weakling; but confessed to a helplessness in his presence which she could not explain.

"The Emporium," to use the high sounding name of Cook's place of business, was a wide-entranced, wooden structure, opening flush upon the sidewalk. Teams of horses could be driven into its shadowy interior, where their iron shod hoofs drummed hollowly on the planking. On one side the central driveway, which led to extensive stables in the rear, were arranged a confusing array of red-painted farm implements,—plows, corn-planters, corn-harvesters, shellers, cream-separators, and divers other sorts of mysterious inventions. On the opposite side were set forth an imposing line of shiny new buggies, their red wheels and glossy black bodies and tops presenting an atmosphere of almost regal opulence and luxury. From beams overhead depended magnificent sets of nickel-plated harness; saddles; yellow manila rope in graceful coils; together with an infinite variety of smaller tools such as hand-rakes, garden-hoes and hay-forks, gaily emblazoned with crimson labels and gilded shanks.

The floor, of heavy planking, was generously stained with spilled lubricating oil, and sprinkled with scattered

IT WAS a blazing day in early July when the drought-tormented Iowa farms lay flaming in blinding rays of savage sunlight. The town of Manchester dozed miserably through a silent afternoon. The New York Store was empty of customers, and Julia, behind the counter, eked out the day with the abstracted perusal of a novel by Bertha M. Clay. She had picked up a book at random, and was momentarily held by certain intense qualities in hero and heroine, that gave her a sense of relief from the dreariness of this barren and unprofitable time in her life.

She wore a thin white dress. Her hair was becomingly arranged; and a certain immaculate quality about her gave her the appearance of one miraculously untouched by an adverse and malignant environment, like Shadrack, Meshack, or Abednego in the seven times heated furnace.

Presently the doorway, intolerably bright from the rays of sun reflected by the yellow street, was darkened by a bulky figure, and Stewart Cook appeared outlined duskily against the glaring oblong of the entrance. He came down the store, breathing loudly, fanning himself with his hard straw hat, which was attached to his person by a black cord. His face was the hue of brick, his short black mustache stuck straight out from his upper lip, and his round, beady eyes appeared about to pop out upon the fleshy masses of his puffy cheeks. His dark brows arched superciliously above his eyes, like those of some fabulous mandarin in an Oriental tapestry; for he cultivated continually an arch and jocose good humor, as if the world and all in it were a source of endless amusement. His gold chain with its heavy "lodge" charm gleamed prosperously on his globular white waistcoat. His hollow chest above this portly abdominal expanse heaved asthmatically. His newly shined shoes cast off lustrous rays from various facets and contours. In spite of the heat, he wore a dark coat and the inevitable striped trousers. He was smoking a new lighted cigar, the odor of which mingled not unpleasantly with the scent of bay-rum applied not two minutes before by an enthusiastic barber three doors up street.

Julia laid down her book.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Rather poorly for a fat man," said Stewart, negligently knocking the first length of ash from his new cigar. He turned and looked fondly upon the girl, who did not meet his eye. She looked



seed-grain from a row of sample sacks ranged along the office wall.

There was the heavy odor of the heated paint of the machinery; of the oil; of the leather; and of the stables in the rear. Pervading all was the sweet scent of the timothy and clover hay, from the loft above.

Stewart Cook now entered his office, a glassed-in cubicle to the left of the entrance. This apartment was walled with varnished boards, and on all sides hung flaming lithographs of threshing machines, traction engines, sulky plows and such other manifestations of agricultural equipment as lend themselves flamboyantly to the poster-maker's trade. The glass on two sides was frosted half way up. A "stand-up" bookkeeper's desk of marred and grimy ash stood alongside the wall opposite the door, and on it were the bulky tomes of Cook's ponderous accounting system. A typewriter stood beneath the front window on a cast-iron stand of ancient design and vintage. An imposing shelf of law books in yellow calf stood behind Cook's own desk and against the rear wall. A globular cast-iron "depot stove" rusted in a box of sawdust in the middle of the room. A few venerable chairs completed the furniture of the place, which was imbued with an ineradicable odor of ink, leather, hot varnish, rusting iron and cigar smoke. There was no sound save the scratching of the bookkeeper's pen and the buzzing of a bluebottle fly against the pane.

"Ed, have the bays hitched up," ordered Stewart, throwing his half smoked cigar into the open door of the stove.

Ed, the bookkeeper, a drab man whom no one seemed aware of in all the world, laid aside his pen and left for the dim rear of the establishment. Cook wiped his face with a fresh handkerchief, which immediately became wringing wet, and sank into his swivel chair.

"God, it's hot!" he wheezed.

His face had lost its suavity. There was upon it the expression of thwarted but unalterable purpose. He banged a heavy fist on the spotted and ragged blotter and gazed steadfastly into space.

She thinks she can play with me does she"? he muttered. "Well, we'll see, my young lady, how that will be!"

IT WAS not long before the team was heard tramping the boards of the Emporium, and presently was added the sound of steel tires upon the plank-ing. The rig was ready.

"Tie 'em outside in the shade," called Cook, as he strolled across to George Burris's for a bit of lunch. He was too wise to ask Julia thither with him, for

she, as he well knew, considered it a favor that she should so much as ride home in his company, not to mention taking a meal across the table from him. There would come a time, however, he affirmed to himself, when she would eat out of his hand. From his seat he saw Julia depart for her boarding place; and at precisely half past seven, he drove, smiling and suave, up to the front gate of the girl's "town residence" as he called it, brandishing a shiny, yellow whip over the satiny rumps of his restless bays. The next instant he had lifted Julia to the seat, tucked the cream-colored embroidered lap robe about her knees, and they were off.

The dusty sunset into which they drove filled the eyes with a dull ache. Julia bent her head to keep that lurid

a dying flame of reflected light against that inscrutable sky, which gradually faded to bronze, then gray. A sense of relief was hers; the sound of the hoofs in the dust of the road and the chuckling of the hubs calmed her; and she made an effort to respond.

"I'm afraid," said Cook, "that any amount of rain would do mighty little good now."

"At last," thought Julia, "he's coming down to earth." "Yes," she spoke aloud.

"And yet I've seen fair seasons after just such dry spells," Cook said. "I seem to smell rain, now."

There came to her nostrils also the faintest hint of that bitter odor of showers on thirsty and dusty growing things. Far in the northwest, a cloud rose above the horizon.

"Can it be"? she said. "Rain,—rain!"

"One can't be sure," replied Stewart. "Whoa!" he said to the team. The buggy came to a stop, the horses pricking their ears and sniffing.

There was at first an utter stillness save for the solemn rustling of the scorched fields on either hand, and the gentle smiting of maple leaves on each other in the second growth along the fences. A soft monotone of singing telephone wires vibrating the tall poles that stood stark in the ditches now became apparent. But what was that almost imperceptible jarring far to windward, as if some heavy object had been dropped soundlessly upon the trembling earth?

"Thunder," said Cook.

There was a faint intermittent lighting up of the stifling leaden sky.

"Lightning, I'll be bound," said Cook.

And then came the wind, chilling, full of refreshing life, laden with the vaporous odors of reviving rain on a parched and shrivelled land.

Cook touched his team and they sprang forward.

"Rain before morning! I must hurry to get to—Winthrop," he said, "or I'll be wet through."

\* \* \*

Julia slept so heavily that night in her tiny chamber under the ell roof that she did not hear the rain, nor the wind. She woke once at a mighty crash of thunder. It seemed to her that the granite walls and towers of some city of dreadful night had fallen in resounding collapse upon the adamant floors of reverberating heaven. She lay awake several minutes. This last peal had been the Parthian shot of the storm. A subdued dripping outside her closed window lulled her again to slumber.

(Continued Next Month)

## MOJAVE

A LOW MIRAGE of shimmering,  
yellow sands—  
Lifeless and heavy—  
Horizons freighted with mauve-  
gray shadows

That haunt a rainless region—  
The gaunt shape  
Of a lone coyote  
Slinking along,  
Silently, furtively,  
Seeking the white, bleached things  
That once were life—  
Things that once faltered  
Over these same parched sands  
In vain search of phantom gold  
And that which was more precious  
still—

Water.  
Silence—vast and poignant,  
Starlight and purple haze  
Flung like a mantle  
Smothering the sleeping desert.

The stealthy shadow of the coyote  
Slinks on . . . and on . . .  
Lost in the folds of night  
And the sands of eternity—  
Only the dismal echo of a cry floats  
back . . .  
Coyote . . . has found . . .

CRISTEL HASTINGS

light out of them. She was fascinated by the sight of Cook's large, grasping hands upon the stiffly held reins of the uneasy bays. She studied his immaculate cuffs, his hairy wrists, his round, gold-plated cuff-links. She was not happy, though Cook kept up a running fire of pleasantry which caught only half her attention and to which she answered perfunctorily. He commented lightly on her apparent depression, spoke often to his team, and managed to fill the time with a monologue that grew more and more distasteful.

It was a relief when, about half past eight o'clock, the sun finally sank beneath the shimmering horizon and left



# Books



# Writers

## A TRIBUTE

MABEL WAGNALLS in "The Light in the Valley" offers a tribute to a woman who overcomes obstacles of poverty, illness, endless difficulties, to reach an ideal. Perseverance is the keynote of this story of Anna Willis as told by her daughter.

Anna Willis, a poor girl in a tiny town, taught a country school at the age of fifteen, put herself through college, became a woman of fine artistic perception, an influential business force, and greatest achievement, trained her daughter, educated her, worked with her and for her, until she became renowned both in music and literature.

The tribute of Mabel Wagnalls to her mother is well deserved. The story demands attention for its very humanness. It is a pleasure to read such a sincere biography which can speak of aspirations and devotion to an ideal without becoming sentimental. Letters which make up the latter part of the book give an interesting glimpse of Paris as it appeared to a typically American woman during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

THE LIGHT IN THE VALLEY, by Mabel Wagnalls. Funk & Wagnalls.

## FROM OVERLAND

A BOOK OF LULLABIES, by Elva Smith, contains a Lullaby written by Alice Hathaway Cunningham which appeared in OVERLAND some time back. Also does it contain poems by Harry Noyes Pratt, former editor of Overland. A Book of Lullabies is not a Juvenile book, although it is very definitely concerned with very young people. Folks songs from different lands are found within its pages. In short, this is a very interesting and valuable anthology, especially valuable for reference work.

A BOOK OF LULLABIES, compiled by Elva S. Smith. Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co. \$2.50.

## THE BIGGEST TEST

AND HE returns to his home town after failure! This is perhaps the bardest test humanity has to face—this going back and facing "the music"—this living where you belong—when all about you—but then those with whom he had to mingle had put money into this very thing which had failed. But then Judson had not liked the banking business he had liked the simpler—but he had pride as all of us and through the story is that fight in character, the acceptance of charity of the elder brother, the development and comparisons of the brothers and then there is the girl, Emily Sayles. It is a book written by Joseph C. Lincoln. What more can be said?

QUEER JUDSON, by Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton. \$2.00.

## VARIETY

IF YOU want variety, if you wish a moment's peace from a tired day; if you desire to feel a warmth of harmony surround you with assurance; then read POEMS by Annie de Lartigue-Kennedy. It is hard to pick a representative poem for print: We've thought of WOMAN TO WOMAN and then turned THIS DOG'S LIFE OF MINE—smiled and turned to RECOMPENSE then gave up when we reached Alcatraz. These are not near all between the blue covers. You will enjoy this volume. Send \$1.25 to Book Editor for copy.

POEMS, by Annie de Lartigue-Kennedy, San Francisco, Calif.

## "THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS—"

IT'S AN odd thing about books by Sherwood Anderson, the reader finds in them so much more of Sherwood Anderson, than of the plot. Poor Sherwood Anderson! He tries to express so much. He wants to put everything in a book. "Dark Laughter" is the most stupendous effort of all. Of course, the title is symbolic. Bruce Dudley, the man who has run away from his wife, or say rather "left his wife," because running implies pursuit, and she didn't seem to go after him, (We don't blame him, and there doesn't seem to be any reason why she should pursue him) is a symbol, too. And Alice, the cultured and cold-blooded wife of the automobile wheel manufacturer, who is attracted to Bruce because he looked like a man she has seen once, is also a symbol. All symbols. Puppets to express Sherwood Anderson: to express the futility of life, and effort, and beauty; to express the rottenness of men and women; the stupidity of morals; in short, he curses the whole scheme of things. And yet, behold the absurdity, there is no doubt that this "Dark Laughter" was written, carefully, painstakingly, seriously, and sincerely, as a bid to immortal fame. Immortal fame from these same futile mortals which his puppets symbolize. We can't help but wonder about this poor Sherwood Anderson, who proves that all the longing and searching end in finding—nothing. After taking all knowledge of un-beautiful things, and crying on the bitterness of daily bread, and not being able to offer any solution, why does he keep on living, and writing books intended to be handed on as symbols—symbols of nothingness? Perhaps it is a sort of heroism, for surely, it would be much easier and simpler to die. It is a wonderful thing in its way—this "Dark Laughter," but there are some things that are better passed over than placed before us in neat black and white, as long as we have to go on living anyway.

DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright.

## A LITTLE BROWN BOOK

COMES a little brown book to our desk, BLAZING ALTARS, by George S. Whittaker. We feel the binding should have been flame, the type gold but then our feelings are lost again while we read. We feel there is much of the Blazing Altar in the collection and just when we have about decided George S. Whittaker is floundering around with a sour taste in his mouth, we run across delightful things like LOVE THE AUTHOR and then end with THE OPTIMIST which certainly is all the title implies.

I am an optimist. I am free  
From cumbersome trepidity.  
I laugh with Life. I walk the hills  
Of Hope. Each rapturous day instills  
In me fresh joy and happiness—  
I flaunt the badge of cheerfulness.  
I fear not failure. Poverty  
Shall never kill the pride in me.  
The greed of wealth shall never mar  
My faith in Man. No one shall bar  
Me from my rightful legacy—  
Heart's never-ceasing revelry.  
The curse of age shall not impart  
Distrust and gloom to my brave heart.  
I am an optimist, free from fears—  
Courage is mine throughout the years—  
I measure life in smiles, not tears.

BLAZING ALTARS, by George S. Whittaker. The Gotham Press, Boston.



## DELIGHTFUL

DELIGHTFUL IS THE POPE'S MULE by Alphonse Daudet, illustrated by Herouard, for children from the ages of six to eight. There is a subtle lesson contained within the text. As well as interesting is it instructive. It is brimming with humor. There will be merry laughter when the little scamp leads the Pope's mule to the Cathedral tower and leaves her to bray for help—but then there is the lesson at the end. This is also a book from THE LITTLE LIBRARY and worthy of mention on that Christmas list of books.

THE POPE'S MULE, by Alphonse Daudet. Illustrated by Herouard. Macmillan. \$1.00.



## COVERED WAGON TO THE EAST

**S**ENTIMENTAL, you might admit it, but somehow, it is sincere, this story of the "Chicken Wagon Family" who travel in a covered wagon not west, but east, to New York, where they make their home in a delightful fire house and take in "remunerative guests." Little Addie Fippany is a most adorable child. Who could help love her? And Jim, who doesn't pretend to be the hero, but is, is a newspaperman who loves the smell of printer's ink in place of the unpromising future it hold out for him. Jaunty Mr. Fippany, with red-headed matches and guinea feathers in his hat band, portly Mrs. Fippany with her tiny silver bell voice, the "guys," even Minnie Fehber whose legs glowed silk stockings, are all people you will like. There's a charm, a sweetness about the book which is rare in these days of raw realism.

THE CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY, by Barry Benefield. The Century Co. Price \$2.00.

## BERCOVICI'S FIRST NOVEL

**I**T IS interesting to note that Konrad Bercovici dedicates his first full length novel to Sherwood Anderson. Perhaps that explains a new one in "The Marriage Guest." Bercovici remains Bercovici, but there is a difference. Some of the velvety texture that made "Ileana," for instance, a thing to be treasured for sheer beauty, is gone and in its stead the bare warp and woof of life are exposed in their nakedness. Romance is gone and in its stead we have "reality." Against the shouting, throbbing background of New York's growth, the struggle between old country custom and the new, is portrayed the story of Geta Zwenge, who loves one man, and marries another and is forced to pretend to herself that the one is the other in order to endure, of her father Anton Zweng, the violin mender, of her mother whose aim is to keep pace with growing America and acquire money, and these many others who are caught in the throes of giant city's transformation. It is an unusual story, brilliantly told, a theme of nique aspect frankly handled. The climax sustained to the last page burns a vivid picture on the mind—a scene to be remembered long after the book is closed.

THE MARRIAGE GUEST, by Konrad Bercovici. Boni & Liveright. Price \$2.00.

## NOW NIMROD WAS A HUNTER

**A.** BRYAN WILLIAMS, or thirteen years head of the provincial game department of British Columbia, has written of big game hunting in the wilds. The author is not only thoroughly conversant with the species and habits of all the different kinds of game, but he is an interesting story teller as well. There are amusing anecdotes, fascinating adventures, accurate observations, included in this volume. Mr. Williams seems to have known every kind of animal in the country from grizzly bear to beavers and big horn sheep. There are stories of the Indians, fishing stories and hard luck stories, and many splendid photographic illustrations. Whether you're a hunter or not, you can't help getting enthusiastic over the marvelous photographs of perfect specimens.

GAME TRAILS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, by A. Bryan Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

## PIECES OF EIGHT

**I**F ONE does not carry one's conscious thoughts and impressions along to bed, there to develop and multiply into shapes and scenes fantastic, several pleasant evenings can be spent with GREAT PIRATE STORIES. Here we have a collection of tales of those bold, bad buccaneers of the seas whom we first encountered in Treasure Island, with, however, none of the glossing of views or exaggeration of virtues for the characters of that classic.

These stories are excerpts from a number of old books on the subject. The books are old enough to be quite new to many of us of this generation and the authors are, or were, men of standing in their chosen field.

In "The Capture of Julius Caesar" we get an intimate picture of the youth of that genius that is splendid. The great deeds of these men of fame are often difficult to visualize. A simple narrative however, of simple events is clear to all of us. "The Galleon of Venice" is a tale of boldness, stout hearts and strategy that one is not likely to forget, and so with "Ravenau—Gentleman—Adventure."

In brief, here we have a volume of tales of the olden days on the seas, tales with the high-note of desperation, then stark cruelty, valiant fighting with even odds and victory going to the stoutest heart. Entertaining reading, good reading and a very fair measure of historical authenticity.

GREAT PIRATE STORIES, edited by Joseph Lewis French. Brentano's.

## LOVE THAT IS 99.4 PER CENT SEX

**R**EADERS WHO like sex—Sex that is scientifically accurate—and believe that love is 99.4 per cent sex, and like to discuss it, and above all readers who enjoy a book that may be turned into a capacity house moving picture with practically no adaptations, will derive much pleasure from "The Crystal Cup," by Gertrude Atherton. Taking as her heroine a frigid woman with inch long eyelashes (more or less) the author surrounds her with a picturesque manor house, and luxurious apartments, provides her with companions from the smartest sets, both "our best people" and the "sophisticates." Introduces a successful author who, although he loves her, marries her on a friendship basis, and then proceeds to analyze all the emotions, etc., of her transformation into a woman of love and passion. With Mrs. Atherton's publishers we predict that this will be one of her most successful books, at least so far as sales are concerned.

THE CRYSTAL CUP, by Gertrude Atherton. Boni & Liveright. Price \$2.00.

## DISTINCTLY CALIFORNIA

**A**MERICA'S MESSAGE put out by Ginn & Company, edited by Will C. Wood, Alice Cecilia Cooper and Frederick A. Rice, is, we predict, the most valuable school text book which has been on the market in years. Students will not only enjoy reading the contents, which has been selected from the highest standard literature, but will feel certainly that pulse of the pioneer which runs throughout the text. This is also a book one will prize in his library, regardless of its purpose at the present time.

AMERICA'S MESSAGE, by Wood-Cooper Rice. Ginn & Co.

## WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHY?

**M**YSTERY stories are of three kinds, roughly speaking. There is the story where the jewels disappear, or the papers; the story of the body found in the library, the bathroom, or the kitchen; and the story of noises in an empty house, or hands appearing without arms, or other unhuman occurrences. There is something about them, the best of them, and the worst of them: Once started it is almost impossible to put the book down until the last ghost has been laid away. In "Octagon House" by Gertrude Knevels we have an obvious murder in the study, and we then begin to opine that all is not well. In "The Daughters of the House" by Caroline Wells every thing seems to be going along nicely, but we are led to believe that something may happen, and handed all sorts of reasons why, and Bingo! along in the last half of the book, we discover papa dead in the library, with the doors locked on the inside. Oh, yes, daughter has already disappeared just before the wedding, without a stitch of clothes, or so it would appear. But unraveling mysteries like this is child's play for the famous detective "Fleming Stone." By the way, is there such a word as "forrarder" meaning, we take it, "further"? It's not in our dictionary, but then, it isn't a very dependable dictionary. But to return to "Octagon House" it has more horrors, and it is also more gratifying to find the scoundrels outwitted by a young and Irish newspaper reporter and a pretty girl, than have a regular detective do it. They seem to get so much more fun out of it. Besides it gives them an opportunity to recover the jewels, the rightful heiress, and true love, all at once; and of course, with the handsome reward they have earned, they are able to live happy ever after. So, now, at last the reader can turn off the light and go to sleep, knowing that all is well once more.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, by Carolyn Wells. J. P. Lippincott Co. Price \$2.50.

OCTAGON HOUSE, by Gertrude Knevels. D. Appleton & Co. Price \$2.50.

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

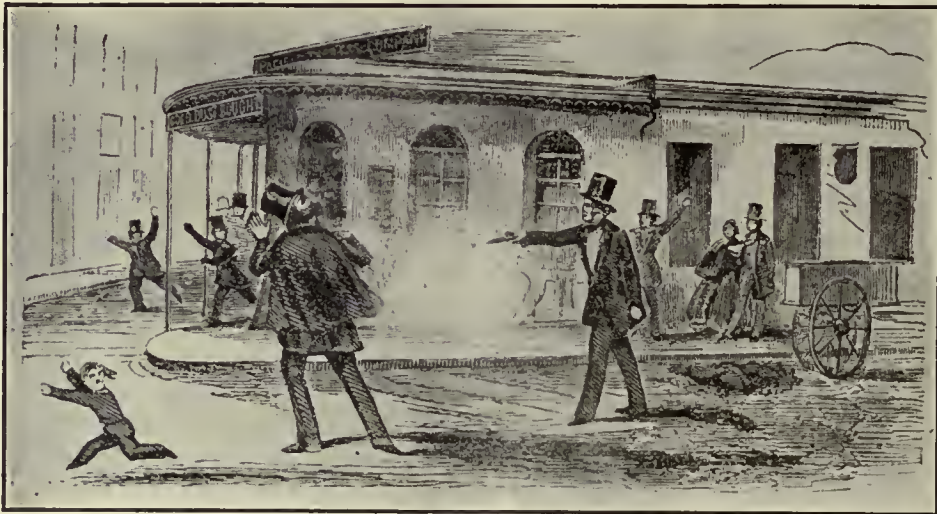
**T**HERE IS something essentially human in children stories; something one delights in his ability to enjoy for truly when one ceases to enjoy the delightful tales which excite youth, one is growing old. After reading THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL, we feel thousands of years younger. There is no use attempting to calculate the joy which will come to a child. From the dusty old attic corner comes the little wooden doll whose only friends are the mice . . . you will love reading it to the children who will want to hear it over and over and that is not all . . . the illustrations are of that softness which will remain in the memory of each child who glimpses the pages. The book is bound in the light blue of the Little Library. Your Christmas books for Children should have this on the list.

THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL, by Margery Williams Blanco. Illustrated by Pamela Blanco. Children from 4-6. MacMillan. \$1.00.



# OVERLAND ALBUM

IN THE YEARS GONE BY



*King James of William, shot by a politician*



*Throng at the execution of Casey and Cora*



---

# The Call of the Gold



For forty years I've followed the trails . .  
Mushed my dogs through an arctic night  
In the land of the midnight sun,  
Chasing the ghost of a drunk man's tales  
In a wilderness of frozen white,  
Searching for gold and finding none.

I've toiled through an ocean of sand,  
An eighty-pound pack on my back,  
To a place I saw in a dream  
And found nothing but dobe land;  
I've bet my hand and played my stack  
On many a raw wildcat scheme.

From the Yukon to Mexico  
In cold and heat I've panned the sand  
Until I thought my back would break .  
And never got even a show;  
Worked hip deep in mountain streams and  
Found pay in the bed of a lake.

I've frozen in a land of ice  
And sizzled where the cacti grew,  
I've lived on bacon and sourdough  
And stolen a Chinaman's rice  
When I lost my grub in a tundra slough;  
And I've been blown to sea on a floe.

I've cursed my God and prayed to die  
As I crawled across the burning sand  
To reach a dusty waterhole;  
I've seen buzzards circle the sky  
Above a sun-cursed desert land  
Waiting for the flight of my soul.

I've made a stake and thought I'd quit  
And take it easy growing old;  
Then I'd hear of a strike somewhere  
And hit the trail forgetting it . . .  
I can't shake the call of the gold  
And I'm bound to go get my share.

All my life I've lived out doors . . .  
Once, when I had my right leg broke,  
They put me in a little pen,  
A house with white walls and stone  
floors . . .  
God of love! I thought I would choke,  
And I swore then, Never Again!

E. RICHARD SHIPP,  
—Poet Laureate of Wyoming.

---



# A Page of Verse

## NICOLETTE WEDDED

**G**ALLED with a petty tyrant's daily duty  
And wedlock's dimming of resplendent beauty,  
Said Aucassin, "Let us embark once more,  
Seek the enchanted land of Torelore,  
And dwell in merriment there as before:  
Where joyous nonsense rules with dance and song,  
Where wisdom is absurd and logic wrong,  
And high the sun shines gaily all day long."

But Nicolette made answer, sadly smiling,  
"Submit not to regretful dreams' beguiling:  
No one may sojourn twice in Torelore  
And if we roved the seas for evermore  
Our keel could never ground on that charmed shore.  
So we, who have been there, and understand,  
Must watch, and dream a little, hand in hand,  
While Youth fares singing to the magic land."

—Lionel Stevenson.

## EMULATION

**C**ROSSED the lawn just at dawn  
Soft as I could;  
Timidly, stealthily,  
Entered the wood.

Such a good little wood,—  
Ash, pine, and oak;  
Not a bird said a word,  
Not a leaf spoke.

Spent an hour with a flower,  
Learning to grow  
Natural, colorful,  
Pure as the snow.

Then I sped back to bed  
Over the sod.  
In a year I'll appear  
Pleasing to God.

—Clara Maxwell Taft.

## SPAIN

**T**HE rhythmic beat of a gaucho dance  
While phantom fingers play—  
The musical clink of castenets  
To Spain's old music gay!

The stirring lure of laughing eyes,  
The tilt of an upturned face—  
The swing and sway of lithe young forms,  
That are draped in age-old lace;

The sweet, soft voice of a southern boy  
As he sings to his lady love,  
While she gazes down with eyes like stars,  
From her balcony above.

The shimmering sheen of gold moonlight,  
That—like a Midas' hand—  
Changes the world to a thing of dreams,  
A virtuous fairy-land.

These are the joys that call me back  
To the land of long ago—  
Where life was a beautiful melody  
That I never more shall know.

—Harriette Segall.

**C**ERAMO, you know I love you well—

Why then tempt me? I who give my heart

Alone to you, must watch us keep apart.

You know the ocean with his heave and swell,

Far out from land, still trembles with the spell

Of glittering sands; and all his fretting roar

Given the rocks thrown out upon the shore,

Grows light and soft, as if within a shell,

When he croons swiftly to the sleeping sand.

Ceramo, if winds have split our course,

Tossing our barques far out from the home-land,

Cling to the wheel, and then without remorse

Turn back, as I have done, to the calm bay

Where at wind-dreaming anchorage we lay.

—S. Bert Cooksley.

## ASCENT

**O** little dream that mounts the skies  
To win a glimpse of God,  
I watch you go with prayerful eyes  
All white and silver-shod.

O little dream that climbs afar,  
Should you grow faint and wan,  
I hope you find a lovely star  
To rest your head upon.

—Doris Hayes.

## SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND

**B**EHIND Olympic's rugged height,  
The setting sun's reflected rays  
Proclaim the coming of the night,  
And shed a lustre o'er the bays  
That here and there indent the land,  
While opalescent tinted waves  
Roll ceaselessly upon the sand,  
And pound within the rocky caves.

The rolling clouds are tinged with red,  
And rimmed with golden, yellow bands;  
The silver moon shines overhead,  
While silently the night descends,  
With azure shadows in the East;  
And myriad stars shine in the sky,  
As purple curtains in the East  
Give warning that the night is nigh.

—E. Guy Talbot.

## KEYS

**I**F KEYS had tongues, what secret things  
Might they not breathe of loves and lusts?

Stories of mad, dungeoned kings  
Clawing rats for mouldered crusts,  
And coffers heavy with clinking gold  
Locked in the bowels of bloody ships:  
Tales of crones in caverns old,  
Brewing philters for rosy lips;  
Of parchments scribbled with ancient runes

And lovers under mellow moons—  
If only keys had tongues to tell  
The secrets that they keep so well!

—Lori Petri.

## CLARA

**N**OT that life's path's all flower-strewn  
Nor suffering held away;

Not that her heart has never known  
The burdens of the day;

But in the weary wake of care  
She's learned a lovelier way.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
And all her paths are peace."

Oft times her shoulders have to bear  
Great loads, that others may  
Dream fairer dreams, climb greater heights,

Or 'scape the frightening fray.  
But Clara—"bright, illustrious"—  
Goes singing on her way.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
And all her paths are peace."

—Alison Bord.

## STAIR TREAD

**I**N the night I heard you creaking,  
Stair Tread; I arose from my bed,  
Thinking you were speaking,  
And hurried out to learn the words you said.

In all the land there is no other  
Can better understand you, Brother;  
For I have been subdued like you.  
The many seasons as they moved  
In and out my house of life  
Have all impulsive thoughts reprov'd,  
Have stilled the strife  
And dried the fount of tears I might have shed.

Aye, it is true  
That joys have come, but many joys have fled,

And hopes have died;  
Since no one carries out the dead  
I cherish dust of yearnings misapplied.  
While others now are sleeping—they sleep  
So much—can't you and I a little moment keep

Of intimacies with a touch  
Of frank confession?  
Or . . . are you weak like me?  
And do you dwell  
On what you might have been?  
The noble figure carven well?  
The glorious violin?

—John G. Brayton.

## MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN

**T**HE mountain calls me. At my window ledge,  
I watch the conifers in crowded ranks,  
Breasting the slope, march toward the utmost top

To look abroad upon a wider world.  
The daily duties cluster round my hands;  
Here on the plain my longing feet must stay,

But still my spirit wandering where it lists

Follows the serried lines of marching trees,

To climb the slopes and gain the mountain peak

And look abroad upon a wider world.

—Elizabeth Abbey Everett.



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*The story must be an original work and previously unpublished, in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story becomes the property of Overland Monthly without further compensation and is published in "The Overland."*

*The judges will give "honorable mention" to the next best story according to the judges' decision. The contest is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike.*

*Manuscripts submitted in this contest must reach Overland Monthly not later than January 1, 1926. Address all manuscripts (only one may be submitted by each contestant) to SHORT STORY CONTEST EDITOR, OVERLAND MONTHLY, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco.*

Send your manuscripts in not later than January 1, 1926. Address to Short Story Contest Editor, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Calif.



## Christmas In Yosemite

(Continued from Page 437)

fall, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and wide views of the forest and summit peaks in their new white robes before the sunshine had time to change them, I set out early to climb by a side canon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the Valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the canon I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist deep, almost out of sight in some places. After spending the whole day to within half an hour or so of sundown, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time to see the sun set. But I was not to get summit views of any sort that day, for deep trampling near the canon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished down to the foot of the canon as if by enchantment. The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the canon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche swedged and came to rest I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar. This was a fine experience. Hawthorne says somewhere that steam has spiritualized travel; though unspiritual smells, smoke, etc., still attend steam travel. This flight in what might be called a milky way of snow-stars was the most spiritual and exhilarating of all the modes of motion I have ever experienced. Elijah's light in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more gloriously exciting."

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TO OUR READERS

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Books and Writers

(Continued from Page 451)

NATIONAL CHARACTER!

SYMPATHY and understanding are the keynote of Three Plays by Padraic Colum. The three plays, "The Fiddler's House," "The Land," and "Thomas Muskerry," are widely divergent in subject, yet in all there is the underlying struggle between the individual and the family. "The Fiddler's House" is the story of the old fiddler who feels the lure of the road, the need for praise of the crowds, a man who cannot adjust his ways to a farmer's life. "The Land" deals with the young people who leave the old country to make their fortunes and the old people who cling to the land for their children's sake. "Thomas Muskerry" is a tragedy of family conflict and the downfall of "Thomas Muskerry, the man who was good to the poor." The plays were written for the Irish National Theater and may be considered essentially expressions of national character.

THREE PLAYS, by Padraic Colum.  
The MacMillan Company. \$2.25.

"The Keeper of the Bees"—a breath of pure fresh air, it sweeps above the miasmic swamp of sex trash, flooded with sentimental emotionalism, into an atmosphere of clean sane living. An unwitting valedictory, it offers complete tribute to the life and ideals of its author.

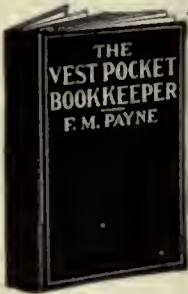
The story deals with the problem of the returned soldier and his rehabilitation. Jamie MacFarlane, just a plain soldier boy, wounded, after a year in one of the big government hospitals, overhears the physician say his case is hopeless and that he is to be transferred to a camp for incurable tuberculars. A bit of fight from Jamie's Scotch ancestors comes to the fore and along with it an intense desire to get to the ocean. Responding to an impulse he runs away and finds—not death but a Great Adventure! A Great Adventure, romantic, unusual, thrilling, yet so simple in unfoldment that anyone of the many things that happened to Jamie might have happened to any soldier boy—that is, any soldier boy with a lurking love of God in his heart, "spite o' the war." Fancy marrying a woman whose name you didn't know and didn't learn! Fancy answering a hospital call to find your dying "wife" one whom you had never before laid eyes on, or having an indignant Doctor thrust "your" son into your care! All this and much more came to Jamie by way of his Great Adventure. It's a masterful story, this last that will ever come to us from the pen of Gene Stratton-Porter, and full of inspiration and sound logic for both Old and Young America. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$2.00.

—Reviewed by Gene Harris.

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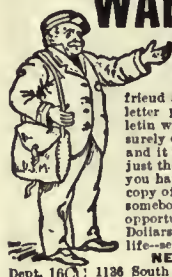
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